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JULY 1957

FIFTY CENTS

Harper's

magazine

155229

YOUR BEST DEAL IN MILITARY SERVICE

Cabell Phillips

Tranquilizers and the Mind

Dr. Ian Stevenson

Desire out from under the Elms

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Why Young Ministers Are Leaving the Church

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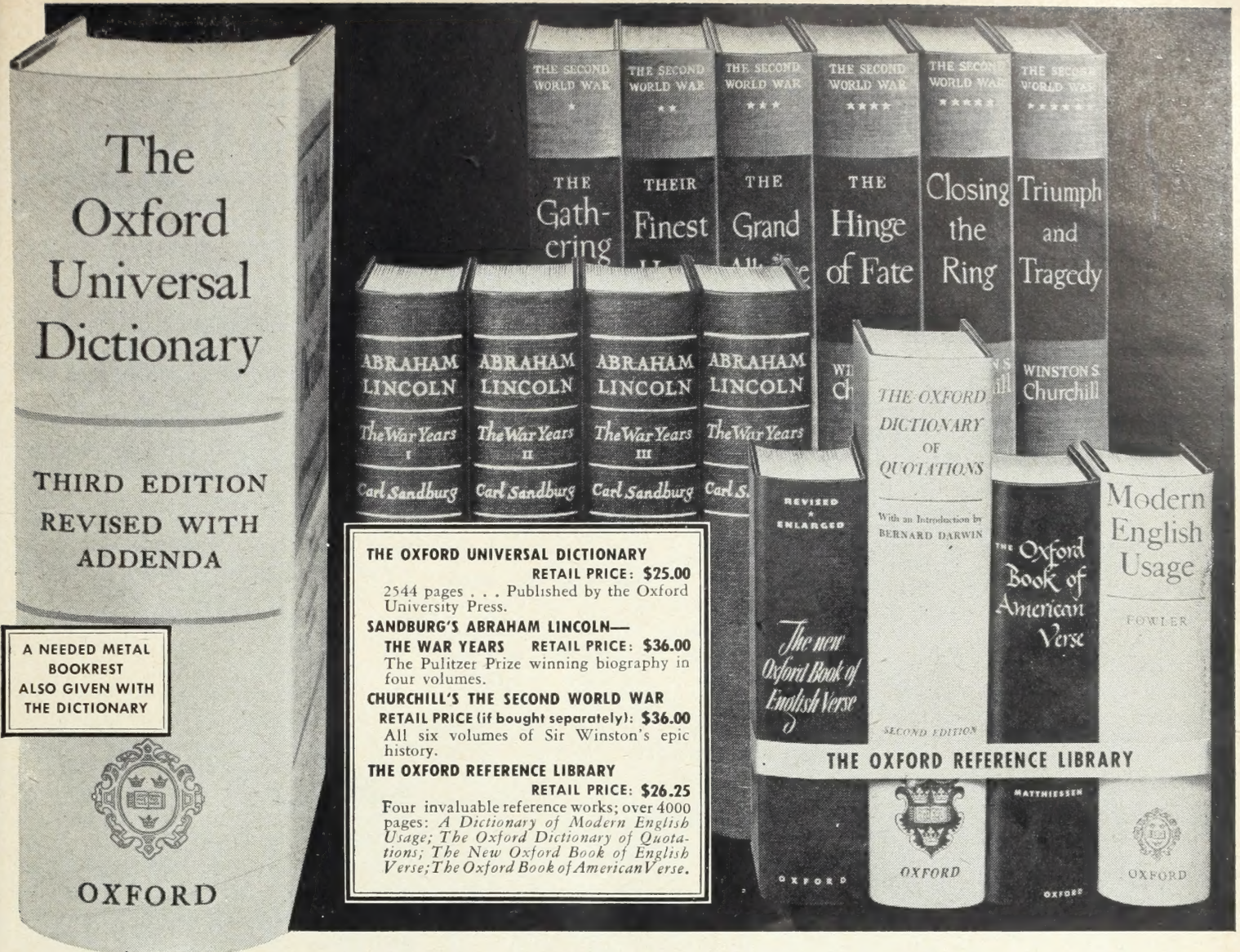
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LETTERS

Perpetual Mirage?

TO THE EDITORS:

. . . Professor Walter Prescott Webb's theory ["The American West, Perpetual Mirage," May] that the desert is the unifying, shaping force of the West is irrelevant to the facts he advances to show that somehow the West is a less productive region than the rest of the country in human resources, traditions, and future. If the West is desert (and I know of no thoughtful Westerner who fails to recognize the fact and impact of the desert) that may explain its newness.

But the desert does not make the West a mirage, nor does it explain the absence of Westerners in the biographical encyclopedias or in the Hall of Fame. My state is younger than Professor Webb. . . . A Toynbeeian approach to history might persuade the eminent Texan to get a little more perspective before consigning our region to intellectual limbo. Our biographers and historians may yet have something to say. . . .

FRANK CHURCH
U. S. Senator, Idaho
Washington, D. C.

. . . I agree that the desert has been the prevailing influence on the economy of the desert and rim states. However, I feel among the positives of the West should be listed the fine breed of Americans that region has produced. . . .

JOE FOSS, Governor
Pierre, South Dak.

. . . I always considered Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, Davy Burnett, and others there in Texas to be very outstanding national figures, who loomed large as statesmen and patriots. I could name hundreds, but surely an historian would know them better than I. . . .

MILWARD L. SIMPSON, Governor
Cheyenne, Wyo.

. . . To say that the American West produces comparatively few important men is to paraphrase "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" . . .

GORDON ALLOTT
U. S. Senator, Col.
Washington, D. C.

. . . I am sure all of us realize that water is the greatest natural resource that this great country has and if only

two inches of the water that now falls in the West is utilized, we will have more than the sufficient amount necessary to keep the West a beautiful green garden. I would like to point out that the states [Webb] has labeled semi-arid, subhumid, or desert supply most of the grain, row crop, cattle, sugar, oil, gas, and minerals that this country uses. . . .

GEORGE G. SCHNELLBACHER
Mayor
Topeka, Kan.

. . . The fastest growing areas of the country are in this so-called desert land of which [Webb] speaks. My own state, for instance, alternates with California in leading the country in population growth; it leads the country in increase in bank deposits, manufacturing growth, and in practically every other economic facet that you would care to explore. . . .

BARRY GOLDWATER
U. S. Senator, Ariz.
Washington, D. C.

Walter Prescott Webb's article . . . contained one implication which demands an answer . . . his charge that the West does not contribute its share to the leadership of our nation. Quite the reverse is true. . . .

Dr. Webb laments the fact that only 16.7 per cent of the biographees in *Who's Who in America* are from the West. . . . I believe it will be found that this figure is based on residence rather than birthplace; it is natural that a larger number of outstanding men live in the East, where we find the headquarters of the largest corporations, the most universities, the center of our national government. But when we look at birthplaces, we find a different story.

Dr. E. L. Thorndike of Columbia University made a study several years ago based on birthplaces of men in *Who's Who* and *American Men of Science*, ranking the states according to their "superior birth quotient." Using 100 as a median, Utah ranked first with 170, and five of the top eight were what Dr. Webb calls "desert states." . . .

WALLACE F. BENNETT
U. S. Senator, Utah
Washington, D. C.

. . . More than one-third of Idaho is forests. It ranks first in the U. S. in the production of white pine.

The powerful clean rivers of this state have been underdeveloped for power. The most outstanding example is Hell's Canyon. . . .

It's Texas that lacks water and timber. It's Texas where the cattle eat cactus and the topsoil is drifting against the fences. . . .

ESTHER A. ANDREWS
Silver Springs, Md.

. . . [Professor Webb says] the desert "never permitted trees on the plains it built, and where it found them it beat them down to sage and brush." Well, my ranch happens to be the driest spot in all Montana, says the Weather Bureau. . . . I have a wind break of caragana, choke cherry, ash, and Russian olive, planted in 1932, one of the driest years ever. About seventy-five of them are alive and growing. Some are twenty feet tall. . . .

CHARLES D. GREENFIELD
Helena, Mont.

. . . An understanding of the overriding fact of water shortage in the drier lands is of the utmost importance. . . . But it should not be assumed that this real danger of over-demands on water supplies by either rural or urban units is peculiar to the West. This is a rapidly developing problem with critical implications in nearly every part of the United States, especially the "North," as well as nearly all areas of dense population everywhere in the world. . . .

CLARK N. CRAIN
Visiting Professor of
Geography and Geology
University of Georgia

. . . I grew up on that border 98th meridian in South Dakota, saw the settlers throng in during the 1880s, raising twenty bushels of wheat per acre for a few years, then getting only their seed back a few years later, and streaming back east in covered wagons, some with signs, "In God we trusted, in Dakota we busted." The desert had returned to normal. . . .

But Professor Webb failed to do justice to the persistence and ability of those who stayed on the land, learned to master it and produce good crops in about four years out of five with about sixteen inches of rainfall, getting "wheat rich."

E. BEN JOHNSON
Spokane, Wash.

Professor Webb's article is open to serious challenge on the authority of no less an historian than Professor Webb himself. His reputation as a student of the West is based on *The Great Plains*, a book already established as a classic of modern American historical writing. That perceptive study makes it abundantly clear that the

New ideas through imagination . . .

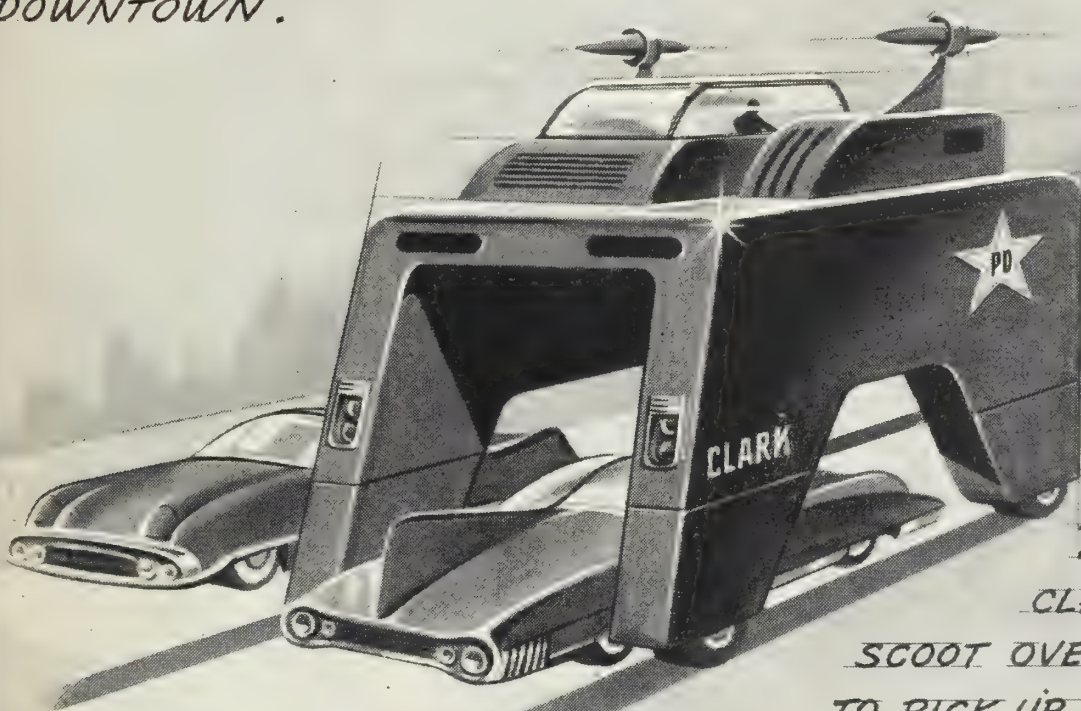
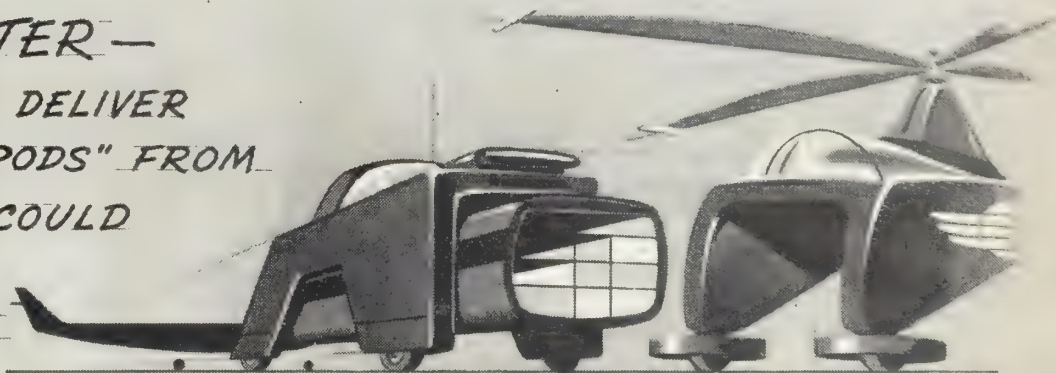
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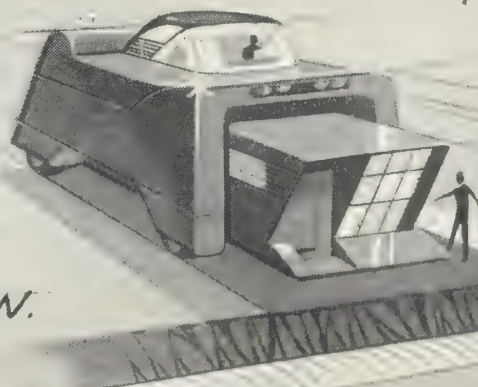


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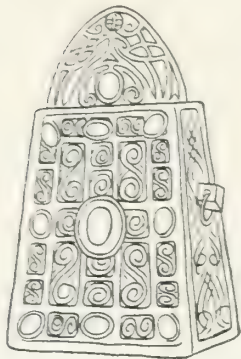


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Ah, But The Bell Was St. Patrick's!



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell,
National Museum, Dublin.

WHO BUT THE IRISH would take a bell of iron and put it in a case of gold? But there's a reason (there always is, with the Irish!): The bell was St. Patrick's, and it was King Donall Ua Laichlann who decreed that his craftsmen should encase it in a beautiful shrine of gold. The Irish have always treasured fine things—in the very earliest days, even before Irish gold was smelted, royal craftsmen were hammering out masterpieces of brooches and clasps in bronze.

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LETTERS

area for which Professor Webb has now gratuitously written a mortality bill was brought under the dominion of the white settler by the application of science, technology, invention, and human resource and ingenuity. In short, the Great Plains environment . . . was subdued when the settlers adapted the legacy of the Industrial Revolution to their needs and modified their social and legal institutions to meet the challenge of the region.

Does Professor Webb assume that the historical process which witnessed this phase of pioneering has been abruptly terminated in this century? . . .

WILLIAM GREENLEAF
Fort Collins, Col.

. . . The essential character of all dry lands is not so much the low rainfall as the variability. Some Western cities have an average of twenty-four inches, but it is not at all certain that this means 240 inches in a decade. The only certainty is uncertainty. Those who live in the desert or the desert rim states must count on both shortage and surplus. . . .

GEORGE B. CRESSEY
Dept. of Geography
Syracuse University

What is "Modern"?

TO THE EDITORS:

Whose leg is Henry Hope Reed Jr. pulling in his advocacy of a return to ornament, false-fronts, and general pomp and circumstance in architecture ["The Next Step Beyond 'Modern,'" May]? For into Modern . . . many architects have for years now been introducing factors of sensuous and visual delight; delight in rhythms, patterns, textures, colors, structural grace, intricate detailing. (It is appalling that an "architectural historian" should treat Frank Lloyd Wright, who is positively luxurious in his love of intriguing detail, as if he came out of the Bauhaus. It is even more appalling that he should imply that a revival of Greek columns, marble halls, decorative friezes, and the like might represent something "new" in architecture.) . . .

Surely the alternatives are not . . . grim asceticism or the sentimental overblown flimflam of "classicism." Why not encourage our architects to go on learning how to make our buildings resourceful, inviting, and beautiful in the idiom and materials of our own times?

ERNEST CALLENBACH
Orinda, Calif.

Mr. Reed's "Grand Design" for a Neo-Classicistic Architecture of the future has already been tried three times in recent years.

The late Benito Mussolini made it the official style of Fascist Italy. The late Adolf Hitler decreed it for Nazi Germany. . . . The late Joseph Stalin imposed it in the Soviet Union. . . .

Mr. Reed does not follow his own proposals to their logical conclusion. What about the interior appointments of his Neo-Classicistic buildings? To be consistent they should be lighted by torches and warmed by braziers. . . .

JOHN MAASS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Part I of the article "Where Does Architecture Go From Here?" was an excellent introduction to an irresponsible, meaningless, worthless part II by Henry Hope Reed Jr. . . .

The archaeological approach to architecture is utterly sterile and sentimental; any beauty of a building which is simply a copy in conception is solely the fleeting beauty of stage scenery. This approach denies a great need of the human mind, the need for creation.

The modern architectural style is not a style per se. It is a way of building that is an outgrowth of the materials and technical advancements of our era. It would be foolish to attempt to force steel construction into the old classical forms as was being done in the last expression of American classicism. . . .

FERNANDO JUAREZ
Dept. of Architecture
University of Michigan

The article in your May issue by Dean Burchard and Mr. Bush-Brown ends my long perplexity as to the motivation of the "modern" architect. It is now clearly understood that he makes no attempt to create beauty, claims unique freedom from any opinion save his own, builds without regard for the past and for the present generation only, and is himself the result of the admitted inability of schools of architecture to train men in classic design. And sometime I hope to understand his product. . . .

DANIEL CHASE
Dennis, Mass.

Last Chance

TO THE EDITORS:

"A Last Chance for South Africa" by Philip C. Woodyatt [May] thoroughly shook my faith in the intelligent editorship of your publication.

An awareness of the problems of Africa needs to be aroused in the minds of the American public—and of our State Department. But it is no service . . . to give space to the, in my opinion, half-baked theories of returning tourists. . . .

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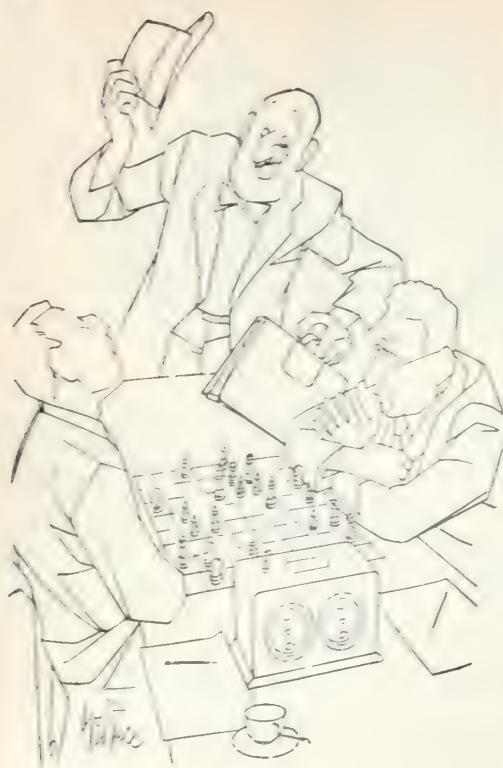
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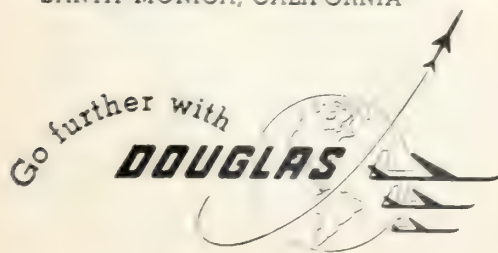
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LETTERS

Africa and traveled at least 25,000 miles and talked to 2,000 people. But . . . I would not dare to offer a ready solution to the immense problems of the Union of South Africa. However, I am sure that SABRA is not the answer. And I seriously question the authority on which Mr. Woodyatt bases his statement. . . .

DONALD K. ABBOTT
Auburndale, Mass.

Actually Mr. Woodyatt wrote: "SABRA's proposed solution is scarcely one to inspire high optimism. It is a kind of formula for co-existence . . . and its ultimate aim is . . . two separate, sovereign countries. Odds against this goal are clearly immense." But he concluded that what hope there is for South Africa "rides on the courage and persistence of Afrikaners who, like the leaders of SABRA, see with desperate clarity that South Africa is out of step with all the rest of the world."

The Editors

Congratulations on Philip Woodyatt's article on the Union of South Africa. We have long needed some straight talk on what was taking place there, and Woodyatt has certainly provided some very valuable information. . . .

JUSTIN BLACKWELDER
Washington, D. C.

Guilty or Baffled?

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Are You a Guilty Parent?" [April], Dr. Jerome D. Frank ventures into the uncultivated field of education for parenthood. Upon consulting the dictionary, I find "guilty" defined as follows: "having knowingly and voluntarily violated a law or rule of duty." In this age of technologies and "methodologies," one might question whether parents have actually been taught any fundamental law or rule of duty. How then could they feel guilty? *Baffled*, yes.

An example came to public attention in this community when a mother whose son had been arrested after a spectacular escapade exclaimed to a reporter, "I'm sure I must have made some mistake in bringing him up—but I don't know what it was."

AGNES R. GRAY
Binghamton, N. Y.

The Dark World

TO THE EDITORS:

I was interested in Anthony West on "The Dark World of H. G. Wells" [May]. H. G. meant a lot to us in the early days. I first met him when he came to New York in 1906. He brought me a letter from the Countess of War-

wick, and I spent an evening with him in the old Murray Hill Hotel. Next day he sent me a copy of *A Modern Utopia*, inscribed: "To Upton Sinclair, most hopeful of Socialists, from the next most hopeful, H. G. Wells." That does not seem to fit very well into Mr. West's picture, and I wonder why he did not mention that beautiful and hopeful book. When I wrote Wells of my delight in it, he replied "Your praise is a coronation."

It seems to me that all great souls are pulled between the forces of hope and despair; and H. G. ended his life in one of the most depressing moments in human history, the coming of the atomic bomb and the beginning of Stalin's "cold war."

UPTON SINCLAIR
Monrovia, Calif.

Numbers Game

TO THE EDITORS:

Since I am one of the millions of Americans who happen, as Fred Schwed, Jr. points out ["Baseball: The Great Numbers Game," May], to enjoy baseball for its arithmetic, I was naturally shocked beyond recall to discover that "80,000 people screamed at every out" in Don Larsen's perfect World Series game of 1956.

A statistic is a statistic—and Mr. Schwed should be the first to know that only 64,519 were doing the screaming that day in the Yankee Stadium. Mr. Schwed should also know that the Yankees would never be so profligate as to "paper" the house an additional 15,481 in order to arrive at the neater figure of 80,000.

RAY ROBINSON
New York, N. Y.

According to the official figures, there were 64,514 paid admissions to the Yankee Stadium that day. A statistic is a statistic. The Editors

. . . In the section [of Fred Schwed, Jr.'s article] entitled "Collins' Classic Game" I believe he is in error. This record is held not by Mr. Rip Collins but by Mr. Bud Clancy.

On September 27, 1930, Clancy, first baseman for the Chicago White Sox, played a full nine-inning game against the St. Louis Browns without getting his hands on the ball. Not one of the twenty-seven putouts came his way, nor did he even make an assist. . . .

MERLIN LEGNER
Dwight, Ill.

The record is held by both Clancy and Collins. Mr. Schwed, in describing Collins' game, did not say such a thing had never happened before; he said "It has never happened since." The Editors.

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P-223. JAPANESE GEISHAS.

A pair of "pillar paintings" portraying a charming trio. Their exquisite kimonos—resplendent with gorgeous indigos, purple, blue, dull-gold, grays, yellow, sienna and charcoal blacks—indicate that they are from the Gay Quarter of Edo. An unknown 18th century Japanese master depicted each graceful fold of kimono, each precise swirl of hairdress and the almost porcelain-like fragility of the rose-tinted faces. A famous printer has reproduced every nuance of tone and line by colotype, including the linen texture of the original backgrounds. Each panel-shaped print measures 40 1/4" high x 16 3/4" wide. Pub. at \$30.00. **The pair, only 5.95**

P-219. CHINESE WALL PAINTINGS ON LINEN: SINGING CRANES.

No verbal description could adequately describe the breath-taking beauty of this pair of bird portraits—treasured possessions of the Shokokuji Temple in Kyoto, Japan. Sometime in the 14th century, the Ming artist Wen Cheng painted each detail of feather and form in glowing scarlet, ash-white, yellow and black and inscribed graceful ideographic characters in black to balance the composition with exquisite symmetry. Recently a master-craftsman silk-screened these masterpieces onto a natural-colored linen so perfectly that they could be mistaken for the originals. Each panel-shaped print measures 39" high x 14 1/8" wide. Pub. at \$30.00. **The pair, only 5.95**

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It's Only Money

AT ABOUT this time of year, when the asphalt begins to bubble in the pavement cracks and every breeze feels like a refugee from a steam laundry, most of us unfasten our moral collar buttons. We remember that entirely sensible behavior is too much to expect from anybody in such weather. We call it the Silly Season; and while it lasts we listen—in a mood of damp indifference—to a lot of bird-brained conversation which we wouldn't tolerate for a minute in the crisper months.

This year The Season started earlier than usual. As early as May a number of dignified types, who ought to know better in any weather, began to emit an astounding flow of guff. For example, Frank Costello, Robert Moses, a couple of Senators, and a New Mexico banker name of Arthur Johnson.

It's too hot to get indignant now, but you might want to remember these characters when it gets cooler. Maybe on Election Day, which—thanks to the wisdom of our Founding Fathers—always comes in a bracing and cantankerous month.

Actually you don't need to give another thought to old Frank; his friends probably will take care of him. One of them tried to the other night when the venerable hoodlum came home from a party. This friend met him at the door of his apartment house on Central Park West, and messed up his hair—grizzled by the heavy cares of an underworld baron—with a .32 slug. Any man who has survived to the age of sixty-six in Mr. Costello's profession is bound to have a pretty hard skull, so the bullet merely burrowed under his scalp behind the left ear, slid around the back of his head like a mole under the turf, and came out near the right ear. Aside from an annoying headache, no harm done. His friend then drove away, in the black Cadillac prescribed by the canon.

This performance not only was typical of The Silly Season; it also indicates a sad decline in professional standards. During the robust 'thir-

ties, when I was a police reporter, no self-respecting hood would have left a job so botched and unfinished. He would have used a .45 or at least a .38; he would have pumped the whole magazine into Mr. Costello's durable innards; and then, if he had a sense of style, he would have toted off the cadaver, encased it in a barrel of concrete, and dumped it in the East River. Sloppy workmanship is, alas, becoming the curse of our times.

What makes this incident memorable, however, is the comment of Mr. Costello, a man who has kneed and elbowed his way through life with singular ruthlessness. He couldn't imagine why anyone should want to kill him.

"Why," he told the police, "I don't have an enemy in the world."

THAT set the key for the summer's oratory. Perhaps it was inevitable that Robert Moses, who brooks no rival in any field, should have tried to top it with an even more nonsensical statement. He proposed, with a straight face, that the taxpayers should build a \$12 million stadium on one of the few scraps of open park land left in New York. Purpose: to keep the Brooklyn Dodgers happy, so they wouldn't wander off to Los Angeles.

Why public money should be spent to house a private business—and at a time when thousands of children go to school in firetraps—is something our Lord High Commissioner of Practically Everything never bothered to explain. Neither did he mention any good reason for wanting to keep the ball club in New York.

There isn't any. If Mr. Moses hadn't been bemused by the glow of spring, he might better have offered the Dodgers a bonus to get the hell out. Spending tax money that way would be justified; it may, indeed, be the only way to rescue New York.

For the city plainly is choking to death on too many people. All the problems Mr. Moses tussles with, in his many capacities, will ultimately prove insoluble unless he can persuade

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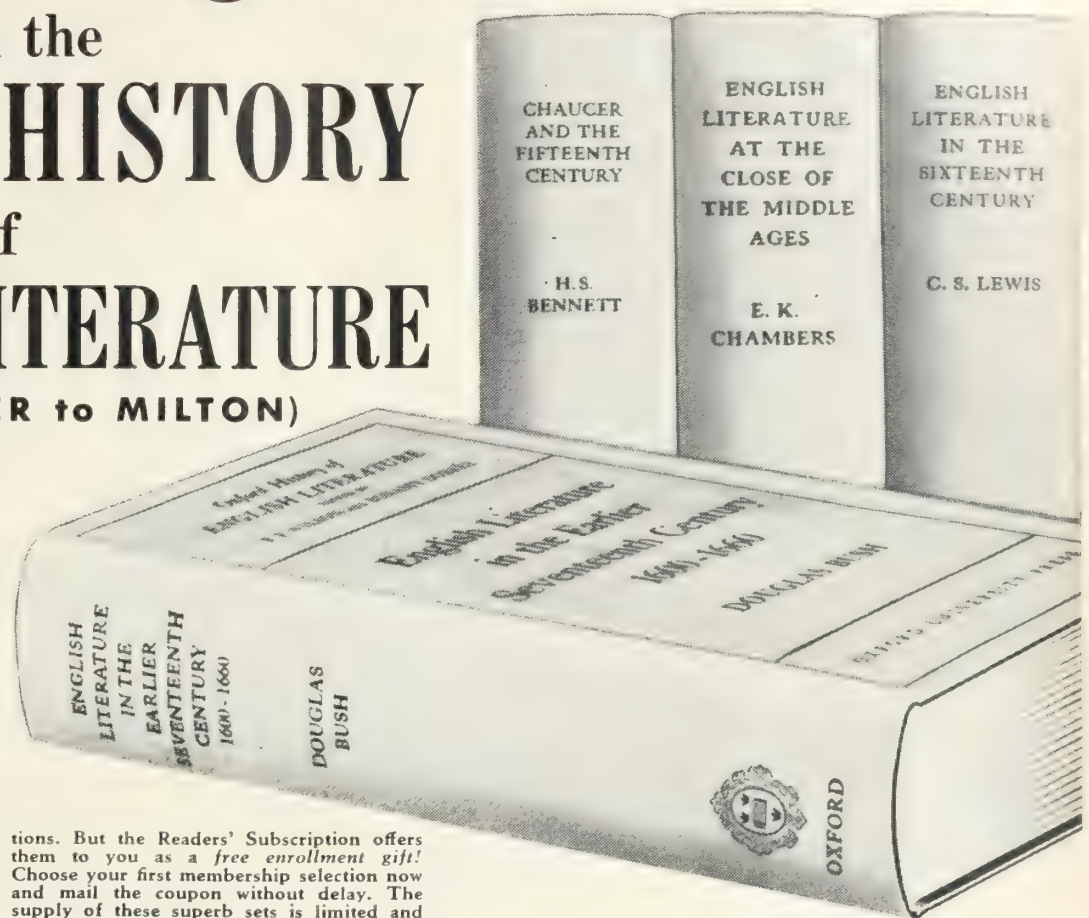
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a few million people to go somewhere else. Clotted traffic, swarming schools, water shortages, overcrowded parks, slums, juvenile delinquency, bone-crushing taxation—and all the kindred evils which make Megapolis such a nightmare—sprout from the same cause: eleven million humans are trying to live in an area barely big enough for half that number.

So a sensible city administrator obviously ought to encourage any family or business which might be thinking of pulling out. It would save money, in the long run, by paying their moving bills and a modest sum to help them get settled in Kansas or Mississippi or Caracas. When the Dodgers hinted that they were getting restless, Mr. Moses immediately should have offered them carfare to the West Coast, plus an outfielder and two left-handed pitchers if they promised never to come back. (Of course Los Angeles is ridiculously overpopulated too—but that isn't Mr. Moses' problem.)

FOR sheer effrontery, however, Mr. Moses can't compete with two other public servants—one a Democrat, the other a Republican—who have joined together to sponsor the outrage of the year. They are Senators Olin Johnston of South Carolina and Everett Dirksen of Illinois, the authors of a scheme to hand over more than half a billion dollars to our enemies of World War II. At this writing it seems quite possible they will get away with it—and if they do, it is safe to predict an eruption of public anger which will result in a spectacular series of investigations. But by that time, of course, it would be too late to get the money back.

The Johnston-Dirksen maneuver is being supported by one of the most lavish lobbying operations Washington has ever seen—financed largely with German and Japanese money. (The main lobbyists have been required to register with the Foreign Agents Registration Section of the Department of Justice, where their fees are a matter of public record.) For the stakes are enormous. If Senator Johnston's bill passes, a few great German corporations—notably the munitions and chemical magnates who fueled Hitler's war machine—will reap a windfall of many millions.

This bill, which is similar to one introduced by Senator Dirksen in 1954, would compel the government to return the enemy assets taken over after Pearl Harbor. At the time they were seized by the Office of Alien Property, these assets were worth \$393 million. They consisted mostly of the corporate property of German and Japanese firms doing business in this country; the giant among them was General Aniline and Film Corp., largely owned by I. G. Farben Industrie, the huge chemical trust. Since then, under American management, these properties have increased tremendously in value; today their

estimated worth is about \$613 million. In other words, Senator Johnston is proposing to give back to our former enemies nearly twice as much as we took away from them. (His excuse sounds much like Mr. Moses': if we don't hand the Germans a present now and then, they may wander off and play ball with the Russians.)

In doing so, he would have us repudiate a solemn agreement with our wartime allies. At the end of the war the United States decided, along with eighteen allied nations, not to ask reparations from the defeated Axis powers, but instead to sell off their assets which we held. The proceeds were to be used to pay off the claims of our prisoners of war, internees, and other Americans who had suffered at enemy hands. This arrangement was accepted gratefully by both the German and Japanese governments, which agreed to compensate their citizens for the property seized. (But not for the subsequent increase in value of those properties; that is the windfall at stake in the current legislation.) Congress endorsed the pact on three separate occasions—in 1948, 1951, and 1954.

The German and Japanese industrialists did not consider the matter closed, however—and for good reason. They remembered that after World War I the Germans had managed, by intrigue and lobbying, to get back most of their assets confiscated during that conflict. As a result, Thomas W. Miller, the Alien Property Custodian of that period, went to jail, and Harry Daugherty, Harding's attorney general, escaped it only because of hung juries in two trials. But the German firms kept their loot.

This time the lobbying campaign is even better financed and organized. The registered agents for the foreign interests concerned include law firms and public-relations experts with powerful political connections in both parties—and Senators Johnston and Dirksen have been diligently reasoning with their colleagues in the cloakrooms for many months. (Johnston, incidentally, seems to have an extraordinary affection for wealthy foreigners who need a friend in Washington; he has also, on occasion, championed Generalissimo Hector Trujillo, the Dominican dictator.)

Curiously enough, the Johnston bill has met little organized opposition. The Justice Department has demurred; the veterans' organizations are against it, in a lackadaisical way; and Senator George Smathers of Florida has asked some embarrassing questions. But most other members of both Senate and House have remained strangely silent. Even those who shout loudest for budget cuts have not yet honed their butcher knives for this particular giveaway, and no taxpayers' organizations have paid it much attention. The prospects are good, therefore, that the bill may quietly slip through Congress during

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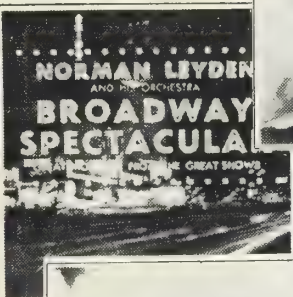
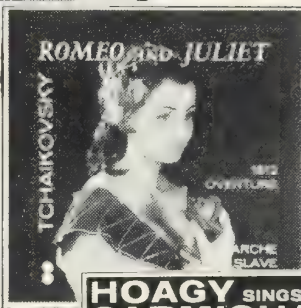
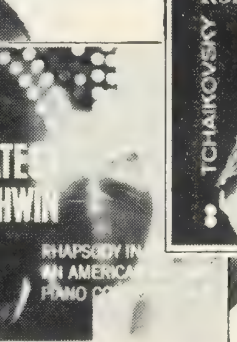
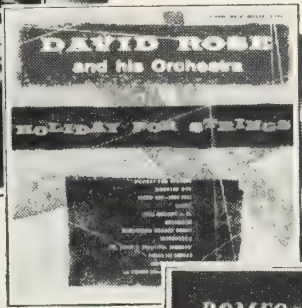
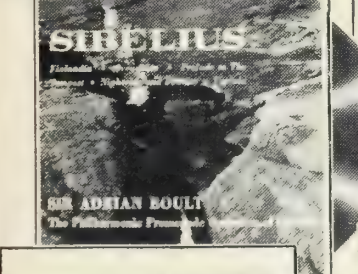
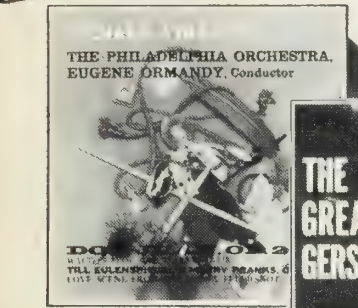
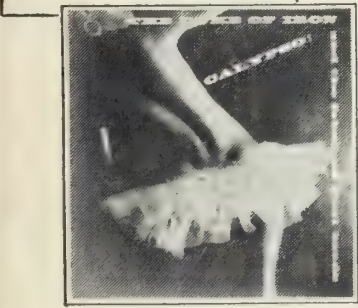
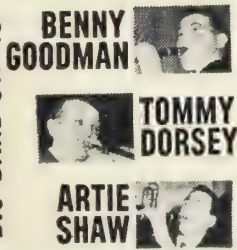
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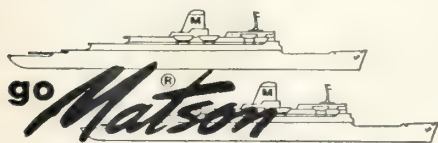
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THE EASY CHAIR

the last days of the season. If this happens, you might note carefully which Senators and Representatives vote to open up the Treasury for the benefit of German and Japanese millionaires. Then, if you don't attend to them at the next election, you will have no right ever again to open your mouth about high taxes.

THE season's crowning absurdity seems to have originated with Arthur Johnson, a banker of Raton, New Mexico. He is cited by the *Denver Post* as the father of a scheme to let the federal government pay for about 50,000 cattle which died in a spring blizzard on the Western plains.

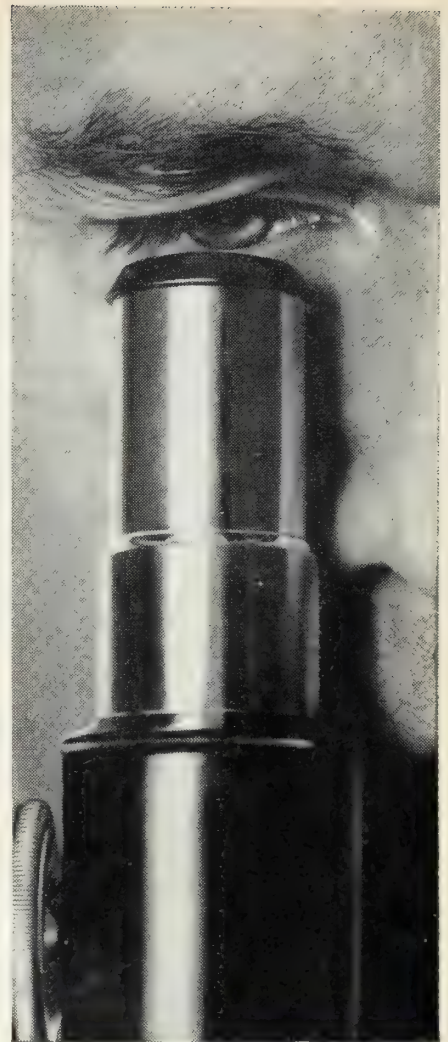
You might suppose that this notion horrified the stalwart ranchers who inhabit those parts. They have always known that bad weather is a normal risk of the cattle business. Besides, they are rugged individualists to a man—staunch defenders of states' rights and enemies of any kind of federal interference. Above all, they detest government hand-outs. That is why they voted so solidly for Eisenhower, economy, and free enterprise in the last two elections. Their natural reaction to Mr. Johnson—so one might expect—would be to denounce him as a Creeping Socialist, and start organizing a necktie party.

It didn't work out quite that way. Instead, nature's noblemen picked up the banker's idea and went to town with it. One of their leaders, James Morrow of Raton—a cattleman and former state senator—announced that petitions would be circulated in five blizzard-nipped states, demanding that Washington pay \$100 for every grown cow and \$25 for every calf that perished in the storm.

He added that he expected most ranchers to sign up, and that the petitioners already had received "encouragement" from Senator Clinton Anderson and Congressman John J. Dempsey of his state.

(Anderson and Dempsey are, of course, strong advocates of economy in government, just like Senators Johnston and Dirksen.)

The New Mexico proposal opens a whole range of delightful possibilities. The theory behind it, presumably, is that Washington is



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How does it look? Rosy? Free of cancer? You hope! But hoping isn't enough. Of every 6 Americans who get cancer this year, 3 will die because science still has no cure. It will take research . . . *lots* of research . . . to find that cure. And research, let's face it, takes money.

Instead of just standing by with hope, pitch in and help. Send your dollars . . . whatever you can afford . . . to the American Cancer Society today. You'll be bringing yourself and everyone else that much closer to a sure future. Send your check to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

American Cancer Society

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

responsible for the weather, and ought to be held to strict account. So the next time a shingle blows off your roof, you can forward the bill to the Treasury in good conscience; and if a sudden shower ruins your wife's bonnet, your Congressman should be glad to pay up.

Another implication in the New Mexico Doctrine is that the government ought to relieve its citizens of all business risks. This will be welcome news to General Motors, which seems to be having trouble selling its 1957 models; if Washington will pay for a rancher's dead cattle, then it surely ought to take care of those surplus station wagons. And I know a lot of authors with dead manuscripts on their hands, frozen in the chilly weather which prevails these days around publishing offices. They would be glad to let the National Archives have them at \$100 for each full-grown, or novel-size, work of genius, and \$25 per short story. . . .

But this is only the beginning. Someday New Mexico's horseback political theorists are bound to get together with the Senator from South Carolina. Then we can expect legislation to make the American taxpayer foot the bill for every cow that dies in Germany—and, to judge from the ideas floating around in political circles this summer, it might very well get passed. Like Frank Costello and the Johnston bill to enrich German corporations, it probably wouldn't have an enemy in the world.

A SLIGHTLY BETTER INVESTMENT

LAST January it was suggested in these columns that the government was being less than frank when it advertised its savings bonds as one of "the world's finest investments." It was pointed out that U. S. Series E Bonds were in fact a relatively poor investment—that they paid less interest than other government-guaranteed securities, and that inflation was steadily nibbling away their real value.

That editorial was picked up and commented upon by many newspapers throughout the country. During the next two months, sales of government savings bonds dropped sharply, and thousands of citizens

cashied in the bonds which they then held. Congressmen of both parties introduced legislation to give owners of savings bonds a better break. Finally, the Treasury itself admitted that such securities were no longer an attractive investment, and that it planned to improve the terms on which they were offered.

In this issue we are publishing on page 96—without charge, as a public service—a new kind of Treasury advertisement. It announces a higher interest rate, earlier maturity, and higher redemption values for Series E Bonds; and it is more guarded in language than the advertising which we criticized six months ago.

We are of course delighted that the government is now speaking more candidly to its citizens, and treating its small investors more fairly. There is no doubt that savings bonds are now a somewhat better investment. There remains some doubt, however, whether this advertisement is strictly accurate in suggesting that "there's no better way to save."

For some investors—in special circumstances of the kind noted here last January—Series E Bonds may be a best buy. For many others, they clearly are not—in spite of the one-fourth of one per cent increase in interest, and the minor improvement in other terms. So long as inflation continues at the rate of about 3 per cent a year, the investor in savings bonds will see a steady shrinkage in the real value of his capital; and he may, therefore, decide that it is more prudent to invest in other kinds of securities which offer some protection against this hazard.

In sum, the Treasury's action is a good thing, but not good enough. The basic fault of its savings bonds cannot be cured by higher interest alone. It can be cured only by halting the tide of inflation which has been rising steadily for the last eighteen years—that is, by sharply reducing government spending and otherwise stabilizing the economy. Or, alternatively, it might be cured by issuing purchasing power bonds of the sort discussed here last January, which would maintain their real value in spite of inflation.

At this writing, neither of these remedies seems at all likely.

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by MERRILL LYNCH

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Recruitment

THE lady on our left, at a recent alumni dinner in a New York hotel, turned out to be Brigadier Ruth E. Kimball. She was a quiet-voiced, decisive, clear-eyed woman in a trim blue uniform; very slim, sitting up straight. Under her roll-brimmed hat, her gray hair was neatly curled, her skin was lovely, her smile companionable. The small silver letters on her hat spelled Salvation Army, and two silver stars decorated her shoulders.

Our vague impression of the Salvation Army at that point was based mainly on their puffing street-corner bands, old newsreel shots of bonneted lassies comforting GIs with doughnuts, the pickup truck that hauled away our old vacuum cleaner, and "Major Barbara." We felt uneasy sitting next to a Salvationist at dinner, but curious about why the organization had survived and how it recruited and held its officers. And we wondered whether the answers might have bearing on the problem raised by James B. Moore in this issue: "Why Young Ministers Are Leaving the Church."

Brigadier Kimball is a professionally-trained social worker, with an M.A. degree from the School of Applied Social Sciences at Western Reserve University. She is also a graduate of the University of Cincinnati and the Salvation Army's officer training course. "Born into" the Army in New York, she is an ordained minister entitled to preach, christen, marry, and bury; she frequently preaches to a congregation of 200 men at the Bowery Corps.

As director of the Army's Family Service Bureau in New York, Brigadier Kimball hires caseworkers of unimpeachable status—some 28 of them at present—takes on cases referred to the Bureau by churches, prisons, the city Welfare Department, the New York Youth Board, and other public and private agencies.

This is only one branch of the Army's impressive social and re-

ligious program. For example, it runs maternity hospitals, used by the public on a fee basis as well as by unmarried mothers who may have no resources. It places children in foster homes—in New York it has some 200 children under this kind of care. It has a chain of friendly, low-cost residences for young business-women and, in Manhattan, a new club residence for business-women from forty to sixty. The pickup service for your household discards provides self-supporting rehabilitation work for men. There are twenty or more religious centers in New York City, carrying on all functions of a church.

The Army claims 5,000 officers and 250,000 members and adherents in the United States—a small but potent drop in the nation's bucket of 84,000,000 Protestants. If a man has the initiative to walk across the street from the Army's lodging on the Bowery to attend Sunday evening service, there is hope for his salvation—for body as well as soul—for retraining in work, a job eventually, and a "soldier's" lifetime service and friendship in the Army.

The success of the Salvation Army in "recruitment"—as Brigadier Kimball called it—has certain obvious lessons for other religious organizations, old and new. To the outsider, some points seem clear:

(1) Soul-saving is the Army's first goal, but it soft-pedals denominational differences and theological problems. (William Booth, the founder, was a Methodist preacher, not a rebel but rather a man with a stronger mission than the church could accommodate.)

(2) The active ingredient is welfare work. The common member gives *all* of his free time, as a front-line soldier in the service of the poor, the unloved, even the unlovable outcasts of society.

(3) The officers' training is hard, and, as far as personal behavior goes, puritanical; even the soldiers are total abstainers from alcohol and tobacco. But this personal self-denial does not involve denial of new social

attitudes. In the simple offices of the Family Service Bureau, pictures of Christ are on the walls, and book jackets on the bulletin board advertise new works on Freud.

(4) There is drama in the Army—the bands that are its popular keynote are only one expression of love of music and pageantry. The military symbols, the hymn-singing and marching are part of the varied and imaginative appeals that the Army has always exploited. The great idea of the USO—the most successful entertainment organization in World War II—was partly the Army's.

(5) Women share equally in leadership, training, and responsibility. Brigadier Kimball was a surprise to us, but in an organization that was once headed by the brilliant Evangeline Booth, she is no exception.

... The story goes that an English vicar once asked his bishop: "Do you like the Salvation Army?" and the bishop replied: "Well, I cannot say that I do, but to be honest I must confess I believe God does."

In some churches, the minister's problems seem to be less a question of God's love than doubt of the support of the congregation and the hierarchy. For example, James B. Moore (p. 65) describes a deep sense of personal failure on the part of many clergymen that strikes at a time when recruitment of church members is steadily growing.

Mr. Moore is the son of American missionaries to Korea, born in Pyong Yang. He was educated at Mount Union College, Drew College, and Western Reserve University, and was a minister himself for fifteen years, with pastorates in New York, Ohio, and Hawaii. He has been Director of Religious Life and instructor in philosophy and religion at Mount Union for the past four years and expects to make his career in teaching literature.

... During its first 21 months, 10,789 people applied for free or low-cost psychoanalytic treatment at a private clinic which opened in New York in May 1955. Only 500 of these applicants could be served in that period, the Karen Horney Clinic reported, since the staff of volunteer doctors could handle only about a hundred patients.

This is only one example of the

P & O

national pent-up demand for psychiatric treatment. Clearly, a new approach is needed, and it's no wonder that pills which promise relief from mental troubles have had a tremendous success over and under the drugstore counters.

Dr. Ian Stevenson, whose two-part series on "Tranquilizers and the Mind" begins this month (p. 21) with an evaluation of the tranquilizing drugs, has been working toward a new approach to psychosomatic medicine since his post-graduate medical training in Montreal, New Orleans, and New York. A number of his articles have appeared in *Harper's* (beginning with "Why Medicine Is Not a Science," April 1949), and he is now drafting a book for medical students and physicians on comprehensive or psychosomatic examining of patients.

Dr. Stevenson has just moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, to become professor and chairman of the department of psychiatry in the University of Virginia's School of Medicine, after several years at the Louisiana State University School of Medicine.

... "Dear Fiduciary Trust Company" (p. 28) is by **Sylvia Wright**, the author of "The Death of Lady Mondegreen," "My Kitchen Hates Me," and other essays in this magazine. She writes also for other magazines, and poetry as well as prose—dealing humorously and sometimes plaintively with romance, literature, sky-writing, cooking, etc. As far as we know, this article is her first on trust funds. Her first book, which will be based in part on her *Harper's* articles, will be published in the fall by McGraw-Hill.

... **Eugene V. Rostow**, Dean of the Yale University Law School, examines our national loyalty-security program in "Needed: A Rational Security Program" (p. 33). Dean Rostow has been involved since 1955 in preparing and putting into effect a revision of the Yale law curriculum and in strengthening the faculty—with 17 new appointees.

Some of the research and investigation for this article were done on a grant from the Fund for the Republic, but Dean Rostow's own acquaintance with government pro-



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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

cedures goes back to 1942 and includes federal, state, and local responsibilities. He was an adviser to the State Department from 1942 to 1944, was later an officer of the UN's Economic Commission for Europe, and vice-chairman of the New Haven Charter Revision Commission. He is now a member of the Judicial Council of Connecticut.

... Poet, critic, professor, short-story writer, winner of the Pulitzer Prize, **Mark Van Doren** contributes three new poems (p. 27).

"The Murderer" (p. 64) is by **James Wright**, whose first book, *The Green Wall*, was published this spring by the Yale University Press.

... **Russell Lynes**, whose "Desire Out from Under the Elms" (p. 41) describes his classmates of Yale '32 as they are today, is the author of *A Surfeit of Honey* and other witty books on the changing structure of American society with respect to power, taste, and class. He has been an editor of this magazine since 1944 and has just completed a four-year term on the Yale University Council.

The class of Yale '32 is not studded with luminous public figures, though it can claim **Tex McCrary** and **Douglas MacArthur II**. But its members are substantial pillars of society all right, as can be seen in Mr. Lynes' analysis. He gathered substance for it while surveying the results of an anonymous questionnaire which he helped to devise for his classmates' Twenty-fifth Anniversary Class Book.

... The facts about Operation Bernhard and "The World's Greatest Counterfeiters" (p. 47) became known to **Murray Teigh Bloom** in the course of "collecting" counterfeiters over a period of several years. While tracking down the facts about the assassin of Trotsky in Mexico City in 1952, he got acquainted with Dr. Alfonso Quiroz of the Bank of Mexico, who is in effect the chief of Mexico's anti-counterfeiting forces, and began digging up famous money-men of our time and the past. **Bernie and Solie**, two of his best finds, will be part of a book, *Money of Their Own*, to be published later this month by Scribner.

Mr. Bloom is a former newspaperman who spent a good part of World

War II writing intelligence summaries for the Eastern Defense Command, reporting in Europe for *Stars & Stripes*, and teaching at the Army's Biarritz-American University after VE-day. He was one of the founders of the Society of Magazine Writers.

... The attitude of the young toward military service today is both more practical and more accepting than could have been imagined in this country before World War II. The average youth takes a fairly realistic view of the loss of time and hardships involved, watching for the best opportunity to get it over with. **Cabell Phillips'** article, "Your Best Deal in Military Service" (p. 54), is designed to guide the wise youth to a wise choice.

Cabell Phillips is a transplanted Virginian who has lived in Washington for twenty years—long enough to be taken for a native. He has been in newspaper work most of those years, and with the *New York Times* since 1945 as Washington correspondent for the Sunday department. He threshed the facts for this article out of the Pentagon, where he found the information on the thirty different plans, written from five separate points of view—one for each arm of the service.

... "The Day It Rained Forever" (p. 59) is by **Ray Bradbury**, whose fiction and fantasy have admirers ranging from W. H. Auden to the fans of science fiction. Still in his mid-thirties, he has sold hundreds of short stories, and several collections of them have been published. His next book will be a novel, *Dandelion Wine*, to be brought out in August by Doubleday.

Mr. Bradbury wrote the screen play for "Moby Dick," and his operetta on a science-fiction theme will be staged by Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester next year.

... Music, travel, and writing have occupied **Paul Bowles** since he left the University of Virginia at seventeen and took himself to Paris. From there he went to North Africa, at the suggestion of Gertrude Stein, and since has traveled in Europe, South America, the U. S., and Mexico. His "Notes on a Visit to India" (p. 70) report on a recent trip.

P & O

Mr. Bowles has written musical scores for the theater, ballet, and films. His best known fiction is *The Sheltering Sky*. The Indian "Notes" will be published this fall in the *Zero Anthology*.

... **Bernard Asbell**, author of "Disk Jockeys and Baby-sitters" (p. 77), covers music, records, and broadcasting in Chicago for *The Billboard*. He has written for *The Reporter*, *Down Beat*, and other magazines. He gives a course in American folk music at the University of Chicago and a course on show business at Columbia College, Chicago, a training school for TV and radio.

... Admirers and critics of Walter Prescott Webb's "The American West, Perpetual Mirage" in our June issue (see Letters, p. 4) will be on the watch for the New American Library volume, *This Is the West*, to be published in August. Edited by Robert West Howard, it will lead off with Dr. Webb's controversial essay, in somewhat different form.

COMING NEXT MONTH

"Why White Collar Workers Can't Be Organized"—by a union organizer who is trying. The AFL-CIO is launching an all-out drive to bring twenty-six million office employees into the labor movement. Here are the reasons why it almost certainly will fail—set forth in a candid confession that may disturb even the best of the union leaders.

There is always some lack of understanding between the generations. But today the gap between father and son often seems wider than ever before. The reason, says **Peter F. Drucker**, is a radical change in our fundamental world view—a change that has come suddenly and almost imperceptibly in the past fifteen or twenty years, and whose implications we are only now beginning to take into account.

A few reports on a growing juvenile delinquency problem in the Soviet Union have been leaking through the Iron Curtain—but nothing, so far as the editors of *Harper's* know, half so vivid as **Richard A. Gregg's** account of his own experiences with a handful of the "new" Soviet youth.

THERE ISN'T MUCH TO DO IN THE DAYTIME



This is Georgia Melisova. The hovel before which she is standing is her Athenian home in Greece. Her mother occasionally works at straw chair weaving but is never able to find permanent employment. Her father just disappeared. She has four younger brothers. Georgia is amazingly intelligent for a ten-year-old child who hasn't had a dozen weeks in school. She should be given an education as she has great charm and potentialities. As it is, she hardly gets enough to eat.

There is severe unemployment and heart breaking, harsh poverty in Greece. Even many of the children who are helped have only one meal a day and go to bed hungry every night. The bed is some old rags on the dirt floor of a bleak shanty. There isn't much to do in the daytime except to sit and think how hungry they are. There's no use going through the garbage cans, for too many are doing that. And for lack of funds, the relief agency doesn't serve any meals at all on Saturdays and Sundays.

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—American Indians.

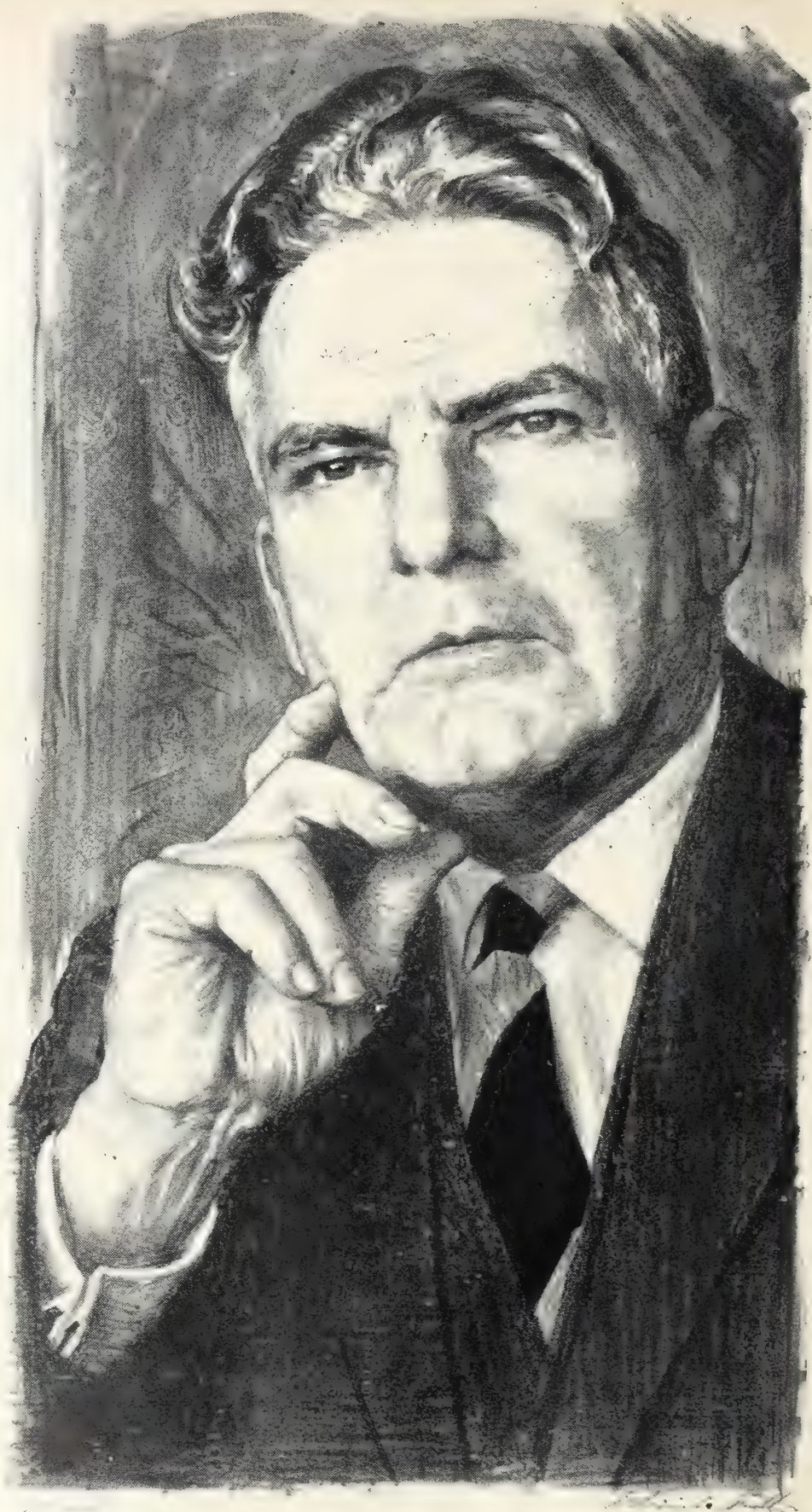
Project: Growth

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TRANQUILIZERS AND THE MIND

IAN STEVENSON, M.D.

The "tranquilizers" have brought new hope to many previously hopeless mental patients, but, the evidence shows, they are not a cure—or a substitute for psychotherapy.

WE MAY estimate conservatively that last year some ten or fifteen million Americans found it necessary to alleviate the stresses of life with one or more of the newer drugs developed for the treatment of mental illness. They swallowed billions of tablets. The effects of this enormous consumption varied between immense relief from mental torment and no benefit whatever. The new drugs have greatly heartened psychiatrists, but have also chastened them. For as I shall show, the desperate need for new treatments in psychiatry has created a powerful wish to find these new treatments, and this wish in turn has delayed the careful evaluation of what we do have.

Of these new psychiatric drugs, reserpine, chlorpromazine, and meprobamate are the most used and best known, although they are known even better by trade names such as Serpasil,

Thorazine, and Miltown. Their pharmacological actions vary somewhat, but not enough to prevent our considering them as a group. They are being used on both severely ill mental patients who usually require treatment in hospitals and also on millions of anxious persons who are not in hospitals and most of whom are living ordinary lives, holding ordinary and sometimes important jobs.

We can speak most firmly about the value of the new drugs for severely ill mental patients, those who usually need hospital care. To tense, excited, and agitated patients the new drugs bring a most welcome serenity without somnolence. In this way they earn their name, "tranquilizers," or the neo-Hellenic one of "ataractics."

In relaxing the patient without stupefying him, the tranquilizers advance considerably ahead of their best predecessors, the barbiturates. The barbiturates can certainly reduce a violent or anguished patient to a tractable state, but in doing so will probably make him insensible. When taking barbiturates a seriously ill mental patient may swing pathetically between excitement and coma. In neither condition can he profit from his contacts with the people around him—the physicians, nurses, and attendants of the hospital. In contrast, the tranquilizers can usually hold a disturbed patient in an intermediate state. With his suffering reduced, he yet remains alert enough to learn from his ex-

periences with those who will try to help him.

The use of these drugs has transformed many mental hospitals in a fashion which the general public can imagine only with difficulty. Patients who formerly spent their lives in lonely locked rooms, or whose tendencies to violence had periodically to be dulled by electro-shock treatments, can once again enter into happy relations with other people. Many patients, although we do not know how many, who would otherwise have remained, have left the hospitals, perhaps forever. Those who remain behind have more contentment than ever before. And still others never have to enter as they might have done before, since some patients who become severely and acutely disturbed can be calmed while remaining at home under the careful supervision of a physician.

How these drugs produce their effects we still do not know with any certainty, although some preliminary hints have emerged. They affect principally the lower levels of the brain where our emotions start and reverberate; and they affect relatively little the cortex or upper part of the brain where we do our thinking. A person taking one of these drugs may find that his thoughts have changed little or not at all, but that the same thoughts carry less tension or discomfort than previously. The drugs suppress emotional resonance, as it were, rather in the manner of a piano's damper.

To understand the effect better, think back to a time when you became strongly frightened or angry. Think, for example, of the time five years ago when you left your wallet containing a hundred dollars on a shop counter. Probably you smile as you recall the incident. But now try to recall exactly how you felt at that time. The difference may help you to understand what the tranquilizers can do. It is as if they expand time. This effect we can observe in patients with a wide variety of mental illnesses who have in common only the fact of being excited, tense, or agitated. The drugs do not improve depressions and in fact can make them worse.

Many psychiatrists have shown partisan enthusiasm for an exclusively physical or exclusively psychological approach to mental illness. The tranquilizing drugs have done much to reconcile or at least to make absurd such extreme points of view. The most enthusiastic psychotherapist will acknowledge the efficacy of these drugs in calming disturbed patients. Proponents of the physical approach to mental illness at first celebrated the introduction of these drugs as a confirmation of their view. But this was premature.

They should have delayed the festivities. The word "cure" ought to have no place in our praise of the tranquilizers. A long sequence of causes underlies all mental illness. The tranquilizers interrupt one of the mechanisms in the production of symptoms, a rather late link in the causal chain. But they can do nothing to alter the more ulterior causes which have started and sustained the stresses which strain the patient. The ultimate causes of most mental illnesses are psychological, and their ultimate solution must be a psychological one.

By this I mean that these causes arise in the patient's harmful relations with other people. Which is not to say that the other people are the cause of the patient's difficulties, for harmful personal relations arise much more often in a deficient attitude on the part of the patient than in the harshness of other people toward him. But I believe that only a repair of the patient's relationships with other people—whether through changes in him or in other people—can lead to anything we may call a cure. However, impaired personal relationships bring emotional disturbances which echo harmfully in the mind and body. These then interfere with the patient's ability to communicate and learn, and so they suck him into a cycle of isolation and fear each of which reinforces the other. We can break into such a cycle with our new drugs and also with some of our older treatments.

But we do not thereby complete the patient's recovery. We prepare him for it. The tranquilizers help the psychiatrist as morphine helps the orthopedist by dulling the pain while he sets the fracture. Analgesia cannot substitute for surgery, and tranquilizers will never replace psychotherapeutic experiences. They only make psychotherapy more feasible. And also more urgent.

THE SLEEPERS AWAKE

FIVE years ago our large mental hospitals housed many irrational, wildly disturbed patients who lived in their psychotic worlds a life barely distinguishable from that of dreams. Now the tranquilizers have awakened many of the dreamers. They have left their beds or their seclusion rooms. What will become of them if they cannot profit from their renewed contact with other people? Unfortunately our hospitals do not have nearly enough physicians, nurses, and attendants to help the patients who could now benefit from psychotherapy. So paradoxically the chemical treatments have demonstrated

the need for more psychological understanding and more psychotherapy.

And they have done this in other ways as well. The task of evaluating scientifically the effects of the tranquilizing drugs has demonstrated again the pervasive and dominant influence in mental disorders of the patient's relations with the people around him. A physician cannot give someone a pill without also communicating at least two other messages to him. First, giving a pill says, in effect, "I am interested in you and I will care for you." Secondly, it implies, "If you take this medicine you will become better." Thus the physician offers the patient interest and hope.

Now mental patients especially have lacked the interest of other people, and they often lack hope for their own recovery. When, therefore, physicians and nurses invaded wards of mental hospitals to dispense the new tranquilizing pills and observe the effects, the situation had already changed before the swallowing of a single pill. Many of these patients had had almost no personal contact with a physician for years. No discredit attaches to the physicians for this because of the shocking shortage of staff in most hospitals. For example, some physicians in the mental hospitals of Louisiana have charge of five or six hundred patients. Under such circumstances the physician can offer no real care, only a kind of loose suzerainty of his many wards.

Knowing how thinly spread are his own ministrations, he naturally longs for some physical remedy which could multiply his individual efforts. He cannot divide himself among a hundred patients, but he can give a pill to each. And yet, as he gives the pill, he also gives something of himself—still too little perhaps, but definitely something more than he has given before. If he goes into the ward to observe the effects of the medication, his interest becomes communicated to the patients. And nurses assigned to take blood pressures and watch for possible harmful side effects of the drugs have to spend more time talking to the patients. Immediately the patients respond to this.

Moreover, as the tranquilizers begin their sedative effects, the patients become less repellent to the staff. No one should believe that the staffs of mental hospitals include large numbers of unusually devoted people. Most of the personnel simply work there. They tend to withdraw from a disturbed patient as much as he tends to withdraw from them. This hurts the patient much more than the attendants and nurses. They can receive supplies of affection in their homes; he cannot. So anything which makes

patients less hostile or less frightening permits the staff to draw closer to them and so promotes a virtuous circle of benefit to the patients. The tranquilizers have therefore treated the patients directly and also indirectly through reducing the fears of the staffs of mental hospitals.

FASHIONS IN DRUGS

BECAUSE of the important psychological accompaniments of giving some medication like a tranquilizer, we shall probably never know what portion of the benefits of these drugs we should attribute to their pharmacological effects and what to the transformation in the social aspects of the hospitals which has accompanied their use. But despite the enmeshing of these factors, we should make some attempt to separate them. The history of medicine includes a humbling series of remedies loudly proclaimed for a few years and then quietly forgotten. This kind of "boom-and-bust" cycle draws its energy from the suggestibility of patients—and physicians. The best physicians have always recognized this, and most of them in the past have used drugs rather sparingly. Trudeau, one of the wisest physicians of the nineteenth century, advised young physicians:

"Make haste to use the new drugs while they are still effective."

Fortunately all this has begun to embarrass physicians in recent years, and they have set themselves the task of studying new drugs by objective means, or, to be more modest, by methods which approach objectivity much more closely than those hitherto used. These include careful preliminary studies of the action of any new drug in animals. But such studies have limited value for predicting the effect on humans. This we can better accomplish by giving the new drug to a group of patients while at the same time administering to a second similar group another substance. This second substance may have no pharmacological action whatever. We call such inert substances placebos from the Latin, "I will please." Physicians have used them for centuries to soothe hypochondriacal patients who need no medicine but demand one.

In making a comparison of a new drug with a placebo the physician must observe a number of precautions. Both groups of patients should receive the new drug and the placebo during alternating periods. The patients should not know what kind of drug they receive. Neither should the physician. Many early studies of this kind failed to allow for the fact that the physician or

the nurse could influence the patients covertly by their manner of giving the different pills, even though the two kinds of pills were indistinguishable in appearance. Intonations of the physician's or nurse's voices may suffice to suggest an expectation of benefit or its absence. Accordingly, in the best controlled test, neither patient nor physician knows which patients receive which pill. This secret remains in a code broken only at the end of the experiment. We call this the "double-blind" experiment.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

EVEN these arrangements do not dispose of all possible errors. A new drug—especially one used in psychiatry—has noticeable subjective effects. The patient usually becomes aware of some of these effects, and his imagination amplifies them further. The earnest inquiries of the nurses and physicians about desirable effects or undesirable complications may add their suggestive power. Other patients taking the placebo will note no pharmacological effects, but may become strongly influenced by the symptoms of their fellow-patients who are taking the new drug. By contagion they may acquire the symptoms or the improvements of the other group of patients.

Careful studies have shown that as many as 40 per cent of general patients react to a placebo in a manner indistinguishable from the effect of an active drug. Anxious persons are more suggestible than relaxed ones. Mental patients are much more anxious than the general population. We can expect therefore that mental patients will show even higher proportions of the "placebo reactors" than do patients in general hospitals. In such a group of suggestible persons the reactions to the placebo may even conceal the merits of a useful drug by failing to show a difference between the effects of the placebo and of the new drug.

Nevertheless, in the present state of knowledge, the "double-blind" experiment remains the best technique we have for the evaluation of the effects of drugs on patients. Medicine has occasionally neglected or rejected a drug later found valuable; but these few instances compare favorably with the many times physicians have rashly embraced some worthless remedy. Prescribing such a drug, the physician administers a double placebo. The patient does not know the medicine is inert so he feels better under the suggestive influence of taking a pill; and the physician does not know that the medicine is inert so he

feels better because he has "done something" for his patient.

A number of double-blind studies on the tranquilizers have helped to clarify their value and limitations. On the whole, the experiments on seriously ill patients in the mental hospitals confirm the earlier impressions of the efficacy of these drugs as emotional diluents. Such patients when they receive these drugs do feel better and behave more rationally than similar patients not receiving the drugs, or than they themselves do when not receiving the drugs.

Only a few research centers have administered the new drugs in a controlled manner. In most hospitals the physicians prescribe the drugs in the ordinary way. Under these circumstances the personal influence of the physician becomes inextricably entangled with the pharmacological action of the drugs in producing whatever changes occur. One psychiatrist surveyed the results of different physicians using the same drug in the same hospital with comparable patients. The patients of some of these physicians benefited markedly, those of others little or not at all. These variations correlated excellently with the attitudes—enthusiastic or skeptical—of the physicians toward the tranquilizers.

One of the better psychiatric hospitals in the country obtained exceedingly poor results with the tranquilizers, and some members of its staff became curious about this. This hospital has a large staff of physicians who have adequate time—and enthusiasm—to give psychotherapy to every patient. (I hope the near uniqueness of this situation does not lead to the identification of the hospital.) The physicians of the hospital believe in the efficacy of psychotherapy with almost cultish fervor and generally disdain all physical treatments, which they consider at best an aid to more important work, and at worst a sign of failure on their part. Accordingly they prescribed the new drugs with attitudes varying from sheepish embarrassment to snobbish disapproval. When they did use the drugs, they prescribed amounts which others have generally found much too small to produce useful effects.

By sabotaging the use of the drugs in these ways, the physicians of this hospital arranged for the confirmation of their original doubts about the value of the drugs. Probably in such a hospital the availability of psychotherapy made the drugs much less necessary than elsewhere. As I have already emphasized, psychotherapy can remove the need for the tranquilizers, but the tranquilizers cannot do the same for psychotherapy.

If we examine the reliable studies of the tranquilizers on persons only mildly or moderately disturbed we find results much less definite than those observed in the more seriously ill patients of the mental hospitals. In fact no one has yet shown that for the ordinary neurotic in the street the tranquilizers offer any advantage over the blank placebo. Temporary assuagement of anxiety they can bring perhaps, but let's not confuse that with durable improvement in the underlying psychological disorder. I venture to say therefore that if anyone obtains much relief from these drugs he belongs in one of two groups. He may belong among the seriously ill mentally and in that case should be in a hospital or is lucky to have remained outside one. Or he may belong among the still larger group of suggestible persons who respond to the taking of any pill.

Now I do not devalue the therapeutic benefits of suggestion. Indeed I think the alteration of thoughts through suggestion underlies much of our psychotherapy. But suggestion does not need to include the cost of expensive medications. Moreover, suggestions implanted from outside wear out, like insulin given to a patient with diabetes. They must then be re-injected or preferably substituted by more fundamental psychological changes leading to the production of healthful thoughts within.

DRUG COMPANIES AND DOCTORS

IF THE tranquilizers have no objectively demonstrable effect upon the course of simple psychoneuroses, we have to account somehow for their extraordinary popularity. The announcement by a drug company of the sale in 1956 of thirty billion tablets of one tranquilizer seems to have startled no one. Pharmacology having nothing further to say on this topic, we must turn back to the study of suggestibility for an explanation. Such extraordinary sales could occur only through the convergence of several powerful forces.

First, the drug companies. I feel sorry for them. Their activities oblige them to inhabit simultaneously two quite different worlds. On one side they affiliate with science and its dedication to objectivity and almost cruel detachment from results, and to medicine with its somewhat quaint, somewhat attenuated, but still dominant concern about service and the welfare of patients. On the other side they have to get along in the market place where they must compete or perish.

Under the circumstances, many of the drug

companies have exhibited extraordinary restraint; and those which have succumbed can point to the magnitude of the temptation. For given the armies of mental patients and the little we can do for them, a successful drug can bring great wealth. And the tranquilizers have done this. The first successes aroused the envy of other companies left behind. They rushed onto the market a whole series of "entirely new" tranquilizers. Many of these had been given quite inadequate study before being offered for sale. Others differed insignificantly from those already available.

Secondly, the physicians. Physicians are generally very busy people and they have little time for reading. Very few have been trained to think critically or judge the quality of scientific work. As much as any other group they illustrate Edison's remark that "there is nothing to which men will not resort in order to avoid the labor of thinking." But the extent to which post-graduate medical education had fallen into the hands of the drug companies only came to be realized, I think, when the tranquilizers swept across the country.

The drug companies have the resources and the ingenuity to present their instruction in appetizing form. Beautifully illustrated pamphlets condense for the busy physician enormous amounts of tedious material. What he reads retains the peculiar jargon of science, and includes quotations from the impressive results of other physicians all bearing numbers which refer to an extensive bibliography. The physician may never notice that the bibliography includes a great deal of work never published or not fit to be. He may not realize he has read trash disguised as science.

I can best illustrate the success of this particularly seductive advertising by stating that one of the most widely consumed of the tranquilizers (tonnage-wise, I mean) was marketed across the country after only two articles on its clinical effectiveness (reporting uncontrolled studies) and none on its complications had appeared in the medical literature.

And finally, the patients. Most patients prefer to have a physical rather than a psychological illness. For our society accepts, endorses, and sometimes even honors physical illness. A physical disability permits a return to being cared for as we were when children and never are again, except when physically ill. In contrast, mental illness still carries much of the stigma associated with early ideas about it—such as that it is a sign of congenital inferiority, of lack of

will power, or of the union of stubbornness with cowardice. Small wonder then that the patient eagerly seizes upon a physical explanation for his symptoms. Even when he knows his difficulties are primarily psychological, he is very apt to request and receive a prescription to mitigate this diagnosis.

I believe as much as any physician does that we should reduce human suffering. But the prescription of a sedative or tranquilizer to a person only mildly or moderately anxious moves treatment in the wrong direction. It transfers attention from the mind to the body instead of the reverse.

A physician makes little sense to his patient if he says, "Your symptoms arise in your troubled thoughts and emotions and in your relations with other people. Have this prescription filled."

These two sentences are almost bound to clash in the mind of the patient, and he will almost as certainly forget the explanation and take the pill.

The members of his family also nearly always welcome a prescription for it provides a temporary resolution of their own dilemma. Probably the welling up in them of mingled guilt and resentment toward the patient has troubled their sleep or their work. They have vaguely suspected that his difficulties could not be entirely divorced from theirs, that indeed some of their animosities may have contributed to some of his anxieties. When he returns from the physician with a bottle of pills it turns out that his illness was all along a physical one and had nothing to do with the subtle pressures brought upon him in the family to change his job or his girl friend in favor of ones selected by more experienced members of the family. These persons therefore applaud the wisdom of the physician who has taken this sensible view of the patient's illness. Their endorsement adds a further dose of suggestion to that already operating within the patient.

POSITIVE SIDE OF ANXIETY

A PART from their ineffectiveness, a second objection to the use of these drugs by the moderately anxious person seems even more important. I mentioned earlier that these drugs do not stultify the patient to the same extent the barbiturates do when given in adequate doses. But they do reduce the patient's anxiety and can make him temporarily more comfortable. Of course they were meant to do this. Severe anxiety paralyzes the frightened, distraught patient who

has to be admitted to a mental hospital. It excludes him from effective contact with other people who can help him. But there are distinct disadvantages, in fact positive dangers, to becoming comfortable through chemical means unless other measures are brought to bear on the original sources of tension.

Although excessive anxiety can injure us, mild anxiety may stimulate and challenge us. It drives us to take action against our troubles. When we lose anxiety, we may lose our concern to make urgent corrections in ourselves and in our way of living. In this way a few neurotic embers can smolder unnoticed until they burst into the flames of psychosis.

Persons who take these drugs frequently confuse not being unhappy with being happy. No doubt many are so used to being miserable that the relief afforded to them deserves in their opinion the name of happiness. But this is to compare the effects of tobacco with those of a sunset or symphony. Tobacco, one of our oldest tranquilizers, never brings its user anything but relief from the craving for tobacco.

The extraordinary popularity of the tranquilizers in this country should not surprise anyone familiar with our consumption of that other established tranquilizer, alcohol. Physiologically alcohol and the new drugs offer little choice. Alcohol brings a little more befuddlement for a given amount of relaxation; but the tranquilizers lack all those refinements and variations of taste which have made our use of alcohol a social institution. However, a chemical suppression of psychological difficulties remains a concealment whether with just a little vermouth or with a shiny tablet.

There is, I think, a connection, remote but nevertheless important, between the patients inside the mental hospitals who need the tranquilizers and those persons outside who take them but should not do so. The question is often asked whether we have more mental illness than former generations. We cannot answer the question in this form, because we may have more mental illness or may only recognize, describe, and treat more fully the illness we do have. But if we ask whether we segregate more of our social misfits, we must recognize that we do.

I believe we sequester larger numbers of deviants than has any age or society hitherto. (The patients in mental hospitals form only one colony of those we have isolated. Our younger generations exclude hundreds of thousands of elderly persons from their activities almost as completely as a mental hospital can.)

Many of the residents of mental hospitals could not live comfortably in any society, nor could any society permit them to be free. They are there to protect the public. But many others, perhaps a majority, are casualties of our particular society. They have taken refuge in the hospitals—once called asylums—from a world they found too unkind and thoughtless, one which did not care enough for them. They are there to be protected. Meanwhile many of those they left behind assuage their own anxieties with alcohol and sedatives. But one cannot suppress anxiety

without also reducing regard for other people. Much love comes from suffering. And the tranquilizers, like alcohol, numb not only psychic pain, but also love. Thus the widespread use of these drugs expresses—and may also dangerously promote—both the loneliness and the callousness of our crowds. Perhaps this country needs a pill not to remove care, but to increase it.

[Next month, Dr. Stevenson will discuss current changes in the diagnosis and treatment of schizophrenia, the great burden of our time.]

THREE POEMS by Mark Van Doren

Little Trip

If You But Dreamed It

God's love does not compute desert
In birds and worms, in bones and dirt.
He kisses all things where they lie;
And if they run, or if they fly,
The very air they antic through
Is theirs till death, which he gives too.

Can you love me as He loves these
Great stones and bones and starting trees?
You never made me—yes, I know;
But you can slay me, quick or slow,
By not beginning, my sweet friend,
To own me without thought of end,

As He does, He does. Listen now
To that small warbler on the bough.
He lets him sit, He lets him sing,
As if he were the chiefest thing.
And so he is; and so am I
If you but dreamed it, standing by.

LET'S GO. Let's be somewhere awhile
We haven't ever been before;
And strangers cut the random grass
Or leave it ragged. That can pass;
For now the road climbs more and more,
And we are silent mile by mile
Between whose woods? We'll never know
Unless we stop to read his name.
Up and over, down and on
Around this mountain, blue then brown.
Here is a river, wild or tame
According as the rocks below
Be few or many. Next a house,
And neat or not we like it well,
For someone else does all the chores
Or doesn't do them. Churches, stores—
There, I heard the crossing bell.
So home by dark to moth and mouse.

Incinerator

MORNINGS, in a stone place,
I worship fire the cleanser.
I go there; he meets me;
And one scratch does it all.

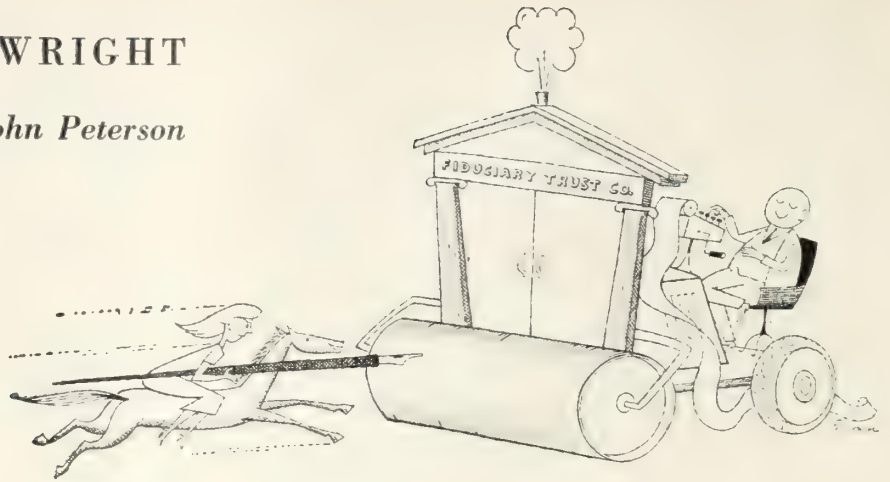
The paper, the wet bones;
Last evening's greenstuff:
I bring them; he knows me;
And smoke is our word.

And then I am silent.
But he the undoer—
Ah, the fierce laughings
Of flame to itself.

The eggshells, the cardboard—
Matter into spirit—
No wonder he adores me,
And comes there every day.

By SYLVIA WRIGHT

Drawings by John Peterson



Dear Fiduciary Trust Company

A heroic effort to help a bank understand that running a house is lots more complicated than managing investments—especially when a couple of women and a cookie jar and a country carpenter get mixed up with it.

YOU sound cross. How, you coldly ask, can anyone have spent so much more money than she told the Fiduciary Trust Company she was going to? Don't think, you intimate to me, that you can play fast and loose with funds, even if they are your own funds.

The tone of your letter indicates that for you this is standard procedure. You assume you are something quite usual, even something I should accept. I can't. I find you peculiar.

Look at it from my point of view. Here is our family, owning a delightful, if dilapidated, house by the seashore. I own a sixth, and my brother owns a twelfth, and one of my aunts owns a third, and the other of my aunts owns five-twelfths. Things are simple.

My aunt who owns the third dies, and things are still simple because I am expecting to inherit it. Suddenly *you* leap into the picture, and it's your third of a house. I have inherited it, but you have it, in trust for me.

You don't know anything about the house. You've never seen it. You don't intend to see it. You don't know its beautiful view of the Sound ("We must cut down that dead tree"). You've never been swimming here ("It's the getting in that's difficult"), or felt the breeze on the piazza

in summer ("This must be a scorcher on the mainland"). You don't know the house's individual smell—wood, salt air, soap, and something unidentifiable. You haven't struggled with the bad habits of the privet roots: they crawl into the drain pipes and awful things transpire (I use this exactly) in the cellar. And you have no notion of my Aunt Maria, who knows where everything is and the minute it isn't. It is Aunt Maria who established how things are put away for the winter: ink bottles are put in the potties that have covers, in case they freeze and burst. If they do, you can always wash the potties, and if they don't, there is your ink for next summer.

Incidentally, you will be glad to hear that the bottle of Noxon which burst last winter did no damage to your third of the laundry.

Through no virtue of yours or effort on your part, you acquired a third of a summer house in a desirable location. Were you pleased? Did you politely thank anyone? You carped. You told me trust companies don't like property that doesn't produce income.

We amiably decided that we would rent for the summer and produce income. We did rent and we did produce income, but we had to make a few alterations—rewiring, etc.—which we had been putting off. We happened to spend more than we produced.

Do you commiserate? Do you say, "Better luck next time?" No, you want to know why you weren't told of this ahead of time. I didn't know ahead of time myself, but this doesn't satisfy you. I have to explain.

Meanwhile you sit in New York, and take a

2 per cent commission from me for making me explain how I spent some money that is really mine, but that you keep and take 2 per cent of for letting me spend and making me explain how and why I spent it. Now do you see why I find you peculiar? Do you wonder I sometimes ask myself if a third of me is in trust?

(Is it?)

I COULDN'T tell you everything as it came up. Even a third of me couldn't make a long distance telephone call every time I had to throw out a broken bottle of Noxon. Sometimes it was physically impossible for me to do so, like being in the act of tying up the mattresses while being told about the rot under the piazza.

On an island, things are complicated: they have to go to the mainland to be fixed. I couldn't manage the two mattresses on my bicycle, so I had to order a truck to take them to the boat.

Even though I am not a trust company, I am thrifty, and I had decided the ticking would do for a while longer. The minute I had called the truck, I realized that when the mattresses were delivered to the boat, they would be thrown down on the dirty wet deck. To avoid the ticking being ruined, I had to wrap them up.

Have you ever tried to package two mattresses in a hurry so their ticking won't get dirty in a boat? If not, this is what happens. Just when you get a mattress curled around and roped with the old clothesline, the clothesline breaks. The mattress gives you a smart blow and knocks you on the floor (we had been on the bed). Downstairs, Jack Johnson, the carpenter, is calling to you that the rot under the piazza is much worse than we realized, and will you please come and look at it. Being what he is, he sounds both doomed and gratified. At this point, if you were not a company, you would cry.

That explains why you were charged for a third of a new clothesline. I used old sheets to cover the mattresses, so you're not out anything on packaging. Aunt Maria saved you money, too. She keeps old hair pillows and mattresses, because it is good hair and may come in handy. So, although there was an extra charge of forty-four cents for carting the pillows to the boat, you were saved about six dollars per mattress for new hair.

The pillows were before your time, and I

don't believe a third of them really belonged to you. I could make a case for your owing the rest of us something on the saving on hair. I intend to be magnanimous, but I point this out in case you think your accounts are any more complicated than mine. I may have to take into consideration that Aunt Maria will think the pillows were before my time, too, in

which case I will have to deduct my sixth of the saving from my share of the total cost. I *think* that's what I'll have to do.

What's more, you saved on bicycle wrapping. Don't worry about what happened to the mattresses on the way back. The mattress company packed them in brown paper envelopes. I kept the envelopes in case they should come in handy, and when the tenants were about to arrive and I had to put my bicycle away in the cellar, one of the envelopes was just right for putting

a bicycle away in a cellar in. I am saving the other mattress envelope, of which you own a third, and if you have any use for it, I will be glad to send it to you. If, that is, you will pay the postage.

Now that you have forced me to go over the way we do things, I realize that you may find *us* strange. It is unsettling enough to have to justify one's habits to another person, with a few of his own. But how can one explain them to a company, which is anything but? Some of my habits are acquired, some inherited, and some were thrust upon me, like the mattress.

I will try to explain.

Like many places and families, this one prides itself on being unique, and is only a little peculiar. The people who come for the summer are rich, and the people who live here all year round are comfortable from looking after the rich ones. The two groups are not as different as they think, except that from June 15 to Labor Day, the local people have no time to talk, and the summer people have plenty.

But now is the season when the air is so clear that the houses on the mainland are mirrored, when the ocean is a deep blue, and the long grass is turning lavender; now is the season when the silence of no summer people settles over the Island. It is a time for leisurely conversations about fishing, rich people, bitter-sweet, and other things we have here, a time for sitting by the fire in the evenings, a time for explaining to the Fiduciary Trust Company.



(Please bear with me. I'm giving you atmosphere, so you will realize that I'm as real as you are.)

It is also the season for looking over other people's houses and gardens. If, like us, they put things away carefully, it is only mildly interesting: when you peer in windows you see old sheets draped on things. The gardens, however, are gratifying. I never take anything if I think someone is coming back for a weekend, unless I know the tomatoes wouldn't last till then. But, observing such courtesies, one enjoys good salads in the fall.

KNOWING that you may misinterpret this, I would not have brought it up, except to make clear to you that I have surveyed a lot of houses. I have looked at other people's rot, and in some newer houses it is much worse than ours. This explains why you have no reason to complain about spending \$190 on fixing one section of the porch, after seventy years. Since there are twelve other sections to the porch, you will have to get used to it.

We don't call it a house. Even though it has eight bedrooms, we call it a cottage. Cottages are ample and rambling and were built about 1880. They have acres of roof on different levels, from which shingles are detached in hurricanes, creating work for carpenters. You haven't run into this yet. It is even more expensive than everything else here, which is very.

A can of salted peanuts costs forty-six cents on the Island.

One reason why things are expensive is that—like nuns and sailors elsewhere—our workmen come in pairs. There are always two carpenters, two painters, and two plumbers. In the case of Jack Johnson, this coupling is sound. You would like him; he knows ahead of time that there will be rot, and termites. If he didn't come with another carpenter for mitigation, I would cut my throat.

It might be easier for me if you got someone to pair off with.

(No matter what he says, there are no termites in the cellar. Try as he would, all he could find was a few rotted boards he said were a termite trap if I didn't remove them.)

The painters come from the mainland, and arrive off a fishing boat at twenty minutes of

eight while I am wandering around the house in a wrapper in a fog. Since they are here, there is little point my telling them it isn't a good idea to paint in a fog. I wouldn't, in any case, because they are gloomy already. It is a long time before they will be home, and they need each other for comfort.

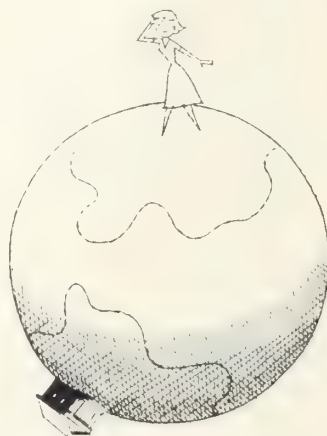
The plumbers wouldn't have to come in pairs except for the crawl space, which is under the kitchen and has always presented a problem. The head plumber is big, burly, and equable, and I am in love with him, because in the kind of life I have been leading, a serene plumber is a father figure. (You might have been a father figure too, if you had wanted to be, but you're too picky.) The head plumber is much bigger than I am, and I had trouble in the crawl space myself when I was considerably smaller. Once he is in there, he has to have someone to hand him things. This is as good an explanation as I can give as to why it cost \$60 to fix the pipes under the kitchen sink.

It didn't occur to me to question things coming in pairs, because so many things in the house do. There are two Delft tiles, held up by hooks, on either side of the living-room mantelpiece, which also has two vases and two candlesticks. Every winter the tiles, which were bought by my grandparents on a European trip, are put away in a certain box, wrapped in a certain newspaper. This newspaper is in Dutch, is dated 1895, and the only headline I can read announces the death of Friedrich Engels.

Aunt Maria again, of course. Aunt Maria has a coin purse with slots, and she always puts the coins in heads up and facing in the same direction. She gets uneasy if she has, say, Jefferson and Indian-head nickels, because the heads look opposite ways. I know about being punctilious, and there is no need for you to behave as if I had never heard of it.

Most of the pictures in the house come in pairs. There are two Romes (Colosseum and Castel Sant' Angelo), two sepia English cathedrals, two colored steeplechases, two hunting dogs, and two Dumas characters fighting duels, one indoors, one outdoors. There is Courtship and Marriage.

Evangeline, however, is unique. Evangeline is an engraving, "Dedicated by Permission to Professor Longfellow." "Sat by some nameless grave and thought that perhaps in its bosom, he



was already at rest and she longed to slumber beside him," it says underneath. There are weeping willows and she sits on the gravestone staring at the ground. This picture has always been in my room, and has made me miserable for years, particularly when it is raining.

I MENTION Evangeline to illustrate the quality of my difficulties in getting the house ready for the tenants. If I had done more painting and carpentering myself, I might have saved money. But I simply didn't have time. Throwing things out and putting things away took too long.

Neither sounds difficult, nor would have occurred to you. They don't show in any way a trust company can see, like money.

Aunt Maria made a special visit to help throw things away. She knew we had to.

But she had a sentiment about Evangeline.

Moreover, one does not get rid of a chair with a broken cane seat, even if it has not been fixed in fifteen years, when it matches a whole chair. They go together.

Old laced canvas bathing shoes may come in handy for guests who haven't brought their own, not realizing our rocks are barnacle.

There was the old-fashioned large round tin bathtub which was always kept under the double bed in the downstairs spare room. Usually a single male guest has this room, because Aunt Maria thinks it is nice and separate for him. He is supposed to find the old tin tub convenient to put his bathing suit in after swimming. That he never does is no reason to get rid of it.

There was the thing, and even Aunt Maria didn't know exactly what it was for. It was small, square, and made of wood, with one flat side and an open box built onto the bottom of the flat side. Or top, as the case may be, since it's doubtful which side should be up. Aunt Maria couldn't remember what it was for, but, now that she had seen it, she said, she realized it had always been there. It was a nice little thing. She had a sentiment about it. Perhaps you could stand a plant on it.

Those small embroidered squares, all different, go under finger bowls. One *might* use finger bowls sometime.

The candleholders with springs in them are for the dining-room table. They hold paper shades with dangling bead fringe, and a silver filigree shade goes on top of that. It seemed too bad when they had been kept so carefully for so long—

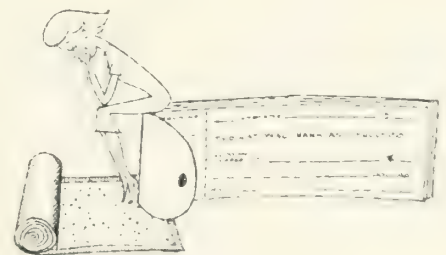
For your information, all these things are now in the large closet on the third floor.

I find Aunt Maria catching: when I dug out my grandfather's large glass tobacco jar, I decided it would do for cookies. It does nicely for the kind you want to keep moist, but not for the kind you want to keep crisp. Unfortunately, this happens to be a device one doesn't need at the seashore.

Just because I took a little time out to make cookies, don't jump to the conclusion I wasn't concentrating. I concentrated the whole time on saving money, but it did no good. Our house has intransigences.

Take the kitchen. I admit I should have told you ahead of time about getting rid of the slide. I didn't decide until a carpenter was there (shelves), and then—it was ecstasy to see him rip off the molding—it was too late to consult you.

The slide was a small opening between the kitchen and the china closet with shelf space on either side. The cook put the dishes through the slide, and the maid, waiting in the china closet, received them and took them into the dining-room, where the family was. This sounds archaic, but you can find something similar to a slide in the latest home decoration magazines, where it is called a pass-through and is considered desirable.



T HIS is why we went so far over on the estimate for linoleum. Once the slide was gone, and a doorway created, the linoleum couldn't just stop at the doorway: it had to go into the china closet. And if there was linoleum in the china closet, there had to be linoleum in the kitchen pantry, too, to balance.

Now the reason why the linoleum was not linoleum, but vinyl tile, which is more expensive, was because I was concentrating so hard on saving money. So was my cousin, who was helping me decide on colors. The fact that each of us couldn't stand the colors the other picked out didn't have anything to do with the expense, because we couldn't stand some expensive ones, too.

Linoleum is one of the few things in this

world that never looks like itself. It looks like sculptured rugs, Aubusson carpets, bricks, finger painting, or Jackson Pollacks. I had just decided on a Jackson Pollack, which was called spatter pattern, when they told me that linoleum lasts ten or fifteen years, and must be waxed regularly.

I was amazed. What was the point of it?

I pointed out that I never waxed the floor in the kitchen, which, being wood stained dark, didn't show the dirt. I pointed out that it had lasted seventy years. Jack Johnson said wood floors were insanitary, because of dirt in the cracks. I said we didn't eat off the floor, and no one had died. He likes to argue, and so here he got off the track. He told me the only really good heavy-duty floor was wood, which they use in the kitchen of the Club where twenty or thirty people work.

That proved my point, but not to him, because he hastily told me that at the Club they washed the floor twice a day with soap and boiling water. Was I prepared to do that? he asked accusingly.

He and everyone agreed that linoleum shows the dirt and has to be washed and waxed and wears out quickly, and was going to be a job to lay because our floors are wavy, but, they said, if you rent, you must have linoleum. Linoleum is pretty.

By this time, I didn't like any of the linoleum patterns, and my cousin wanted something pink, which I couldn't spend even half my life with. We had to compromise, and we did, on black and white vinyl tile, which looks like real tile, but isn't. The white tiles look as if something gray had been spilled on them, which means they don't show the dirt, except that something comes off if I rub them with steel wool. But, they tell me, if I don't fuss at it and if I wax it once in a while, it may last my lifetime.

Full Circle

UNITED NATIONS, N. Y., March 23—The Liberian representative here declared this week that his country lagged materially behind the new nation of Ghana because it had always been independent and had never reaped the advantages of colonialism. . . .

—*New York Times*, March 24, 1957.

So next to wood—which has—it seemed the best thing. Can't you see now that I tried?

I AM not sure if this explains everything, but it shows why it has taken me so long to. One of my problems has been how much to tell you: I would have a better grasp of this if I weren't confused about what or who you are.

I was clear that you are a company—an odd company because you are set up to mind, not your own business, but mine. This means seizing any money you can get and investing it for my benefit at 3 or 4 per cent—strange to start with because if I could seize any money I could get 6 per cent for it. But you can't help this; you are what the law says you must be.

But then you throw me off by behaving like a person. You accuse, or something like that.

Are you clear about yourself, Fiduciary Trust Company? I have at hand (it has taken a little time to write all this) your annual report. You begin by quoting an "eminent physician," who once said, "We must . . . treat the disease according to the best medical knowledge. But we must also never, never forget that we are taking care of a human being." I gather he needed to reassure himself at certain moments, such as when he was treating a human being with parrot fever. You go on to say that "the relationship between doctor and patient applies equally to our relationship with our clients." Then you talk earnestly about your spirit of helpfulness, sympathy, understanding, and so on.

What is this? In the first place, what makes you think you're a doctor? It's insulting—I'm not sick in relation to you. And why are you pretending to be a person? Is it a backhanded attempt to get my sympathy?

If it is, I consider it beneath you—and also beneath U. S. Steel and various other companies that have tried this dodge on me. As a company, you should be a-sympathetic. This would relieve the pressure on me as well as on you.

Perhaps you should sit down and have a files-to-files talk with yourself. You're limited, you know, by definition. You can't be everything. Remember that you are a company, and don't go creeping around corners like a human being.

I refuse to feel sorry for you. After all, as Aunt Maria says, you chose to do it. You could have been the Cockaigne Light and Power Company, Erewhon Underwear, or Utopian Utensils. You had a choice and you chose to be the Fiduciary Trust Company. Though limited, it sounds like a solid thing to be. Have the courage of your corporation.

Eugene V. Rostow

NEEDED:

a rational Security Program

The Dean of the Yale Law School suggests a new system for screening employees in government and defense industries—designed to give better protection both to the public interest and to innocent individuals.

IT IS ten years since President Truman established the first loyalty program, in response to the fear and tension which accompanied public recognition of the Cold War. There is a widespread impression that the loyalty-security programs, as they are now known, have been on the wane since the censure of the late Senator McCarthy. The impression is misleading. Although we have been somewhat less agitated about subversives lately, the institutionalized machinery of investigation, screening, hearings, and appeals goes on; and the practice is still spreading.

The loyalty-security programs are not important only because they directly affect the jobs of many millions of workers in government, in the armed services, in defense industries, in schools and universities, and in various "sensitive" jobs throughout the nation. In their present forms these programs also deny basic values of our law. They introduce into the social order, and into the legal system, concepts of guilt without fault which have no place in a society formed under the Constitution and its Bill of Rights, and committed to the faith of freedom.

It should be easier to reach rational conclusions about how to protect the nation's internal security today than it was a decade ago. In the first place, the country as a whole knows much more now than it did then about the realities of the Communist movement. The nation realizes

now, as only a minority did then, that Communism genuinely threatens the balance of power on which our security as a nation rests—in Asia, in Europe, and in the Middle East. We know that the threat is determined, patient, well-managed, and growing; that it will be pushed into every likely chink in our defenses with carefully calculated force; and that it rests on a massive Soviet industrial base, which is expanding more rapidly than our own. We know that the Communist threat cannot be exorcised by legal action against our weak Fifth Column at home, although that Fifth Column exists and will be used to the limit of its capacities.

In the second place, it should be possible now to reach firmer conclusions than could have been accepted in 1947 about the dimensions of the internal security problem, and the consequences of various ways of dealing with it. In fact, a governmental committee under Mr. Loyd Wright is now reviewing these problems and expects to issue a detailed report—with recommendations—early this summer.

The loyalty program launched in 1947 did not represent a new problem in government. The government, like all other employers, has always had procedures for investigating the character and history of its employees and prospective employees. These procedures had developed gradually over many years, and it became explicit policy some twenty years ago not to employ Communists or Fascists, or their sympathizers, in the government. Government employees had to take more and more elaborate oaths, and were subjected to more and more searching inquiry, before the government could be satisfied as to their fitness to serve. Both during and after the war, investigatory efforts were expanded, in a race to enforce these screening policies effectively, as the federal establishment mushroomed in size.

In 1946 and 1947, however, the contours of the problem changed. It came to be widely suspected that during the New Deal, and during the war, pockets of Communists and their friends had succeeded in penetrating the executive branch of the government. While the evidence of such infiltration on a considerable scale is not wholly convincing, the charge was vigorously propagated and had some foundation. Espionage is an old, old technique of government. And we should take it for granted that Communists will in the nature of their cause seek to lodge themselves wherever they can hope to exert influence—in unions, government departments, radio stations, or schools. Nonetheless, the thought that important or relatively important officials of the government had come close to treasonable activities struck hard and stirred opinion deeply.

As the reaction gained momentum, the loyalty review procedures were initiated, to provide more security to the government employee as well as to the government, to promote uniformity of standards among the departments, and to give the employee whose loyalty had been challenged an opportunity to answer, to have the protection of a hearing, and to take an appeal.

“THE INTERESTS OF NATIONAL SECURITY”

SINCE 1947, the political standard by which fitness to serve in the government is determined has been changed twice. The original order of 1947 required a loyalty investigation for every employee and prospective employee of the government. No one was to be accepted for employment, or allowed to continue in employment, if it should be found, “on all the evidence,” that “reasonable grounds exist for belief that the person involved is disloyal to the government of the United States.” This standard, requiring a positive finding of “disloyalty,” was changed in 1951 to provide for dismissal or refusal of employment where, “on all the evidence, there is a reasonable doubt as to the loyalty of the person involved to the government of the United States.”

In 1953, the Eisenhower Administration, persuaded that the Truman program was too weak, revised the original Executive Order to make the interests of “national security,” rather than “disloyalty” or “reasonable doubt as to loyalty,” the test of federal employment. The Eisenhower order established as its standard the rule that no one was to be employed or retained in employment unless his employment “is clearly con-

sistent with the interests of the national security.”

A considerable number of studies and reports have given the public some sense of what is involved in many loyalty-security cases: the charges, often vague, and usually concerned with opinion, or the opinions of friends or relatives, rather than conduct; the evidence, often petty, dealing with meetings, subscriptions, radical interests, or unusual behavior, woven into a pattern creating doubt; the personal tragedy of a career and life-history near ruin, even where a man has been finally cleared; the loyalty, and occasionally the betrayal, of friends; the prolongation of vague and intangible inquiries in a quasi-judicial form. Reported cases illustrate not only the routine grounds for dismissal—crime, falsehood, misrepresentation, and the like—but also charges which represent fantastic hypotheses about the nature of patriotism and the likelihood of its being betrayed.

Case after case charges a person with friendly association with a relative or friend thought to be a Communist, or a Communist sympathizer, or a member of an organization cited by the Attorney General as being subversive; with appearing on the mailing lists of Communist front organizations or publications; with using as a reference the names of persons “thought to be” or “charged with being” Communist sympathizers of varying degrees, or identified with organizations some of whose directors were charged with being Communist sympathizers; with having protested against loyalty-oath requirements in universities, or contributed to Spanish War Relief, or attended lectures by politically doubtful speakers, or belonged to the Consumers’ Union.

The concept of “loyalty” is a test of present or past political ideas, ranging from the Communist to the confusingly radical, unorthodox, or eccentric. The notion of “security risk” includes the full ideological spectrum of “loyalty,” but it also embraces elements of character weakness, susceptibility to blackmail, alcoholism, and homosexuality. Among the fixed beliefs which prevail in this field is a series of rules of thumb—that persons with relatives behind the Iron Curtain are not to be trusted, since they might be blackmailed; that homosexuals are more subject to blackmail than indiscriminating heterosexuals; and that membership in a certain number of doubtful or subversive organizations, or subscription to a certain number of doubtful publications, is significant evidence of unreliability. Many of the criteria

used in enforcing the non-political parts of the "security risk" standard have turned out to be almost more offensive to human dignity than the loyalty test itself. It is hard to imagine a civilized government dismissing a reliable official, with a long and distinguished record of most exacting service, on the ground that years before, when abroad, he had had an affair with a lady. Yet apparently our government has done so. The rule would have an interesting impact if generally enforced.

One of the difficulties in the government's practice has been the way in which these criteria have been applied. No one could deny that what lies behind these words, in some form, and to some extent, has a bearing on sensible decisions as to a person's eligibility for the public service. But they have been enforced in many instances with a foolish literalness, unsophistication, and even hypocrisy. A libertine, a pronounced alcoholic, or a fervent revolutionary could well merit dismissal, for the good of any service, and at almost any level of the service, sensitive or non-sensitive. But it is absurd to fire a married woman as a security risk from an ordinary job in the bureaucracy, because her baby arrived a bit too soon after the wedding. The most puritanical New England village takes such events calmly in stride. Should the government have been convulsed into self-righteous action?

The ideas and methods of the federal security programs have spread to vast areas of non-governmental employment—to defense industries, the military itself, and the maritime industry, to universities which have research contracts with government, to the educational system generally. Professor Brown of the Yale Law School, in a forthcoming study, estimates that formal screening programs of one kind or another directly affect the employment of 13 million persons in the United States, or 20 per cent of the labor force. There is no way of judging how many more millions are under the shadow of this quest for assurance about the reliability of men. The idea of "clearance" has become part of the horizon of expectations of the rising generation.

What have these procedures accomplished? They have dramatized for the country at large the fact that there is a Communist movement, which has eagerly pursued its chosen goals. They have established the weakness of that movement, its successful penetration by counterespionage agents, and its ineffectiveness in labor, in the communications industries, in education, and in the government. The machinery for screening under the various loyalty-security programs has

uncovered only one case of espionage, so far as is publicly known, and that indirectly. It has resulted in the ouster from government of several thousand persons, and the resignation of many more, though no reliable statistics are available to indicate the proportion of these terminations which involved political issues rather than alcoholism, character defects, or other grounds.

It has prevented the employment of even larger numbers of persons. Significantly, only a few perjury prosecutions have developed in the wake of several thousand loyalty-security proceedings, to challenge a dismissed employee on the ground that he had made false statements about his politics on entering the government service. In one of the most spectacular of these cases, the government moved for a dismissal because its own officer had misrepresented the facts before a grand jury. Several informants who had brought the accusations which set the machinery into irreversible motion were revealed as neurotic, irresponsible, or corrupt.

These procedures may have prevented harm, through the exclusion from government of potential betrayers of secrets. But, as a practical matter, it is impossible to weigh this possible gain against the undoubted damage done to the morale of the government staff, to the development of science, and to the fabric of law. While the attack on Communists in the trade unions, counterespionage and other police methods, criminal law enforcement, and above all the ordinary processes of public debate have effectively limited the influence of active Communists, the loyalty-security programs have accomplished little in this positive sense.

They have created, however, an atmosphere of fear and insecurity, both in the public service and in other sectors of society, gravely disturbing men's confidence in the fairness of government and in the sense of justice of law. Large numbers of people are now persuaded that there is something seriously wrong with programs that produce such a costly side-effect, though there is so far no consensus as to where their weakness lies.

THE EXTRALEGAL PREMISE

THESE have been many criticisms of the way in which the loyalty-security programs have functioned, and of their effects on the life of the nation. Most of these criticisms accept the premise of the programs, and concentrate on the procedures which have been employed. The evidence against a man should be presented to him

and to all the tribunals which judge him, the critics urge. He should be able to confront and cross-examine adverse witnesses. The thesis that evidence must be kept secret to protect the government's sources of information has no more place in a loyalty-security hearing, where a man's career and honor are at stake, than in a criminal court. Charges are too broad, and there is no opportunity to test their relevance or sufficiency by moving to strike unusually remote or ridiculous accusations. The person charged should not have to bear the impossible burden of proving that he has led a blameless life, and always supported policies which it is now respectable and conventional to have supported. And he should be protected against the harassment and unfairness of having to defend himself against the same accusations over and over again. The government employee being investigated should be allowed to continue on the payroll until his case is settled. He should be helped to find counsel, and his legal costs paid if he is cleared.

These criticisms all have merit. But they do not go to the primary vice of the loyalty-security programs. The root of the matter is not a question of procedure. The fault is substantive. The wrong is to use the authority of the legal system to determine whether or not a man is "disloyal" or a "security risk"—that is, a *potential* criminal. When we embark on this inquiry, we have passed the boundary between the realm of action and the realm of belief, thought, and opinion beyond which no system of law should venture.

Recalling the Dreyfus affair, the Alsop brothers called their book on the Oppenheimer case *We Accuse*. The book was a powerful and useful critique of the loyalty-security programs, but the title was mistaken. While the Dreyfus case stirred up a great political outcry, to the everlasting credit of the French people, the case itself was a routine miscarriage of justice—a commonplace accident in the history of law. Oppenheimer's ordeal represents something altogether different. The decision that Oppenheimer is a "security risk" did not rest on forged evidence, or mistaken identity, or lying witnesses, or blind pride. On the contrary, the judgment against Oppenheimer is perfectly plausible, given the premises of the loyalty-security programs. It cannot be called a miscarriage of justice. It is, rather, the kind of judgment to be expected normally from a system of organized injustice—a system of legal procedures through which earnest and sincere judges are required to answer unanswerable questions.

For centuries the law has experimented with

the problem of how to find out whether an accused person is guilty as charged: is the court satisfied beyond doubt that the defendant set fire to a given barn, on a given night, in terms of the indictment brought against him? By and large, legal proceedings work reasonably well in answering such questions, at least in the absence of the kind of difficulties which plagued the Dreyfus trials. But how can a tribunal determine, as a matter of law, that a man is a potential criminal?

THE PURE IN HEART

FOR centuries also, governments, like other employers, have made executive decisions about hiring and firing. While governments should adhere to high standards of fairness in dealing with their employees, they are entitled to considerable flexibility in their choice of civil servants. Officers of government can and properly do select employees on all sorts of grounds, subjective as well as objective. They must evaluate the man and his record, his promise and the risks which he presents, including the risk that he may turn out to be lazy, dishonest, emotionally difficult, or worse. That is an expected part of any society's machinery for using its manpower.

But it is a totally different matter to put the prestige of the process of law behind a judgment that a person is or may be disloyal to his country, or a security risk—that is, a person likely to commit one of the most degraded crimes we know. As the Supreme Court said, such a judgment is "a badge of infamy. Especially is this so in time of cold war and hot emotions when 'each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy.'"

It is no wonder, then, that seeking to grapple with mysteries of this order, the five opinions written in the Oppenheimer case each rested on a different premise and a different conception of the matter to be tried. It is hardly surprising that case after case in the loyalty-security programs has turned on the political opinions of the person charged, the magazines to which he subscribed, or on the political and social views and habits of his relatives and friends. Where the law is seeking to determine whether a man is a security risk, these issues are as relevant as anything else.

Most life histories have episodes, or chapters, which would look appalling on the front page of a newspaper, or in an FBI security file. There is still point in the old story of the practical joker who sent identical telegrams to the five leading men in his town: "Fly at once, all is

discovered," and then found that four left on the next train. And it is routine to discover that the cashier who robbed the bank was a model citizen, a leader of his Church, a pillar of the Boy Scouts, and an active and respected member of the community.

In the perspective of psychiatry, moreover, all men have needs, impulses, and drives which, given the right set of circumstances, might lead them into anti-social behavior. And it is equally obvious that many persons who function reliably and adequately—often, indeed, with distinction—have private dimensions which would cause most people to question their judgment—eccentric views about religion or diet, gardening, art, or health, or a buried early scrape or wild oat, which it is usually sensible to ignore. No system of selection, even for the elite of a society, has ever been able to identify the pure in heart.

A BETTER TEST

IF THE concept of "loyalty-security risk" is not one to which a fixed or determinate meaning can be given—or should be given—by procedures having the authority and sanction of decision by the state, what methods should the government employ to meet its legitimate demand for efficiency, effectiveness, and devotion on the part of its staff?

Some critics, notably Walter Lippmann and C. D. Williams, have suggested that the entire machinery of hearings and determinations be scrapped, and that employment be left to executive discretion. The possible injustice of the boss' decision, they contend, is preferable to the stigma of fully considered official judgments that a man is a loyalty or security risk. This view goes too far. It would weaken, if not destroy, the safeguards of the civil service laws, which have permitted us, not without shortcomings and rigidities, to develop a strong career civil service. And it runs counter to the broader principle that all the citizen's relations with his government should be conducted on a basis of the highest possible standards of even-handed justice.

As a first step, the selection of government employees, and their removal from career jobs, should have the kind of procedural safeguards which normally characterize admission to and removal from the bar, the practice of medicine, or the conduct of other licensed callings. The executive decision to hire or fire should be qualified by the interposition of review procedures, as has always been the case in the armed forces, the foreign service, and the civil service. Such

procedures of review should be required to meet appropriate constitutional standards of fairness, including adequate notice of specific charges, hearings, and the opportunity to confront the adverse evidence, to present evidence oneself, and to appeal. Existing civil service procedures, which in essentials go back to 1912, provide for hearings of a sort to review the executive's decision as to a man's suitability for continuation in the permanent competitive civil service. Grave doubts have been expressed as to whether such procedures meet modern constitutional standards. They should certainly be reviewed carefully, and reformed to do so, if found wanting.

Questions of procedural fairness aside, what criteria should govern in handling questions of this order? The basic problem raised by the loyalty-security programs cannot be avoided by giving it a different name, or by remitting it entirely to the Civil Service Commission, which has made 90 per cent of the federal dismissals on security grounds, in any event.

One suggestion has been made by the distinguished Special Committee on the Federal Loyalty-Security Program of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, in its generally excellent recent Report. This recommended that special personnel security programs should apply to "sensitive" positions and to no others—"sensitive" being defined as positions whose occupants would have access to material classified as "secret" or "top-secret," or would have a policy-making function bearing a substantial relation to national security. For the rest, the federal service would continue to be protected, as in the past, by laws which forbid the employment of Communists or their active collaborators, and by the general suitability requirements of the Civil Service Commission rules.

For the sensitive positions, the special criterion of employment would be "whether or not in the interest of the United States the employment or retention of employment of the individual is advisable. In applying this standard a balanced judgment should be reached after giving due weight to all the evidence, both derogatory and favorable, to the nature of the position, and the value of the individual to the public service." This test would eliminate the burden of proof under the present order, which requires hearing officials to be satisfied that the employment of the person being studied is "*clearly consistent*" with the interests of national security. It would permit the Security Personnel Board to consider a man's associations, insofar as he was found to be closely identified with, or subject to, signifi-

cant influence by those with whom he associates. The Committee recommends that evidence elicited from the private and elusive world of ideas be used sparingly and with great care, and that the present Attorney General's list of subversive organizations be abolished, as an indiscriminate tool, often wrongly used in personnel procedures throughout the country.

FITNESS FOR THE JOB

DESPITE the merit of these proposals, they do not deal completely with the underlying problem. The Committee is on sound ground in stressing that the primary issue should be whether a man reasonably measures up to his job, and that different jobs presuppose different qualifications. But the Report does not carry this principle over to the vast bulk of the cases, which it would leave to be dealt with under the suitability criteria of the existing Civil Service Regulations. The Committee would apparently keep those regulations as they are, even though they require a man to be dismissed if, on all the evidence, there is "reasonable doubt" as to his loyalty—a vague and impalpable criterion which raises all the difficulties we have discussed. These difficulties are different in kind from those presented by the statutory prohibition against the employment of Communists in the government, a practical rule which few would now be disposed to change, despite some of the paradoxes it presents.

Would it not be preferable if the principle suggested by the Committee Report were consistently made the central, and indeed the only, rule for government employment—that is, a man's fitness or suitability for the job in question? This approach would build on the premise that the government is fully entitled to set reasonable qualifications for employment and continued employment—qualifications which deal with every aspect of a man's person, character, and competence relevant to his job. This approach would make the government's right to inquire into a man's beliefs, and his entire history, a function of the requirements of the job he is called upon to do.

For persons already employed, actual performance of their jobs would be the most significant evidence bearing on their qualification for promotion or for continued employment—the only significant evidence for most jobs, and the most important evidence, even for jobs with especially exacting standards. Outside the zone of highly sensitive employment—jobs affecting the national

security, and policy-making jobs—full field investigations of a man's life would be inappropriate, and should not be made. For applicants, a distinction should again be drawn between sensitive and non-sensitive jobs. It is justifiable, at least under present Cold War circumstances, to conduct a full-scale study, including a field investigation, of applicants for sensitive jobs. For others, appropriate inquiry into technical qualifications for the job is indicated. Unless it should appear that the applicant may be barred under the Hatch Act as a member of a political party or other organization which advocates the overthrow of the government, a prolonged search into his life history could not be relevant. If preliminary inquiry raises doubts about the applicability of the Hatch Act, careful consideration of the question should be provided for, perhaps through a procedure comparable to that of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Indeed, I should carry the principle implicit in the Committee's Report even further. In the higher reaches of the civil service, where policy-making is involved, the government is entitled to rely on officials who accept government policy, and not merely on those who accept the Constitution. It has always been routine in the armed forces, or the foreign service to transfer officials who strongly oppose the policy of the government to posts where their disagreement would not interfere with effective administration. Such transfers are a sound way of assuring governmental action, without compromising the ideals of a career service. The higher military commander who regards the campaign as wrongly conceived and planned is hardly likely to be the ideal instrument for carrying it out. A convinced isolationist would rarely be an appropriate Ambassador to the councils of NATO.

If not overdone, reliance on transfers should become a far more important procedure in dealing with problems of the suitability of personnel than has been the case thus far. There are dangers in such a course, especially in times of political tension. The very severity of the sanction of dismissal may prevent action, which might become far too common if timid superiors could get rid of their "risks" by sending them to Botany Bay; and the stigma of transfer might become as real a moral blow to the employee as the stigma of dismissal. Nonetheless there is much to recommend it. If government can take the lead in allaying the sense of panic, which has so seriously distorted common-sense judgment in this field, transfer should not be too dangerous a tool of administrative man-

agement. And if we do not dissipate our recent sense of panic, no changes in the rules or procedures will do much good.

Suppose, then, that the government's system for personnel administration is based on the single and valid criterion of a man's personal suitability for a particular job. Suppose further that fair procedures, fully conforming to the Constitutional standards applied, say, in disbarment proceedings, are provided for hearing appeals from the decisions of those who must initially decide whether to hire or fire federal employees. These two policies would cut down the number of jobs for which significant political tests for employment were relevant, and would meet the valid procedural criticisms of our experience under the loyalty-security programs of the last decade. Under these circumstances, should we continue to have a separate program, dealing with those cases of suitability for employment which raise questions of a political character? Should there be a separate order, standard, and Board or Commission to handle this class of cases?

The Special Committee of the New York Bar Association recommends a separate political security program, which might well be in charge of sophisticated men, experts on Communism, who could be expected not to make the vulgar errors which have been such a painful feature of the loyalty-security process thus far. A tight standard might be stated, intended to confine the dismissals of "security risks" to a small number of obvious cases. Nonetheless, the contrary arguments seem stronger. There are advantages in abolishing a separate program of political clearances, and in firmly putting all questions about a man's politics into the appropriate context of his personal suitability for a particular job.

THE LIMITS OF LAW

THE notion of proscribing classes of men for their ideas, their past follies, their private lives, or their relatives is repellent to us. It recalls the policies of the Soviets, who discriminate against kulaks and former members of the Russian middle class, and against their children, too. If eligibility for employment is made once more a matter of individual suitability for particular jobs or classes of jobs, there is little to be gained from keeping or revising the present security and loyalty tests, and much to be gained from starting over.

This nation has been engaged in a long and troublesome exercise—an instinctive and

healthy attempt to bring the internal security problem into the law. Among the complex and novel issues of the Cold War, none has been more difficult to resolve than that of devising procedures which would protect government against unreliable or untrustworthy employees, and equally protect government employees against the risks of dismissal by witch hunt. So long as the problem is defined in terms of universal criteria for employment and dismissal—the loyalty or security risk—we are trapped in a dilemma from which there is no visible escape, save a return to the practice of unlimited executive discretion. For the prevailing system requires us to use the prestige of the trial process, with all its historical and psychological power, to make adjudications about the beliefs, opinions, and character of men, and the possibility that they may commit crime. This has been an impossible task, beyond the proper limits of law. But that is what we have been trying to do.

The way out is not to give up the attempt to protect internal security against the efforts of the Communists, nor, on the other hand, to abandon the protections of the civil-service idea. Defining the problem in terms of an individual's suitability for a particular employment, as I propose we do instead, is not a magic formula which dispels all difficulty. But it maps out an approach which should individualize these problems, and make them soluble, in terms which protect both the public service and the dignity and privacy of the citizen's life.

An advantage of this approach would be to annul flat rules and presumptions, except for the prohibition against the employment of active Communists. Another would be to require the government to abandon elaborate field studies into an employee's beliefs, and his political and personal history, save for those few jobs where the burden of responsibility requires the government to be thoroughly satisfied as to a man's stability, experience, and personal attitudes. Thus it should stop the dangerous process of accumulating dossiers, and do much to end the atmosphere of insecurity and mutual suspicion which has been so damaging a by-product of the loyalty-security programs of the last decade. When the government begins to investigate private lives intensively, it discovers that things are seldom what they seem, and that many closets contain skeletons. Once this knowledge is available, it is almost impossible not to use it.

We can evaluate this proposal by considering some of its implications. Under such a standard, there could be no general inquisition into the

life histories and political ideas of federal meat inspectors and proofreaders. Perhaps the most severe test for the policy proposed here would be to see how the Oppenheimer case might have been handled under it. Dr. Oppenheimer was in a sensitive position, justifying full inquiry into every aspect of his career and character. The approach proposed here would pose the problem presented by Oppenheimer's record not as the question whether Oppenheimer was a "security risk," but whether his superior acted arbitrarily and without suitable basis in fact in deciding that he lacked sufficient confidence in Oppenheimer's reliability to continue his employment. The question would not be the abstract issue of using the full panoply of semi-judicial inquiry to determine whether Oppenheimer was a probable or likely espionage agent, but the far more limited and tolerable act of taking an administrative appeal from a superior's decision that a member of his staff was not in person or character the kind of man the job required. Most of the same evidence would have been relevant. The fact that Oppenheimer had served well for more than a decade would have been given far greater weight, since the issue would have been his suitability for the job. But that issue would have been altogether different from the question the Boards struggled with in vain as the case was actually handled. The end might have been the same; but the consequences—both to Oppenheimer, to the world of science, and to the law—would have been of a different order.

THE MORAL we should draw from what is now a lengthy and fully disclosed experience with the Communist threat to internal security is twofold: the threat is real, since the Soviet Union is strong, hostile, aggressive, and growing relatively stronger. The fanatic devotees of the Soviet cause are indeed its loyal subjects, and may recruit help from those who in any society are willing to engage in the crimes of sabotage or espionage. With equal conviction, we may now conclude that the Communist Fifth Column in the United States is weak and ineffective, and well within the control of sound police surveillance. It accomplished little or nothing, by way of sabotage at least, either during the early stages of World War II or during the Korean War. Whatever espionage it conducted, as revealed in several famous cases, was discovered by the accident of Gouzenko's defection or by police methods, not by the universal investigations of the loyalty-security programs.

We should conclude that the process of uni-

versal screening was a mistake, and that the rules of exclusion we developed, presuming that people of certain views or habits were more likely than others to commit crime, were wrong. They represent in our law an extension of the dangerous idea behind the relocation program for Japanese and Americans of Japanese ancestry which we carried out during the war: that men can be segregated, penalized, and stigmatized without individual fault, because it is widely suspected that they may commit crime. The sound answer, which could satisfy both the legitimate administrative needs of the government and the rights of its employees, should be found by building carefully on the central idea of suitability for the job: that different jobs require different degrees of character stability, and different standards of political judgment. Abandoning blanket presumptions of probable guilt, the sensitive areas of government could be assured staffs of appropriate reliability, without making "reasonable doubt of loyalty" a general touchstone for dismissal from the civil service.

Beyond that we need not and should not go. A left-wing employee of the Fish and Wildlife Service might someday put germs in a reservoir. But so might an employee who becomes paranoid, or a civilian.

We can afford the security of freedom. The loyalty-security programs have produced insecurity, not security. They have violated one of the vital ends to which any system of law should be dedicated. As Montesquieu said, "The political liberty of the subject is a tranquillity of mind arising from the opinion each person has of his own safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite that government be so constituted as one man need not be afraid of another."

That "tranquillity of mind" for the individual, which Montesquieu rightly saw as an essential goal of government under law, is threatened when exaggerated punishment or repression corrupts society. This is one of the reasons why he opposed loose prosecution for treason, and all manner of attempts to fight heresy by legal sanctions.

"Only outward acts," he wrote, "are amenable to the laws. It is not words that are punished, but deeds in the performance of which the words are uttered. Words become crimes when they prepare, accompany, or follow a criminal action." In seeking to deal with conspiracy, we have through the loyalty-security programs succeeded in punishing heresy, and often mere heterodoxy or confusion.

It is time to call a halt.



By **RUSSELL LYNES**

Drawings by Donald Higgins

DESIRE out from under the elms

Four hundred and fifty Yale men who graduated twenty-five years ago have given a social observer some surprising insights into the changes in America's class system.

MY WIFE comes from a long line of Harvard men, and when she married me, a Yale man, one younger member of her family asked the important question: "Is there anything morally wrong with going to Yale?"

Now that my class has been twenty-five years away from the elms of Yale's campus, I am in a position to provide Harvard men (and anyone else who is interested) with a detailed answer. I have just examined the answers to 450 questionnaires that have been filled out with varying degrees of enthusiasm and resentment by my classmates who graduated from college into the economic mud puddle of 1932. Morally, as nearly as I can tell, they qualify to associate with Harvard men.

They look, however, in many subtle ways as well as in many obvious ones, very different from their parents' generation. They are, to use a phrase more common on their parents' tongues than on their own, "a different class of people." Or, more accurately, they are not a class of people at all. Only their age (which is middle), their general sense of well-being, and their common experience in New Haven (now more dimly remembered by some than by others) give them a certain homogeneity. The social structure which spawned them has gone and they repre-

sent, as well as any group of men might, the transition from an old order to a new one.

I would like, if I can, to put them in perspective—not their own kind of perspective of success or failure, but to set them against a backdrop of their social class, their tastes, and their power, if any.

There was a time not so long ago in America when class, power, and taste seemed to go hand in hand, when an upper class, because it had the power of wealth, appeared to set the standards of taste for other Americans. In many respects the class of 1932 has the attributes that we are likely to attach to an upper-class or upper-middle-class group. Financially it is generally quite well-heeled. It is educated, in the formal sense, well beyond the average American of its generation, and presumably it exhibits the tastes associated with a combination of education and wealth. But something is missing. The pieces in the puzzle simply will not go together to make the familiar picture.

It is, of course, possible to make a composite portrait of these 450 men, and the result is a single personality which is neither very surprising nor very inspiring. The composite man is middle-aged and he knows it, though, of course, he relinquishes the idea of being a young man reluctantly. By and large he thinks he has not made out too badly, and he is a family man who feels that success primarily means providing for the welfare of his wife and children. He reads, but not a great deal, and he is more likely to read magazines than books. He goes to church spasmodically. He has his children's religious education on his mind, though he is

likely to leave it to somebody else. He is reasonably prosperous, plays golf, expects to retire in his late fifties or early sixties and then spend a good deal of time fishing. He leaves matters of household taste to his wife who, he thinks, should not have a job. He votes Republican, is leery of "creeping socialism," and he thinks the younger generation is too concerned with "security" and takes too many of the good things of life for granted. He does some housework, but only occasionally and no more than he can help. He lives in a suburb and thinks his wife spends "too damn much time" playing bridge. He has stuck with her, though. A fair amount of his own spare time goes into good works for the community but less than goes into golf.



LEAN AND FAT

THIS is obviously the portrait of a statistical meatball, the lean and the fat all ground together to produce the average man. It is a picture of the kind of middle-aged man you might expect to find anywhere in America. And yet, if you look at him a little more closely, he stops looking average and becomes a rather interesting specimen.

Let's go back a little in time. When the members of the class of 1932 entered Yale the boom was on and prosperity looked as though it would last forever. A freshman in a coonskin coat that cost his parents four or five hundred dollars was a common sight and there was a sprinkling of Stutz "Bearcats" pulled up at the curbs near the campus. It was the day of the yellow Chrysler roadster with a battery of French taxi horns and of torchlight parades the night before football games. A sell-out crowd of 80,000 would pack the Bowl to watch Yale play Army. They both played the same brand of football then, and Albie Booth was Yale '32's gift to football posterity. (Albie, a New Haven boy, waited on the training table to help pay his way.)

The class of 1932 was the biggest ever to enter Yale up to that time and numbered about 900. It was chosen out of 1,300 applicants who qualified for entrance; this year's freshman class at

Yale, about 10 per cent larger, is chosen from 4,000 qualified applicants. (Fewer of this new class will be flunked out; their average IQ is probably fifteen points higher than ours was.) A very high percentage of my class (72 per cent) came from independent preparatory schools, an urbane and sophisticated lot of young men to whom going to college was taken for granted and in stride. Even so, there were a good many boys on scholarships who washed dishes or collected laundry to help get themselves through school. There is no denying, however, that the class was a relatively homogeneous group and by no means representative of the nation as a whole . . . except, as nearly as I can discover, they wanted the same things that most people want. They came, most of them, from the prosperous upper-middle class, from families who were used to comfortable living. They came from a class in which a considerable degree of power had been vested.

What happened between the fall of 1928 and the summer of 1932 was, of course, catastrophic. A good many of my classmates quit college because their families lost their money, and many other boys rolled up their sleeves and went to work at whatever jobs they could find around the campus. Most of us were dumped on the job market in June 1932. A few took a look at the world and what it was like and postponed the moment of facing it for good, sufficient, and useful reasons. Some went to medical or law or some other graduate school.

Nineteen thirty-two was, indeed, a dreadful year, one that has been called "the bottom of the depression." It was a year of breadlines and Hoovervilles, of bank failures and apple-sellers on Wall Street. A good many young men, who had come out of college just before the crash and stepped into plush jobs with excellent pay and seemingly limitless prospects, were broke and pounding the pavements. The unpleasant atmosphere seemed to have only one advantage. It did not look as though it could get any worse.

Some of us went to work at once at anything we could find for whatever pay we could get. It took others a year or more to find any sort of job. Those who were employed averaged less than \$1,200 a year. One man reported that he was glad "to get a raise to \$60 a month after four months." Another man who started at \$100 a month got two 10 per cent cuts in salary in the first six months. (He is now making \$25,000 a year.) To be choosy was nonsense, though about a third of the class set out to follow in their fathers' footsteps. Of these only half stuck it

out. This depression class started not only at the bottom of the ladder but at the bottom of the barrel.

But where are they now financially? Most of them would find, if they were to compare their salaries with national figures, that they are in the top five or six per cent of the nation. Eighty-eight per cent of them are earning \$10,000 a year or more. Six per cent of them earn between \$50,000 and \$75,000, and three per cent over \$75,000. These, mind you, are earnings from professions or businesses and do not include income from investments. Counting that sort of additional income, fifteen men out of the 450 reported family incomes of over \$100,000. The two highest salaries reported were both \$120,000—one by a lawyer and the other by an engineer who works for an aircraft manufacturer.

One could say without hesitation, then, that these men represent financial power. They also represent business power, for a fair share of them run their own businesses or are officers of corporations. They also have a certain degree of power in their own communities, though very few of them have held public office. Financially they have status that is close to that which their parents had in 1928—but there much of the similarity stops. Power, taste, and class are not the bedfellows they once were, and it might be useful to look at these abstractions briefly to see how our ideas about them have changed.

Power to some of us is horsepower or physical force. To others it is the power to persuade, or moral force. To still others it is the power of position or money or coercion. Taste is even more elusive. To some people it is a physical sensation. To others it means the appreciation of style, still another abstraction. There are those who think that taste is an intellectual process . . . a man of good taste is a man of sharp intellectual perceptions. Or taste can be emotional, in the aesthetic sense that some people respond emotionally to art or to the movies or to Dixieland jazz.

And class, too, is a hard idea to pin down. To the sociologist it means levels in the social spectrum—upper class, middle class, lower class. To the racetrack tout it means style—"That nag has class." But if you look back to the 1920s and before you will find—as you will not find today—that there was an upper class with the power of money that had a tremendous influence on the taste of the community. It owned the local factory, controlled the local charities, gave the local library, chaired the board of the local school, and passed its ideas of gentility and taste

down to those who aspired to be its social equals. There was a degree of *noblesse oblige* related to the triumvirate of power, taste, and class that is hard to detect in the Yale Class of 1932.

Power, in fact, does not seem to be what they want. They want comfort for themselves and for their families and they want time. Some want fame. But let them speak for themselves.

IN PLACE OF MONEY

TO A question which asked them to state briefly their ideas of success there was a tremendous variety of answers. A personnel man wrote: "To have created something." An executive earning \$45,000 a year said, "I often wonder." "More money," wrote a \$20,000 a year lawyer. An investment counselor, who serves as trustee of a charitable institution, said, "To leave behind an important contribution to society." And others: "To be a big frog in a small puddle" . . . "Top man in my chosen line in the world" . . . and so on. But money was the first concern of most of them.

Next came reputation or the regard of other people. A professor said, "Recognition by fellow experts plus respect of those who can evaluate one's achievements." Personal happiness and the development of one's potentialities ranked below money or position. An editor defined success as, "To enjoy what you are doing and be able through it to enable the people you love to enjoy what they are doing." A businessman turned librarian wrote, "Exploiting one's abilities to the maximum." But they were a minority.

Within a group that looks financially homogeneous, on the whole, and that seems to represent a fair degree of power, it is evident that there is a very considerable variety of attitudes toward what they want out of life. They also vary sharply in their views about whether they are paid what they are worth. One man says, "No one ever does think he's paid what he's worth." He is a vice-president of a bank and he makes \$20,000 a year. On the other hand, a partner in a big law firm who makes \$60,000 wrote, "Lots of people could do it as well for less," and a producer of industrial films said, "Hell, I'm overpaid compared to guys who work harder at more productive jobs." (Is this honesty or modesty? I don't know.)

But it is also true that a certain number of men who were doing well in business decided the scramble for money was not worth it. One ex-vice-president of a large corporation gave it up and is now a distinguished librarian. An-

other man sold out a real-estate business to run a liquor store at a fraction of his former income. He says he's having more fun and more time to do what he wants. One man in business for himself wrote: "Money is not worth it, but unfortunately that is the nature of our system."

Most of them, however, stick to the grind and take it for granted. They hope to retire (except for the lawyers who seem to look forward to an old age of legal documents) as soon as they can . . . probably in their early sixties, or fifteen years from now. (Only the doctors, incidentally, mentioned health in connection with retirement.)

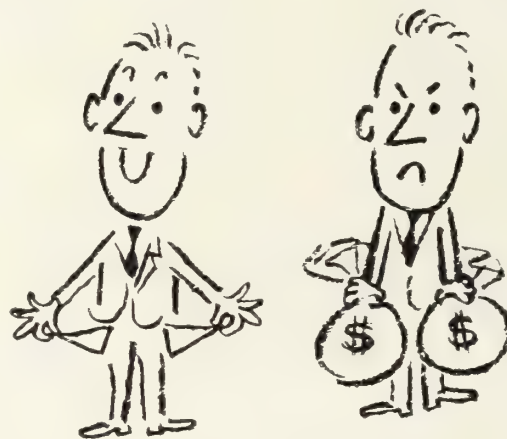
We can construe this concern with money in another way. The incomes of these men put them in the very top bracket . . . the top 6 per cent nationally, as we have noted. But have they financial power? Certainly not in the sense of the great financiers of the early part of this century and the last decades of the nineteenth century. These are, for the most part, "organization men," to borrow William H. Whyte's phrase, and not "tycoons." Most of them are on salaries, hardly any of them can or will ever be able to amass large fortunes, and they don't expect to. None of them mentioned as part of his ambition that he worked in order to leave money to his children, as his father would have. In other words, they do not see any likelihood of transmitting their wealth or what little financial authority they have to their progeny, except through providing them with education and possibly influence in getting a job.

The power of money in America has changed. It has shifted, as everyone knows, from the individual to the corporation, and the power of any single man in any corporation is limited. There are no more J. P. Morgans or Andrew Carnegies in whose hands money represented enormous authority. The Robert Youngs and the oil barons would be small fry to them. Comparatively speaking, power is anonymous (the French call the corporation "*Société Anonyme*") and it is limited (the English call it "Ltd.").

But my Yale men yielded another interesting sidelight on this question. You may be surprised to learn that the doctors (physicians and surgeons) averaged \$21,000 a year, or more than the largest group, the businessmen. The lawyers did even better. They averaged about \$10,000 more than the doctors, though the lowest paid lawyer made less than the lowest paid doctor. There were a good many more lawyers than businessmen in the \$40,000 to \$60,000 group.

This could lead one to an interesting con-

clusion—that the intellectual worker, that is, the professional, had more personal *money power* than the businessman. This is entertaining to contemplate until one considers the salaries of college professors (of whom my class seems to have produced a goodly number). You find that they average a little lower than the businessmen—and of course none of them comes anywhere near the better paid businessmen or doctors or lawyers. My high lawyer was \$120,000, as I said. My high doctor, a surgeon, made \$55,000. The top college professor made \$15,000 in a law school.



WHO MAKES WHAT?

THE superficial unity of class begins to look odd as we break down our earnings by professions. Is the businessman who makes \$10,000 a year in the same social class as the \$40,000 lawyer or the \$8,000 professor of English? It begins to look as though diversity were a more common factor than unity in this group which is supposed to be all of one stripe.

Another item in the questionnaire points in the same direction. These men were asked to say whether they were in their own estimation "failures," if they had "done OK," or if they were "frankly rather pleased" with themselves. Just about the same number said that they were failures as said that they were pleased with themselves. There were about twenty in each group, and money was not the controlling factor in their attitudes. Both groups were earning about the same amount of money; some of each were at the bottom of the financial scale and some were in the \$30,000 group. For the most part those who considered themselves failures felt that they had got off on the wrong foot and were engaged in pursuits they didn't like. Those who were pleased with themselves enjoyed their work, their families, and (in a few cases) the reputations they had made. There were obviously a good many who said they had merely

done OK who were quite pleased with themselves, but thought it *infra dig* to say so.

Here, then is a presumably homogeneous group of well educated, financially secure, upper-middle-class family men. Looked at from a distance they have much in common, but looked at closely the striking thing about them is not their sameness but their divergence. What can one say about the power of this class? About its taste?

Its power is primarily, I believe, in perpetuating its values. It believes in education and in the right of its progeny to go, as it did, through college. This is the only kind of inherited wealth that it feels confident it can leave its children. It also hopes to perpetuate its moral values and its manners and mannerisms. It tries to make its children ladies and gentlemen, to teach them to conform to certain social patterns and to rules of courtesy and etiquette. It may furthermore try to instill in its children a sense of social responsibility or service to the community—a sense that is close to the old *noblesse oblige*; for this group does feel a certain social superiority over the less well educated and well heeled.

It is significant, however, that my classmates were not interested in encouraging their children to go into public life. If they wield power it is largely through the business community and through work for charitable institutions rather than in the institutions of government. The fact is, I believe, that they do not think of themselves as exerting power; they prefer to think of themselves as useful, unspectacular citizens with some public responsibilities which are secondary to their family responsibilities. They are, by and large, a live-and-let-live lot of men.

What about their taste? You will not find, in most cases, much relationship between what they learned in college and what they now read. *The Caine Mutiny* was mentioned most often as their favorite book of the last five years. Their favorite magazines are *Life*, *Time*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Reader's Digest*—not perhaps the most intellectually demanding of our publications, but the most generally popular over the nation. They seem to prefer (as their wives must also) traditional decoration and architecture to more up-to-date styles. But here again there is variety which emerges from details. A sampling of 150 men showed that they read ninety-eight different magazines. They collect everything from modern paintings to shrunken heads, Indian relics, and ship models. Some of them live in modern houses with modern furniture and a few of them (not including

professors) read more than a hundred books a year. Their tastes are various, and seem to bear little or no relation to how much money they make.

It is worth mentioning that they are spread over the nation, though the highest concentration is in the Northeast. They vote pretty much alike—more than 80 per cent of them voted for Eisenhower in the last election. They have small families—two or three children—and their divorce rate is above the national average. Very few of their wives have jobs and they disapprove of women working while they have growing children, though a few take a more liberal view of feminine freedom. There they are, then—not quite typical middle-class families, but they have a pretty thoroughly middle-class outlook on life.



THE CORPORATE
LADDER

BUT what do they look like when one sets them against a larger national landscape? They are so few, of course, that they vanish entirely. They cut very little ice, and this is essentially because they represent so many different points of view, are identified with so many kinds of occupation, and find their satisfactions in so many different ways. Once they might have been part of a small upper class which wielded a good deal of financial power and guided the taste of others. But, as we have noted, it is neither the individual nor the social class that now exercises such authority.

It is the organization that wields financial power . . . whether it is a big corporation or a big labor union. It is the organization that wields the greatest influence over taste, whether it is the movie company, the television network, the city museum, or the university.

If I may be allowed to quote myself, the importance of the old social structure divided into an upper class, a middle class, and a lower class no longer has much validity in America as a measure of power, or taste, or social position. It is no longer the magnet it once was. More and more, Americans stop thinking in terms of class

and, instead, come to think of themselves and their status in terms of specialized groups. In *A Surfeit of Honey* in a chapter called "What Has Become of the Upper Class?" I used a figure of speech that I would like to reiterate. I said that our society is no longer like the horizontal but uneven slices in a geological model; it is like a series of pyramids . . . a pyramid for big business, a pyramid for the academic or intellectual world, a pyramid for labor, one for the underworld, one for entertainment and communications, and so on. At the top of each of these pyramids there is a sort of aristocracy that sets the general tone, though it is by no means a permanent aristocracy, and there is always somebody waiting for the chance to pull out the rug—as the rug was pulled out last year from under "Pat" Weaver, the big man of the National Broadcasting Company, or, more recently, from under Dave Beck of the Teamsters Union. (These two men should not be mentioned in the same sentence; they had nothing in common but high position in their respective pyramids.) In the pyramid of today it is not the individual who has power, but rather group policy that represents the convictions of not just one man but of many men.

Let me be specific. Take a corporation: it is referred to as a team and its leaders are "the management team." It is as neatly stratified by position as the peerage of England; but—like the top banana of the English peerage, the Queen—the chairman of the board is an employee of the organization, subject to removal if the board of directors wants to push him out. When such things happen in business they are not revolutions, but, more likely, proxy fights.

So the real class structure of America is now found within the organization, which has its own etiquette, its own social customs, and its own ways of snubbing people. But like any social microcosm it has its eccentrics with which it is quite happy to put up if—and only if—they are so talented that it would be unprofitable for the organization to dispense with them. In general, however, it behooves the organization man to conform to the social customs of his particular pyramid.

These pyramids are, I believe, a quite natural outgrowth of the one-class society that America has for so long been trying to achieve. It may be sad to say it, but a great many people seem to want to know where they and other people belong, if only so that they can move out of their niche into one they believe is better. The organization provides a nice, clean, obvious ladder

for the man and his family to climb; and if he works hard and behaves himself he knows that he will be helped up rung by rung by the organization itself.

He will find the qualities of taste of various organizations quite different. He will find big industry conservative in its tastes, for the most part, whereas he would find the communications business somewhat more relaxed and adventurous, and the theater and movies somewhat given to eccentricity. You wouldn't find the president of General Motors driving a white Cadillac, for example. You might easily find a movie tycoon in such a car, though, interestingly enough, when you approach the peak of any of the pyramids—industry, communications, even the underworld—you will find a rather consistently conservative pattern in the façade the top men expose to the public.

But where in all this are the members of the class of 1932 at Yale? They are scattered through the pyramids of various sorts and at various levels. Their upper-middle-class quality counts for very little, except perhaps at reunions. Their tastes reflect not the social class they belong to nearly so much as the business or professional group of which they are members.

But some of them, thank heaven, seem only to reflect themselves. They are the individualists who have pulled out of the organizations and gone it alone, like the man who runs the liquor store or the executive who became a librarian. Still others have been able to force their eccentricities on organizations, and because of their wits have got away with it. Still others have joined professions where a man is on his own, to a very great extent, like the surgeon. Some are what I have called Upper Bohemians—inquisitive men of culture who cut across the pyramids and refuse to surrender their tastes to any organization.

Power, taste, and class have, I believe, got a three-way divorce. It might be possible today to set up a neat structure of who has the power in our society. Next to it, one might construct an equally neat social structure based on money and social background, and next to that a structure of taste, as I once did in Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow. Every one of us belongs somewhere in all three of these structures. Each of us has some power, some class, and some taste. And so long as we maintain our freedom as individuals no one, I believe, is going to be able to find for us that lowest of all measurements—the delight of scientists and the despair of humanists—the common denominator.

By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

Drawings by Burt Goldblatt



The World's Greatest Counterfeiters

The first published report on Nazi Germany's money factory—a secret military operation, hidden in a concentration camp, which turned out British currency by the bale . . . but failed in its efforts to make \$100 bills.

ON MAY 26, 1949, Dr. André Amstein, chief of the Counterfeiting Bureau of the Swiss Police, forwarded to several of his colleagues in various Western countries carbons of a thick typewritten report about "the greatest forgery and counterfeiting enterprise of all time." It was marked SECRET.

Dr. Amstein, a sober police executive, is not given to hyperbole. Operation Bernhard, the code name the Nazis used for their counterfeiting of some \$600 million worth of British bank notes in World War II, was superlative in many ways. It was the biggest operation of its sort ever seen; it distributed the most money over the longest period; turned out some of the finest counterfeit notes ever made; had the world's largest counterfeit distribution network; operated with the lowest overhead; had the greatest number of conspirators—and the most expensive equipment ever assembled for counterfeiting. It also had two superlative characters in its cast: Bernie and Solly.

Recently, through the measured indiscretion of a friendly European official, I was permitted to inspect a copy of Dr. Amstein's compilation which is labeled SECRET. I have also been able to learn a great deal more about Bernie and Solly, the mainsprings of Operation Bernhard.

Considering its spectacular scope and nature, it is surprising that the full story has never been told before. Dr. Amstein's report is SECRET for good reasons. For one thing it provides numerous technical details that would be of considerable value to anyone undertaking the counterfeiting of British pounds or American dollars. The Bank of England, unlike the U. S. Treasury, never discusses counterfeit notes and their tell-tale errors.

Counterfeiting an enemy's coinage or currency has been a tactic of most major wars since 1470 when the wily Duke Galeazzo Sforza of Milan used it against Venice. In World War II the British, while refusing to counterfeit German currency—a possibility President Roosevelt asked them to consider—did make good facsimiles of Nazi ration stamps, which were dropped by air in 1940. And counterfeit postage stamps of Germany and Occupied France were made to be used by secret agents and for the mailing of propaganda missives within those countries. In a far more important operation the United States Office of Strategic Services manufactured and distributed excellent facsimiles of Japanese currency. Officially this is still denied by the former OSS Director, Major General William Donovan, but the evidence I have seen is persuasive.

In 1940 the Nazis decided to counterfeit British currency and assigned the task to Branch VI F 4 of the German *Sicherheitsdienst* or Secret Service which had been making excellent forgeries of neutral and enemy passports and identity papers in its Delbrückstrasse mansion in Berlin. The work proceeded slowly—the Nazis had underestimated the technical difficulties of duplicating Bank of England paper, inks, and watermark.

Not until the spring of 1942 when Captain

Friedrich Walter Bernhard Krüger took charge of VI F 4 did the project gather serious momentum. About the same time it acquired its code name "Operation Bernhard," in honor of the thirty-eight-year-old Captain who ran it.

Like most other key Nazis Captain Krüger was not the beau ideal of Nordic physiognomy. Although he was about five feet, eight inches tall, his broad forehead and receding hairline somehow made him seem shorter. In repose his nose was straight and rather blunt, but when he laughed it seemed to change shape completely. He had a square chin, dark eyes, and looked younger than his years.

He was born in 1904 in Riesa, about forty miles east of Leipzig. His father was a minor government functionary. Young Krüger was sent to the technical college in Chemnitz and after graduation worked in Chemnitz textile plants, then in Polish and French factories.

In 1929 he lost his job and joined the growing National Socialist Party. Two years later he was made an SS man and rose steadily, attaining a captaincy in April 1939. He trained SS personnel in radio operation and transmission. A year later he was assigned to Department VI of the Secret Service and was sent to France to obtain samples of U. S., British, Canadian passports; identity papers for American seamen, wireless operators, and stewards; and identity cards for Canadian airmen. Department VI forged these expertly.

When Krüger was assigned to counterfeiting bank notes in 1942—largely because of his success in making the bogus Allied identification cards—he found that his predecessors on the problem had been floundering primarily over the difficulty of reproducing the paper the Bank of England used.

Since 1725 the Portal family of Laverstoke, England, has supplied the Bank of England with the white linen paper used for pound notes. Only once since then has anyone succeeded in getting any paper out of the plant illegally. This was in 1862 after James Griffiths, a Birmingham engraver with a counterfeiter's ambitions, hired a team of London confidence crooks to go to Whitchurch and flim-flam a trusted Portal employee into sneaking out several reams. Krüger, an eminently practical fellow, did not count on duplicating that feat. Instead he ordered several tons of pure linen from Turkey, but the hand-made paper didn't come out quite right until someone hit on the idea of laundering the linen after it had first been used to wipe factory machines.

The elaborate watermark—which covers most

of the bank note with a series of parallel undulating lines interrupted at three spots with the denomination of the bill in numerals and letters—was even more difficult to achieve correctly.

When the paper formula had been solved, the old paper firm of Schleicher & Schull was given a large continuing order. The ink problems were solved by the Schmidt brothers of Berlin, and the expensive printing machinery was supplied by the firm of Rudolph Stenz.

CONCENTRATION CAMP DE LUXE

BY AUGUST 1942 most of the technical problems had been solved satisfactorily and arrangements were made for mass production of the notes. In Sachsenhausen concentration camp, some twenty-five miles northwest of Berlin, Barracks 19 was suddenly cleared of all its miserable inmates awaiting death. A ten-foot wall of barbed wire was placed around the building; regular camp guards were forbidden to enter the compound; and a special detachment of SS guards was brought in to patrol the barracks.

On their arrival the SS guards were lectured by the recently promoted Major Krüger. He made it clear that if anyone talked of or even hinted about the work going on in the barracks, he would be sent immediately to the Russian front. He also stressed in what must have been one of the most fascinating talks of the war that the prisoners were no longer *verdammte Juden* but co-workers in the triumphant National Socialist march toward world domination.

From concentration camps all over the New Germany specially picked prisoners were sent to Sachsenhausen: a Czech engineer, a Norwegian stereotypist, a Viennese upholsterer, a French photographer, a Czech mathematics professor, a Dutch army captain, a Danish bank clerk, and, of course, several German Jews, including a Berlin fashion photographer and a printer.

By the end of the month there was a company of thirty men, and Major Krüger, resplendent in his SS uniform, came down for a little talk.

He was blunt: they were there to counterfeit British pound notes. He warned sternly against trying to escape or talking to anyone outside the barracks about their work. Their food rations would be excellent, comparable to what German heavy workers were getting. They would be permitted to read daily newspapers, get a cigarette ration, and even be allowed to have a radio. And if things went well, he promised, there

would be a Ping-pong table in their quarters.

All of them, he went on, were under his special protection. They would not be killed, he promised solemnly. After they had completed their task successfully and Germany was victorious, arrangements would be made for these hand-picked Jews to live in a special enclave in an Aryan world where they would be employed on delicate jobs. Later one of the prisoners recalled this extraordinary talk:

"We had been saved, many of us at the very last hour, from certain death. Now this incredible, amiable Nazi major was promising us not only that we would live, that we would eat and smoke to our heart's content, but also that provision had even been made for us to survive a Nazi victory. Imagine! Even if we distilled out of his gallons of honeyed promises only a thin drop of vinegary truth it still all seemed like heaven on earth for most of us."

Krüger kept most of his promises. The food was adequate, the cigarette ration was pretty good, the newspapers came. There was a radio in the barracks. Ping-pong matches were held—the Jews were rash enough to beat the SS guards—and once there was even a night of amateur theatrical performances. The crew even got permission to wear ordinary civilian jackets and trousers if they wished. They wished.

But there were also reminders from time to time that the Nazis weren't fooling; that Barracks 19 wasn't just a rest camp. Two SS guards who talked outside about the work in the barracks were given fifteen years at hard labor. A Russian Jewish student named Sukenik who caught TB was killed so that he wouldn't be able to talk to any doctors or nurses. After that do-it-yourself medicine had no more ardent practitioners than the inmates of Barracks 19.

By December 1942 the installation of a printing shop and an engraving section was completed. The paper mill at Hahnemuehle started a monthly delivery of 12,000 sheets of the specially made linen bank note paper. Each sheet would provide four bank notes.

ENTER SOLLY

THE counterfeiting enclave was divided into five sections. There was the Printing Office managed by Arthur Lewin of Berlin. Kurz Weiler of Vienna was made head of the Book-binding Shop, for the plant had other tasks in addition to printing British pound notes. Norman Levy, the former Berlin fashion photographer, was in charge of the photography sec-

tion, and Abraham Jakobsen, a former Dutch army captain, took over the phototype section. In charge of the general office was Oskar Stein of Pilsen.

In January of 1943 Barracks 19 received a new worker—a small, slim, gray-eyed Russian Jew with curly dark brown hair, thick lips and eyebrows, and jug ears. His name was Solly Smolianoff, and in that strange crew he was unique: he was the only professional criminal in the lot.

He had been born in Poltava, southern Russia, in 1897 and sent to art school at Odessa when he was sixteen. There he met Professor Eugen Zotow who was to have a profound influence on his choice of a life calling. Zotow, an excellent engraver and able artist—some of his paintings hang in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad—had served a sentence in Russia in 1912 for counterfeiting.

Solly fled Soviet Russia in 1925 and after a year's *hegira* arrived in Berlin where he met his old instructor, now known professionally as Ivan Vernitchy. He had become a counterfeiter of British pound notes and quickly enlisted his former pupil in his ring. Solly helped round out some of the finer points on the plates, and to further his professional education was sent to Amsterdam to pass some of the £50 notes. In the summer of 1928 he was caught and served a two and one-half year sentence. In 1940 the Berlin police caught up with him again and he was charged with making and passing £10 notes. Britain and Germany were at war then, but there were neutrals and Jews in Germany who hoped to get out of the country with a stock of British bank notes.

Solly was sent to Mauthausen concentration camp where he won the favor of the SS guards and officers by doing their portraits in charcoal. Late in 1942 Major Krüger came across his dossier and knew he was an ideal recruit for Operation Bernhard—a *professional*.

The first day [Solly later recalled], I was introduced to Jakobsen who used to be a Captain in the Dutch Army. He said: "Here comes the man who will help us with our mistakes. Look how poor this work is" and showed me some of the British pound notes they had just made. Later I was introduced to Major Krüger, a small skinny man. [Krüger was four inches taller and thirty pounds heavier than Smolianoff.] He greeted me with kindness and said: "Well, we have been waiting for you. . . . I am sorry you won't find the poetic touch here but only a very

hard prosaic life. . . . I know that you are in fear of death but if you do your work right and as long as I am chief you have nothing to fear. Behind this barbed wire you are no more Jews but my fellow workers. Here we all work as a team in the fight for New Europe and the victory will be ours. And now go and do everything so that I don't fall on my nose before Himmler. All my hope is based on you."

The king-size crackly £5 note was the favorite at Barracks 19. Forty per cent of the notes made were of that denomination. The 10, 20, and 50 pound notes each accounted for 20 per cent of the output.



Fifteen to twenty hours of preparatory work was done on each special printing machine before the paper was run through. After every hundred notes had been printed one of the machines was stopped and the vignette of Britannia seated in the upper left-hand corner was carefully cleaned. After printing, the notes were left to dry for a week.

Now the examination squad took over. First the notes were carefully assorted so that their serial numbers were no longer in consecutive order. Then each note was compared to a genuine note of the same denomination in a well-lit box with a clear glass surface. Then the inspectors sorted the notes into four categories:

The very best were to be used only in neutral countries and to be sent with German spies operating in enemy countries. "*Wahl 2*" was designated for paying off collaborators and quislings in occupied lands. "*Wahl 3*" or *Abwurf* notes were to be jettisoned over England by Nazi bombers in order to disrupt the British banking system. Four was the "*Ausschuss*" or junk category of unusable notes.

The good notes were pierced carefully with a pin to make them look older. (For generations English bank clerks have pinned notes together.) Finally in the shipping room the note edges were

cut with a file to give the appearance of hand-made paper. Then the bills were placed in strong green paper envelopes which had been imprinted with the addresses of German embassies or legations in Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, and Portugal. The envelopes were carried by diplomatic pouch.

Profitable distribution was difficult. Paying off spies and saboteurs and quislings in counterfeit money conserved what little foreign exchange the Nazis had but it did not bring any foreign currency or gold into Nazi hands. The first attempt at mass distribution was made in France in the summer of 1943. About 100,000 notes, mainly fives, were sent to a French bank through some VI F 4 agents, in exchange for foreign currency. But in a day the Nazi Military Administration officials heard about the deal and promptly put the French banker and his German friends in jail. A similar fiasco took place in Greece. Finally Walter Funk, Minister of Economics, laid down the law: Operation Bernhard was not to operate in any country occupied by Germany. Such intervention "might upset currencies he was endeavoring to stabilize."

Before long a distribution network for the bogus pounds was created by an obscure financial genius, thirty-nine-year-old Friedrich Schwend who came from southwest Bavaria. His record included successful commercial ventures in the U. S. (he had been a private investment counselor in New York), China, and even Soviet Russia during the NEP period.

Swend's arrangement was a generous one: he would get a third of the gross take. In return he agreed to shoulder the entire risk and stand all losses from confiscations and the thefts of any unreliable sub-agents he might employ. Quickly Schwend got a network of agents in operation. Most of them were managers of large hotels in Sweden, Switzerland, Portugal, and Spain; two were bank managers, a Swiss and an Italian. These sub-agents kept 25 per cent of their total take, but they, in turn, had to assume complete responsibility for their allotments of the false pound notes.

By operating two neutral vessels out of Genoa and Trieste, Schwend was able to get his notes distributed widely in North Africa after the Allied invasion and in Spain and Portugal. In the main the agents remitted gold ingots, diamonds, dollars, and Swiss francs.

Operation Bernhard also provided forged notes for special tasks. The freeing of Mussolini in September 1943 from a resort hotel in the Abruzzi Mountains where he was held prisoner

cost the Nazis \$250,000 of their fresh pounds for information. Eliaza Bazna, the valet to the British Ambassador to Turkey, received about \$1,500,000 in Operation Cicero. And the false notes were spent by the millions buying up parachuted arms given by the Allies to Serb, Croat, and Italian partisans.

THE BOGUS \$100

BY APRIL 1943 the Bank of England suspected a vast counterfeit scheme. Its tellers spotted the duplicated serial numbers and noted that the black dots which surrounded the spelled-out denomination of the bill in the lower left-hand corner were a fraction of a millimeter too large. On April 22, 1943 the Bank ceased issuing bank notes of £10 or higher and started withdrawing those already issued. In their place they issued new ones that incorporated an ingenious safeguard invented in 1935 by Stanley B. Chamberlain, an English expert on security paper. The new notes have a narrow ribbon of metallic thread which acts as an electrical conductor in the paper, but the exact manner in which it conducts electricity is one of the secret tests for the paper's genuineness.

Yet the news that the Nazis were counterfeiting British pounds did not reduce that currency's desirability to partisans, North Africans, and Frenchmen. Even *counterfeit* pounds had a considerable value of their own, an apparently paradoxical situation which has, however, occurred before. In China, from 1900 to 1910, there was so much bogus paper money in circulation that the counterfeit notes were recognized as a kind of currency and business contracts stipulated whether payments were to be in real paper money or half cash and half counterfeit. And late in the nineteenth century at least one U.S. court ruled that a counterfeit \$20 bill had a *cash value*.

But there were parts of Europe where the bogus notes were not popular. Some partisan units in Yugoslavia insisted on German occupation marks in exchange for the arms dropped them by the Allies. When the Nazi Secret Service had trouble getting the marks from Minister of Economics Funk, Krüger was ordered to make German occupation marks. He and his crew did a fine job.

"We will give them any kind of paper they want," he joked with his co-workers.

Toward the end of 1943 the RHSA, the newly formed top command of all Germany's intelligence, secret service, and counterintelligence

forces, decided to counterfeit U.S. dollars. In February 1944 a new section was set up in the ever-growing compound around Barracks 19. There were now 140 inmates in the section working on two twelve-hour shifts so that the machines would not be idle. The average monthly output of pound notes at this time was 650,000 of which 260,000, or 40 per cent, were serviceable—that is, passed the tests for categories 1 and 2. In all of 1944 more than 8 million British bank notes were made. Of these some 3 million, with an approximate value of \$277,500,000 were deemed serviceable.

By now Bernie Krüger's relationship with his co-workers was one of cordial friendliness. ("You know," one of the Barracks 19 prisoners said later, "we liked Krüger. He was very decent to us.") His Saturday morning trips to Sachsenhausen from Berlin to pick up the best of the week's production were always marked by his many compliments on the fine quality of the notes, his appreciation of their devoted efforts, and his assurances that they need worry about nothing.

Work on the American \$100 bill went slowly, however. News of the Allied landings in Normandy had a profound effect on the counterfeiters, and from the summer of 1944 onward they engaged in a colossal slowdown effort—with the tacit support of Major Krüger himself.

One Saturday morning in September 1944, when a satisfactory \$100 had still not been produced Krüger took the five section heads of the Barracks into his confidence. Personally, he was in no hurry for the American notes. Once they turned out the American bills there would be nothing more for the co-workers to do and there was every likelihood that he, Krüger, would be sent to the Russian front.

But the delaying tactics made Himmler furious and he put pressure on Krüger who frantically reversed himself and begged his co-workers to produce a satisfactory bill quickly. Three days later Solly had a good sample of the back of the \$100 note. Kurt Werner, Krüger's deputy at Barracks 19, phoned Krüger in Berlin and gave him the good news. Two hours later the Major roared through the gates in his Mercedes Benz.

Ever the showman, Solly exhibited his prize work against a theatrical background. On a green baize-covered table he placed fifteen genuine \$100 bills—shipped to Barracks 19 for comparison purposes by the inspectors—and his half-completed bill. All, of course, were placed face down so that sixteen Independence Halls were showing. Expectantly Krüger was led to the

table and asked to pick out the counterfeit note.

Krüger stood a long time before the table studying them [Solly recalled] but finally put his finger on the one he had chosen to be counterfeit. But it was *genuine*. . . . We were glad but he was *ecstatic*. Immediately, after congratulating us again and again, he took off for Berlin with the counterfeit bill I had made. That night every one of our command was happy because we had heard that Himmler had okayed the work, appreciated our efforts, and had given the order to continue.

The bitter-sweet quality of their success was not lost upon them. How many more such Nazi compliments would it take to speed them to destruction?



By January 1945 Barracks 19 had reluctantly produced twenty \$100 bills that had passed the inspection teams. These bore only provisional serial numbers until the date and number sequence mystery of the U. S. bills had been solved. Himmler saw the bills, approved them, and urged full production immediately.

But in early 1945 Nazi Germany wasn't in a position to mass-produce anything. The Hahne-muehle paper factory had been hit in several air raids. Less than 1,000 sheets of the carefully duplicated American paper, made of 50 per cent linen and 50 per cent cotton, was available.

Then one Saturday morning Krüger came with an alarming piece of news: Berlin wanted a special run of \$10 million worth of British pound notes, mainly in fives and tens. It was getaway money for some Nazi leaders about to flee the country. A week later Krüger was back to take the huge batch to Berlin. He had been drinking heavily. As the notes were put in his car he told the five department heads the bad news:

"I cannot help you any more. If we lose the war all of you will be killed."

It wasn't really news. For months the involuntary co-workers of Barracks 19 had known the Nazis would surely kill them to keep the details of the operation from reaching the victorious and presumably vengeful Allies. From February 1945 onward production of the bank notes was practically nil. Late that month Krüger was back with more dark tidings:

He arrived unexpectedly [Solly wrote] and told everyone to prepare for evacuation. Everything was carefully packed. . . . In March we left for Mauthausen . . . there all the machinery was unloaded and stored in barracks at the station . . . we were personally checked and completely undressed so that no piece of equipment or paper would be found on us. . . . Whoever was found with something on him would be responsible for the death of the whole group.

The men were kept on at Mauthausen concentration camp for a month. The boxed equipment was untouched. Then came orders from Berlin to move to Redl-Zipf in the Alpine redoubt where the die-hard Nazis planned to make their last Wagnerian stand.

At Redl-Zipf all the plates and unprinted special paper were destroyed in hastily constructed outdoor incinerators. About \$50 million worth of the poorer British notes were also burned. The time to drop them over England had passed. Paper could no longer win the war.

On the night of April 23 Krüger appeared at Redl-Zipf accompanied by a blonde. The Mercedes was packed with their belongings, and the Major added to his hoard a few more thousand of the first-class British notes. Without a farewell to his co-workers he took off for the last time and headed south.

Later that night Kurt Werner, Krüger's deputy, had news for the prisoners' executive committee:

He came and woke us up with the sad information that we had to be ready to be transferred early next morning [Solly recalled]. After his behavior and the expression on his face we understood that this was our last hour. . . . The next morning we loaded the cases with the bank notes on ten or fifteen trucks with trailers and then we were put in three trucks and drove towards Ebensee, the daughter camp of Mauthausen which had the task to destroy us.

Only two of the trucks reached Ebensee. The men on these trucks, including Solly, were brought into the bathroom of the SS barracks

to await arrival of the third group. Hours passed. The Ebensee commandant who had firm orders to kill all three truckloads without delay was torn between military obedience and a Nazi's desire to do the job efficiently—all at once. He waited. That night an SS officer came with a machine pistol and told the men he was going to kill them, right there. Desperately they argued it would be unjust to kill them when a third of their group was still away from the camp. All or nothing, they insisted. The officer was a fair-minded fellow. They were right. He put his pistol away.

Later that night two of the prisoners escaped and reached a U.S. Army regimental headquarters fifty miles away. They urged the Americans to save their fellow prisoners. Solly wrote:

On Saturday, May 5, in the morning we saw the white flag put up by the inmates of the camp. The SS had run away and the inmates had taken over. The next day the American troops arrived in armored cars and soon after our friends in the third truck arrived on foot.

The truck had been intercepted by a band of Austrian partisans who killed the SS officers and freed the prisoners, thus saving the lives of the condemned counterfeiters at Ebensee.

JUST PAPER

TWO of the other trucks with bank notes broke their axles on the rough mountain roads. The perplexed SS officer chucked the boxes into the Traun river and sent his men home. The other trucks reached the Nazi Submarine Experiment Center at Toplitsee, where a British POW witnessed the sinking of the cases containing the notes and then the trucks in the deep lake.

Some of the cases hurled into the Enns and Traun rivers burst after they became waterlogged and thousands of the notes floated to the surface to be gathered by local villagers and a few sharp-eyed U.S. soldiers. Many of the notes were recovered—but not all. There was a great shortage of paper and a large number of the bills were used locally as toilet paper.

U.S. and British agents quickly began a continent-wide hunt for the men who had worked in Barracks 19. George McNally, a U.S. Secret Service man on duty with SHAEF Headquarters, was particularly anxious to locate the plates for the fine \$100 bills the Nazis had made.

Not until May 1947 did the U.S. catch up with

Solly. He was picked up in Rome for selling a \$500 bill on the black market. It was genuine but it brought Solly in for questioning. He was released after he told how the \$100 plates had never been completed. Solly had married a comely widow in Rome. It was from his wife, Solly explained, that he had gotten the \$500 bill. In 1948 Solly joined his wife in Montevideo where they lived with her brother, a successful bookseller.

In 1955 the Smolianoffs left Uruguay and moved to a large southern city in Brazil. A friend who recently visited them reports that Solly is doing well as a commercial artist. But he does no engraving of any kind. His wife designs and makes children's toys. They are pleased with their move to Brazil.

And the amiable Major Bernie Krüger? For nearly a decade he was the object of an intense search by British, American, and Soviet agents, who assumed that he *might* have taken some of the better plates with him. As it happened, there was a flood of bogus American \$100 bills in Europe after the war but these were made by a Marseilles gang.

Then in 1955 the wily ex-Major turned up in Hanover, West Germany. Turned up without his perfumed blonde, his Mercedes, and without much money; turned up as a taciturn salesman on the outskirts of Hanover—unearthed during a routine census check.

Since he is charged with no crime—the British considered Operation Bernhard a legitimate ruse of war—the Bonn government has left him alone. He has refused newspaper interviews because he plans to write a book about his experiences. In 1956 he moved to a suburb of Braunschweig where he is now outlining his book, he wrote me recently.

Probably less than £10 million worth of the bogus notes was ever put into circulation by the still-missing Schwend and his crew. But even if every one of the circulated notes had remained undetected it probably would not have mattered greatly. Between 1939 and 1956 the Bank of England's *legitimate* notes in circulation increased from £526 million to £1,912 million.

When it comes to inflating currency the modern counterfeiter, no matter how well equipped and organized, just doesn't stand a chance against a central bank issuing notes not convertible into gold.

"Money," recently grumbled "Mammon," *Punch's* financial columnist, "seems to have no future."

No matter who prints it.

Cabell Phillips

Drawings by Roy McKie



Your best deal in Military Service

Every young man can choose among thirty
different ways to work off his
military obligations—here summarized and
compared for the first time.

THE biggest "sell" to teen-age America today is being engineered by the United States Department of Defense. It is a sustained, high-pressure merchandising campaign which will cost about \$40,000,000, and for which a highly polished 7,500-man sales force has been deployed into just about every community of consequence in the country. Some of the best brains of Madison Avenue have worked out the programing which, in the patois of the craft, is a "saturation job" employing every channel of communication from television spectacles to sober classroom lectures.

The goal of all this concentrated endeavor is to persuade young men in the high-school-to-college age bracket that it is a lot smarter to volunteer for a tour of military duty than to gamble with being caught in the draft.

The underlying psychological strategy is a deft one. It is aimed at a young but relatively sophisticated audience which feels little romantic enchantment about wars or about the men who fight them. It does not bang the drums of patriotism nor stir up the glandular juices in fear or anger toward a foreign foe—or only very subtly so, in any event. What it does seek is to implant in each young man's mind three ideas:

(1) that a hitch in the military is a normal and expected part of his career;

(2) that by accepting this obligation early he can pick and choose among a wide and alluring range of service opportunities;

(3) that if he should postpone or evade his obligation, then he'll probably get caught in the draft anyway, which is no better than he deserves.

This is all set out in elaborate and seductive form in a variety of handsome brochures, leaflets, and posters; in countless radio and television programs; and by hundreds of personable, articulate, crisply uniformed young recruiters in man-to-man interviews with their prospects. Each service plugs its own product and the competitive spirit among them is lively. But there is a central slogan—"It's YOUR Choice"—and even a "coupon gimmick." Attached to some of the literature is a tear-out postcard addressed simply, "It's Your Choice, Washington 25, D. C."—which will bring you a packet of brightly written and illustrated reading matter, and just possibly an unsolicited call at your home by a man from the local recruiting office.

You should welcome this visit if you happen to have a youngster of upper-high-school age around the premises. The two of you will certainly have to face up to the question sooner or later of how and when or whether he is going to do his military service. And since there are at least *thirty different ways* in which that service can be discharged, some professional guidance ought to be welcome.

Ever since the end of World War II politicians and military planners in Washington have wrestled with the question of how best to provide the country with a military establishment which would adequately match our world-wide commitments but which would not break our economic backs. Everything from total reliance upon volunteers to compulsory service for all youths has been thought of, and in many instances, tried. What has finally emerged is a double-barreled arrangement which, in barest substance, does these things:

(a) guarantees a steady supply of conscript man-

power through the draft (Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951);

(b) provides for a backlog of trained reserves to supplement the standing forces (Reserve Forces Act of 1955).

The people in the Pentagon feel that, on the whole, this is a reasonably adequate legislative warrant—if it can be made to work. As total manpower in all the services has been reduced over the last few years—the figure now stands at 2,800,000—there has been no great problem in keeping the necessary number of bodies in the pipelines. Selective Service call-ups over the last year have averaged only about 12,000 a month; virtually all these boys have gone to the Army, since the other services manage to get all the volunteers they need.

So the problem is not quantitative, but it is qualitative—urgently so. The age of the atom, the jet, and the educated electron has turned upside down the concepts of competence and mental capacity which the services have so long employed. It is a revolution that strikes through all the ranks down to the lowliest GI level. The new age demands soldiers, sailors, and airmen of a higher caliber than the old, and one of the surest ways of getting them is by increasing the ratio of volunteers to draftees. For volunteers not only tend to be a somewhat superior breed in general, but the services can be a great deal more selective in the men they accept.

A SUPERIOR BREED IN THE RANKS

THUS, volunteering has been made just about as alluring as ingenuity can contrive. Beyond the basic appeal of doing one's patriotic duty, military service is made to seem a valuable addition to one's educational equipment. Each young man is urged to get his high-school diploma, at the least, before enlisting. It is strongly intimated, indeed, that he probably will find himself beyond his educational depth in the Army, Navy, or Air Force if he *hasn't* finished high school. To this, he is assured, his military career will add not only a broadening and maturing capstone, but if he goes beyond his six-months basic training he can begin to specialize in any of scores of crafts and vocations upon which a future, full-time career can be built. On top of all of this, of course, the volunteer will find such other orthodox allurements as travel, adventure, the flattery of a uniform, and the prestige of the particular service he chooses. "Be a leader of men," says the Marine Corps.

And the Navy, improving upon its ancient injunction, "Join the Navy and see the world," now advises that the Navy is "a career and yet a way of life, filled with honor, tradition, and personal rewards."

But by far the most persuasive inducement for the volunteer is the privilege of choosing (within some limitations, of course) not only the *amount* of active duty he will serve, but the *kind* as well. Unlike the hapless draftee, the volunteer is invited to tailor his military service (again, within limits) to his personal preference and needs. To make this confusing range of choices intelligible, the principal ones are summarized below. (Incidentally, this is the first time—so far as I can discover—that the different military "deals" have been codified and compared; not even the Pentagon has ever listed precisely what it offers.)

There are three basic provisions common to all plans which should be kept in mind. They are:

(1) Every healthy young man between the ages of 18½ and 26 is obligated to put in from six to eight years of military service *if* the government elects to call him.

(2) If he serves as much as two years on **active duty** with one of the regular services his total obligation is reduced to six years.

(3) Whatever portion of his eight- or six-year obligation is *not* spent on active duty must be spent in **reserve status** as follows:

(a) in the **Ready Reserve** for a period which, by adding in his time on active duty, will equal four years (with certain exceptions to be noted later), and

(b) in the **Standby Reserve** for whatever additional period is necessary to round out his total obligation.

(The Ready Reserve requires weekly drills and a two-week summer encampment or cruise. It is subject to immediate mobilization in time of emergency on call of the President. A member's failure to maintain a proper performance record can result in his forced shift back to active duty. The Standby Reserve has no training requirement. It can be mobilized only through an act of Congress.)

Now—keeping these principles in mind—there are two ways in which a young man can respond to his obligation for military service. The simplest is to wait around to see if the draft catches up with him any time before his twenty-sixth birthday. It may or it may not, or he may acquire exemption through marriage or dependents. It is a gambler's choice at best. If he is drafted he serves two years on active duty, four years in the



reserves. He has no choice as to the branch of service (most draftees are assigned to the Army) and not very much as to the specialty he will follow.

His other alternative is to volunteer. As a volunteer he can, under ideal circumstances, (a) pick his branch of service, (b) pick his specialty within that service, (c) elect to put in as little as six months on active duty, and (d) choose among three basic enlistment plans as follows:

(1) **Regular Enlistment.** All services offer regular enlistments at age 17 for minimum terms of three years in the Army and Marine Corps, and four years in the Navy, Air Force, and

Coast Guard. Total service obligation is six years in active and reserve status.

(2) **Enlisted Reserve.** All services except the Air Force offer at age 17 enlistment for a term of two years active, four years reserve duty.

(3) **Six Months Reserve.** There are two variants to this plan which is offered by all services except the Navy:

(a) for those 17 to 18½, six months active duty plus a full seven and one-half years in the Ready Reserve (*except for the Army, which requires only four and one-half years in the Ready and three years in the Standby Reserve*):

(b) for those 18½ and older, six months active duty plus five and one-half years in the Ready Reserve. The upper age limit for this variant is 21 in the Marine Corps, 25 in the Army, Air Force, and Coast Guard.

A special bargain plan, which expires on September 30, 1957, is offered those entering the Army or Air Force via the National Guard. This cuts the active duty requirement for those in the 17 to 18½ age bracket from six months to eleven weeks, with the entire balance of an eight-year obligation to be served in the Ready Reserve. Reserve duty in the Army and Air Force under all the plans enumerated above may be served in National Guard units if desired. The requirements and responsibilities are substantially the same as those of the regular reserves.

Regular Enlistment is primarily for the young fellow who feels that the military offers about as good a livelihood as anything else, or who at least has no other pressing career plans. The Enlisted Reserve is for those who are less certain about a military career but who are willing to

find out, and who in any event would like to cut their reserve obligation to four instead of six years. The Six Months Reserve—which is proving the most popular of all—is for those who frankly want to see this business over with as quickly and painlessly as possible and to get on with an education or a job or a romance.

This scheme has its drawbacks from the long-range military viewpoint, as we shall see, but as a device to make a boy's decision to join up as palatable as possible, it is a roaring success. Thousands are signing up for the short hitch each month.

OPTIONS FOR OFFICERS

SO MUCH for the enlisted ranks. If a young man wishes to buck for a commission the avenues open to him are infinitely more varied—and considerably more difficult to map out. In the first place, there is a less pressing need for officers in all of the services than there is for enlisted men. Second, the physical and educational requirements are uniformly higher—a college degree is mandatory in most instances. And third, the intangible qualities of leadership—personality, appearance, a rounded school background—have a variable but sometimes decisive weight in the final selection. Army standards generally are less exacting than those of the Navy and the Coast Guard; the Marine Corps is next toughest; and the Air Force is toughest of all.

Each service maintains its own service academy from which the hard nucleus of its career officer corps is replenished each year. Entrance usually is won only by Congressional appointment and after stiff competitive examinations. These are full four-year college courses leading to regular commissions and, in the majority of instances, professional military careers. A youngster thinking of a berth at Army's West Point, Navy's Annapolis, the Coast Guard's New London, or the Air Force's Colorado Springs should write to his Congressman for information.

The more popular and prosaic ways in which a commission can be won are through the several variants of the Reserve Officers Training Corps



(ROTC) and the Officer Candidate Schools (OCS). How these plans work for the various services is set out below.

Army

ROTC—Four years of part-time military training plus one summer encampment, in colleges having ROTC units, leading upon graduation to a commission and followed by either two years active and four years reserve service, or six months active and seven and one-half years reserve service.

OCS—Available only to those already in regular or reserve service (including National Guard) and having a high-school diploma or its equivalent. Twenty-two weeks of training, leading to a commission and two years active, four years reserve duty.

Navy

ROTC—*Regular*: part-time training in a four-year college course *paid for in full by the Navy*, plus three summer cruises, leading to a *regular* commission and four years active duty, two years in the reserves. *Contract*: part-time training in a four-year college course *NOT* paid for by the Navy, plus one summer cruise, leading to a reserve commission with two years active duty, four years in the reserves.

OCS—Available to college graduates of 19 or over only. Four months training leading to a reserve commission and three years active duty, two and three-quarters years in the reserves. *Aviation OCS* requires an *additional* fourteen months of advanced training with two and one-half years active duty, two years in the reserves.

Aviation Cadet—Available only to those with at least two years of college. Eighteen months training leading to a reserve commission with two and one-half years active, two years reserve duty.

Marine Corps

Graduates of the Navy's officer training courses may apply for transfer to the Marine Corps. In addition, the Corps offers the following courses of its own for *both* ground and air personnel:



Platoon Leaders Class—Available to college students only. Consists of two six-weeks summer training courses leading, upon graduation from college, to a reserve commission with three years active, three years reserve duty.

Officer Candidate Course—Available to college graduates only. Consists of ten weeks training, leading to regular *or* reserve commission, at the option of the Corps, with three years active and three years reserve duty.

Air Force

ROTC—Part-time training in colleges having Air ROTC units, divided into two years of basic and two years of advanced training with promotion to the latter optional with the Air Force. Reserve commission upon graduation followed by three years active, three years reserve duty.

OCS—Available only to those 20½ or older who are already in regular or reserve service (including Air National Guard) and who hold a high-school diploma or its equivalent. Consists of six months training leading to a reserve commission and *up to* three years active duty at the option of the Air Force. Reserve duty in accordance with this option and the duration of prior active duty.

Aviation Cadet—Available to high school graduates 19 or older, but with a strong preference for men with at least two years of college. Twelve months training for navigators, fourteen months for pilots, leading to a reserve commission; three years active duty with the balance of a six years obligation in the reserves. Members of the Air National Guard electing this program must take eighteen months of training.

Coast Guard

OCS—Available to college graduates 21 or older. Consists of seventeen weeks training leading to reserve commission and either three years active and three years reserve duty or, at the option of the Coast Guard, six months active and seven and one-half years reserve duty.

VALUE OF THE QUICK TRICK

IT IS obvious from this catalogue that the services have gone further than ever before in drawing the fangs from the obligation for military service. A principal objective has been to interfere with school careers to the least extent possible. Not only are youths urged in all the recruiting literature—some of it done in a racy

teen-age vernacular—to complete high school, and even college, before enlisting, but under many of the programs grace periods are provided so a boy can delay his induction a few weeks beyond his critical 18½ birthday if he can complete school within that time. A great many youngsters apparently are finding it desirable to sandwich a six-month tour of active duty between high-school graduation and college matriculation. This is particularly attractive to those who complete high school at the mid-winter term but don't want to start college until the following September.

What will prove to be the best “deal” out of this varied assortment of choices depends upon many subjective factors. From the standpoint of “getting it over in a hurry” the Army's six months plan for the 17-18½ age group—requiring only four and one-half years of Ready Reserve duty—involves the lightest obligation of all. On the other hand, a boy whose family cannot afford to send him to college and who is unable to get an appointment to one of the service academies may find the Navy's Regular ROTC, where his entire college expenses are paid, most suited to his needs.

It is well to bear in mind, too, the particular standards and requirements of the various services before making a choice. Mechanical aptitudes are high on the list of preferment in the Navy and the Air Force, for example. And the Air Force screens out, in its various officer-training programs, most of those who flunk the preliminary tests for flying aptitude. A boy or his parents should study the various enlistment plans carefully, for the recruiting officers cannot always be depended upon for an objective appraisal. Each is a salesman dedicated to his own product, and his chief aim is to fill his monthly quota of recruits, leaving it to the higher ups to sort out the square pegs.

READY VS. POTENTIAL

WHILE the recruitment drive is meeting its primary goal of filling up the reserve ranks, there is a lot of sober head-shaking in the Pentagon over what its long-range implications may be.

The Army has gone for it enthusiastically; it has always had difficulty maintaining an adequate reserve. The other services view it with varying degrees of skepticism. Their basic complaint is that the program is tailored to the convenience of America's youth rather than to the needs of its armed services. The imperative

today, they contend, is for a “ready potential” rather than for a “mobilization potential.” This means, in lay terms, a fighting force ready for instant action, not “paper forces” which still have to be trained for combat effectiveness. Men with only six months basic training are in no sense battle-ready. And to tick off the number of our ground divisions, air wings, and naval units whose ranks are swollen with such inadequately trained men is to create a dangerous illusion about our real strength.

Some authorities recommend that the horde of six months enlistees ought to be trained for and primarily regarded as a civil-defense force. In a moment of crisis, it is argued, our small force of trained and battle-ready regulars should not be deflected from their main job to the handling of traffic jams, putting out atomic fires, and manning refugee centers. But as things presently stand, a good many of them would have to do just that.

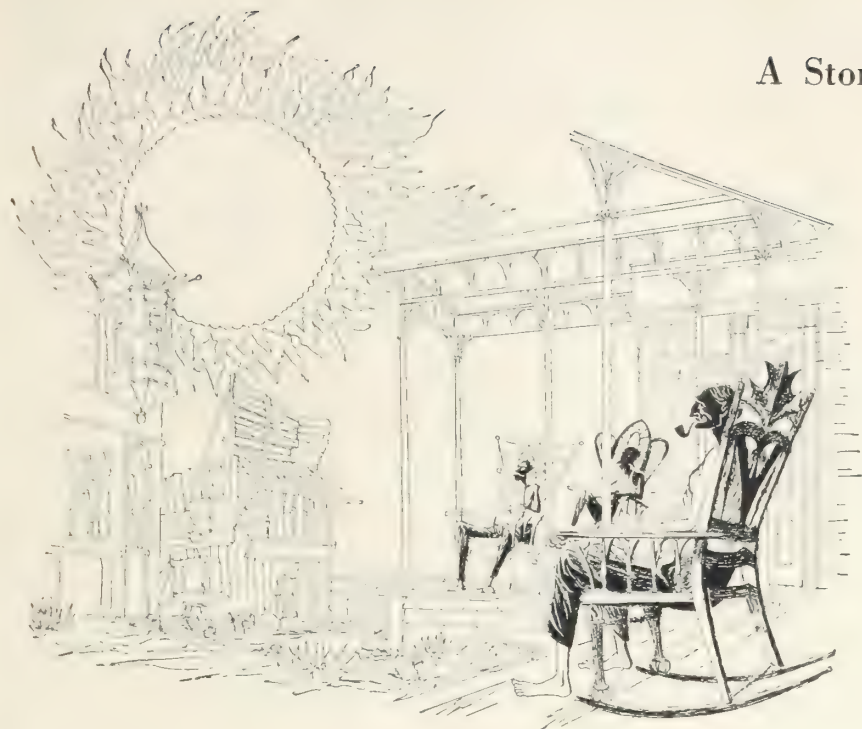
Another complaint of the more orthodox among the Pentagon's inhabitants is that the souped-up drive for reservists is cutting the ground away from the regular enlistment programs. So much emphasis on the “easy way” to military service, they feel, is chipping away at the attractions and prestige of the military as a career. It is further argued that the great boost in new reserve enlistments means a corresponding drain on regular units to provide the necessary training personnel.

By the end of May the volume of Army enlistment, which had been rising at the unheard-of rate of more than 1,000 a week, was creating real concern over the adequacy of training facilities. Some Congressmen had begun to protest that the recruitment program was proving “too much of a good thing.”

These and other complaints have been duly heard and weighed by Washington's top brass, military and civilian. The decision is to push ahead with “It's YOUR Choice” with everything the Pentagon and Madison Avenue can give it. If the young volunteers continue to pour into the recruiting stations as they have during the last few months, the hope is that there will be a good deal more cream to be skimmed off the top of the manpower pool. A certain percentage of even short-term recruits and ROTC graduates can be counted upon to develop a taste for the military life and to stick with it. And therein lies the ultimate hope of all this striving—that, by a sort of osmosis, the whole tone and caliber of our fighting force will be elevated and enriched.

A Story by RAY BRADBURY

Drawings by Joe Mugnaini



the day it Rained Forever

THE hotel stood like a hollowed dry bone under the very center of the desert sky, where the sun burned the roof all day. All night, the memory of the sun stirred in every room like the ghost of an old forest fire. Long after dusk, since light meant heat, the hotel lights stayed off. The inhabitants of the hotel preferred to feel their way blind through the halls in their never-ending search for cool air.

This one particular evening, Mr. Terle, the proprietor, and his only boarders, Mr. Smith and Mr. Fremley, who looked and smelled like two ancient rags of cured tobacco, stayed late on the long veranda. In their creaking glockenspiel rockers, they gasped back and forth in the dark, trying to rock up a wind.

"Mr. Terle . . . ? Wouldn't it be *really* nice . . . some day . . . if you could buy . . . air conditioning . . . ?"

Mr. Terle coasted a while, eyes shut.

"Got no money for such things, Mr. Smith."

The two old boarders flushed; they hadn't paid a bill now in twenty-one years.

Much later, Mr. Fremley sighed a grievous sigh. "Why, why don't we all just quit, pick up, get outa here, move to a decent city? Stop this swelterin' and fryin' and sweatin'."

"Who'd buy a dead hotel in a ghost town?" said Mr. Terle, quietly. "No. No, we'll just set here and wait, wait for that great day, January 29th."

Slowly, all three men stopped rocking. January 29th.

The one day in all the year when it really let go, and rained.

"Won't wait long." Mr. Smith tilted his gold railroad watch like the warm summer moon in his palm. "Two hours and nine minutes from now it'll *be* January 29th. But I don't see nary a cloud in ten thousand miles."

"It's rained every January 29th since I was born!" Mr. Terle stopped, surprised at his own loud voice. "If it's a day late this year, I won't pull God's shirt-tail."

Mr. Fremley swallowed hard, and looked from east to west across the desert toward the hills. "I wonder . . . will there ever be a gold rush hereabouts, again?"

"No gold," said Mr. Smith. "And what's more, I'll make you a bet—no rain. No rain tomorrow, or the day after the day after tomorrow. No rain all the rest of this year."

The three old men sat staring at the big sun-yellowed moon that burned a hole in the high stillness.

After a long while, painfully, they began to rock again.

THE first hot morning breeze curled the calendar pages like a dried snake skin against the flaking hotel front.

The three men, thumbing their suspenders

up over their hat rack shoulders came barefoot downstairs to blink out at that idiot sky.

"January 29th . . ."

"Not a drop of mercy there."

"Day's young."

"I'm not." Mr. Fremley turned and went away.

It took him five minutes to find his way up through the delirious hallways to his hot, freshly baked bed.

At noon, Mr. Terle peered in.

"Mr. Fremley . . .?"

"Damn desert cactus, that's us!" gasped Mr. Fremley, lying there, his face looking as if at any moment it might fall away in a blazing dust on the raw plank floor. "But even the best damn cactus got to have just a sip of water before it goes back to another year of the same damn furnace. I tell you, I won't move again, I'll lie here an die if I don't hear more than birds patten' around up on that roof!"

"Keep your prayers simple and your umbrella handy," said Mr. Terle, and tiptoed away.

At dusk, on the hollow roof a faint pattering sounded.

Mr. Fremley's voice sang out mournfully from his bed.

"Mr. Terle, that ain't rain! That's you with the garden hose sprinklin' well-water on the roof! Thanks for tryin', but cut it out, now."

The pattering sound stopped. There was a sigh from the yard below.

Coming around the side of the hotel a moment later, Mr. Terle saw the calendar fly out and down in the dust.

"Damn January 29th!" cried a voice. "Twelve more months! Have to wait twelve more months, now!"

MR. SMITH was standing there in the doorway. He stepped inside and brought out two dilapidated suitcases and thumped them on the porch.

"Mr. Smith!" cried Mr. Terle. "You can't leave after thirty years!"

"They say it rains twenty days a month in Ireland," said Mr. Smith. "I'll get a job there and run around with my hat off and my mouth open."

"You can't go!" Mr. Terle tried frantically to think of something; he snapped his fingers. "You owe me nine thousand dollars rent!"

Mr. Smith recoiled; his eyes got a look of tender and unexpected hurt in them.

"I'm sorry." Mr. Terle looked away. "I didn't mean that. Look now—you just head for Seattle. Pours two inches a week there. Pay me when you

can, or never. But do me a favor: wait till mid-night. It's cooler then, anyhow. Get you a good night's walk toward the city."

"Nothing'll happen between now and mid-night."

"You got to have faith! When everything else is gone, you got to believe a thing'll happen. Just stand here with me, you don't have to sit, just stand here and think of rain. That's the last thing I'll ever ask of you."

On the desert, sudden little whirlwinds of dust twisted up, sifted down. Mr. Smith's eyes scanned the sunset horizon.

"What do I think? Rain, oh you rain, come along here? Stuff like that?"

"Anything. Anything at all!"

Mr. Smith stood for a long time between his two mangy suitcases and did not move. Five, six minutes ticked by. There was no sound, save the two men's breathing in the dusk.

Then at last, very firmly, Mr. Smith stooped to grasp the luggage handles.

Just then, Mr. Terle blinked. He leaned forward, cupping his hand to his ear.

Mr. Smith froze, his hands still on the luggage.

From away among the hills, a murmur, a soft and tremulous rumble.

"Storm coming!" hissed Mr. Terle.

The sound grew louder; a kind of whitish cloud rose up from the hills.

Mr. Smith stood tall on tiptoes.

Upstairs, Mr. Fremley sat up like Lazarus.

Mr. Terle's eyes grew wider and yet wider to take hold of what was coming. He held to the porch rail like the captain of a calm-foundered vessel feeling the first stir of some tropic breeze that smelled of lime and the ice-cool white meat of coconut. The smallest wind stroked over his aching nostrils as over the flues of a white-hot chimney.

"There!" cried Mr. Terle. "There!"

And over the last hill, shaking out feathers of fiery dust, came the cloud, the thunder, the racketing storm.

OVER the hill, the first car to pass in twenty days flung itself down the valley with a shriek, a thud, and a wail.

Mr. Terle did not dare to look at Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith looked up, thinking of Mr. Fremley in his room.

Mr. Fremley, at the window, looked down and saw the car expire and die in front of the hotel.

For the sound that the car made was curiously final. It had come a very long way on blazing sulphur roads, across salt flats abandoned ten

million years ago by the shingling off of waters. Now, with wire-ravelings like cannibal hair sprung up from seams, with a great eyelid of canvas top thrown back and melted to spearmint gum over rear seat, the auto, a Kissel car, vintage 1924, gave a final shuddering as if to expel its ghost upon the air.

The old woman in the front seat of the car waited patiently, looking in at the three men and the hotel as if to say, "Forgive me, my friend is ill; I've known him a long while, and now I must see him through his final hour." So she just sat in the car waiting for the faint convulsions to cease and for the great relaxation of all the bones which signifies that the final process is over. She must have sat a full half-minute longer listening to her car, and there was something so peaceful about her that Mr. Terle and Mr. Smith leaned slowly toward her. At last she looked at them with a grave smile and raised her hand.

Mr. Fremley was surprised to see his hand go out the window, above, waving back at her.

On the porch, Mr. Smith murmured, "Strange. It's not a storm. And I'm not disappointed. How come?"

But Mr. Terle was down the path and to the car.

"We thought you were . . . that is . . ." He trailed off. "Terle's my name, Joe Terle."

She took his hand and looked at him with absolutely clear and unclouded light blue eyes like water that has melted from snow a thousand miles off and come a long way, purified by wind and sun.

"Miss Blanche Hillgood," she said, quietly. "Graduate of the Grinnell College, unmarried teacher of music, thirty years high-school glee club and student orchestra conductor, Green City, Iowa, twenty years private teacher of piano, harp, and voice, one month retired and living on a pension and now, taking my roots with me, on my way to California."

"Miss Hillgood, you don't look to be going anywhere from here."

"I had a feeling about that." She watched the two men circle the car, cautiously. She sat like a child on the lap of a rheumatic grandfather, undecided. "Is there nothing we can do?"

"Make a fence of the wheels, dinner gong of the brake drums; the rest'll make a fine rock garden."

Mr. Fremley shouted from the sky. "Dead? I say, is the car dead? I can *feel* it from here! Well—it's way past time for supper!"

Mr. Terle put out his hand. "Miss Hillgood, that there is Joe Terle's Desert Hotel, open twenty-six hours a day. Gila monsters and road runners please register before going upstairs. Get you a night's sleep, free, we'll knock our Ford off its blocks and drive you to the city come morning."

She let herself be helped from the car. The machine groaned as if in protest at her going. She shut the door carefully, with a soft click.

"One friend gone, but the other still with me. Mr. Terle, could you please bring her in out of the weather?"

"Her, ma'm?"

"Forgive me, I never think of things but what they're people. The car was a man, I suppose, because it took me places. But a harp, now, don't you agree, is female?"

She nodded to the rear seat of the car. There, tilted against the sky like an ancient scrolled leather ship-prow cleaving the wind, stood a case which towered above any driver who might sit up in front and sail the desert calms or the city traffics.

"Mr. Smith," said Mr. Terle. "Lend a hand."

They untied the huge case and hoisted it gingerly out between them.

"What you got there?" cried Mr. Fremley from above.

Mr. Smith stumbled. Miss Hillgood gasped. The case shifted in the two men's arms.

From within the case came a faint musical humming.

Mr. Fremley, above, heard. It was all the answer he needed. Mouth open, he watched the



lady and the two men and their boxed friend sway and vanish in the cavernous porch below.

"Watch out!" said Mr. Smith. "Some damn fool left his luggage here—" He stopped. "Some damn fool? *Me.*"

The two men looked at each other. They were not perspiring any more. A wind had come up from somewhere, a gentle wind that fanned their shirt collars and flapped the strewn calendar gently in the dust.

"My luggage . . ." said Mr. Smith.

Then they all went inside.

MORE wine, Miss Hillgood? Ain't had wine on the table in years."

"Just a touch, if you please."

They sat by the light of a single candle which made the room an oven and struck fire from the good silverware and the uncracked plates as they talked and drank warm wine and ate.

"Miss Hillgood, get on with your life."

"All my life," she said, "I've been so busy running from Beethoven to Bach to Brahms, I never noticed I was twenty-nine. Next time I looked up I was forty. Yesterday, seventy-one. Oh, there were men; but they'd given up singing at ten and given up flying when they were twelve. I always figured we were born to fly, one way or other, so I couldn't stand most men shuffling along with all the iron in the earth in their blood. I never met a man who weighed less than nine hundred pounds. In their black business suits, you could hear them roll by like funeral wagons."

"So you flew away?"

"Just in my mind, Mr. Terle. It's taken sixty years to make the final break. All that time I grabbed onto piccolos and flutes and violins because they make streams in the air, you know, like streams and rivers on the ground. I rode every tributary and tried every fresh-water wind from Handel on down to a whole slew of Strausses. It's been the far way around that's brought me here."

"How'd you finally make up your mind to leave?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I looked around last week and said, 'Why, look, you've been flying *alone!* No one in all Green City really cares *if* you fly or how high you go.' It's always, 'Fine, Blanche' or 'Thanks for the recital at the PTA tea, Miss H.' But no one *really* listening. And when I talked a long time ago about Chicago or New York, folks swatted me and laughed, 'Why be a little frog in a big pond when you can be the biggest frog in all Green City!' So I stayed on, while the folks

who gave me advice moved away or died or both. The rest had wax in their ears. Just last week I shook myself and said, 'Hold on! Since when do *frogs* have wings?'"

"So now you're headin' west?" said Mr. Terle.

"Maybe to play in pictures or in that orchestra under the stars. But somewhere I just must play at last for someone who'll hear and really listen . . ."

They sat there in the warm dark. She was finished, she had said it all now, foolish or not—and she moved back quietly in her chair.

Upstairs, someone coughed.

Miss Hillgood heard, and rose.

IT TOOK Mr. Fremley a moment to ungum his eyelids and make out the shape of the woman bending down to place the tray by his rumpled bed.

"What you all talking about down there just now?"

"I'll come back later and tell you word for word," said Miss Hillgood. "Eat now. The salad's fine." She moved to leave the room.

He said, quickly, "You goin' to stay?"

She stopped half out the door and tried to trace the expression on his sweating face in the dark. He, in turn, could not see her mouth or eyes. She stood a moment longer, silently, then went on down the stairs.

"She must not've heard me," said Mr. Fremley.

But he knew she had heard.

Miss Hillgood crossed the downstairs lobby to fumble with the locks on the upright leather case.

"I must pay you for my supper."

"On the house," said Mr. Terle.

"I must pay," she said, and opened the case.

There was a sudden flash of gold.

The two men quickened in their chairs. They squinted at the little old woman standing beside the tremendous heart-shaped object which towered above her with its shining columbined pedestal atop which a calm Grecian face with antelope eyes looked serenely at them even as Miss Hillgood looked now.

The two men shot each other the quickest and most startled of glances, as if each had guessed what might happen next. They hurried across the lobby, breathing hard, to sit on the very edge of the hot velvet lounge, wiping their faces with damp handkerchiefs.

Miss Hillgood drew a chair under her, rested the golden harp gently back on her shoulder, and put her hands to the strings.

Mr. Terle took a breath of fiery air and waited.

A desert wind came suddenly along the porch outside, tilting the chairs so they rocked this way and that like boats on a pond at night.

Mr. Fremley's voice protested from above, "What's goin' on down there?"

And then Miss Hillgood moved her hands.

Starting at the arch near her shoulder, she played her fingers out along the simple tapestry of wires toward the blind and beautiful stare of the Greek Goddess on her column, and then back. Then, for a moment, she paused and let the sounds drift up through the baked lobby air and into all the empty rooms.

If Mr. Fremley shouted, above, no one heard. For Mr. Terle and Mr. Smith were so busy jumping up to stand riven in the shadows, they heard nothing save the storming of their own hearts and the shocked rush of all the air in their lungs. Eyes wide, mouths dropped, in a kind of pure insanity, they stared at the two women there, the blind Muse proud on her golden pillar, and the seated one, gentle eyes closed, her small hands stretched forth on the air.

Like a girl, they both thought wildly, like a little girl putting her hands out a window to feel what? Why, of course, of course!

To feel the rain.

The echo of the first shower vanished down remote causeways and roof-drains, away.

Mr. Fremley, above, rose from his bed as if pulled round by his ears.

Miss Hillgood played.

She played and it wasn't a tune they knew at all, but it was a tune they had heard a thousand times in their long lives, words or not, melody or not. She played and each time her fingers moved, the rain fell pattering through the dark hotel. The rain fell cool at the open windows and the rain rinsed down the baked floorboards of the porch. The rain fell on the rooftop and fell on hissing sand, it fell on rusted car and empty stable and dead cactus in the yard. It washed the windows and laid the dust and filled the rain barrels and curtained the doors with beaded threads that might part and whisper as you walked through. But more than anything, the soft touch and coolness of it fell on Mr. Smith and Mr. Terle. Its gentle weight and pressure moved them down and down until it had seated them again. By its continuous budding and prickling on their faces, it made them shut up their eyes and mouths and raise their hands to shield it away. Seated there, they felt their heads tilt slowly back to let the rain fall where it would.

The flash flood lasted a minute, then faded

away as the fingers trailed down the loom, let drop a few last bursts and squalls, and then stopped.

The last chord hung in the air like a picture taken when lightning strikes and freezes a billion drops of water on their downward flight. Then the lightning went out. The last drops fell through darkness in silence.

Miss Hillgood took her hands from the strings, her eyes still shut.

Mr. Terle and Mr. Smith opened their eyes to see those two miraculous women way over there across the lobby, somehow come through the storm untouched and dry.

They trembled. They leaned forward as if they wished to speak. They looked helpless, not knowing what to do.



AND then a single sound from high above in the hotel corridors drew their attention and told them what to do.

The sound came floating down, feebly, fluttering like a tired bird beating its ancient wings.

The two men looked up and listened.

It was the sound of Mr. Fremley.

Mr. Fremley, in his room, applauding.

It took five seconds for Mr. Terle to figure

what it was. Then he nudged Mr. Smith and began, himself, to beat his palms together. The two men struck their hands in mighty explosions. The echoes ricocheted around about in the hotel caverns above and below, striking walls, mirrors, windows, trying to fight free of the rooms.

Miss Hillgood opened her eyes now, as if this new storm had come on her in the open, unprepared.

The men gave their own recital. They smashed their hands together so fervently it seemed they

had fistfuls of firecrackers to set off, one on another. Mr. Fremley shouted. Nobody heard. Hands winged out, banged shut again and again until fingers puffed up and the old men's breath came short and they put their hands at last on their knees, a heart pounding inside each one.

Then, very slowly, Mr. Smith got up and still looking at the harp, went outside and carried in the suitcases. He stood at the foot of the lobby stairs looking for a long while at Miss Hillgood. He glanced down at her single piece of luggage resting there by the first tread. He looked from her suitcase to her and raised his eyebrows, questioningly.

Miss Hillgood looked at her harp, at her suitcase, at Mr. Terle, and at last back to Mr. Smith.

She nodded, once.

Mr. Smith bent down and with his own luggage under one arm and her suitcase in the other, he started the long slow climb up the stairs in the gentle dark. As he moved, Miss Hillgood put the harp back on her shoulder and either played in time to his moving or he moved in time to her playing, neither of them knew which.

Half up the flight, Mr. Smith met Mr. Fremley who, in a faded robe, was testing his slow way down.

Both stood there looking deep into the lobby at the one man on the far side in the shadows, and the two women further over, no more than a motion and a gleam. Both thought the same thoughts.

The sound of the harp playing, the sound of the cool water falling every night and every night of their lives, after this. No spraying the roof with the garden hose now, any more. Only sit on the porch or lie in your night bed and hear the falling . . . the falling . . . the falling . . .

Mr. Smith moved on up the stair; Mr. Fremley moved down.

The harp, the harp. Listen, listen!

The fifty years of drought were over.

The time of the long rains had come.

JAMES WRIGHT

THE MURDERER

THE firm circling rhythm of his arc
Vanishes out of trees. Father, I know
You came to look for me an hour ago:
I killed the bird, and now the day goes dark,
The flesh too darkens underneath his wings;
And I lie listening here, but not for love.
Little I care for sounds of hidden things,
Now having shaken that last music off.

The lost dogs, yelling on a hill of graves
To other dogs, hoping to raise the dead,
Care nothing for me here who bow my head
And hear the dewfall sliding on the leaves.
Hidden beside the body of this bird,
Caved in a cell of air where nothing sings,
I hear you, Father—I might not have heard.
Little I care for sounds of hidden things.

Early I saw the hunter slink away,
Breaking the back of his bewildered gun.
Obscure among the trees, I flung a stone;
The earth divided from the sun, the day
Shifted among the stars before I saw
Feathers catch fire and quiver down in rings:
The crows flew off, lost in a sorrowing caw.
Little I care for sounds of hidden things.

Father, my brothers hunt me in the wind
And have no love for me. The dogs desire
Nothing to do with me who shiver here,
Long for your name but cannot make a sound.
Little I care for sounds of hidden things.
Carry me off before my brothers come,
Or the trees tear me in a rage of wings.
Father, I killed the bird. Come, lead me home.

Why young ministers are Leaving the Church

A former clergyman tells how
the conflicts between the preacher,
the church bureaucracy, his congregation
. . . and his conscience . . . are forcing
many young pastors to hunt for other jobs.

THE years since World War II in the United States have seen a widespread rebirth of interest in religion and the church. There is, we are increasingly reminded by all the media of mass communication, a "return to religion."

It appears to be a good day for the church, with new church buildings going up everywhere, clergymen's salaries being raised, and denominational memberships swelling by the tens of thousands.

This is also a day of considerable religious complacency. The critic and the prophet are little heard in these comfortable times. But in the face of this widespread satisfaction there are signs that all is not as rosy and well-adjusted as some of our denominational priests and statisticians would have us believe. There is indeed, increasing conflict and dissatisfaction in the lives of the clergymen themselves.

In the August 20 issue of *Life*, last year, Wesley Shrader, associate professor of pastoral theology at Yale Divinity School, discussed "Why Ministers Are Breaking Down." He came to the conclusion that the serious increase in emotional crackups among ministers is the result of the modern situation in which congregations expect their ministers to play too many roles. The minister's sense of failure in the face of all these impossible demands, said Dr. Shrader, is what causes his emotional breakdown.

While I do not question the partial truth of Dr. Shrader's thesis, I feel that he does not go deep enough nor far enough in probing the underlying reasons for crackups among the clergy. It is not only the multiplicity of roles the American clergyman is forced to play that is causing these breakdowns, *but the conflict between the role the minister is expected to play as a minister and the kind of life he wants to live as a human being.* (And—may we be reminded—before he was a minister he was a human being, created by God.)

THE ROUND PEGS

THE unhappiness of many a clergyman is, I think, not due so much to overwork, or too many demands, as it is to conflicts between what he is expected to be and do and say, and what he would rather be and do and say.

Almost every clergyman must be two men: what he really is, and what he thinks the church and society expect a clergyman to be. The second involves the role he must play day and night until he finally cannot tell himself from the clergyman which the church and society have made him. He becomes so accustomed to his role—like it or not—that he is afraid or ashamed to expose his real self to himself or to others. Once in a while his wife, perhaps, or an intimate friend, calls it out—the real self which has lain buried for so many years.

It is then, perhaps, that he sees clearly, as in a flash, what the grinding adherence to convention has made of him, what playing a role has done to his soul. It is then, perhaps—to cite two recent examples I know about—that the minister goes in the garage and shuts the door and turns on the motor of his car, or gets out of his auto at a lakeside and walks into the water.

One of the principal reasons for this trouble in the ministry today is that there are so many ministers who are unsuited to their profession in the first place. While this may be true of any profession one could name, there is a difference here: It is far more difficult for misfits to get out of the ministry than it is for them to quit other professions. The church and society—and the minister's family and friends—generally believe that if a man is a minister he had a call from God to be one, and therefore *must* fit. God somehow or other just doesn't call misfits, so how could he be a misfit?

The truth of the matter is that what constitutes a "call" to the ministry is totally misunderstood in many communities and churches. Many a young minister's "call" is really only the prodding of mother or father, who out of false pride would like to see their boy a "man of God." In many other instances that "call" is the result of the misguided teaching of religious leaders who have inflicted on the young person a tremendous guilt complex which makes him virtually incapable of deciding to go into any other work; he is afraid that God will punish him if he does not go into the church.

Then there is the influence of the parsonage, the local church, and the minister himself upon the minister's children. It is well known that the highest percentage of persons in *Who's Who* from professional homes come out of parsonages. For the most part they have made their achievements, not in the ministry, but in some other profession. But I know many ministers' sons who went into the ministry because in a quite literal sense that was the only profession their parents gave them a chance to go into. From the time they were very small children they were given to believe that the ministry was the only worthwhile profession there was. Consequently, a great many ministers' sons in the ministry are chafing at the bit.

Many liberal clergymen in America today are fully aware of this "problem of the parsonage." Most of these are doing all they can to rear their children in an atmosphere of personal freedom. But this is a terribly difficult thing to do in many of the parsonages of American Protestantism—as any one who knows them intimately can attest.

Aside from the more or less forced misfits in the ministry—there because their society or their parsonage limited their choice of profession—many misfits got into the ministry through a variety of other reasons, but find it equally difficult to get out. They would be far better off

selling autos, washing windows, or working at the mill.

For example, some ministers plainly hate their jobs. I have known ministers who despised people in general and their congregations in particular, who had no interest in ideas or books or preaching, who had no talent whatsoever for leading people—and who knew all this. Yet they stuck to the ministry. If we were to ask why, the answer might well be that they preferred the security and bondage of an outwardly imposed role to the insecurity and freedom of being themselves.

DOCTRINAL HERESY

BUT it is when one considers the plight of the ministers who are fitted for their profession that the more serious problems present themselves. One of them is the cleavage between the beliefs of the average churchgoer and his minister. The seminaries educate ministers far beyond the understanding and religious position of the laity. And while this is no doubt unavoidable and even necessary, the result is what amounts to two religions—a clerical religion and a lay religion. This was precisely the case in the "heresy trials" which recently took place in the Lutheran Church. All of these trials involved younger ministers, recently out of seminary, and in each case the young minister's understanding of Christian truth conflicted with that of his church's laity and his older fellow ministers.

Those churches which demand a literal subscription to such dogmas as the Virgin Birth, the Physical Resurrection of Jesus, the Deity (rather than the divinity) of Jesus, the Bible as the *actual words* of God, and so forth, are in for trouble in the coming years. Any young minister like myself who got out of seminary in the last ten or fifteen years knows this. It makes no difference whether he is a Methodist or a Baptist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, or a Lutheran. A very large number of the ministers of my generation, regardless of denomination, have arrived at personal convictions about the Christian faith—through long wrestling and struggle—which are far more liberal and unorthodox than they would dare to admit in public. Many of their own churches and seminaries are aware of this, and most of them have no idea of what to do about it.

The Lutheran ministers who were considered "heretics" found that their own standards of personal integrity forced them to reveal their own convictions. They could not, in good conscience, play the role of good, sound, orthodox,

conventional, safe Lutherans. They wanted with all their hearts and souls, as earnest, sincere followers of Christ, to show that the great fundamentals of the faith—whose literal, dated, and man-made expression they did not subscribe to—were still at the center of their lives and ministry. But, for the most part, their church would have none of that. There are thousands of ministers in America like that today. And most of them are playing a role, but they are not really happy in it.

To put it bluntly, they no longer believe in the Gospel *as they are expected to preach it*, and no longer believe in the denomination they are expected to support.

THE IDEAL PREACHER

JUST as troublesome as the disagreement about doctrine is the ridiculous, even ludicrous, idea many Protestants have of what their minister is supposed to be. Where this picture developed is difficult to determine. It may be a mixture of Puritan piety, Victorian prudery, and the pious moralism of the American Middle West, but wherever it came from it casts the Protestant minister in America in a role which succeeds not in spiritualizing but only in dehumanizing him.

The average Protestant congregation is highly suspicious of really intelligent preaching, or of preaching as an art. The truth is, the average Protestant church in America is scared to death of ideas. The minister who really has ideas soon finds he either has to cut and trim or to look for that rare church—if he can find it—where people want to think a little. Really good preaching is too “stuck up” or too “highbrow” for 90 per cent of American Protestant congregations.

To fulfill his role as a successful Protestant minister the young clergyman can get off to his best start by joining Rotary, or a similar group, and by buying *Doran's Ministers Manual* every year and the *Reader's Digest* in order to find sermon sources. Next, he should spend a major part of his time in community organizations and be ready to speak to the PTA at the ring of the phone, as well as to the Homebuilders Guild.

He should never tell his people they are spiritually dead. He should tell them they are wonderful and that they can all have peace of mind and success through religion. He should show little or no interest in the town's art center, or its orchestra, or—especially—in its little theater, as this is quite likely infested with people who are highly immoral. He should not write any

articles or books. This is doing work for himself on the church's time. He should positively be present and vocal at all suppers, bazaars, community meetings, committee meetings, choir practices, baptisms, weddings, and gatherings of the clans. He should not be seen too often at the movies, if at all. Let him not go to films such as “Baby Doll” lest the pastoral relations committee be eager to move him that June. If he smokes or likes a glass of wine at Thanksgiving or Christmas—beware! That is the equivalent of committing adultery with the choir director.

Now, the amazing thing about this role in his personal living which the minister is forced by convention to play is that it is not *Protestant*. The reasoning, if any, behind this conglomeration of concepts of what makes the ideal American clergyman does not follow good Protestant doctrine, as anyone who has studied Luther and the Reformation readily knows. One of the central ideas of the Protestant Reformation was expressed in the phrase “every man a priest.” The meaning of this is that the clergyman and the layman are supposed to stand *equal in all respects before God and before man*. There is no difference. Evidently, many Protestant denominations do not take the Reformation seriously. For the double standard of American Protestant life—as between clergyman and layman—is the cause of much of the conventionally imposed schizophrenia which the clergyman must sometimes suffer.

As an example, the Methodist Church has a law (a *law*, notice, talk of *Jewish* legalism!) which says that Methodist ministers cannot smoke. But if the layman is just as good as the minister—as the Protestant Reformation taught—why should the Methodist ministers alone have the privilege of not being permitted to smoke?

PROBLEMS OF THE PARSONAGE

IT IS also true that the conventional role which the minister is often forced to play in the parish inevitably involves his family.

The Protestant Reformation, which brought the clergyman's wife into the ministry of the church, should have provided some means for her emancipation from the frequently frustrating role she, too, is often forced into the moment she becomes the mistress of the parsonage or the manse or the rectory. The truth is, her husband—when he has moments of insight—regretfully yet helplessly senses how little she can ever hope to experience the abundant life he claims his Gospel offers. It is not necessary, I suppose, to

add that I am not speaking of any sort of material abundance.

Nowhere in our present society, I think, is the egotism of the male more easily and more unjustifiably excused than in the Protestant parsonage. I know that many clergymen—and some of their wives—will approach a state of apoplexy in their angry opposition to the statement I have just made. Nevertheless, what I have seen makes me believe it to be true. Forced by convention to play the role of the man who thinks he must be God to his family, his church, and his society, the minister in far too many instances dominates the private, intellectual, creative, sexual, and spiritual life of his wife until all that is human and alive and beautiful is crushed within her.

The coercive influence of the church and the society of which the minister's wife is a part is no less damaging to her own individuality than to her husband's. She is always expected to say "the right thing" and to do "the nice thing"—if it kills her. And it often does kill her—the real self God gave her.

POLITICS IN THE CLERGY

TO RETURN to the minister himself again: Probably the most serious charge which the young minister would make is that he is forced into playing the role of a politician if he is going to get ahead in his profession.

The Methodist Church, in which I was a minister and of which I have most personal knowledge, is one of the chief offenders on this score. Ask any Methodist minister and he will likely admit that it is all too true. Yet the situation seems to improve little if any with the years.

The outright bootlicking, backslapping, and "apple-polishing" which go on in the aggressive fight for position, place, and prestige are appalling to any sensitive young minister. The pity is that this is about what is expected. The leading laymen expect it and foster it. The rule in the church is very often "who you know"—not "who you *are*" and what you have genuinely to offer in preaching, personal example, creativity, intellectual clarity, honesty, and sincerity.

It is well known that many bishops in the Methodist Church, for example, actively campaign for office. The same goes for college presidents, board secretaries, and the pastors of many of the larger churches. This is not to say—please note—that the Methodist Church, among the denominations, does not have a large amount of superior talent in its bishops, school executives,

secretaries, and pastors. It does have. But the means of achieving these offices—often by men of third- and fourth-rate talent—is sometimes enough to make a big city ward-heeler blush.

Many men of integrity in the Methodist Church, in my opinion, will seek other denominations, where the congregation itself chooses the minister on the strength of his personal qualifications, instead of having one assigned to it through denominational politics. What is the young minister to think when—having been assigned to an expected small parish at the bottom—he is accosted by a respected senior minister with the words: "Why, Bill, if you had let us know you were coming into the conference, we would have taken care of you in a good church."

In addition to the politics, the role which the minister is forced to play in the highly organized, episcopal type of church, like the Methodist—with its hierarchy of bishops, superintendents, and secretaries all pressing their plans and programs more relentlessly day by day—involves a situation hardly less regimented than that of the Roman Catholic Church. Yet these same Protestants are always pointing to dictatorship in the Roman Church.

Methodist ministers are so used to threatening letters from their hierarchy they grow accustomed to them and hardly notice them after a few years. Bishops and superintendents frequently remind the ministers: "We are taking careful note"—whether or not you are meeting your quota, whether or not you are supporting this or that program. "A record will be kept."

The Methodists have excellent statistics at least! But what is this kind of thing doing to men's souls?

It is no wonder that Theodore M. Greene, a distinguished Christian philosopher now at Scripps College, in a widely discussed article published in *motive* magazine a few years ago, remarked that the one greatest trouble with our age was the absence of spirituality among our spiritual leaders.

It could well be that when the younger ministers of our time come to a fuller realization of the position in which they now stand, there will be a movement away from the regimented type of Protestant denomination. It may be a movement very much like the Transcendentalist Movement of Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, and Alcott, who in New England in the first half of the nineteenth century experienced a similar revulsion against the harsh dogmas and regimentation of the Calvinistic Congregationalism and Presbyterianism of their day. Call it escap-

ism if you wish. It may be an escape into the truth, not away from it. It may be an escape from the false security of denominations which have fallen victims to the very competition and compulsion and coercion of our modern world—all that their Gospel professes to expose and preach against. It may be a turning against a security which, at last, the clergy sees has been bought at too dear a price—the loss of personal dignity, integrity, and freedom of the spirit.

THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT

WHAT, then, is the conclusion of this matter? Any fair-minded minister must admit that we have got to have the church, that there can be no expression of religion without a church of some kind. There is no substitute for the church and its saving work.

I have attempted to hold up for scrutiny some of the problems of the ministry and church as a younger minister sees them today. I would try to say a word for the church and the ministry of the future, hoping that laymen and clergy may anticipate a day of greater humanity and honesty in the church.

Surely God is looking for honesty from men first of all, not orthodoxy and conventionality. The church is a conservative thing. It changes very slowly. Yet move it must—or die. Informed laymen in the Protestant church, men of insight, spirit, and humor, can help the minister immensely so that he does not have to “go outside”

to live his real life. They can help to make the life of the church and community so honest and genuine and manly that the young minister will feel he is wanted and needed—at home in his church, at home in his community, at home with himself.

The clergy, young and old, in official and unofficial positions, can seek the same standard of honesty, humanity, and integrity. They can give up fearing one another, fearing the parishioners, the pastoral relations committee, the bishop, and the hierarchy. They can stop confusing their church and its dogmas and programs with the living God. They can cease playing God themselves. They can be themselves as God gives them to be themselves.

They can, God willing, remember to their soul's life and to the life of the church and nation, that the spiritual leaders of history who really lived with God—Socrates, Jesus, Lincoln—were all men who treasured the precious gift of honesty above the dubious blessing of orthodoxy and conventionality.

In this way the schizophrenia of the modern clergy can be helped along a path of healing and grace. And even embarrassing heretics like myself may be allowed an undusted back corner seat inside the church where—if we do not sing all the hymns or recite all the creeds—we can at least have the opportunity of sharing in a fellowship which is pioneering beyond petty barriers constructed of human frailties to keep the soul of man alive in a terrible yet beautiful world.

MILTOWN, 1714

FAMOUS Drops for Hypochondriack Melancholy: Which effectually cure on the Spot, by rectifying the Stomach and Blood, cleansing them from all Impurities, and giving a new Turn to their Ferment, attenuating all viscous tenacious Humours (which make the Head heavy, clog the Spirits, confuse the Mind, and cause the deepest Melancholy, with direful Views and black Reflections), comforting the Brain and Nerves, composing the Thoughts and introducing bright lively Ideas and pleasant Briskness, instead of dismal Apprehensions and dark Incumbrance of the Soul, setting the Intellectuals at Liberty to act with Courage, Serenity, and Steady Cheerfulness, and causing a visible diffusive Joy to reign in the Room of uneasy Doubts, Fears &c. for which they may be truly esteemed infallible. Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions. Sold only at Mr. Bell's Bookseller at the Cross-Keys and Bible in Cornhill near the Royal-Exchange.

—*Daily Courant*, January 8, 1714.

By PAUL BOWLES

Drawings by Charles W. Walker



NOTES ON A VISIT TO INDIA

CAPE COMORIN, SOUTH INDIA

I HAVE been here in this hotel now for a week. At no time during the night or day has the temperature been low enough for comfort; it fluctuates between 95 and 105 degrees, and most of the time there is absolutely no breeze, which is astonishing for the seaside. Each bedroom and public room has the regulation large electric fan in its ceiling, but there is no electricity; we are obliged to use oil lamps for lighting. Today at lunchtime a large Cadillac of the latest model drove up to the front door. In the back were three fat little men wearing nothing but the flimsy dhotis they had draped around their loins. One of them handed a bunch of keys to the chauffeur, who then got out and came into the hotel. Near the front door is the switch box. He opened it, turned on the current with one of the keys, and throughout the hotel the fans began to whirl. Then the three little men got out and went into the dining-room where they had their lunch. I ate quickly, so as to get upstairs and lie naked on my bed under the fan. It was an unforgettable fifteen minutes. Then the fan stopped, and I heard the visitors driving away. The hotel manager told me later that they

were government employees of the State of Travancore, and that only they had a key to the switch box.

Last night I awoke and opened my eyes. There was no moon, it was still dark, but the light of a star was shining into my face through the open window, from a point high above the horizon of the Arabian Sea. I sat up, and gazed at it. The light it cast seemed as bright as that of the moon in northern countries; coming through the window, it made its rectangle on the opposite wall, broken by the shadow of my silhouetted head. I held up my hand and moved the fingers, and their shadow too was definite. There were no other stars visible in that part of the sky: this one blinded them all. It was about an hour before daybreak, which comes shortly after six, and there was not a breath of air. On such still nights the waves breaking on the nearby shore sound like great, deep explosions going on at some distant place. There is the boom, which can be felt as well as heard, and which ends with a sharp rattle and hiss, then a long period of complete silence, and finally, when it seems that there will be no more sound, another sudden boom. The crows begin to scream and chatter while the darkness is still complete.

The town, like the others here in the extreme

south, gives the impression of being made of dust. Dust and cow-dung lie in the streets, and the huge crows hop ahead of you as you walk along. When a gust of hot wind wanders in from the sandy wastes beyond the town, the brown fans of the palmyra trees swish and bang against each other; they sound like giant sheets of heavy wrapping paper. The small black men walk quickly, the diamonds in their ears flashing. Because of their jewels and the gold thread woven into their dhotis, they all look not merely prosperous, but fantastically wealthy. When the women have diamonds, they are likely to wear them in a hole pierced through the wall of one nostril.

THE first time I ever saw India I entered it through Dhanushkodi. An analogous procedure in America would be for a foreigner to get his first glimpse of the United States by parachuting into Death Valley. It was God-forsaken, uncomfortable, and a little frightening. Since then I have landed as a bonafide visitor should, in the impressively large and unbeautiful metropolis of Bombay.

But I am still glad that my first trip did not bring me in contact with any cities. It is better to go to the villages of a strange land before trying to understand its towns, above all in a complex place like India; after traveling some eight thousand miles around the country, I know approximately as little as I did on my first arrival. However, I have seen a lot of people and places, and at least I have a somewhat more detailed and precise idea of my ignorance than I did at the beginning.

If you have not taken the precaution of reserving a room in advance, you risk having considerable difficulty in finding one when you land in Bombay. There are very few hotels, and the two good ones are always full. I hate being committed to a reservation because the element of adventure is lacking. The only place I was able to get into when I first arrived, therefore, was something less than a first-class establishment. It was feasible during the day and the early hours of the evening. At night, however, every square foot of floor space in the dark corridors was occupied by sleepers who had arrived late and brought their own mats with them; the hotel was able in this way to shelter several hundred extra guests each night. Having their hands and feet kicked and trodden on seemed to be a familiar enough experience to them so that they never made any audible objection when the inevitable happened.

Here, on the other hand, there are many rooms and they are vast, and I am the only one staying in the hotel.

THE COMRADE AND THE NUNS

IT WAS raining. I was on a bus traveling from Alleppey to Trivandrum. On the seat in front of mine were two little Indian nuns. I wondered how they stood the heat in their heavy robes. Sitting near the driver was a man with a thick, fierce mustache who distinguished himself from the other passengers by the fact that in addition to his dhoti he also wore a European shirt, its scalloped tail hanging down nearly to his knees. With him he had a voluminous collection of magazines and newspapers in Tamil and English, and even from where I sat I could not help noticing that all this reading matter had been printed in the Soviet Union.

At a certain moment, near one of the myriad villages that lie smothered in the depths of the palm forests there, the motor suddenly ceased to function, and the bus came to a stop. The driver, not exchanging a single glance with his passengers, let his head fall forward and remain resting on the steering wheel in a gesture of despair. Expectantly the people waited a little while, and then they began to get down. One of the first out of the bus was the man with the mustache. He said a hearty good-by to the occupants in general, and started up the road carrying an umbrella, but not his armful of printed matter. Then I realized that at some point during the past hour, not foreseeing the failure of the motor and the mass departure which it entailed, he had left a paper or magazine on each empty seat—exactly as our American comrades used to do on subway trains two decades ago.

Almost at the moment I made this discovery, the two nuns had risen and were hurriedly collecting them. They climbed down and ran along the road after the man, calling out in English: "Sir, your papers!" He turned, and they handed them to him. Without saying a word, but with an expression of fury on his face, he took them and continued. But it was impossible to tell from the faces of the two nuns when they returned to gather up their belongings whether or not they were conscious of what they had done.

A few minutes later everyone had left the bus and walked to the village—everyone, that is, but the driver and me: I had too much luggage. Then I spoke to him.

"What's the matter with the bus?"

He shrugged his shoulders.



"How am I going to get to Trivandrum?" He did not know that, either.

"Couldn't you look into the motor?" I pursued. "It sounded like the fan belt. Maybe you could repair it."

This roused him sufficiently from his apathy to make him turn and look at me.

"We have People's Government here in Travancore," he said. "Not allowed touching motor."

"But who is going to repair it, then?"

"Tonight making telephone call to Trivandrum. Making report. Tomorrow or other day they sending inspector to examine."

"And then what?"

"Then inspector making report. Then sending repair crew."

"I see."

"People's Government," he said again, by way of helping me to understand. "Not like other government."

"No," I said.

As if to make his meaning clearer, he indicated the seat where the man with the large mustache had sat. "That gentleman Communist."

"Oh, really?" (At least, it was all in the open, and the driver was under no illusions as to what the term "People's Government" meant.)

"Very powerful man. Member of Parliament from Travancore."

"Is he a good man, though? Do the people like him?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Powerful man."

"But is he good?" I insisted.

He laughed, probably at what he considered my ingenuousness. "Powerful man all rascals," he said.

Just before nightfall a local bus came along, and with the help of several villagers I trans-

ferred my luggage to it and continued on my way.

Most of the impressively heavy Communist vote is cast by the Hindus. The Moslems by virtue of their strict religious views do not take kindly to any sort of ideological change. (A convert from Islam is unthinkable; apostasy is virtually non-existent.) Even Christianity has retained too much of its pagan decor to appeal to the puritanical Moslem mind.

But if the comparatively simple and unvaried trappings of Christianity shock the Moslems, one can imagine the loathing inspired in them by the endless proliferations of Hindu religious art with its gods, demons, metamorphoses, and avatars. The two religious systems are antipodal. Fortunately, the constant association with the mild and tolerant Hindus has made the Moslems of India far more understanding and tractable than their fanatical brothers in Islamic countries further west, so that there is less actual friction than one might expect.

AN EPISODE OF COBRAS

DURING breakfast one morning in Madras the Moslem head waiter told me a story. He was traveling in the Province of Orissa. There in a certain town was a Hindu temple which was famous for having five hundred cobras on its premises, and he decided he would like to see these legendary reptiles. Accordingly, he got into a carriage and went to the temple. At the door he was met by a priest who offered to show him around. And since the Moslem looked prosperous, the priest suggested a donation of five rupees, to be paid in advance.

"Why so much?" asked the visitor.

"To buy eggs for the cobras. You know, we have five hundred of them."

The Moslem gave him the money on condition that the priest let him see the snakes. For an hour the priest dallied in the many courtyards and galleries, pointing out bas-reliefs, idols, pillars, and bells. Finally the Moslem reminded him of their understanding.

"Cobras? Ah, yes. But they are dangerous. Perhaps you would rather see them another day?"

This behavior on the priest's part delighted him, for it reinforced his suspicions. "Not at all," he said, "I want to see them now."

Reluctantly the priest led him into a small

alcove behind a large stone Krishna, and pointed into a very dark corner.

"Is this the place?" the visitor asked.

"This is the place."

"But where are the snakes?"

In a small enclosure were two sad old snakes, "almost dead with hunger," he assured me. But around the outside at the feet of Krishna were hundreds of egg-shells.

"You eat a lot of eggs," he told the priest.

The priest laughed. "Here," he said to the other. "Take back your five rupees. But if you are asked about our cobras, please be so kind as to say that you saw five hundred of them here in the temple."

This episode illustrated the head waiter's thesis, which was that the Hindus are abjectly naïve and ridiculous in the practice of their religion; this is the general opinion held by the Moslems. On the other hand, it is necessary to remember that the Hindu considers Islam an incomplete doctrine, far from satisfying. He finds its austerity singularly comfortless, and is inclined to deplore its utter lack of mystico-philosophical content, an element in which his own religion is so rich.

I was invited to lunch at one of the cinema studios in the suburbs north of Bombay. We ate our curry outdoors; our hostess was the star of the film then in production. She spoke only Marathi; her husband, who was directing the picture, spoke excellent English. During the course of the meal he told how, as a Hindu, he had been forced to leave his job, his home, his car, and his bank account in Karachi at the time of partition, when Pakistan acquired its autonomy, and emigrate empty-handed to India, where he had managed to remake his life. Another visitor to the studio, an Egyptian, was intensely interested in his story. Presently he interrupted to say: "It is unjust, of course."

"Yes," smiled our host.

"What retaliatory measures does your government plan to take against the Moslems in India?"

"None whatever, as far as I know."

The Egyptian was genuinely indignant. "But why not?" he demanded. "It is only right that you apply the same principle. You have thirty million or more Moslems here. Deport them. I say that, even though I am a Moslem."

The film director looked at him. "You say that *because* you are a Moslem," he told him. "But we cannot put ourselves on that level."

The conversation ended there. A moment later packets of betel nut were passed around. I promptly broke a tooth. I withdrew from the

company and went some distance away into the garden. While I was separating the mouthful of partially chewed leaves and nuts from the pieces of bicuspid, the Egyptian came up to me, his face a study in scorn.

"They are afraid of the Moslems. That's the real reason," he whispered. Whether he was right or wrong I am not qualified to say, but there I had, clearly expressed, the two opposing moral viewpoints—two concepts of behavior which cannot quickly be reconciled.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPY

OBVIOUSLY it is a gigantic task to make a nation of a place like India. In addition to Moslems and Hindus (the latter present in all stages of cultural evolution from the naked savage to the university graduate whose brilliance can put practically any Westerner to shame) there are Parsees, Jainists, Jews, and Christians. But religion is of course not the only hindrance to unity; there is also the question of language. Hindi, the imposed national idiom, is at the moment more foreign to most Indians than English. Those who do not happen to know Hindi speak, among other tongues, Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali, Urdu, Telugu, Tamil, or Malayalam, most of which have not only their own vocabularies and grammar, but, which is far more isolating, their own separate alphabets and characters.

When you come to the border between two provinces you often find bars across the road, and you are obliged to undergo a thorough inspection of your luggage. As in the United States, there is a strict control of the passage of liquor between wet and dry districts, but that is not the extent of the examination.

Here is a sample of conversation at the border on the Mercara-Cannanore highway:

"What is in there?" (Customs officer.)

"Clothing." (Bowles.)

"And in that?"

"Clothing."

"And in all those?"

"Clothing."

"Open all, please."

After eighteen suitcases have been gone through carefully:

"My God, man! Close them all. I could charge duty for all of those goods, but you will never be able to do business with these things here anyway. The Moslem men are too clever."

"But I'm not opening a clothing store."

"Close the luggage. It is duty-free, I tell you."

A professor from Raniket in North India ar-

rived at the hotel here yesterday, and we spent a good part of the night sitting on my window-seat that overlooks the sea, talking about what one always talks about here: India. Among the many questions I put to him was one concerning the reason why so many of the Hindu temples in South India are closed to non-Hindus, and why they have military guards at the entrances. I thought I knew the answer in advance: fear of Moslem disturbances. Not at all, he said. The



principal purpose was to keep out certain Christian missionaries. I expressed disbelief.

"Of course," he told me. "They come and jeer during our rituals, ridicule our sacred images."

"But even if they were that stupid," I said "their sense of decorum would keep them from doing such things."

He merely laughed. "Obviously you don't know them."

The post office here is in a small stifling room over a shop, and it is full of boys seated on straw mats. The postmaster, a tiny old man who wears large diamond earrings and gold-rimmed spectacles, and who is always naked to the waist, is also a professor; he interrupts his academic work to sell an occasional stamp. At first contact his English sounds fluent enough, but soon one discovers that it is not adapted to conversation, and that one can scarcely talk to him. Since the boys are listening, he must pretend to be omniscient, therefore he answers promptly with more or less whatever phrase comes into his head.

Yesterday I went to post a letter by air mail to Tangier. "Tanjore," he said adjusting his spectacles. "That will be four annas." (Tanjore is in South India, near Trichinopoly.) I explained that I hoped my letter would be going to Tangier, Morocco.

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently. "There are many Tanjores." He opened the book of postal

regulations and read aloud from it, quite at random, for (although it may be difficult to believe) exactly six minutes. I stood still, fascinated, and let him go on. Finally he looked up and said: "There is no mention of Tangier. No airplanes go to that place."

"Well, how much would it be to send it by sea mail?" (I thought we could then calculate the surcharge for air mail, but I had not reckoned with South India.)

"Yes," he replied evenly. "That is a good method, too."

I decided to keep the letter and post it in the nearby town of Nagercoil some other day. Before I left I hazarded the remark that the weather was extremely hot. In that airless attic at noon it was a wild understatement. But it did not please the postmaster at all. Deliberately he removed his glasses and pointed the stems at me.

"Here we have the perfect climate," he told me. "Neither too cold nor too cool." I agreed.

This element of absurdity so common in ordinary conversation here is of course due in part to language, but even more it is a result of differences in mental processes and basic philosophy.

In the past few years there have been visible quantitative changes in the life, all in the one direction of Europeanization. (I refer to the smaller towns; the cities have long since been Westernized.) The temples which before were lighted by bare electric bulbs and coconut oil lamps now have fluorescent tubes glimmering in their ceilings. Crimson, green, and amber floodlights are used to illumine bathing tanks, deities, the gateways of temples. The public-address system is the bane of the ear these days, even in the temples. And it is impossible to attend a concert or dance recital without discovering several loudspeakers in operation which completely destroy the quality of the music. A mile before you arrive at the cinema of a small town you can hear the raucous blaring of the amplifier they have set up at its entrance.

At one point I was held for forty-eight hours in a concentration camp run by the Ceylon government on Indian soil. I was under suspicion of being an "international spy."

"But who am I spying *for*?" I asked piteously.

The director shrugged. "Spying for international," he said.

More than the insects or the howling of pariah dogs outside the barbed wire, what bothered me was the fact that in the center of the camp, which at that time housed some twenty thousand people, there was a loudspeaker in a high tower which literally all day long roared forth Indian

film-music. Fortunately it was silenced at ten o'clock each evening.

This year in South India there are fewer men wearing native articles of clothing—fewer bare torsos, dhotis, and sandals; more shirts, trousers, and shoes. There is at the same time a slow shutting-down of services which to the Western tourist make all the difference between pleasure and discomfort in traveling, such as the restaurants in the stations (there are no dining-cars on the trains) and the showers in the first-class compartments. Six years ago they worked; now they have been sealed off. You can choke on the dust and soot of your compartment, or drown in your own sweat, now, for all the railway cares.

Happily, the hotels continue to provide excellent service, although naturally they charge more each year. The rates are made on the basis of an inclusive daily price for room and five meals: *chota hazri* or early bed-tea, generally served with fruit, a four- or five-course breakfast, lunch—or tiffin, as some still insist on calling it—afternoon tea with sandwiches and cakes, and dinner. The daily rates in the best hotels range between \$5 and \$15 a day. Perhaps the greatest hotel bargain I found was in Cannanore on the Malabar Coast, where I had my own cottage at the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea for \$2.50 a day, including very good meals.

Here and there, in places like the bar of the Hotel Metropole at Mysore, or at the North Coorg Club of Mercara, one may still come across vestiges of the old colonial life: ghosts in the form of incredibly sunburned Englishmen in jodhpurs and boots discussing their hunting luck and prowess. But these visions are rare in a land that wants to forget their existence.

THINGS TO FORGET

THE younger generation in India is intent on forgetting a good many things, including some that it might do better to remember. There would seem to be no good reason for getting rid either of their country's most ancient heritage, the religion of Hinduism, or of its most recent acquisition, the tradition of independence. This latter, at least in so far as the illiterate masses are concerned, is inseparable not only from the religious state of mind which made political victory possible, but also from the legend which—growing up around the figure of Gandhi—has elevated him in their minds to the status of a god.

The young, politically-minded intellectuals find this not at all to their liking; in their articles

and addresses they return again and again to the attack against Gandhi as a "betrayal" of the Indian people. That they are motivated by hatred is obvious. But what do they hate?

For one thing, subconsciously they hate their own inability to go on having religious beliefs. Then, belonging to the group without faith, they



are forced to hate the past, particularly the atavisms which are made apparent by the workings of the human mind, with its irrationality, its subjective involvement in exterior phenomena. The floods of poisonous words they pour forth are directed primarily at the adolescents: it is an age group which is often likely to find demagoguery more attractive than common sense.

There are at least a few of these enlightened adolescents in every town; the ones here in Cape Comorin were properly horrified when by a stratagem I led them to the home of a man of their own village, named Subramaniam, who claims that his brother is under a spell. (They had not imagined, they told me later, that an American would believe such nonsense.) According to Subramaniam, his brother was a painter who had been made art director of a large film studio in Madras. To substantiate his story he brought out a sheaf of very professional sketches for film sets.

"Then my brother had angry words with a jealous man in the studio," said Subramaniam, "and the man put a charm on him. His mind is gone. But at the end of the year it will return." The brother presently appeared in the courtyard; he was a vacant-eyed man with a beard, and he had a voluminous turkish towel draped over his head and shoulders. He walked past and disappeared through a doorway.

"A spirit doctor is treating him." The advanced young men shifted their feet miserably: it was unbearable that an American should be hearing such dreadful revelations from one living in their midst.

But these youths who found it so necessary to ridicule poor Subramaniam failed to understand why I laughed when, the conversation changing to the subject of cows, I watched their collective expression swiftly change to one of beatific admiration. For cow worship is one facet of popular Hinduism which has not yet been superseded by twentieth-century faithlessness. It has taken on new forms of ritual, it is true. Mass cow worship is often practiced now in vast, modern concrete stadiums, with prizes being distributed to the owners of the finest bovine specimens, but the religious aspect of the celebration is in no way impaired. The cows are decorated with garlands and jewelry, fed bananas and sugar cane by people who have waited hours in line for that rare privilege, and when the satiated animals can eat no more they simply lie down or wander about, while hundreds of young girls perform sacred dances in their honor.

In India, where the cow wishes to go, she goes. She may be lying in the temple, where she may decide to get up, to go and lie instead in the middle of the street. If she does not like the proximity of the traffic streaming past her, she may lumber to her feet again and continue down the street to the railway station, where, should she feel like reclining in front of the ticket window, no one will disturb her. On the highways she seems to know that the drivers of trucks and buses will spot her a mile away and slow down almost to a stop before they get to her, and that therefore she need not move out from under the shade of the particular banyan tree she has chosen for her rest. Her superior position in the world is agreed upon by common consent.

The most satisfying exposition I have seen of the average Hindu's feeling about this exalted beast is a little essay composed by a candidate for a post in one of the public services, entitled simply: *The Cow*. The fact that it was submitted to show the aspirant's mastery of the English language, while touching, is of secondary importance.

The Cow

The cow is one wonderful animal, also he is quadruped and because he is female he gives milk—but he will do so only when he has got child. He is same like God, sacred to Hindu and useful to men. But he has got four legs

together. Two are foreward and two are afterwards.

His whole body can be utilized for use. More so the milk. What it cannot do? Various ghee, butter, cream, curds, whey, kova and the condensed milk and so forth. Also he is useful to cobbler, watermans and mankind generally.

His motion is slow only. That is because he is of amplitudinous species, and also his other motion is much useful to trees, plants as well as making fires. This is done by making flat cakes in hand and drying in the sun.

He is the only animal that extricates his feedings after eating. Then afterwards he eats by his teeth whom are situated in the inside of his mouth. He is incessantly grazing in the meadows.

His only attacking and defending weapons are his horns, especially when he has got child. This is done by bowing his head whereby he causes the weapons to be parallel to ground of earth and instantly proceeds with great velocity forwards.

He has got tail also, but not like other similar animals. It has hairs on the end of the other side. This is done to frighten away the flies which alight on his whole body and chastises him unceasingly, whereupon he gives hit with it.

The palms of his feet are so soft unto the touch, so that the grasses he eats would not get crushed. At night he reposes by going down on the ground and then he shuts his eyes like his relative the horse which does not do so. This is the cow.

THE moths and night insects flutter about my single oil lamp. Occasionally, at the top of its chimney, one of them goes up in a swift, bright flame. On the concrete floor in a fairly well-defined ring around the bottom of my chair are the drops of sweat that have rolled off my body during the past two hours. The doors into both the bedroom and the bathroom are closed; I work each night in the dressing-room between them, because fewer insects are attracted here. But the air is nearly unbreathable with the stale smoke of cigarettes and bathi sticks burned to discourage the entry of winged creatures. Today's paper announced an outbreak of bubonic plague in Bellary. I keep thinking about it, and I wonder if the almost certain eventual victory over such diseases will prove to have been worth its price: the extinction of the beliefs and rituals which gave a satisfactory meaning to the period of consciousness between birth and death. I doubt it.

Bernard Asbell

Disk Jockeys and Baby-sitters

Why most radio stations choose their music
strictly for teen-age girls . . .
and how two stations made a wad of money
by playing a few records for grownups.

TWENTY years ago, a French writer visiting here marveled at the incessant outpouring of love songs from his hotel radio and he wrote: "America appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem . . . and station WXYZ is [its] love court."

Today, despite the rise of television, radio and its love songs are thriving more than ever. More AM stations—better than 2,700—play to more radios, about 125,000,000, or one for every American over nine years old. Last year, 68 per cent of all radio hours were consumed by the spinning of records.

Radio's new economic provider and cultural commander is the disk jockey, the impresario of the love court. He is empowered to select the records which spin musical dreams into our kitchens and cars; and he appears to control which popular tunes Americans will hum and whistle—and pay \$150,000,000 a year to own. In doing so, he also appears to control what song writers write and what publishers publish. His influence extends to television, which chooses its songs by their popularity on records and radio. Finally, he appears to control the ascendancy of popular stars. The quickest way to dazzling fame in show business is a hit record pushed by a disk jockey.

Even TV and the movies cannot match its effect.

But how real is the disk jockey's power over the record business and popular taste? Does he in fact—as is widely imagined—connive with his 5,000 fellow disk jockeys to predetermine our hit songs and foist them upon a helpless public? Or, if this is not the case, is he instead the tool of the record magnate, who selects the hits and foists them on him—to the extent of bribing him, if necessary?

The facts are not quite what they seem.

The disk jockey (once you're on first-name terms with the trade, you call him "d.j." or "deejay") neither conspires nor really controls. The experienced disk jockey knows he can spin a record until it comes out of our ears but he can't make us like it. Furthermore, he has no interest in doing so. He desires only to please the public, and so serve his sponsor—and thus himself—by "playing the music the public wants." So he avidly watches the trade's weekly sales surveys and spins the records that sell—a statistical approach to culture. As Ward McIntyre, a Birmingham deejay, says, "You can't knock the dollar bills that buy songs. You'd be letting the public down."

Many people who disdain mass culture conclude, therefore, that the songs we hear on the radio are indeed selected at the cash register; that they are indeed picked by the "public."

Only one fact upsets this conclusion. The broad public, as we are accustomed to defining it, doesn't buy these records. Popular single records are sold to a market comprised overwhelmingly of young girls between the ages of thirteen and nineteen, the baby-sitting class. This fact is axiomatic among record executives, song writers, and disk jockeys. Thus, by confusing his publics, the disk jockey purports to serve the whole public by responding to a limited part of it. He imposes the ditties of a baby-sitter culture on the baby-sitter's parents, the parents who employ her, and even the baby she sits for.

The disk jockey is not cynically assuming that the general public has the mind of a fourteen-year-old. He is responding to the emotions and the tastes of a specific public which literally is fourteen years old. The words of these songs—little wide-eyed wishes for ideal love and perfect lovers, little songs of frustration at not finding them—quite reasonably reflect the baby-sitter's view of the world, and when taken this way the ditties become, in a manner of speaking, more intelligible. But this does not make them satisfactory representatives of a broad popular culture.

Can America's popular song culture ever mature beyond an adolescent girl's conception of life and love? Can't a song which assumes its listener has acquired adult experience in a real world ever become popular? So long as the mass medium of radio remains committed to the baby-sitter economics of the record industry, it appears that, no, it can't. But this could change. It undoubtedly would change if disk jockeys and station managers were to discover that teen-age control of broadcast music injures them commercially.

Songs for adults *do* exist. They are played, more than anywhere else, in Broadway musical shows. It is true that every Broadway show has its minor quota of "pop" formula ditties, inserted to invite record royalties and the enormous publicity they bring to the show through the disk jockeys. But these shows also produce witty delights like "I'm Just an Ordinary Man" from "My Fair Lady," and "Adelaide's Lament" from "Guys and Dolls." Even the record industry has learned that the appeal of these adult-oriented songs extends way beyond the patrons of the theater box office.

GOING STEADY

THEN why don't disk jockeys play better songs? To understand the deejay's predilection for going steady with the baby-sitter, we need to examine more closely what motivates him and how he works.

First, it should be understood that this young fellow doesn't earn much money. The few exceptions are the successful free-lancers, big personalities, whose earnings may go to six figures. But most are salaried staff announcers.

They are usually apprenticed in the small-town station, where there is always a need for a young man of good voice and a modicum of training to cultivate his chief gift—which is gab. If he can demonstrate in an audition (in person or on tape) that he can deliver a commercial with conviction and that, between commercials, he has the talent for thinking on the tip of his tongue—about anything, so long as he doesn't stop—he has the qualifications which get the job of staff announcer, *i.e.*, disk jockey. His acceptability as a musical judge is taken for granted. His salary, in a small to middle-sized city, is sixty to ninety dollars a week. At stations of greater wattage in cities of metropolitan rank, the going rate is a hundred to a hundred and fifty.

The deejay is haunted by frequent doubts

about his own talent and by a longing for some material wealth of his own. He finds relief from these discomforts, however, when he is reminded persistently that he is a big shot. The stars and their managers lavishly intoxicate the disk jockey, literally, by a binge of cocktail parties and, figuratively, by personal visits, full-page ads in the trade papers ("I owe all my good fortune to the deejays of America—thank you one and all!"), and by endless quantities of endearing mail ("It's people like you that make people like me like people like you"). The teen-agers, too, write him adulatory letters, phone him to request songs, and turn out in sighing droves whenever he appears in person to open a new supermarket. So he blithely overlooks his sponsor's purpose of impressing the spender in the family. His enthusiasm for the whims of the baby-sitter, like the love described on his records, is blind.

This enthusiasm gives rise to elements of crusading neatly combined with commercialism. The deejay's crusades are zealous, grave affairs directed at innocuous goals. One of the country's five most influential jockeys, Bob Clayton of Boston, recently campaigned to get youngsters to see Cecil B. DeMille's movie, "The Ten Commandments," then campaigned to get other deejays to match his campaign. A New Yorker, Douglass ("Jocko") Henderson, topped him by writing and propagating "five extra commandments" of his own, among them, regular attendance at school and helping mother around the house.

In their preoccupation with teen-agers, a growing number of deejays are discovering a source of unexpected profit. Their medium is the "record hop," a low-budget party where teen-agers dance to hit records which the deejay introduces and plays. He promotes paid attendance by publicizing them on his own radio time. Jay Michael, in Pittsburgh, has appeared at one thousand record hops in three years. The demand for his appearances caused him to devise an ingenious new enterprise. Now he tapes introductions to records and where he can't appear in person he rents out his tapes for "tape hops."

The deejay explains away these auxiliary ventures as instruments for researching the current public taste. "Many times at a hop," says tape-hopper Michael, "I discover a new record, then begin to work on it on the air."

But there are simpler, sounder ways to pin down what music "the public wants," and the deejay follows them assiduously. Three trade

papers—*The Billboard*, *Variety*, and *Cash Box*—each week pull together surveys from several perspectives: best sellers in stores, most played in juke boxes, most played by disk jockeys, best sellers in each of the leading cities, best selling sheet music, tunes with the greatest radio-TV audiences, new records “coming up strong,” and even best sellers in Britain. The best seller lists are the disk jockey’s bible and the sales reports of records “coming up strong” are his prophet.

THE HIT MAKERS

THE most successful disk jockey in America is Howard Miller of Chicago. CBS pays him \$200,000 a year for chatting about other people’s talent, and side activities are said to bring him another \$150,000 a year.

Miller has earned the status of a major power in the music business by his reputation as a “hit maker,” even though he admits that he doesn’t know a great deal about music. The sounds which guide him are those of a publicity feedback transmitted through the complex record and radio industries to announce the coming of a hit. The signal—from record manufacturer to disk jockey to the public to the record shop to the manufacturer to the disk jockey and back to the public—sometimes completes the whole circuit in a matter of hours. To observe Miller’s method is to study the mechanics of hit-making as practiced by an expert.

Miller talks to the promotion man of every major record company almost every day. (“If they don’t call me—and they nearly always do—I call them.”)

“This record,” the promotion man says, “got a ride by the deejays in Detroit last week and there’s real action in the stores.”

That’s interesting to Miller. Or this kind of report is even more interesting: “This new record got one spin yesterday on another station. The stores don’t even have it yet. But six dealers told our salesmen they got one or two requests apiece.”

From such wisps of early response, Miller spies a potential winner. He spins the new record on the air twice that day. Three hours later he calls the record company.

“I played the new one. What’s happening in the stores? What do you hear from other towns? What’s it selling in Detroit? Boston? Philly?” (Never New York, a city of sluggish responses.) If these early tests prove positive, if he seems to be touching the record-buying nerve, Miller sets out to make a hit.

“This record,” he announces on the air, loudly and repeatedly, “will be a hit; I *predict* it will be a hit.”

The kids in school begin to talk. Sales, still small, nudge upward. Now the promotion man prods other disk jockeys: “Look, here comes a hit. Better get on it.” The snowball collects mass.

Now Miller reports on the air: “I predicted a week ago this would be a hit. Today it’s headed for the top ten.” In a few more days it’s there, and Miller’s reputation as a hit-maker takes another jump.

Sometimes he mounts a frail plug to ride. Then Miller—who is, after all, not a taste-maker but a taste reflector—gracefully dismounts, climbs on another, and the promotion man who misled him crawls into the doghouse for a while. But to play the gambler’s game of hit-making, Miller and his colleagues must constantly give initial exposure to new records, then listen for the feedback. Thus radio feeds itself new song material as it burns out the old.

But once the disk jockey is a recognized maker of hits, he’s in the saddle. He has the town (the teen-age town) talking about him. And even better, he gets the powerful machinery of the record companies working for him as they compete for his favor. He demands—and he gets—exclusive interviews on the air with their stars while less worthy deejays get a polite brushoff. He is fed gossip, marked “exclusive,” to spice up his chatter. The companies pin up his picture in the record shops, his “endorsement” of lists of hits. They give him ideas for crusades and for contests, even throw in the prizes (records, of course). They invite him to introduce stars at large public functions. They swell his popularity, expand his rating with more and more baby-sitters.

But just as the deejay, in the mechanics of hit-making, relies on record company information, so must the record company rely on news from the disk jockey. Neither professes to know just what does make a record a hit, and the blind turn for leadership to the blind.

A couple of years ago, a record sung by the Crew Cuts had just been released, “Earth Angel” on one side, “Ko-Ko-Mo” on the other. Art Talmadge, Mercury Records executive vice-president, was all set to push the “Earth Angel” side, mostly on hunch. But he wasn’t sure. A promotion man had just come in from tour visiting Midwestern deejays and Talmadge pumped him anxiously.

“Which side are they playing in Peoria?”

"'Earth Angel'."

"Good. How about Davenport?"

"There it's 'Ko-Ko-Mo'."

"Oh yeah? What are they doing in Madison?"

"Both sides."

"Oh, that's terrible."

It turned out to be a two-sided hit, which is a calamity. Not because it's unprofitable—it certainly is not—but it's a waste. For one thing, when disk jockey attention is diffused to two sides, the promotional impact suffers. Moreover, a company hates to be selling two hits for the price of one.

Today most companies no longer label the sides of records "A" and "B." These letters imply built-in value judgments and the companies don't want to inhibit the "public's" free choice, for fear a potential hit might slip by.

Capitol Records learned early in its successful life to trust the ears of the disk jockey and through him, the public—the baby-sitting public—more than its own in hit-picking. Nat "King" Cole had recorded a tune, "The Greatest Inventor," at the behest of its publisher. "We were so sure," recalls Lee Gillette, artist-and-repertoire director, "that we had a hit. We printed up broadsides for the stores full-page ads in *The Billboard*—the works."

Hours later, distributors began to call Capitol's Hollywood headquarters. "You guys are out of your minds," shouted one, echoing the others. "You're pushing the wrong side." A few disk jockeys had preferred the ballad on the back, "Mona Lisa"; they played it and it was catching fire. It had touched the nerve. "'Mona Lisa' became," says Gillette, "one of the biggest hits we ever had, and 'The Greatest Inventor' died an obscure death."

THE ADVERTISER PAYS

IT COMES naturally to the record executive to equate "the people" with the public of teenagers, for in the sale of popular hits, the baby-sitter is his world. The fact is that the baby-sitter has seized control of radio—not to mention music on television—and has obstructed the development of a truly popular music culture which America might have. Or rather, commercial radio has voluntarily surrendered itself to the baby-sitter.

By so doing, radio appears to be committing grand larceny upon its own advertisers. By what logic can the used-car dealer, the loan company, the storm-window installer, or the tomato-paste canner hope to collect the maximum audience

of breadwinners and housewives by sponsoring the music chosen by schoolchildren? In fact, why does the sponsor stand for it? In most cases, this simple paradox has not occurred to him. He confidently lays his money at the feet of the disk jockey producing the most fan mail and faddish disturbances. Meanwhile, adult listeners have adjusted themselves to a steady outpouring of adolescent songs, rather than shut their radios off altogether.

The novel idea of selecting adult music for an adult audience recently occurred to at least one station in New York, WOR. It cleared out all its time from 9:05 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. for a program called "Music from Studio X." Ninety per cent of the music is played from LP records, mostly Broadway show tunes and "mood music"—a new trade term to describe light instrumental collections marketed mainly to adult owners of hi-fi phonographs. Commercials interrupt the music only every half hour. Advertisers found the simple formula an astonishing success and the program is a sellout.

A small Newark station, WVNJ, set up a format last January of playing album music exclusively for 19½ hours a day and, by March, boosted its Hooper rating to double the combined Hoopers of the other leading north New Jersey stations.

"We have announcers, not jocks," says Ivon B. Newman, the station manager. "We believe listeners tune in to hear music, not to hear about the private lives of announcers."

If the broadcaster is bent upon playing "the music the public wants," he might well pay attention to the growing sales of LP albums to adult hi-fi owners, and to the long-lasting popularity of songs like "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Old Black Magic." These have remained popular not because of, but despite, the hit-minded disk jockey. It could be seriously argued, whether all of us like these songs or not, that these "standards"—as the trade calls them—are the folk songs of urbanized America.

The development of a truly popular music can begin only when its audience reasonably resembles the whole public. The economic incentives of radio being what they are, the radio sponsor, just by pursuing his self-interest, can do the most to return AM radio—and popular music—to the public at large. All he has to do is tell the disk jockey to stop reading the sales charts of hit records—in fact, to avoid them—and start playing songs which assume the listener is an adult and wants some expression of his adult experience.



After Hours

THE AVENGING PRESS

ONCE upon a time there was a hero called the Foreign Correspondent. He wore a trench coat and had lunch in Chungking with Madame and the G-mo and wrote books called *Only the Bars Are Neutral*. Today he is no more. The reporter of myth and legend is now a completely different individual. He is a nice young man in horn-rim glasses who appears on television and asks important people polite, knowledgeable questions. He's Russell Nye in "Call Me Madam"; he's the son of Walter Mitty; he's the one who gets the girl in "Born Yesterday"; he's John Madigan of *Newsweek* on "Face the Nation."

It seems to me that television has really established something in the panel-press programs, but I am increasingly curious and uncertain what will happen to it. We've already come to the point where newspaper headlines are regularly made by the answers given in interviews that are watched by more people than read the newspapers. We are already at the point where journalists can become better known for acting like journalists in public than for practicing their profession in private. How long will it be before respondent and questioner begin to connive with one another ("Ask me about so-and-so and I'll give you a real page-one answer")? How long will it be before some editor gets fed up and forbids his reporters to appear?

So far the record of the programs for making news is an impressive

one. It was on "Meet the Press" that Senator Walter George called for the meeting "at the summit" which later took place in Geneva, as it had been on "Meet the Press" that Whittaker Chambers accepted Alger Hiss's challenge to repeat his accusations outside of Congressional immunity. It was on "Face the Nation" that Dave Beck recently admitted borrowing \$300,000 without interest from his union treasury, and of course it was "Face the Nation" that landed Nikita Khrushchev, the prize capture of all, with a filmed interview that would have been a newsbeat on any occasion. Both programs, in consequence, continue to command a steady supply of notables, all apparently eager to stick their heads through the hole in the canvas and invite custard pies from the representatives of the Fourth Estate.

Part of the explanation must be that the programs are so good. From the public's viewpoint they are worth a hundred front pages. In the first place they are well suited to the medium in that they have always employed (even before the advent of Mike Wallace) what I am convinced are the three essential principles of television: (1) conflict, (2) hidden meanings, and (3) the facial close-up. In the second, they convey what appears to be a very deep and accurate impression of the Very Important Persons who appear on them. They have—as Lawrence E. Spivak, one of the founders of "Meet the Press," has often observed—an "awesome" power of convincing viewers that they are seeing "a man as he truly is."

This is an illusion, but it is

aesthetically successful. It is based on the universally accepted (and then disregarded) fiction that the programs' object is to elicit news, which allows everyone to engage without further ado in the real object—the posing of questions which will strain to the utmost the subject's ability to answer firmly but innocuously. He is being tested for the rather specialized talent of looking good in a situation rather infrequently encountered. He appears here as a bundle of policies, a composite of positions he is previously known to have taken. His questioners know what he is supposed to think; probably they also know most of what he actually does think but can't normally say. A shrewdly constructed (otherwise known as "curve-ball") query is aimed to get into the gap between the two and reveal the human being inside the public personality.

In an ordinary press conference the moral edge is with the respondent. He has at hand, and can always use, the ultimate weapon of "no comment." But you can't say "no comment" in front of several million customers. Television radically limits the degree of tolerable evasiveness at the same time that it raises the required level of sincerity. You must be quick, plausible, and intense. I am inclined to doubt that the lack or possession of these qualities really tells as much about a man "as he truly is" as Mr. Spivak believes, but they undeniably show up clearly on the TV screen. If you are among the fortunate you will come through even larger than life; if not, you are lost. And meanwhile the re-

porters who administer this ordeal will sit there trying to outnice you by looking mild and friendly. Perhaps they have to. If they didn't, the audience would think reporters were the meanest people in the world—even May Craig. What worries me is that this continued appearance in the inquisitorial role may give journalists a bad name.

Yet there is an exception, one variety of victim which has the advantage in appearing here rather than the disadvantage. That is the man or woman of such an experienced and mellow character that he or she could not hide it even by trying. I can only remember two off-hand—Eleanor Roosevelt and Robert Frost—but they were enough to convince me it was a category and not an

accident. With people who have so little to conceal, because they are simply *there*, the journalist-inquisitors can do little; and Mr. Spivak asks a "tenacious" question, of the kind for which he is famous, at his peril (when he crowded Mrs. Roosevelt last year, she put him back in his place so firmly I thought he would turn in his spectacles and resign). While such great ones are with us, at least, journalism can probably survive the insidious appeal of television to its sense of glamor and drama. First was the event, then came the writer. We will be safe so long as the new-style journalist does not become excessively attractive—so long, that is, as the young would rather grow up to be Mrs. Roosevelt than a reporter. —Mr. Harper

HOW TO TALK OZARK

The following communication has come to me from Miss Ethel Strainchamps of Springfield, Missouri, and in the interests of supporting the cultural strivings of Madison Avenue, I am happy to pass it along.

THESE are indications in the current exposés of life on Madison Avenue that the men in the so-called communications industry have discovered that certain American dialects are more effective than others—both for communicating, and, more important, as tools for getting ahead in the world. In one current best-selling novel some of the characters—having observed that their confreres from the South and the Middle West are getting most of the breaks—are astute enough to try to cancel what is clearly the outlanders' main advantage by imitating their manner of speaking.

As one who has made the dialect shift in reverse, I would be less than charitable not to offer some guidance to those going the other way, particularly since I may be one of a very few willing or able to do so. The late H. L. Mencken once suggested that I expand for publication a letter I had written to him about my linguistic climb from Ozark dialect to standard English. He said that a person who could write, in formal English, about an "illiterate dialect"—

from the point of view of one to whom it was a native tongue—was something of a rarity.

Most people who speak such a dialect have unconsciously acquired along with it a feeling that speech should absolutely never be tampered with. The Ozarker's exceptionally strong aversion to any modification of his speech habits has made his dialect one of the greatest repositories of archaic and obsolete English known to modern linguists. They consider it the most pristine branch of Appalachian or "Southern-hill," the dialect that is known to the layman as "hillbilly."

The Ozarker's linguistic conservatism appears to be based on sound instinct. It is shared by a branch of the most civilized users of our language—the English aristocracy. Given his choice between the U and the Non-U words listed in Nancy Mitford's *Noblesse Oblige*, the Ozarker would take the U in nearly every case. As a child I said *fine house* and not *lovely home*; *sick* instead of *ill*; *false teeth* and not *dentures*; *spectacles* and not *glasses*; *Scotch* and not *Scottish*; *looking-glass* and not *mirror*; and *rich* instead of *wealthy*. Not only would I have said that a rich man had false teeth; I would also have said that he was fat and that he had had his teeth pulled because they were rotten or had holes in

them. *Heavy-set, extracted, decayed* and *cavities* are Non-U words learned after I left home.

As for the recommended U-practice of remaining silent in certain embarrassing social situations, the Ozarker masters the art at an early age. Never having been taught to reply when someone says, "Pleased to have met you," nor to comment after hiccuping, belching, or sneezing, he remains silent on these occasions in perfect dignity, feeling no sense of omission.

The practice of keeping the mouth shut when possible and of choosing only the most straightforward words when speech is unavoidable should probably not be adopted in its pure Ozark form by the communication beginner. In anyone other than the utterly pure in heart it would sound like pretentious simplicity—which is Non-U in any country. Fowler, the expert on correct usage for the English, listed as "stylish archaisms" a number of words that are in daily use in the Ozarks.

A rather severe pruning of the vocabulary will be necessary, however. The Ozarker is right again in his instinctive hostility to long and unusual words. In conversation they are a handicap anywhere and in writing they are useful only for comic effect.

One of the first things I learned about language when I left the hills and started to high school in Joplin, Missouri, was that a large vocabulary can be a social handicap. Until then it had never occurred to me that there were real people anywhere in the world who talked like the people in books, but the speech of my urban classmates was so much more like book language than it was like my own that I at first imagined I had entered the linguistically perfect world of Prudence and Her Friend. I unlimbered my reading vocabulary and went around delivering it in dictionary accents and grammar-book order. It didn't take me long to discover that this was a mistake and so I lowered my sights to mere social acceptability. Within a couple of months I had gone from *you'uns* to *you* to *y'all*; from *purty* to *EXquisite* to *exQUISite*; from *winder* to *wind* to *indow* to *winda*; and from *drawers* to *lingerie* (I was taking French, of course) to *lonjeray*. In short, I had

made my first dialect switch—this time from rural to urban Appalachian.

This sort of dubious improvement is not the worst thing that can happen in the classroom to a hillbilly who lets the bars down. He is also fair game for the English teachers with their sets of correct-usage rules, many of which are totally wrong and



... sidlin' in like a hog to war ...

most of the rest of which are at best Non-U. I was taught, for example, that *good deal* was a corrupt form of *great deal*; that neither *apt* nor *liable* could ever be used to mean *likely*; *to him* could not mean *to intend*; *to favor* could not be used for *to resemble*; that such verb forms as *earnt*, *dreamt*, *burnt*, *sung*, and *sunk* were used as past tenses by illiterates only; that it was reprehensible to use *lean* or *clear* to mean *entirely*, or *mad* for *angry*; and that *sure* and *near* were never adverbs.

All these condemned usages should be adopted at once by the new dialect learner. They have the raffish charm that accrues to anything opposed by the schoolteachers and at the same time they are in excellent standing with the real authorities on language. For the same reasons he should make frequent use of words like *liefer*, *tetchy*, and *gaumy*. By violating only the non-canonical rules to begin with, the neophyte with a queasy conscience can break himself in gradually, in the meanwhile dabbling in a sort of subtle adism now enjoyed almost exclusively by the practicing purists.

Attaining a hillbilly facility with figures of speech should present no

difficulties to the adman. His well-exercised creativity will make up for his lack of knowledge. The born Ozarker carries around in his head a lifetime collection of similes and metaphors, and his special skill is an ability to extract the right figure for the right occasion without a pause for thought. The creative type would be wise to learn a few of these to begin with, absorbing their flavor as he goes.

Common barnyard and wood-lot fauna abound in the Ozarker's figure-of-speech anthology, and the beginner might work this field first, using these standards as models: as crooked as a barrel of snakes; he's got about as much use for that as a hog has for a side-saddle; steppin' out like a chicken in high oats; sidlin' in like a hog to war; he couldn't hit a bull in the rump with a fiddle; as independent as a hog on ice; blinkin' like a toad in a hailstorm; as mad as a coon in a poke.

These are more effective when the speaker is holding his mouth right, another skill that requires an understanding of the Ozarker's attitude toward language. Like the U-speaker, he is for the casual approach. His restraint in volume and tempo and the indistinctness of his pronunciation all result from his reluctance to appear to be spending an unseemly amount of energy on a function that should be performed as inconspicuously as possible. A distaste for expending the energy necessary to engage his jaw muscles gives his vowels their narrow, horizontal sound, so that he says *catch* to rhyme with *fetch*, *tire* with *bar*, and *get* with *bit*. (These are U-pronunciations, too, according to *Noblesse Oblige*.)

This greatly simplifies pronunciation, as an analysis of a few Ozark Slurvian words, offered as a further guide to pronunciation, will show:

Bard—had the loan of. (He's living on bard time.)

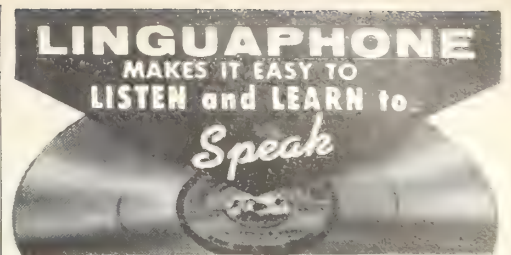
Card—poltroon. (He took the card's way out.)

Fard—top part of the face. (He parts his hair in the middle of his fard.)

Hard—employed. (She was caught kissing a hard hand.)

Nard—lessened in breadth. (The choice nard down to two.)

Tarred—hot. (Gorrillas live in the tarred zone.)



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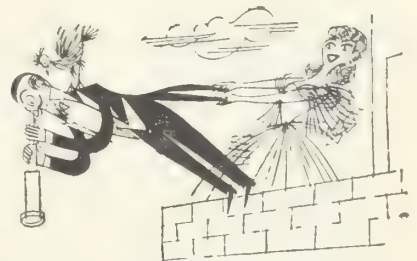
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PAUL PICKREL

We Look Before and After

ONE advantage we have over our ancestors is that we have a greater variety of things to worry about than they had. Man has always had a remarkable capacity for worry, but for much of his history he has had comparatively little space to spread his worries over. Now, however, when we grow tired of our own troubles or the troubles of our own nation or international alliance, we can shift gears and do our worrying on a planetary scale. We can wonder if the world's natural resources are about to be exhausted, or if the total population is growing at a rate that means universal starvation, or if the human race will mutate into a collection of monstrosities.

Probably most of us are not yet very good at worrying on the grand scale, but this deficiency does not arise from any lack of books and articles to help us. In the last few years publications concerning man's future on the earth have become increasingly numerous. The most recent and one of the best is **The Next Hundred Years**, by Harrison Brown, James Bonner, and John Weir (Viking, \$3.75). The authors, whose special fields of interest are (respectively) raw materials, food, and manpower, have pooled their learning to write a succinct and lucid study of the technological and human resources with which man faces the future.

A PRIMER OF PLANETARY WORRY

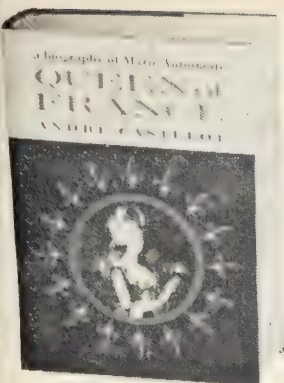
ANY attempt to see what lies ahead for the human race, as these authors well know, is hazardous in the extreme. There is so much that is unknown and unknowable about the future that the most predictors can do is to take present trends and project them forward to see what will happen if no major war, plagues, scientific revolution, or other important interruptions or reversals occur.

Unfortunately, the most important trend of all is also one of the most unpredictable—population growth. We know that at present rates of increase there will soon be too many people in

the world, but we do not know as much as we need to about what controls the growth of population. The authors of *The Next Hundred Years* put their trust in the idea that populations tend to stabilize themselves after industrialization; they *hope* that after the whole world has been industrialized world population will level off at about seven billion people. But the United States, the most highly industrialized of nations, now has, according to their figures, a rate of population growth (apart from immigration) higher than India's. Apparently the extent of industrialization in a country is not a sure guide to how fast its population growth will level off.

Even if we suppose that population will stop increasing at about seven billion, can all those people possibly maintain themselves on this little planet? The authors of *The Next Hundred Years* think so. The problem will not be raw materials; it will be energy and human skill. The raw materials will be increasingly hard to get at and to process, but they exist and can be made available if there are enough skilled people and enough energy to do the job. Presumably the atom, with the aid of more conventional sources, will supply the energy, and that seems to leave us with what is essentially a problem in education: the task of turning out a larger and larger number of engineers and technicians to perform the more and more difficult task of wresting from the surface of the earth sufficient goods to keep a gigantic population alive. The authors think that this too can be done. So it appears that if we are careful enough there is really nothing to worry about after all.

But that is a misleading conclusion to draw from the analysis, for the authors of *The Next Hundred Years* have confined their speculations to the technological possibilities of the future, and they make no attempt to discuss the social problems that would beset the world they envision. Those problems would be formidable if not desperate. In fact, the more one thinks about them, the more one feels about the world these writers describe as Berdyaev felt about Utopia: the point is not that it is impossible



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but that we must see that it does not happen. Whether we know or can find any way to keep it from happening is another question.

THE PAST AS FUTURE

IN *The Coming Caesars* (Coward-McCann, \$6) Amaury de Riencourt, a Frenchman who has spent a number of years in this country, makes another attempt at predicting the future, but this time the prediction is based on historical analogy rather than technological development. The book is the first in a many-volumed series De Riencourt plans to write; apparently it will be another of those efforts, so popular these days, to find a characteristic pattern in the history of human societies and then to tell us what lies before us by finding the point we have reached on that pattern.

The specific pattern traced in *The Coming Caesars* is an analogy between American and ancient Roman history. De Riencourt thinks, as others have thought before him, that America stands in relation to Europe as ancient Rome stood in relation to Greece; and he finds, again as others have found before him, many striking parallels between Rome and America in their history, institutions, and national character. He concludes that we now stand in the era of the pre-Caesars, and next will come the American Empire, dominated by the United States through the United Nations and ruled over by a succession of Caesar-like figures.

De Riencourt's argument is ingenious, stimulating, and persuasive, but not everyone will find it in the end convincing, because a great deal has to be omitted to make the analogy work. As Herbert J. Muller pointed out in an excellent brief discussion of the Roman-American parallel in *The Uses of the Past*, our society's economic, technological, educational, and electoral bases are very different from Roman society's. Or to put it another way: none of the problems discussed in *The Next Hundred Years* would have been pertinent to Rome when she had reached the point that De Riencourt thinks corresponds with our present stage of development. This is not to say that our fate will be any sweeter than the Romans' (it may be far more bitter), but it is to doubt that the history of Rome tells us either what will happen next or what we should do about it.

Yet such a comparison between societies can be instructive if it is not taken too seriously, and the particular parallel he has drawn enables De Riencourt to have some interesting insights into the course of American political power. The fact that he is French frees him to speculate on subjects where most Americans prefer to remain silent. This is particularly evident in the section (the best and freshest in the book) on how an "American Empire" might develop.

IN *The Lunatic Fringe* (Lippincott, \$3.95) Gerald W. Johnson also makes use of historical parallels to prove a point, though his object is not to predict the future but to scold the present. Johnson's book is a collection of lively character sketches of various nineteenth-century American agitators and reformers. A few of the subjects are men of such stature as Henry George, the originator of the single tax, and John P. Altgeld, the distinguished liberal Governor of Illinois in the 1890s, but most of them, like Ignatius Donnelly, the Claflin sisters, and Carrie Nation, are decidedly more marginal both in their accomplishments and in their claim on our attention.

Apparently Johnson thinks that the stories of this rather motley group of people are worth retelling at this moment of our history because we are living in a period hostile to eccentricity and protest, and we are in danger of losing something valuable because of our hostility. That is, his book is another attack on our well-publicized conformity. But behind that argument lies another that is more important, an argument for innocence by historical analogy. *The Lunatic Fringe* is at bottom a defense of the men and women who in recent years have been subjected to investigation for alleged Communist affiliations, sympathies, or activities.

The argument for innocence by historical analogy goes something like this: men and women in the past have said and done things that were unpopular in their own time, yet we know now that they were at worst harmless crackpots and at best valuable innovators; therefore men and women who say and do things that are unpopular in our time fall into the same categories. Since I have sometimes used this argument myself I am embarrassed to report that when I see it spread out on the pages of a book I find it flimsy, because the reverse is equally true. Many people (John Wilkes Booth, to name one) have said and done things that were unpopular in their own time, and history has seen no reason to reverse the judgment. Unpopularity no more makes an opinion or action right than popularity does.

The principle of innocence by historical analogy is no surer guide to justice than the principle of guilt by association. The fact that we have approached the problem of security through historical stereotypes has not improved our handling of it, and this applies to those who have seen any effort to deal with the problem through the stereotype of early New England witch trials as well as to those who have approached it through the stereotype of Benedict Arnold. Johnson's historical analogies do little more than to confuse the issue. When he undertakes to defend J. Robert Oppenheimer by implied analogy with such frontier Populist leaders as Sockless Jerry Simpson and Mary Ellen Lease, he is really beside the point, not because

THE NEW BOOKS

Oppenheimer is indefensible but because he lives in an infinitely subtler and more complicated world than they lived in. In fact, it would probably make more sense to see the late Senator McCarthy as the heir to those Populist figures, with their distrust of Eastern leadership and their ruthlessly simple explanations of complex phenomena.

Johnson's fault, as I see it, is the very one he castigates: a neglect of difference, the denial of uniqueness. The Communist movement is different in important respects from the Abolitionist or Populist or Prohibitionist movement, and the historian who attempts to deal with it through those historical parallels is not a very sure guide to the problems it raises. To understand Oppenheimer's situation you must try to see what is unique in the man and his predicament, and the adventures of a talented Kansas bar-smasher like Carrie Nation are frivolously irrelevant to that effort.

If the reader of *The Lunatic Fringe* ends up with some doubt about the validity of the argument for innocence by historical analogy, he may go on to wonder a little about the case it makes against present conformity. Many of the activities of the men and women Johnson sketches would make little impression today simply because our society, at least in large areas, is too tolerant or too indifferent or too sophisticated to pay any attention to them. Some of Johnson's crowd, for instance, attracted attention to themselves by taking up the food fads of Dr. Sylvester Graham or the baggy nether garments for ladies of Mrs. Bloomer. But in a society that tolerates yogurt in its stomachs and bullfighter's pants on its womenfolk you have to have a good deal more ingenuity than that to make the neighbors raise their eyebrows.

In the world of ideas much the same sort of thing prevails. In economics, to take the field in which many of Johnson's figures dabbled, there are still a good many peddlers of panaceas, but they attract little attention, at least in times of prosperity. Simple twist-of-the-wrist solutions to economic problems like the single tax or free silver or Mrs. Lease's celebrated advice to farmers ("Raise less corn and more hell!")

cannot be taken very seriously because the economy is too complex and has been too thoroughly studied. This does not necessarily mean that there are no new ideas around. The Marshall Plan was as bold and original a way of meeting an economic crisis as free silver ever was, and what is more it became more than a plan.

Besides, our society has undergone a revolution in the last quarter-century that moved its center of gravity to the left. Many liberal causes have been exhausted by acceptance, with the result that much of our nonconformity now takes place on the right. This is the situation in education, for example. If vociferous dissatisfaction with the way things are is a sign of nonconformity, as Johnson assumes it is, then there is plenty of nonconformity among people who are thinking about American education, but it does not usually find its leaders among progressive educators but among those whom they would probably call reactionaries.

But I am too harsh with *The Lunatic Fringe* and its author, much of whose work I have in the past admired. Johnson is a learned and jaunty writer, high-minded and generous-spirited. His purpose in this book is admirable, but I cannot regard it as anything but unfortunate that he has tried to serve that purpose with the tired and fuzzy myths of conformity and innocence by historical analogy.

THREE HISTORICAL NOVELS

IT IS possible to look at history neither as a prediction of the future nor as a lesson for the present but as a revelation of what is constant in human experience, what is and was and ever more shall be. This is the way the gifted Latin American writer Alejo Carpentier uses the past in a brilliant little book called *The Kingdom of This World* (Knopf, \$3).

Carpentier is a poet in temperament and technique, and his book often recalls the poetry of St. John Perse. It is based on the history of Haiti in the fascinating years of Toussaint L'Overture and the Negro King Henri Christophe, but Carpentier tells no story and, except for a brief passage near the end, provides



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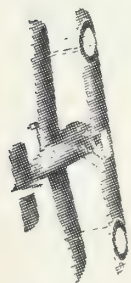
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no commentary; he simply presents a series of images and lets them speak for themselves. These images are extraordinarily colorful and voluptuous; they range from glimpses of voodoo rites to a picture of Pauline Bonaparte and her black masseur (she came to Haiti for a time as wife of its governor), from the giddy antics of once-pious ladies under threat of the plague to the terrible suffering King Henri imposed on his former fellow slaves in the building of his magnificent fortress-palace.

These images, full of the luxuriance and lust of the jungle, are played off against the cool and sweetly reasonable image of man emanating from France in the same era. Carpentier's point, of course, is that man has a good deal in his nature that is not manifest to the chill eye of the Goddess of Reason, that life is more wonderful and mysterious and terrible than her devotees can know. Hence his title: "In the Kingdom of Heaven there is no grandeur to be won, . . . there the unknown is revealed, existence is infinite, there is no possibility of sacrifice, all is rest and joy. For this reason, bowed down by suffering and duties, beautiful in the midst of his misery, capable of loving in the face of afflictions and trials, man finds his greatness, his fullest measure, only in the Kingdom of This World."

ON THE basis of her two previous books Zoé Oldenbourg enjoys a reputation as one of the leading historical novelists of the present, but whether or not her new book, *The Awakened* (Pantheon, \$4.95), can be called an historical novel raises a slight problem in definition. If we think of an historical novel as one that is set in a remote period of time, then *The Awakened* does not belong. But if we mean by an historical novel one in which public, external, historical events play an important part in the private destinies of the characters, then *The Awakened* is one, for all its characters are in one way or another the victims of history.

There are two main families in the book, one made up of White Russian emigrés from Communism and the other of German-Jewish refugees from Nazism. In each family members of the older generation have built their way of life around their

loyalty to the old culture, even though it has expelled them and even though in their sanest moments they know that now it exists only in their own memories. But for members of the younger generation it is not enough to dream their lives away in loyalty to what has vanished; they have awakened to the present, as the title indicates, and they must build their lives accordingly.

The conflict between the generations, between the old loyalties and the new necessities, is dramatized in a love affair between a boy belonging to the White Russian family and a girl belonging to the German-Jewish family. Both families are too proud to tolerate such a marriage, but the opposition of the girl's father, Dr. Lindberg, is particularly violent. He is not only a German Jew but also a Roman Catholic convert, with some peculiar ideas about the special role of converted Jews in the pattern of salvation. In the end, however, it is history in the form of the coming of the second world war that frustrates the marriage. From the conclusion of the book one might suppose that Mrs. Oldenbourg plans a sequel.

It is not easy to give a fair opinion of *The Awakened* because it is so uneven in quality. Everything that has to do with the White Russians is fascinating—their lives so untidy, both physically and emotionally, their endless pointless quarrels about how they will reconquer Russia, their pride and poverty, their pathetic effort to remain Russian, their fierce attachment to the beautiful services of the Orthodox Church. Mrs. Oldenbourg was herself brought from Leningrad to Paris as a little girl, and she writes with beautiful understanding of the emigrés. She is less successful with the Jewish refugees; Dr. Lindberg is a tiresome bore, and there is far too much of him in the book.

ROBERT GRAVES' new novel, *They Hanged My Sainly Billy* (Doubleday, \$3.95), is another of his ventures into historical fiction, but it is not one of his more impressive efforts. This time he has turned to a celebrated English murder trial of a hundred years ago, the trial of Dr. William Palmer, who was suspected of doping numerous racehorses so that they would come in late and of

THE NEW BOOKS

dosing fourteen people so that they reached the end of the course somewhat ahead of schedule.

Graves enlivens his account of Dr. Palmer's career by pretending to be a contemporary observer and by arguing that Palmer was innocent of the crime for which he was hanged. He may have been, but he was a thoroughly bad egg. After his execution his mother exclaimed, "They hanged my saintly Billy," but there she seems to have given way to the exaggeration natural to a mother's heart; Dr. Palmer was no candidate for sainthood, and neither was his mother for that matter.

The trouble with Dr. Palmer as the main character of a novel, however, is not that he was bad but that he was dull. His alleged crimes had no finesse or subtlety; his motives lacked complication (he only wanted money); there was nothing about him to win either sympathy or fascinated revulsion. He was just a coarse man whose friends and relatives had a way of dying of poison, and in Graves' opinion even that curious characteristic of his circle was accidental. The book is rich in detailed accounts of upsets of both the race and the digestive tracks.

NO COMPLAINTS

THOSE who are dismayed by the fact that so much American writing is critical of American society will be pleased to know of two recent books that are pretty well satisfied with the way things are.

One is *Life at Happy Knoll* by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, \$3.75). This is a collection of moderately entertaining letters concerning the tangled affairs of a country club, most of them written by a senior member to a former president of the club who is traveling abroad. They concern such matters as the property damaged at a coming-out party, the impossibility of enforcing legislation on the length of shorts worn by female members, the battle between the old guard and the new blood, and the ever-recurring need for additional funds. One of the most successful letters is an elaborate rationalization of why the golf pro is a genius who must be kept on at any price in spite of the fact that he has never noticeably improved the

game of any of his pupils, and another is an account of how an old Negro bartender uses the information he has picked up from members in their cups to blackmail the club into maintaining him in its employ in spite of his demonstrated incompetence. The book ends with a letter from the former president of Happy Knoll, telling how travel in Asia has convinced him that for all its faults the American country club is a great institution.

The other book that is pretty well pleased with the way things are going is Howard Swiggett's new novel, *The Durable Fire* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4). In this book the central figure is not a man but a business, a large corporation that manufactures heavy machinery for the international market, and the central problem is less personal than institutional: is the business run by gentlemen or is it run by crass opportunists with bad manners? Swiggett's answer is reassuring, at least so far as this one corporation is concerned: management is in the hands of men who sometimes make mistakes in judgment but who know good breeding when they see it.

To dramatize this point Swiggett shows a more or less young man named Stephen Lowry who returns to the United States after a considerable period of government service abroad and goes to work for the corporation. It is never demonstrated that Lowry knows anything about heavy machinery and he is capable of making a mistake that costs the company a large sum of money, but these deficiencies do not count against him because he knows how to handle himself; he has a flawless instinct for saying the right thing and, though he is sorely tried by having to associate with some rather rough types, he comes out on top in the end.

Lowry certainly does not correspond to what most of us have seen and read of American businessmen; he is the very antithesis, for instance, of a man like Secretary of Defense Wilson. He seems rather to be a thoroughly modernized version of Horatio Alger's heroes. They too, you will recall, had no particular knowledge of business, no particular skill in organization, no remarkable energy or imagination, but they were

The man who reads dictionaries



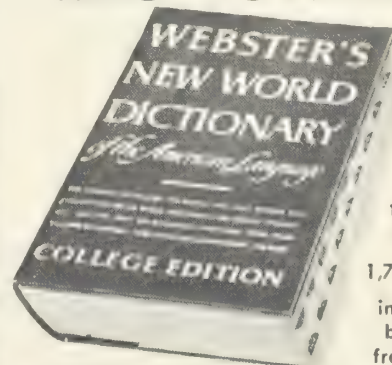
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

very good at saving the daughters of bank presidents from drowning and returning wallets lost by steel magnates. They were nice boys, it was a nice world that rewarded them so generously, and it is nice to know that there is still room in that world for Stephen Lowry. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

ONE of the quiet surprises of literature in the last few years has been the renewed vitality of English fiction. For a time after the second world war English fiction was pretty thin, but more recently there has come along a whole series of brilliant novelists—Angus Wilson, Kingsley Amis, Iris Murdoch, and Sybille Bedford, to name a few. Now another has made his first appearance in this country, an English physician who is descended from Henry Fielding and who writes under the name of Gabriel Fielding. Though he is very different from the writers just mentioned, as they are very different from one another, he shares two characteristics with the group as a whole: a fine intelligence that enables him to endow his characters with intellectual lives of their own, and a certain freedom of invention that enables him to escape the more limiting conventions of the reportorial kind of writing still prevalent in America.

Fielding's book, *In the Time of Greenbloom* (Morrow, \$4.75), tells a story that cannot be summarized without being spoiled for the reader: even to state the subject in general terms is to rob the book of one of its best twists, because the story turns out to be about something quite different from what it appears to be about for almost half its length. So it will have to be enough to say that the main character is a boy who in early adolescence undergoes a most unusual and painful and publicity-drawing kind of experience, and that the action concerns the effect of that experience on his later life.

Most writers would find such a situation an irresistible invitation to sentimentality, but by the depth and brilliance of his perception Fielding holds it in wonderfully clear focus. He externalizes the boy's psychological state in a series of striking scenes, and he surrounds him with an extraordinary group of people, espe-

cially the boy's mother (one of the few fair presentations of a religious person in fiction that I can recall) and the Greenbloom of the title. Greenbloom is not a flowering shrub as one might suppose, but the surname of a fantastic Oxford undergraduate, a rich detached Jew who meets the boy after his painful experience and helps him to recover from it. He stands, apparently, for the pure freedom that the boy must accept in order to live his life.

In the Time of Greenbloom is a novel that an intelligent adult can read with interest.

BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Outbreak of Love, by Martin Boyd

In 1913, in Melbourne, Australia, a way of life among people whose social activities centered around Government House was being tested in a score of ways. Especially was it being tested vis-à-vis the new, vital, and defensive Australian nationalist point of view which was beginning to demand its own culture, wanting nothing of Europe. But this is a novel of manners of the gayest, wittiest, most satisfyingly romantic sort and can't be described in abstractions. The people are real and snobbish, or real and delightful or both. For instance: A known nothing young aide-de-camp is contemplating marrying an extremely cultivated—but Australian—girl: "He had hesitated, partly because he saw so little evidence that her father's income was as large as he had been told, and partly because of Anthea's conversation. Her manner was adequately brutal, and would pass amongst the fox-hunting young women in Yorkshire, to whom he was accustomed, but it was marred by flashes of wit which puzzled him, and by an awareness of the splendid tradition of Western culture from which . . . she could not free herself and which he was sure his country friends would think ill-bred. . . . She

BOOKS IN BRIEF

was all right in the hunting field as long as she did not mention Montesquieu. . . ." These are people whose way of life, like life nearly everywhere else, was doomed by the outbreak of war. But one is given to feel that the integrity of the good people in it will last while the world goes round. Hence "Outbreak of Love." A charming book.

Reynal, \$3.50

The Wonderful O, by James Thurber. Illustrated by Marc Simont.

The chaos—or chas—that comes to an island when a couple of treasure-hunting pirates sail in and abolish everything that contains the letter O, makes the loveliest and liveliest of parables. The book tells, in prose that lapses into rhymed couplets and in nonsense that is the greatest sense, of the direful things that can happen when an arbitrary rule is imposed and interpreted by Law. But the Dire is overridden by the Delightful; love, honor, valor, clocks, and crocodiles are brought back from banishment and the end is a real Surprise. Mr. Simont's illustrations are perfection. Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

Far to Go, by Mary Louise Aswell.

A touching and exciting "novel of suspense" about two kidnappings in the same small Pennsylvania community thirty years apart. Both children, when spirited away, are three years old, and the contemporary kidnaping takes place on Halloween when the boy, dressed as a little clown, is making the trick-or-treat rounds with older children. The intertwining of the two cases and the psychotic overtones make for special, delightfully hair-raising apprehension; the people involved in trying to solve the case are real, familiar, neighborly types; and the excitement lasts till the very last page.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50

Houseful of Love, by Marjorie Housepian.

A novel told through sketches of life in the Armenian section of New York in the 'twenties, just before the depression. The sketches are loosely woven together around a monumental character, Levon Dai, who never actually appears on the scene (he has made his fortune in Iowa)

until the very last, but he dominates the book both as an energetic Armenian immigrant who made his way and as a dynamic character anywhere. All the people in it for that matter—the young girl narrator, her Uncle Pousant who runs a restaurant, her father the doctor, her ninety-seven-year-old grandmother—are lively, real, amusing, and lovable. And one finishes the book saturated in the Armenian décor and idiom and the delicious smells of the Armenian cooking described on nearly every page.

Random House, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

The Price of Power: America Since 1945, by Herbert Agar.

In this sharp, witty, and critical appraisal of American politics since the war, Mr. Agar is at his pamphleteering best. The book is a volume in the Chicago History of American Civilization and it is history with an edge and a bite. The author telescopes the last twelve years: the Truman Administration; Yalta and Potsdam; the "Do Nothing Congress" which he shows did quite a lot after all, especially in foreign affairs; Hiss, Chiang, Fuchs, and the Bomb; MacArthur, Korea, McCarthy; the election of Eisenhower; "Peace" and Eisenhower as a popular Whig President refusing to assume the power that is there for the taking. The book is a small masterpiece of selection and compression in which he shows clearly that not only Eisenhower but the country as a whole, having once assumed positions of power, are now committed to using it, no matter what the cost. He sums it up: "Yet the best we can hope for is another [decade] just as difficult, since the alternative is a nice clean planet with no people on it." A challenging book that is a pleasure to read.

Chicago University, \$3.50

The Taxis of the Marne, by Jean Dutourd.

In a series of short essays the author of *A Dog's Head* and *The Best Butter* writes—in terms of his own experience—what has happened to the spirit of France since 1914 when the Germans were turned back at the Marne by an army which

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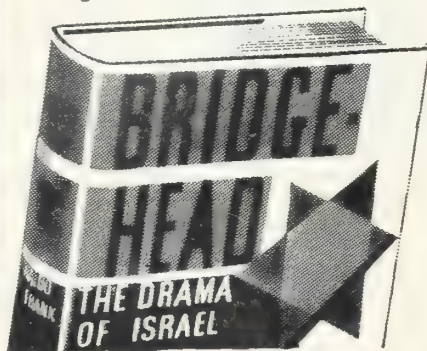
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

reached the battlefield thanks to Paris taxicabs, much as the British army at Dunkirk was saved by small private boats. Deploring, in contrast, the French attitude of 1939 and 1940—including his own—he deplores the present even more: "The France of 1956 is a weak and divided country. . . . France now affects a detestable manner: the artistic manner—that is to say the manner of the bad artist, the eternal Bohemian." His book is "calling with all its will for a little seriousness and a little glory, hating with all its force the frivolous anarchy of its country and its times." A book furiously attacked and furiously acclaimed in France, it will have its enemies and admirers (I am one) here too.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

In the Court of Public Opinion,
by Alger Hiss.

This is not an easy book, though it is clearly and succinctly written. It is not all the testimony of the hearings and the two trials; but it is a great deal of it, this time presented and summarized by the man and lawyer most concerned—the Harvard Law School graduate, ex-State Department official, and at the time of his trial, President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace—the accused himself. It still requires nearly jury-like attention to keep the complicated facts in order, and the book will perhaps not change many minds since it will probably only be read carefully by those who are already familiar with the evidence and have their own passionate convictions about the case. But at least here is the story—told incidentally, with much less passion than his enemies or his partisans use—of the trials, their background, and their outcome, by the man who served sentence because of them. Though the book takes concentration and time no one will find it dull or unimportant to our times.

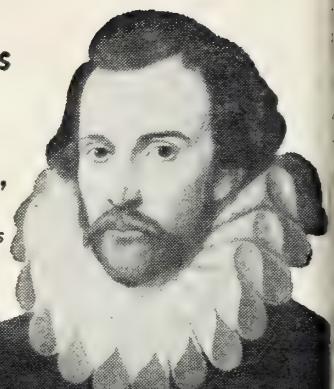
Knopf, \$5

Drama in Diamonds, by Dennis B. Craig and Brian Parkes.

The subtitle of this real-life mystery is "The Full Story of the Amazing Oppenheimer Jewel Theft" and it reads along in about that greatest-show-on-earth vein to tell a very good yarn. The Oppenheims

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

f Johannesburg, South Africa, own one of the largest mining fortunes in the world. "Because of their wealth," the authors tell us, "Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheimer find it difficult to make many real or intimate friends for themselves. They both do their best to ignore this social barrier which has been built up around them through no fault of their own." But after a party one night in December 1955 the unhappy Mrs. Oppenheimer came back to her home to find that she had been robbed of \$596,400 worth of jewels. "I'm now left with about as much jewelry as the average city typist," she said the next day, though wearing at the time a pearl necklace on which "any office girl would have been able to 'do' the continent." This is the story of how almost all of the jewelry was recovered; how the underworld collaborated in explaining how the theft was accomplished; and how in the end no one was convicted. An interesting crime story to which one has to supply one's own conclusion.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50

Special Books for Summer

The Outdoor Encyclopedia, edited by Ted Kesting.

Mr. Kesting is editor of *Sports Illustrated* and in this large but succinct volume he has collected articles on everything (to list a few topics) from archery and boating, through camping, cooking, fishing, mountain climbing, nature, outdoor equipment, photography, right down to weather and winter sports. An excellent book for the outdoor enthusiast, liberally illustrated with photographs and charts.

Barnes, \$7.50

The Rainbow Book of Nature, by Donald Culross Peattie. Illustrated by Rudolf Freund.

Strictly speaking, this is a book for children, but it is billed for "ages ten up" and I defy any adult who gets his hands on it to let it alone. It is history, nature, biography (of naturalists and discoverers) all in simple but quietly lyrical prose, and the illustrations (more than 250 of them) are as decorative as they are informative. Take the tree-frog. Mr. Peattie says: "The first music of the year, too, comes from the pond—the

thin, high *creak-croak* of the many spring peepers and swamp tree-frogs. It is a sound both lonely and sociable, contented and full of nameless sadness, a song that swells the singer's throat till it is nearly the size of his little frog body." . . . Do you know what animals have the longest life span? Whales? Elephants? (Neither.) What animal goes its whole life without a drink of water? Well, you see what's ahead for you and/or the children.

World, \$4.95

FORECAST

Veteran Novelists

The Book-of-the-Month choice for August is *Voss*, an historical novel about Australia in the 1850s, by Patrick White, author of *The Tree of Man*. Viking will publish it in July. . . . On August 12 Little, Brown will be beating the drums for *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, a semi-autobiographical novel describing "a brief bout of hallucination" by Evelyn Waugh. It is described as "hilarious" and likely to cause as much stir as *The Loved One*. . . . *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*, Max Shulman's new novel which Doubleday will publish on August 15, has already been sold to Twentieth Century-Fox, which is a nice start for any book; and on August 21 Harper will launch Margaret Culkin Banning's new Catholic novel, *The Convert*. . . . Those who like a novel they can live with for a nice long time, can look forward to *Atlas Shrugged* which Random House says is 1,000 pages long. It is by Ayn Rand, author of the best-selling *The Fountainhead*, and will appear sometime in the fall. Enthusiasts should set aside a good glop of time. Even later, sometime early in 1958, Houghton Mifflin will bring out Anya Seton's *The Winthrop Woman*, a story of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony by the author of the best-selling *Katherine*. (It sold 50,000 copies in 1954.)

Frost

As we go to press Robert Frost is in England making a lecture and poetry-reading tour at the suggestion of the State Department. Sometime in the winter Holt will publish a still untitled book of his new poems.

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THE RARE RECORDED CONCERT

Do your records "bring the concert stage right into your living-room" or "place you in the very best seat in the hall"? The ads still say so but in actual fact most record buyers have but a hazy idea of concert conditions—they don't go to concerts often—and they understand, in any case, that recorded music is now on its own and pretty far removed from any sort of concertizing. Removed in the recording process itself, which has taken on much of the piecemeal assembly technique of the movies, and removed in the listening, which now takes place in an atmosphere utterly unlike the concert hall.

Records, indeed, are deliberately made timeless and spaceless, purposefully detached from any particular place or occasion, the better to allow you to visualize your own. More likely, you will dispense with all such complicated imagery in favor of a simple musical abstraction, direct from performers to listener—no concert hall involved. Sometimes it is straight from the *composer* to the listener—since we must also imagine, perforce, that useful individual, the musician who does the playing! On records, even he can become shadowy, a semi-transparent medium, agent of the composer's wish. All of which is very good for musical understanding, though musicians understandably do not relish the thought.

To point the contrast, then, here are a few of the rare recordings actually made at a concert, before an audience. Even so, they are edited, altered after the fact; but the music is actual concert music. It still has an occasional place on our records—when the recording luck has been good. Nine times out of ten it isn't.

Dinu Lipatti—His Last Recital (Besaccon, Sept. 1950). Angel 3556B (2) boxed.

Sometimes the concert-made recording has a poignant validity. Like the "Farewell" Carnegie Hall recording of Simon Barère, this album preserves the artist in action before an audience, substituting the perceptible tension and dedication of an actual performance for the poise and greater accuracy of a recording session that could never take place.

Lipatti achieved an extraordinary following for such a young pianist. He was

revered by audiences with a passionate devotion of the sort usually reserved for elder statesmen of the art. I once got myself into a hornet's nest by criticizing his Schumann Piano Concerto, before I was aware of his fame. And in truth, the evidence in this recording shows him, even in illness, to be one of those rare masters of pianistic stage art, a fabulous technician but also a piano-actor with a dramatic flair for projecting the familiar piano stage repertory, notably of Chopin.

I suggest that here is part of the clue to the Lipatti fame. He was a sort of reincarnation of the grand old-style pianists of the past—from Paderewski to Harold Bauer. His style of playing, modern in strength, was nevertheless of an old and grand tradition scarcely known among younger pianists. Not only in repertory but in the manner of playing, even in the concert atmosphere—for Lipatti clung to such nostalgic touches from the past as the brief improvisation of a few chords before each group of works, to set the key and mood. This in our day of 12-tone jazz!

The outstanding performance here is the collection of Chopin waltzes—all but one, which he had not the strength to finish. The Bach Partita is played musically, in the old wholly pianistic manner (without a trace of harpsichord), à la Harold Samuel or even Dame Myra Hess. The Mozart D Minor Sonata is superbly tailored, small but not too small, impeccable in technique and phrasing but strong. For my ear it's the best thing on the program.

Audience interference is minimum. Audience response, perfervid in the original, is held down to a quick burst of applause at the end of each major section (where it interrupts the final notes of the music), quickly faded away. The effect is oddly anticlimactic—for one feels, quite irrationally, that if there is to be applause on this memorable occasion, it should be long and loud, even via LP! Thus the contradictions of the recorded art.

Imgard Seefried in Person. Erik Werba, pf. Decca DL 9809.

This extraordinarily beautiful recital is put together on LP from four separate concert recordings taken down in vari-

ous parts of Germany, a new trick of editing that is remarkably successful in that there is no noticeable identification of the separate occasions as though the recital were a single concert—yet the feeling of audience presence and the reaction between performers and listener is wonderfully well projected.

But it is the music, the superb performance of Seefried, that makes this a fabulous record. Her Schubert and Brahms, to begin with, are out of this world, as fine as anything of Lehmann and as well styled, though both lighter and more accurate in detail. It's the more remarkable, then, to come to Mussorgsky's poignant "Nursery Songs" with their recitative-like drama and find that Seefried, though singing in German, has an exciting mastery of this utterly different style. A group of Bartók songs ("Village Scenes") is merely another splendid display of this singer's dramatic sense of musical occasion and her incredibly pure musicianship. A further group by Hugo Wolf—no odds and ends in this concert—shows us again her remarkable ear for the complex and tricky Wolf harmonies and brings us back to Germany, for an appropriate and brilliant ending with Richard Strauss. What a concert! The whole art of the lied is summed up in it.

Applause here is loud and generously prolonged, though the original time sequences have been unobtrusively tightened for LP efficiency. A better idea, this, than the too-quickly-faded LP applause that saves space at the expense of concert drama.

The piano of Erik Werba is a fine musical complement to Seefried's singing throughout, and the recorded sound could not better project the sense of a concert stage combined with close-up recorded clarity.

Mahler: Symphony #6 ("Tragic"). Rotterdam Philharmonic, Flipse. Epic SC 6012 (2).

This is a remarkable example of a concert recording that came out well in just about every respect, against all probabilities. It was made, before an audience, at the Holland Festival. There are a few faint coughs (softened by tape editing, no doubt) to remind us of the people but applause is entirely absent—could it have been prearranged that no one should interrupt the music?—and to all intents and purposes the work is a straight recording, out of the usual recording session.

But there is, in this lucky take, the additional sense of purpose and intensity that can come only from a dedicated performance, to an audience expecting it. This is as fine Mahler playing as I've ever heard, famous-names or no. It is personal, stark, "speaking," ominous, songful, ecstatic, an overwhelmingly

direct emotional expression as only Mahler's huge orchestra can do it.

Finally, the recording is a hi-fi man's dream, in large-orchestra terms. Huge bass, transparent and clean highs, a grand sense of breadth and bigness.

In fact the only trouble at all is familiar enough in Mahler. It's much too long!

Jüssi Bjoerling Sings at Carnegie Hall. RCA Victor LM 2003.

Throw this one in as a faithful reflection of hundreds of concerts to wildly enthusiastic audiences that this indefatigable tenor sings the world over every year. I heard Jüssi last summer, outdoors, in his native Sweden: there the yells of delight came when he lapsed into national songs in Swedish. On this disc it is obviously the Italian opera aria material, on side 2, that the audience wants: RCA has left enough of the applause to make this plenty clear.

A good concert sense is conveyed. Jüssi even announces his own encore material, to even more applause. The singing is sturdily magnificent, but the huzzas and bravos are likely to annoy any listener who likes to have his own opinions in his own home. Especially on the third or fourth playing!

The Weavers at Carnegie Hall. (Pete Seeger, Ronnie Gilbert, Lee Hays, Fred Hellerman.) Vanguard VRS 9010.

All sorts of things go on in Carnegie Hall these days; this was taken at a concert in the new style—no printed program, no written music, lots of ad-lib harmony, and even a bit of audience participation. (There was clearly no program because, time after time, the audience sweeps into clapping as it recognizes the first line or so of a tune—and nobody writes down the sort of fluent banjo-guitar accompaniment that Pete Seeger and Fred Hellerman purvey.)

The Weavers are big-time music now, juke-box regulars. As such, their style is remarkably pure, their songs still of the best. To be sure, these are jazz-manner arrangements, the precision vocal harmonizing, the harmonies worked out and co-ordinated ahead of time. There is a slick finish that is something more than mere folk technique; the singing, still rough and twangy and countrified, has a surge and an edge that is wholly professional. The Weavers will never be "collected" in the field! Just the same, their members clearly have such an intimate knowledge of the country stuff in its many manifestations that they do not degrade the original or distort its

homey intent, either. This is surely a good example of folk art on the way to becoming concert music.

Tunes vary from "Darling Cory," "The Rock Island Line," "Hush Little Baby," to the synthetic "Sixteen Tons" of recent fame and "Greensleeves," of more ancient renown; and they include numerous international items from various cultures, all of course adapted to the American Way, with gusto. No need for printed texts—you can hear the words. Applause included.

Hi-Fi in the Making—Boult Rehearses and Performs Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." Philharmonic Promenade Orch., Boult; Kurt List. Westminster XWN 18372.

A positively frightening documentation of the new art of hi-fi recording, poles and poles away from the direct concert pickup, this LP takes us onto a sound-track of a portion of a recording rehearsal where Dr. Kurt List, Westminster's musical director, tells Sir Adrian Boult, measure for measure, exactly where the hi-fi effect through the control-room loudspeakers is not yet right.

Presumably Sir Adrian has already shaped up his orchestra into the musical form he wants; this is a second session devoted to hi-fi. Dr. List does all the talking; Sir A. simply says yes, quite, and obliges with the required adjustments. Bassoon much too loud here, snares not coming through there, second oboe not strong enough—at one point Dr. L. flatly tells the tympanist he's out of tune, right in front of the conductor.

Now do we have here a new dual conductorship that, for the recorded medium at least, is legitimate? Dr. List, going to an extreme, poses the question very neatly, but we can't dodge the fact that, these days, *somebody* must be in charge of relations between hi-fi

and music, and it's not going to be the conductor himself.

It's a coincidence, I expect, that this performance of the "Young People's Guide" (side 2) is somewhat slack and uninteresting, though the sound is excellent of its hi-fi type, the instruments as it were hung in space at various distances without much hall-sense. If it's *not* a coincidence, then the problem still remains: how do we get both music and hi-fi out of an orchestra at once? It all depends, I guess.

Bach: Brandenburg Concerti #1, #2, #4. Boyd Neel Orch., Ltd., Neel. Unicorn UN LP 1040.

Bach: Brandenburg Concerti #3, #5, #6. Boyd Neel Orch., Ltd., Neel. Unicorn UN LP 1041.

This is the most solid and reliable set of Brandenburgs to date—by which I mean that the performance is not only consistently and carefully set forth but the interpretations are conservative-modern, without eccentricities, the tempi wholly reasonable, not too fast or too slow, the texture neither over-heavy nor too light.

Here, I'd suggest, is the coming-together of the old extremes in Brandenburgs, the large-orchestra symphonic school of thought, once represented so well by Leopold Stokowski, Koussevitzky *et al.*, and the new "authentic" approach, with Old Instruments and a tiny chamber group. The playing group is small here, but—again—solidly recorded and orchestral enough for any big-minded ear. The featured solo instruments are reasonably authentic, too, notably in the superb harpsichord playing of George Malcolm and the high trumpet of Bram Gay. No recorders—the alternative standard flutes are used in Concerto #4.

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Purcell: Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day, 1692. Ambrosian Singers, Kalmar Ch. Orch. of London, Alfred Deller *et al.*, Michael Tippett. Vanguard BG 559.

Vivaldi: Concerto in C for Two Flutes (recorders); **Telemann: Concerti in A mi., B Flat, for Two Flutes** (recorders). Vienna Philharmonica, Anger. **Haydn: Concerto for Flute.** Scheck-Wenzinger Ch. Group. Urania UR 8005

Haydn: Piano Sonatas, vol. I (#6 in G, #50 in C, #37 in D). Nadia Reisenberg. Westminster XWN 18357.

Cast the First Stone (Documentary case history of a Prostitute). Judge John M. Murtagh, Sara Harris. (See book of same title.) Dolphin I.

Hi-Fi Hi-Jinks with Strauss (Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, etc. by Josef and Joh. Jr.). Vienna State Opera, Paulik. Vanguard SRV 104.

Menotti: The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore. Madrigal-Fable for Chorus, Ten Dancers, and Nine Instruments. Ensemble conducted by Thomas Schippers. Angel 35137 (boxed).

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THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC

How Deadly Will it Be? What Is Causing It? What Can We Do about It?

Dr. David D. Rutstein

Why White Collar Workers Can't Be Organized

Anonymous

Russia's Pampered Youths

Richard A. Gregg

The New Philosophy Comes to Life

Peter F. Drucker



NINETY POUNDS OF WET PAPER by Leonard K. Adler

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TELEPHONE MAN BOB CROUSHORE, right, stops at farm of John Rathgeb to discuss the entry of this Jersey heifer, Wood-Knoll Stillwater Queen, in livestock show at the Harrold Community Fair, near Greensburg, Pa. Bob is a director of the fair.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

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Greensburg's community life. He is a charter member and president of the fire department, a deacon in his church, and a member of the Greensburg Lions Club. And his friends in the farm areas made him a director of the fair.

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AUGUST 1957



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LETTERS

Invisible Sell

TO THE EDITORS:

Robert Heilbroner's otherwise excellent piece ["Public Relations—the Invisible Sell," June] misses the big point about PR's function. . . . PR spreads and stories are not intended, I believe, to peddle the product. The real function . . . is to bring a person or thing into the specific competitive area in which the client functions. If John Smith, president of Company X, gets a cover story in *Newsweek*, or Nancy Smith, budding actress, gets a mention in Lyons' or Winchell's column, it's not important whether five million people read it or not. It's important for Company X's competition, or casting directors and producers to see it. . . .

Most public relations is like sky-writing—dramatic and expensive and then a wind comes along and it's forgotten. Anyone who knows his public relations will tell you that a good story on the *Times* financial page is worth far more to a company than a good story on a news page. Public relations should mean creating status among your equals. Anything else looks good in a scrapbook, but that's all it is—scrap.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN
New York, N. Y.

I am sure every public relations man who read Mr. Heilbroner's article would agree unanimously with one of his conclusions: "We live in a noisy society; one in which everyone talks and few say anything."

H. WALTON CLOKE
Washington, D. C.

As the president of the Western Massachusetts Package Stores Association noted to John C. Parker, the architect who specializes in designing Colonial homes, as they left the luncheon meeting of the Van Norman Industries, Inc. in the Hotel Sheraton-Kimball, en route to the baseball game between American International College and Springfield College behind the Bay State Rehabilitation Center, where Miss Eastern States Exposition of 1957 was visiting a patient, "I think that Heilbroner fellow was exaggerating when he wrote about public relations men trying to sneak their clients' names into print."

JOSEPH NAPOLITAN
Springfield, Mass.

The section [of the Heilbroner article] entitled "Where the Doubt Begins" does not give the full facts.

In 1947 the American Association for the United Nations engaged in an experiment in public education in Cincinnati. . . . Public opinion was tested as to information and attitudes on the UN, an intensive education campaign followed, and public opinion was tested after the education campaign.

Our goal was to find out what types of techniques were most effective in education about the United Nations; *not* to try a mass public relations job. Thus Mr. Heilbroner's sentence, "In a word the campaign was a gigantic frost," is inaccurate.

We were most anxious to find out better ways to help people know more about the United Nations. We learned a great deal from the experiment in Cincinnati.

ESTELLE LINZER
American Assoc. for the UN
New York, N. Y.

Public relations may be invisible to Mr. Heilbroner, but to newspapermen it is all too visible. . . .

There is no wrath—and consequent loss of sympathy—like the wrath of a reporter who works his way to the source of a story, the company president, and is blandly told by the executive to "see the public relations department."

PAUL B. BEERS
Harrisburg, Pa.

. . . I found [the article] a graphic and fair survey of the public relations field in Mr. Heilbroner's highly readable style.

However I would like to comment on several statements in the interests of accuracy.

Mr. Heilbroner implies Paul Garrett was the first PR man to work for General Motors and that General Motors started becoming aware of public relations about the time he was employed in 1931. As a matter of fact, Carl Ackerman, who had conducted his own public relations office from 1921-27, was Assistant to the President of General Motors in 1930-31 . . . in charge of public relations.

Heilbroner says, "Go through the catalogues of the universities twenty years back, and you search for a course on public relations in vain." A survey made by this organization in 1937 . . . [shows] courses in public relations were being given at Bucknell, College of the City of New York, and the University of Southern California, and many of the

other courses covered the subject under different names. I myself gave the first public relations course at any American university at New York University in 1923.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS
New York, N. Y.

"The Invisible Sell" comes close to defining a profession which all but defies definition—even (or perhaps especially) by those of us most closely connected with it.

A pertinent addendum might be a statement by Dan J. Forrestal, manager of public relations for Monsanto Chemical and current president of the Public Relations Society of America, in a recent speech in Dallas. He pointed out that PR has managed to develop an ethical code in the space of a few decades, whereas standards of the medical and legal professions, for example, were many centuries in evolving. . . .

PAUL L. DENTON
Witherspoon & Assoc.
Dallas, Tex.

How to Grow Genius

TO THE EDITORS:

Re "Can We Grow Geniuses in Science?" [June], or, for that matter, in any field other than perhaps Showmanship and Salesmanship. No, we can't. But not for any of the reasons suggested by Lancelot Law Whyte.

It isn't a production problem. It isn't a matter of posting signs on bulletin boards. Genius is natural born, not manufactured; it grows in its own way, like Topsy, without regard for all the rules and regulations so necessary for the "other-directed" folk; and it is permanently self-inspired without having to be notified by bulletin boards. It knows what the big problems are from babyhood, in its blood, bones, and entrails. . . .

JACK M. WEBSTER
Fort Worth, Tex.

Congratulations on your choice of a writer to explore the development of genius problem. Your choice has once again validated that old saying, "Set a thief to catch a thief." . . .

WILLIAM E. HAWK, JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

Not-so-mysterious Island

TO THE EDITORS:

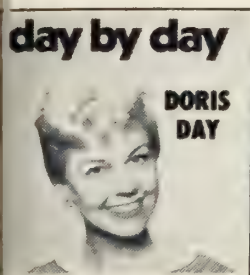
I am a Catholic priest with some experience among Puerto Ricans on the island and in the states. I do not think your explanation ["The Editor's Easy Chair," June] of the Puerto Rican Catholics' attitude to birth control is the correct one.

FREE... ANY 3

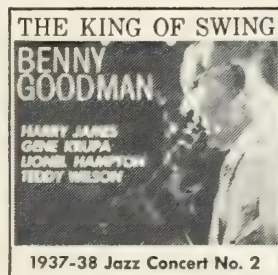
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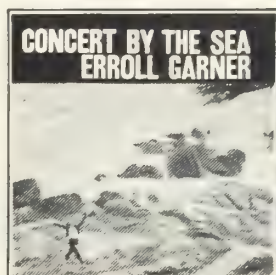
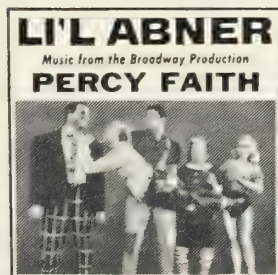
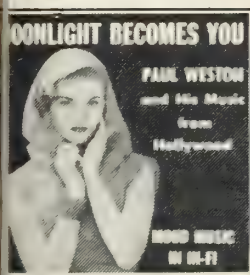
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





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

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
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LETTERS

Puerto Rico is simply not the "overwhelmingly Catholic country" you assume it is. Only a small percentage of the people are practicing Catholics. The vast majority, because of lack of training and instruction, "don't seem to pay much attention to the hierarchy" in anything: they do not attend Sunday Mass, observe Friday abstinence, make their Easter communion. It should not, therefore, be a "minor mystery" that they disregard the Church's teaching on sex.

The difference between Massachusetts and Puerto Rico, then, is not one between Irish and Latin; it is between a place with one priest for every 800 people, and one with one priest for every 6,500 people. REV. JOHN P. BOLAND
Philadelphia, Pa.

Teachers as People

TO THE EDITORS:

Speaking from three years of teaching experience, it is my opinion that Sally Carrighar's students ["Murder in the Schoolroom," June] pulled the wool over her eyes.

Kids can do this, especially to the naïve. Miss Carrighar got them started, and when they saw she was lapping it up, they poured it on.

I read the article to one of my eleventh-grade English classes, and they had a laugh on Miss Carrighar too. We agreed it is preposterous to believe that none of these exceptional children had ever been praised by a teacher except after three years had gone by or on the last day of school, and then only in private. We also believe it is preposterous to believe the generalization that children don't accept teachers as people.

THEODORE LABRENZ
Los Angeles, Calif.

If Miss Carrighar had met her pupils five days a week for forty weeks instead of one day a week for eight, it is conceivable they would have had a subconscious desire to murder her too. If she had tried to teach them some of the essentials they don't like—which other English teachers *must* teach—she might have detected signs of rebellious dislike for her. . . .

If Miss Carrighar had spent her evenings and weekends correcting themes instead of teaching her pupils the theory of writing, she might not have presented such an attractive front in the school room. In fact, she might have wondered if she really were a human being at all.

Isn't it about time we dispelled some of this illusion about the "stark, honest viewpoint" of the young? If the child's judgment is so honest, why does he rush shrieking down the aisles at the sight and sound of an Elvis Presley? . . .

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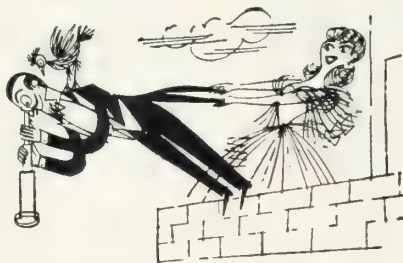
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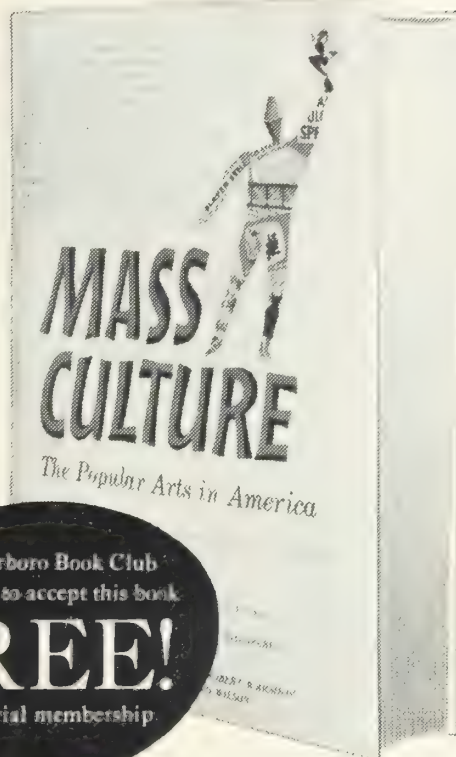
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The child's desire to murder his parents and teachers must not be taken too seriously. It is the natural reaction of the balky colt to its trainer.

ALICE GOOD FARNSWORTH
North San Juan, Calif.

Where, oh where, did Miss Carrighar's youngsters find these faceless monstrosities, these zombies they say have been their teachers? I have taught for forty years in four schools, in four different parts of New York State—villages, a small city, a large one. I have known well hundreds of teachers . . . and never among them have I encountered one who did not praise, who did not "tell what she thought"—far too frequently in the opinion of many pupils. I fear—who was "not people." We have plenty of faults, but those three are definitely not among them! . . .

JOSEPHINE P. HOWSE
N. Y. State English Council
Buffalo, N. Y.

[The article] brought back a memory over thirty years old. One summer . . . I squired a twenty-six-year-old principal attending summer school to social gatherings. At least in her summer mood she was a good companion to a sixteen-year-old boy.

I remember asking her earnestly why teachers couldn't be people. Her answer was that discipline would be impossible if the students ever found out that the teacher was just another human being. She said children weren't "people" in school either, but were pupils, and the learning process would be sabotaged if a teacher acknowledged the existence of children as anything else but pupils.

In high school it was my privilege to have three teachers who were "people" and very fine people indeed. I will be forever indebted to them. Judging from my children's experience, such teachers are rarely found, even today.

This article should be required reading for every teacher and every student of teaching. . . .

DON MARTY
Sacramento, Calif.

... Miss Carrighar's article reveals shocking lack of knowledge about pre-adolescence; particularly the ways in which pre-adolescent boys deal with and feel about female authority figures. . . .

IRA J. GORDON
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Love that Apple

TO THE EDITORS:

When Hugh G. Foster ["The Tyranny of the Tomato," June] libels this tastiest

and most versatile vegetable, he must be, he *has* to be referring to something other than the real tomato.

Perhaps Mr. Foster never ate a real tomato. Maybe his experiences have been with that imitation fruit found more often than not in the supermarkets.

These are not tomatoes. Not ripe tomatoes, that is. These are market tomatoes, pulled from the nourishing vine while still quite green. . . . Of course there isn't any flavor in a green tomato, and a green-pulled tomato is still a green tomato when the shopper buys it, though by that time it may be a pleasing red. Green can turn to red in the tomato world, and does, but green can't turn to ripe except on the vine. . . .

The true tomato—that is something else. The privileged few, possessed of green thumbs, favorable climate, good soil, and plenty of time for horticulture grow their own. The rest of us must depend on country cousins or that rare peddler or store that sells, in season, the real vine-ripened tomato.

The treat is worth waiting for, Mr. Foster, and you should try it some time. Just for a starter, peel your tomatoes slice thickly, salt lightly, then refrigerate for a while before serving. . . .

W. R. McALISTER
Anahuac, Tex.

Mr. Foster went to Gloucester
To seek puritanical food.
But he found that tomatoes had
conquered potatoes—
Such taste is exceedingly crude!

So Mr. Foster departed from Gloucester
To seek a culture more pure.
This is all very well, Mr. F., but
pray tell—

A hangover how do *You* cure?

HELEN R. SMITH
San Antonio, Tex.

Recognizing Red China

TO THE EDITORS:

I have lived much of my life on the China mainland and most of the past five years in Formosa. I am the author of *Formosa Beachhead*. . . .

I was amazed to find *Harper's* lending itself to the new "Maoist line" which has replaced the worn-out record of the Chinese "agrarian reformers." As before, intellectuals are flattered into writing with apparent authority on a subject with which they have no first-hand information. So we have "A Better Way to Deal with China," by George Steiner [June].

The refusal to deal at all with Red China, Mr. Steiner says, "reflects the emotions of most Americans." Actually



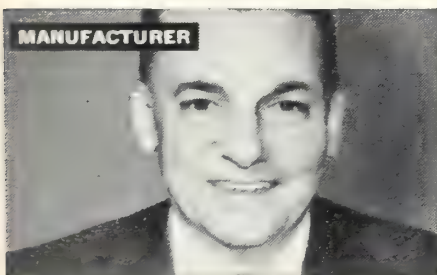
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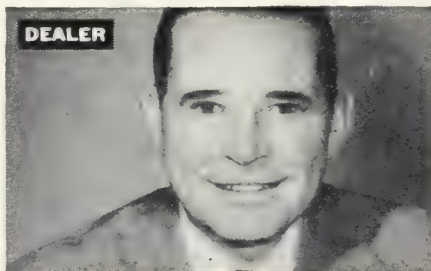
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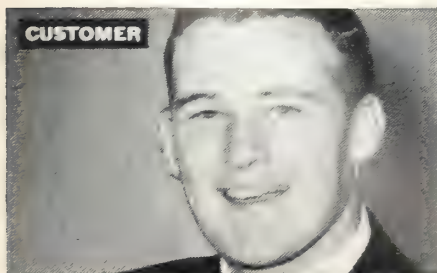
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LETTERS

it reflects the clear-eyed opinion of (1) the Congress of the United States in seven resolutions; (2) the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and many local chambers; (3) the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Legion, other veterans' organizations, men's service clubs, etc.; (4) the AFL-CIO unanimously; (5) Secretary of State Dulles, Vice President Nixon, and President Eisenhower himself. . . .

Any talk about driving a wedge between Soviet Russia and China is wishful thinking. The Sino-Soviet Friendship Treaty makes it impossible for Mao to be a Tito, dependence on Russia for military supplies ties him hand and foot, and the record shows he has never deviated one iota from *known* Kremlin policies. . . .

That Red China will win in disputed territory by (forced) settlement of nationals there, is more wishful thinking. Russian hegemony is already established in Sinkiang, and recently recognized in Manchuria, without which China's industrialization cannot succeed.

. . . Mr. Steiner seems to know what the Chinese Communists "feel," "think," "expect," even what is "uppermost in the Chinese mind." With such clairvoyance will he please tell Americans why it is to our interest to build up another present and/or potential enemy, as we did Russia and Japan. . . ?

GERALDINE FITCH
Hague, N. Y.

In regard to Mrs. Fitch's fourth paragraph, Nikita S. Khrushchev, in his CBS television interview in June, confirmed the existence of a basic doctrinal dispute between Moscow and Peiping when he denied that the "contradictions" between leaders and the people, which Mao Tse-tung had said were possible in Communist societies, existed in the Soviet Union.

In regard to her last paragraph, Mr. Steiner by no means suggested that we should "build up another present and/or potential enemy." On the contrary, he stated specifically and emphatically, on page 39 of his article, that it is not in our interest to build up Chinese industry and war potential.

—The Editors

Your article by George Steiner is very fine, and I think its publication does a great service to the American people. I lived in China from 1909 to 1934 and I have in the past four or five years written to a few Congressmen from time to time emphasizing the harm we do ourselves by a policy which cements China and Russia closer together. . . .

PERCY T. WATSON, M. D.
Miami, Fla.

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John Fischer

the editor's EASY CHAIR

George Villiers and Other Studs

A DREADFUL book has recently been published in England. God grant that it may never be published here.

It masquerades under an innocent-sounding title: *Uncommon People*. Its author, Paul Bloomfield, purports to be a decent citizen, with a negative Wasserman test and no record of subversive activity. Its subject looks harmless; it is advertised as the story of George Villiers, who died 350 years ago, and the history of his descendants and those of five other respectable Englishmen. The unwary might mistake it for another of those tedious volumes of genealogy which are read by old ladies in Boston and Richmond.

Actually it oozes poison of high virulence. Nothing Marx or Lenin ever wrote poses such a sneaky threat to the American Way of Life. Their ham-handed arguments can be immediately recognized, by most Americans, as preposterous; but Bloomfield's are so plausible and seductive that it is doubtful that even the Daughters of the American Revolution could hold out against them. (The Daughters may, in fact, be especially susceptible to his evil whisperings.)

So if the Bloomfield Heresy were widely circulated in this country it might, in time, undermine our political institutions, our habits of courtship and marriage, our school system, and the whole tone of our social life. We can feel safe only if the customs officers do their duty with relentless efficiency, burning every copy of this book they may discover in the luggage of smugglers and returning tourists.

Bloomfield opens his work with a deceptively simple tale. He tells how Sir George Villiers lived through the reign of Queen Elizabeth I in comfortable obscurity, marrying twice and raising nine children. In his lifetime no

one remarked him as exceptional. Yet, as the story of his family unravels through the centuries, it becomes plain that this farmer was one of the most exceptional men who ever lived. He may, indeed, have been the all-time champion sire—a sort of human Man-O-War.

For his stud-book record is thick with genius. Villiers' descendants—legitimate or otherwise—have run the affairs of England for much of the last three hundred years. Of those now living, the best known are Sir Winston Churchill and Queen Elizabeth II, but they are by no means unique. Other members of the clan—the great Duke of Marlborough, for example, and the two Pitts—saved England in their times of crisis just as brilliantly as Churchill did in his. Whenever the island is in mortal peril, an offspring of Villiers seems to turn up at the head of the government, or the armies, or both; and he wins. (Unlike most Englishmen, these people are not good losers; they like to win, and make a habit of it.)

They also make a habit of running the kingdom, in peacetime as well as in war. Ever since Sir George's day there has hardly been a cabinet—except during the Labor governments—which did not contain at least one of them. They collect responsibilities, honors, and titles the way a blue serge suit collects lint, so that even to American ears a list of their names sounds like a roll call of chieftains—Salisburys, Cecils, Pakenhams, Stanleys . . . the Dukes of Berwick, Manchester, Atholl, Hamilton, and Grafton . . . the Stanhopes, Granvilles, Cavendishes, Ponsonbys, Howards, Russells, and "the proud fighting Napiers" . . . the Earls of Sussex, Jersey, Portland, Clarendon, Desmond, Denbigh, and Lichfield . . . Melbourne, Charles James Fox, Castle-reagh, and Eden . . . plus miscellaneous lords, knights, and Big Wheels by the dozen.

Nor is their genius limited to politics and fighting. The Villiers Connection (as Bloomfield calls it) also produces far more than its share of brilliant performers in other fields—Bertrand Russell in mathematics and philosophy, Henry Fielding in fiction, Lord David Cecil in history, to mention only a few. (Though so far as I can discover, it has yet to come up with a really good musician or painter.) Never has there been another blood line like it anywhere.

But a few have come close. Bloomfield goes on to trace the records of five other uncommon families: (a) the Quaker dynasty, descended from Robert Barclay, which spawned a remarkable brood of bankers, reformers, abolitionists, scientists, and of course politicians; (b) the Salisbury Cecils, who tend to interbreed with Villiers, and who govern as naturally as they breathe; (c) the Wedgwood-Darwin clan, which runs heavily to scientists and industrialists; (d) the Macaulay-Trevelyan strain, which produces

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mostly historians, poets, critics, novelists, educators, and painters (Aldous Huxley and Rose Macaulay are samples of the current generation); and (e) the Strachey-Pattle-Stephen connection, which specializes in empire builders, teachers, and writers (including Virginia Woolf and David Garnett).

Altogether these six clans, in all their generations, add up to a tiny fraction of the British population. Yet they have been responsible for a very large fraction of British civilization. An inordinate share of all that is good, enduring, wise, beautiful, or merely famous in contemporary England has sprung from this handful of uncommon men and women.

AMONG all of them it is noteworthy that five uncommon characteristics show up in generation after generation. Not every member of the Six Families has all five, by any means, but many have two or three and the truly eminent display a full hand. They are:

(1) Intelligence. The most universal of the five traits; a really stupid person is hard to find on any of these family trees. This is not surprising, since all of them began with a brainy sire, and the scions generally took care to mate with brains. Occasionally an impulsive male would pick a beautiful but flannel-headed wife; but the women—like females everywhere—were less romantic and more practical. They almost never took up with an inferior man.

(2) Energy. These people seem able to work, make love, and fight harder than ordinary mortals. Their sheer vitality often carries them to extremes; many are nearly as famous for their drinking, wenching, roaming, and riotous behavior as for their more respectable achievements. When the first Duke of Buckingham—one of the handsomest men who ever pinched a thigh—made improper advances to a French queen, he wore for the occasion a bejeweled suit that cost 80,000 pounds; the Marlborough scandals were notorious; and Lady Hester Stanhope, after a series of tempestuous romances, finally ran off to an Arab sheik and lived happily ever afterwards in his desert tent. Even Winston Churchill can scarcely be described as moderate in his drinking and working habits.

(3) Charm. Most of them had it to burn. Again, Churchill and Buckingham are the obvious examples—but countless lesser members of the Six Families had (and still have) a curious power to fascinate other people. This is particularly true of the Villiers women, who frequently became the mistresses of kings. But it is also true of such odd fish as Charles Darwin and Virginia Woolf, the unfortunate Cornwallis, and such swashbucklers as Colonel David Barclay and Sir Charles Napier.

(4) Ruthlessness. These clans—even Barclay's

gentle Quakers—specialize in driving straight ahead for whatever it is they want, and God help anybody who gets in the way. Their most famous members often were not "good" people in the Christian sense; they broke most of the Commandments whenever they seemed a nuisance, and left behind them a trail of broken hearts and heads. But they were effective. They got their own way, and they got things done.

(5) Responsibility. However sharply they kept their eyes on the main chance, they also had a sense of duty. As Bloomfield points out, "the uncommonness that ran in the great families . . . went with solicitude either for the common people, or for the decent and efficient conduct of public business, or both."*

THE horrid moral of this book is inescapable: A nation depends for most of its culture, for its government, and for its survival on a relatively few uncommon people—and these come from a still smaller number of blood strains. As in other species, from the influenza virus (see page 23) to thoroughbred horses and Santa Gertrudis cattle, these strains start with a mutation. Suddenly and unpredictably, an exceptional individual crops up in a family of no previous distinction. One of his unusual qualities is purely genetic; he is what the biologists call a pre-potent sire—the founder of a line which breeds true—thus producing exceptional offspring for uncounted generations. Such an event is as rare as it is precious. It would seem to follow, then, that a nation would do well to cherish and foster these uncommon people; for on them rests its hope of greatness.

The hierarchical society of Britain, with its privileged ruling class, was well designed to accomplish precisely this. It gave to exceptional families—once they had broken into the privileged group—the money, leisure, education, and opportunities they needed to develop and use their creative talents. The system was far from perfect, as Bloomfield acknowledges. It also gave special privileges to many families of scant talent, at great cost in money and class hatred; and in the last two centuries before World War I it was increasingly hard for able men in the lower ranks to fight their way toward the top. (In the turbulent times when the Villiers, Cecil, and Barclay clans got their start, it was fairly easy for a shrewd and ruthless man to climb fast; the hierarchical structure had not yet frozen, and the chopping block created a rapid turnover in the aristocracy.) Nevertheless, Bloomfield's book is about the most persuasive defense of the

* In passing he notes yet another odd trait. Many of the elite, especially in the Sidney line, "had a knack of dying interesting deaths and uttering memorable last words."



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NO IDEA could be more subversive to mid-century America, dedicated as it is to The Common Man. Our whole way of life is now based on the theory that only the mediocre and ineffectual deserve to be especially cherished by society. The notion that exceptional people ought to get exceptional consideration—and that their abilities might be transmitted by heredity—is felt to be shockingly undemocratic and un-American.

So if a man is stupid, lazy, and feckless enough, there is nothing our society won't do for him—particularly if he comes from a long line of stupid, lazy, and feckless ancestors. When he has a job, the union sees to it that he is never fired for anything short of the most outrageous sloppiness and shirking. When he doesn't, a relief check is always waiting. If he absent-mindedly begets more children than he can support, the state takes care of them. For good measure, we ply him with subsidized housing, free medical care, and the tender ministrations of social workers; and we entertain him lavishly with free television programs carefully tailored to his sluggish wits.

His children become the darlings of the public schools, which are primarily designed to keep mediocre youngsters (and their parents) happy. Here little Willie Jukes is taught "life adjustment," including how to dance, play the clarinet, and drive a hot-rod—but rarely does any teacher insist that he learn to read and spell properly, because the effort might bruise his fragile soul.* Here, moreover, he need fear no penalty for stupidity or laziness. If he can't pass his examinations, he gets a "social promotion" anyhow, because

* It is true that a few schools are beginning to experiment with special classes for bright children; but many professional educators—notably the powerful barons of the teachers' colleges—still seem to view these "undemocratic" experiments with distrust. As a consequence, any youngster with an I.Q. above 120 is likely to spend most of his school years in brain-numbing boredom, entangled (and ignored) in a machine geared to the dull and plodding.

it might make Willie feel inferior if he were left behind his class. The fact that he *is* inferior is considered irrelevant.

Behind all this lies a double theory: (a) it is our Christian duty to help the unfortunate—and who can tell whether a man is unfortunate or just plain copeless? (b) if we give the Jukes family a better environment, they may in time become better people. There is something to be said for this, and for at least fifty years the liberals have been saying it at the top of their voices. But in our flurry of concern for The Common Man, it is only natural that we should come to believe that hardly anybody else matters.

So too in our public life. Ever since the Jacksonian revolt against government by the Rich-and-Wise, we have insisted that every man is just as good as any other, and suspicion of the Hamiltonian gentry still lies heavy on our racial memory. We make no effort, therefore, to attract superior people into either politics or the public service. On the contrary, we go to some lengths to discourage them. The top pay in these fields, for a man who reaches the peak of his profession—a Senator, Governor, or high-level civil servant—comes to about one-tenth the income of a second-rate TV comic. Moreover, even the best of them live in constant jeopardy of harassment and vilification; and they can hope for none of the honors, titles, and emoluments with which less democratic nations reward their outstanding public men. Small wonder, then, that we sometimes find a very common type of common man in office. The real miracle is that we occasionally get a first-class public servant, too.

IN VIEW of all this, we might assume that the American mind is well fortified by habit and tradition against the aristocratical propaganda of Mr. Bloomfield. But can we afford to be so smug? Wasn't it precisely this kind of complacent thinking that led to Pearl Harbor, the Blennerhasset Plot, and the Pumpkin Papers? Is it possible that we may be in deadly danger of falling prey to Bloomfieldism without even knowing it?

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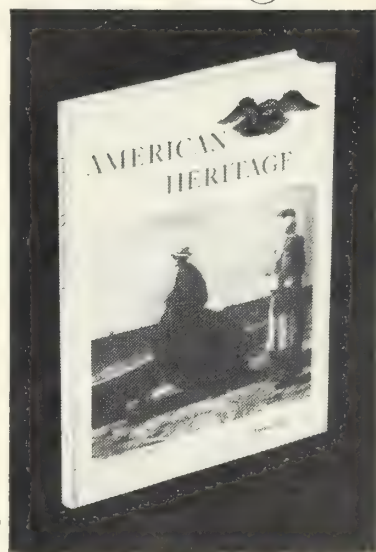
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NEXT MONTH

our skulls, every one of us already is half-convinced that there might be something in what the man says.

We all believe, for example, in the aristocracy of cattle. If you were planning to stock a ranch or a dairy farm, you would think nothing of paying \$30,000 for a herd bull—provided that his pedigree demonstrates his ability to produce outstanding offspring. If you race thoroughbreds, you might pay up to \$10,000 for the right to breed a single mare to a stallion with good blood lines and a record of many victories. Moreover, the owner of such a stud will, quite sensibly, spare no expense to pamper the horse with everything that might help him give a good performance. With such examples constantly before us, it would be an easy step to conclude that similar attention to the heredity and conditioning of exceptional human beings might also pay off.

SOME Americans already have taken this fateful step. One of them is Dr. William H. Sheldon, who has spent twenty years in studying the effects of heredity on human physique, temperament, and intelligence. His findings, published in a series of carefully documented studies, go even further than Bloomfield's; they indicated that bad characteristics, as well as good, tend to run in families for many generations—pretty much regardless of how good or bad the families' environment may be.

Anyone who has spent much time around jails and penitentiaries, as I have, can bear out at least half of his conclusions. The fact that strikes a visitor most forcibly, as he looks at a crowd of convicts in a prison mess hall, is that these are sorry specimens of humanity. The great majority of them *look* inadequate—under-sized, misshapen, slack-faced, and dim—and their records, in fact, suggest that most of them took to crime out of sheer stupidity, or because they could not compete in the normal fields of human endeavor. They are, in Sheldon's phrase, samples of "poor protoplasm poorly put together." And it is surprising how often the records show an ancestor who also fell afoul the law. (The criminal master mind of fiction may exist in fact, though I doubt it; if so,

he presumably is too smart to get caught.)

Other Americans, better known than Sheldon, have also been infected by the Bloomfield Heresy. The most eminent, perhaps, was Abraham Lincoln, ordinarily regarded as a man of the people. He did not so regard himself. His law partner and close friend, William H. Herndon, relates how Lincoln once told him that his mother was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks by "a well-bred but obscure Virginia farmer or planter." And Lincoln argued that from this nameless grandfather "came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family." This passage, from the first chapter of Herndon's biography, is not very well known—perhaps because it is so hard to fit into the Lincoln legend, and into the equalitarian doctrine of our times.

No one has yet made a study of eminent American families comparable to Bloomfield's study of the British elite. When one is made, it probably will not show anything like the same concentration of talent in a very few blood lines. For one thing, our mobile and diverse society has offered no opportunity for the inbreeding which has characterized the relatively small, close-knit British ruling class; then, too, we have developed talent from many levels—including a Kansas City haberdashery—which the more rigid British system seldom tapped.

Nevertheless there are some clues which suggest that Bloomfield's main conclusions might hold nearly as true here as in England. Each of us can name offhand a dozen families which have contributed far more than their share to American life through a number of generations—the Adamses, above all, and the Lees, Tafts, Roosevelts, Van Dorens, La Farges, Mavericks, Lodges, Strausses, Blairs, and Saltonstalls, to mention a few at random.

But this is too dangerous a subject to pursue further. It could lead to the most upsetting kind of revolution in American thought and conduct—a genuine respect for, and effort to foster, the Uncommon Man.

PERSONAL and otherwise

Case History

THE broad sweep of Peter F. Drucker's "The New Philosophy Comes to Life" (p. 36) stimulates the skeptical reader to get down to business. "The obvious of yesteryear is turning incomprehensible," says Mr. Drucker. "An intelligent and well-educated man of the first 'modern' generation—that of Newton, Hobbes, and Locke—might still have been able to understand and to make himself understood up to World War II. But it is unlikely that he could still communicate with the world of today, only fifteen years later."

How does this generalization stand up? To begin with, let's find an intelligent and well-educated man of the seventeenth century—the age of Newton, Hobbes, and Locke—and then test how he "communicates."

Take, for example, a man of the people: Daniel Defoe, son of a butcher; a cockney, a Dissenter; a journalist, merchant, political agent, patriot, satirist, novelist. Nurtured in the Bible, he attended a Presbyterian school in adolescence that taught him less Latin than he would have got at Oxford but more English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian; besides history, geography, astronomy, natural philosophy, and shorthand. Young Defoe wandered freely in London; he went fishing; he talked politics, he heard Bunyan preach. But he refused to become a minister, as his father intended, and was apprenticed to a hosier.

He married and had six children, built a successful brick supply business, bought a coach and a pleasure boat; went bankrupt; stood in the pillory and was pelted with flowers; spent two years in jail for "seditious" pamphleteering; in middle age, wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, one of the most popular books ever published, and several other novels still read today. He poured out more than 100 works in all; and though he was called by Swift "an illiterate figure whose name I forget," he surely

qualifies by modern pragmatic standards as a well-educated man.

Even since World War II *Robinson Crusoe* has been reprinted many times. If it still "communicates" today, it is because Defoe was a genius at telling a story and because the figure of the self-reliant castaway has universal appeal. But there are many things in Defoe's book which have lost their punch. There is, for example, the little lecture on the joys of the "middle station" in life—delivered by Robinson's father when the boy wanted to go to sea:

"He told me," Robinson recalls, "that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labor and sufferings of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind . . . that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world and comfortably out of it . . . not sold to the life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest. . . ."

Any even half-educated modern reader knows that Robinson Crusoe, miserable wretch, ignored his father's advice and went to sea. Does that seventeenth-century analysis of the good life stand up any better in the new, post-World War II philosophic terms? Nothing so simple could possibly be incomprehensible—but doesn't it strike the mid-twentieth-century reader as a set piece to be skimmed over—a bit of romancing from a society as remote as it is static? Since World War II, it scarcely "speaks to" the human condition anywhere, no more in Haiti or Peiping than in Levittown, Long Island, or Winnetka, Illinois.

If Peter Drucker is right, the well-educated man today has absorbed a new world view in which risk and



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change are the only certainties and the settled stations of life as Father Crusoe knew them are no more.

... **Peter F. Drucker** is an industrial consultant, professor of management at the New York University Graduate School of Business, and the author of many books, including *The New Society*, *The Practice of Management*, and *America's Next Twenty Years*. His current article grew out of a series of lectures he gave at Mills College last fall.

... Another test of the Drucker thesis that our "first post-modern generation" has a fundamentally new way of looking at life could be made in the field of labor relations.

"Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirtsleeves" was such a truism a few years ago that *Bartlett's Quotations* put it in a footnote marked "attributed to Andrew Carnegie." But in our time, an open-ended process of social mobility has outmoded old Carnegie's cycle as completely as Father Crusoe's stations. Once the son puts on a white collar (or gray flannel suit), it is most unlikely that *his* son will take it off.

Each year the American labor force is more white-collared and less shirt-sleeved, and this is the overwhelming reason for organized labor's big coming drive. Since the big drives of the 1930s, unions have been able to claim greater and greater social usefulness; but now—quite suddenly—their field of operations is shrinking before their eyes—unless they can charge into the white collar reserves.

No one knows better what the obstacles are than the organizer who has to get union cards signed. One such worried man—anonymous by necessity—takes score in "Why White Collar Workers Can't Be Organized" (p. 44). It is no surprise to him and his colleagues that, as Mr. Drucker puts it, "the issues, slogans, and alignments of as recent a period as the 'thirties have become irrelevant."

... Statistics on the spread of influenza in the United States will be available by the time **Dr. David D. Rutstein's** article on the epidemic from the Far East (p. 23) reaches the news stands. Meanwhile Dr. Rutstein offers the layman an informed analy-

sis of the causes of the disease, the hazards it may present later this year, and the prospects for control in the United States.

Dr. Rutstein, who heads the department of preventive medicine at Harvard, is associated with several hospitals in the Boston area and was formerly doctor and teacher in leading hospitals and colleges in Albany and New York City. He has had important assignments with the New York State and City departments of public health, and the Office of Civilian Defense in Washington during the war. For some years he has served the U. S. Public Health Service as special consultant. He is now writing a television series and a book called *The Facts of Medicine*.

... "Ninety Pounds of Wet Paper" (p. 29) is the first true story in print establishing the relation of hurricanes to national security. It is also **Leonard K. Adler's** first non-technical publication; hitherto he has dealt with such topics as "Anti-aircraft Fire Control System T-33" and "Reliability Factors in Ground Electronic Equipment."

Mr. Adler is a research specialist in the Reliability Department of the Lockheed Missile System Division at the new Palo Alto laboratories. He deserted New York City, where he was born, for what he calls the simple life in California's Santa Cruz Mountains. He was formerly operations manager for McGraw-Hill Book Company's technical writing service.

... **Jean Kerr**, who indulges in a piece of wishful thinking about dieting on marshmallow fudge (p. 41), confesses privately that she is always dieting herself and must have lost (on and off) about 300 pounds in the last ten years. Her new book to be called *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* will be published by Doubleday in November.

Mrs. Kerr is married to Walter Kerr, drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*; she is the author of "The King of Hearts." The Kerrs have written a new musical comedy, "Goldilocks," about the silent movies (in collaboration with Leroy Anderson and Joan Ford) which Robert Whitehead will produce this fall.

... The cool dissection of "Togetherness" (p. 51) comes from **Hugh R. King**, who was formerly a graduate student in philosophy at Harvard and a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. He is now doing public relations in New York.

... "The Capture of Captain Russ" (p. 54) is **Anne Sinclair Mehdevi's** first story in *Harper's*. She is the author of *Persian Adventure* and *From Pillar to Post*.

Born in Manila, P. I., Mrs. Mehdevi grew up in Kansas, won a scholarship to the University of Rochester, and after graduation worked in New York for Gimbel's advertising, *Collier's*, and *Newsweek*. In 1945 she married Mohamed Mehdevi, a Persian; they live in Majorca, and have three children.

... During his recent preaching marathon in New York, the Reverend Billy Graham had a story for just about every current problem. Mental illness? Yes, he talked about it: "The psychiatrists are doing a land office business and they're so nervous that they're now going to each other for help."

It's an old joke, a homely one which can be relied on for a laugh, even in this rudimentary form, because it happens to be true. It is true, at least, that the psychiatrists do go to each other for help. Why not? In any live investigation, men who hope to make progress have to consult, to pool observations, to argue. At the present moment, the scope of the field has widened dramatically with the new contributions of biochemistry, particularly to the study of schizophrenia.

An evaluation of psychiatry's new findings, with an analysis of the problems of cause and treatment of schizophrenia—as doctors recognize them today—appears in **Dr. Ian Stevenson's** article this month (p. 59). Dr. Stevenson is professor and chairman of the department of psychiatry in the University of Virginia medical school.

... "Mr. Marek's Elephant" (p. 66) is a big business, whose impact on the American people's pleasure and culture is so obvious that we rarely pay it any heed.

Martin Mayer, who tells you how

Mr. Marek and his talented stable help the elephant going, is the author of the two series of articles on Wall Street lawyers and on television programming that *Harper's* published last year. He is a journalist trained in music, economics, and philosophy, and the author of a book called *Wall Street: Men and Money* and of a novel, *The Experts*.

The World Youth Festival in Moscow July 28 to August 11 for 10,000 young guests from abroad has carried a lot of Americans.

In this context Richard A. Gregg's candid close-up of "Russia's Pampered Youths" (p. 73) has the special interest of timeliness; but it makes an attempt at propaganda. As the *Moskovsky Komsomolets*, a Russian paper preparing youngsters for the festival points out, "We speak here about good Soviet fellows and girls who are sometimes easily carried away and who sometimes, because of their lack of acquaintance with things, consider an ordinary foreign thing to be a wonder." Such as an American wallet, for instance.

Mr. Gregg ran into Dimka and the other "good Soviet fellows and girls" during a visit to Russia late last fall on a Ford Foundation travel grant. He is a Harvard graduate and M.A. and has served in the U. S. Army Air Force. He is writing his doctoral dissertation at Columbia University and will teach Russian next year at Amherst.

Four poets make their first appearance in *Harper's* this month:

Ormonde de Kay, Jr. (p. 43) is a freelance screen writer, a Harvard graduate who served in the Navy in World War II and Korea.

Katie Louchheim (p. 53) is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee; she worked for NRRRA during the war.

Ted Hughes (p. 65) is a Yorkshire-born Cambridge graduate, who has just moved to the U. S. and whose first book, *The Hawk in the Rain*, will be published next month.

Robert Gordon (p. 72), born in Australia, grew up in Virginia. In the battle of Kula Gulf, his ship, the SS *Helena*, went down, but he survived out the war, got a Ph.D. at Harvard, and is teaching at the University of Oregon.

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Name: Adams, Reilly, Klein—any one of hundreds.

Occupation: Floor-broker on the New York Stock Exchange.

Job: Hectic. Personal execution of maybe 300 different orders a day to buy or sell stocks. A "fight" on your feet for five-and-a-half hours a day to try and save even $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents a share for every investor who's buying or pick up $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents—sometimes 25 cents—a share extra for every investor who's selling.

The whole thing starts at 10 o'clock sharp when a bell clangs in the New York Stock Exchange building at 11 Wall Street in downtown Manhattan. Here, on the first floor, is a huge room where the stocks and bonds of some 1200 leading American corporations are bought and sold every day. Here hundreds of floor-brokers meet on behalf of their particular firms' customers—represent the buy or sell orders of millions of investors from coast to coast.

To help speed the steady stream of transactions, the floor is broken up by 18 information-like booths called trading posts—each one headquarters for an average of 70–75 specific stocks.

Ringed the 18 trading posts, and ranged around the walls of the room, are 44 different booths that house 889 telephones—booths that are "home base" for the floor-brokers.

Some firms find they need only one phone in one booth, a single order clerk to answer it, and one floor-broker to handle their business at the 18 posts. Others need two or three or more floor-

brokers and rent half a dozen or more telephone positions.

Merrill Lynch, to expedite the execution of our customers' orders, divides responsibility for the 1200 stocks between six different floor-brokers. has a corps of 28 order clerks to answer 92 phones, and operates out of six strategically scattered booths so that each of the 18 trading posts is only a short distance away from some one of our brokers.

One of our floor-brokers, for example, has fifteen phones and four clerks in his booth, only handles orders for those stocks in his immediate area—some 192 stocks in all.

These are the stocks that this man lives with. He watches closely the minute-to-minute, hour-to-hour price trends for each one of the 192, knows what's happening to other stocks in the same industries, and how the market as a whole is behaving.

Then here's what happens.

A clerk hands him an order to sell 100 shares of stock XYZ "at the market"—that is, at the best price available on the Exchange when the order reaches the floor. He walks to the post where this stock is traded, notices the last sale posted in XYZ was at \$60 a share, and calls out "How's XYZ?"

"60 bid, offered at a half," answers the specialist in XYZ. This simply means that \$60 a share is the most that anyone wants to pay for this stock at the moment, \$60.50 a share is the least that anybody is willing to sell it for.

So the Merrill Lynch floor-broker

could sell the stock for our customer at \$60 a share. But trained to try and do better . . . counting on years of experience, thousands of executions, and a certain "feel" for the market . . . he wonders. He knows that oil stocks have been inching up in price through the day, thinks he can get a bit more for his XYZ if he waits.

So he asks the specialist to "stop him" at \$60—or guarantee the Merrill Lynch customer at least \$60 a share for his stock.

The specialist—a man who keeps track of all the different prices at which people would like to buy or sell particular stocks—agrees, places the order in his book, and we immediately flash a wire confirmation to our customer, assuring him of at least \$60 a share for his stock.

XYZ does continue to edge up in price and a short time later the specialist is able to sell the 100 shares of XYZ for \$60.25 a share—or \$25 more for the Merrill Lynch customer who placed the order.

Of course, our broker might have a better order to buy. Perhaps some other stock that's been moving up with the market.

The last sale took place at \$25 a share but the specialist is still quoting the stock at $24\frac{3}{8}$ -25. In other words, our floor-broker can still buy the stock for only \$25 a share. He wastes no time doing it—and sends wire confirmation to the customer.

So it goes through a typical day. Maybe three or four hundred orders buy or sell stock. So many in fact, that any floor-broker is quick to admit that he couldn't possibly handle them alone, counts heavily on the help of the specialists in his area to act for him—execute any orders he may entrust to their care.

Like any other floor-broker, too, suddenly flooded with orders, he fans some of them out to independent brokers—is still held responsible by firm for their proper execution.

But flood of orders or no, each is executed as fast and efficiently as possible consistent with getting the best price.

How long does it take? Well, on market order for an active stock, the average is just about two minutes, even from coast to coast. That's from the time a customer tells us to buy or sell a stock on the New York Stock Exchange until the time he hears back that the order has been filled. And that's the figure you're invited to check—simply by placing an order with any account executive in any one of 116 Merrill Lynch offices from coast to coast.

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THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC

How Deadly Will It Be?

What Is Causing It?

What Can We Do About It?

DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

Dr. Rutstein is Professor and Head of the Department of Preventive Medicine at Harvard, a staff member of six Boston hospitals, and author of a television series and forthcoming book, both entitled "The Facts of Medicine."

IN APRIL an epidemic of influenza exploded in the Far East. Starting in Hong Kong, it spread thousands of miles in all directions in less than two months. As we watch it spread, we ask ourselves: Will this epidemic burn itself out—or is it the forerunner of a world-wide plague which may kill millions of people before it dies away?

An exact answer to this question is not possible at the moment. But a look at the record will tell us what to watch for as the epidemic spreads. It will also guide us in doing everything possible to minimize its effects.

Influenza, a disease of the respiratory tract, is spread from person to person by direct contact, through breathing, coughing, speaking, and sneezing. It is so highly infectious that many thousands of persons in a city may be attacked at the same time, and it spreads rapidly along lines of communication from one center of population to another. The disease varies in severity from being almost asymptomatic to one which may cause death within a few days. All epidemics of influenza have both mild and severe cases, but a large majority in most epidemics are of the milder sort. Occasionally, as in 1918-19, the epidemic may include a large proportion of severe cases.

Influenza is the only disease causing world-wide epidemics in modern times. Indeed, this disease spreads all over the world so rapidly that pandemic—a special word meaning world-wide epidemic—is used to describe it. Pandemics of severe influenza occur about four times every hundred years. The last pandemic occurred in 1918-19 and the one before that in the winter of 1889-90. The interval between such outbreaks has varied from about ten to fifty years and is

therefore of little help in forecasting a pandemic of severe influenza. In the intervals between pandemics there are widespread epidemics of mild influenza every two to four years. The last such epidemic occurred in the United States in the winter of 1952-53 and there were scattered cases in 1954-55.

In order to determine how serious the present epidemic may become, let us look back at the 1918-19 pandemic of severe disease and compare it with the epidemics of milder influenza which have occurred since.

The 1918-19 outbreak began in the early spring of 1918 when a wave of localized epidemics passed over the continent of Europe. These epidemics traveled along lines of communication, but did not seem to extend from the cities to the surrounding countryside. This beginning is often referred to as the "first wave." The epidemic in each city affected from ten to fifty per cent of the total population in the short period of four to six weeks and subsided as fast as it had spread.

Because of the neutrality of Spain in World War I, we had most information about the early 1918 epidemic from that country. As a result, in the United States the disease was popularly called "Spanish Influenza." A similar epidemic wave appeared in the Far East. At almost the same time there were small outbreaks of influenza-like disease in the United States, but these lacked the wave-like characteristics of the European and Asian epidemics.

Influenza in the first wave was incapacitating, but the death rate was low. The symptoms came on suddenly with a chill, followed by an elevation of temperature to 103 or 104 degrees. At times patients would report that they had "felt rotten" for a day or two before the onset of the acute disease. During the two- to three-day course of high fever the patient complained of severe headache and generalized muscle pain, particularly in the back and legs. Respiratory symptoms were relatively mild with a persistent cough and some nasal discharge. Usually the temperature dropped rapidly and all acute symptoms disappeared, with the exception of the cough which gradually decreased.

After a bout of influenza, patients complained of feeling "washed out" and it sometimes took days or even weeks before they "felt like their old selves" again. The disease had a range of severity from very mild cases with slight fever and some discomfort all the way to a severe, prostrating illness complicated by pneumonia which was at times fatal. This complication was

not frequent and for the most part the death rates were but slightly increased during the first wave.

THE SECOND WAVE

THE relatively mild first wave of influenza in 1918 would have passed unnoticed had it not been followed by the death-dealing second wave. This appeared in France in mid-August of 1918, and by late August and early September it had hit the United States. Boston was the first community attacked, but within a few days the epidemic had spread rapidly down the East Coast in a more or less southwesterly direction. Almost simultaneously, severe influenza appeared in epidemic form in Army camps throughout the country. The second wave spread so rapidly through the civilian population that a peak for the entire country was reached by late October. From twenty-five to forty per cent of the population of the affected communities was made ill almost at the same time; the highest attack rate occurred in children five to fourteen years of age. The epidemic subsided equally rapidly, so that by late November it had practically disappeared. This pattern was reproduced at about the same time in many parts of the world.

The severe nature of the disease was mirrored in the death totals. In the United States over 500,000 people were dead as a result of this second wave, or approximately one out of every three hundred civilians in the country. In certain Army camps where the disease was most fatal, one out of every thirty-five men died. This was probably a reflection of the tragic fact that the second wave of the 1918 epidemic had its highest death rate among young adults, particularly males. The death rate in this age group was even higher than that among very old people.

What were the characteristics of the disease in this second wave? Patients presented the same symptoms as in the first, but in addition acute inflammation of the lungs was relatively common. This pneumonia, coming on early in the disease, usually became much worse on the third or fourth day—just at the time when the patient was expected to be getting better. This complication was responsible for most of the deaths.

In the winter of 1919, during the usual respiratory disease season, there was a third wave of influenza. It was less well-defined than the previous ones. In the United States it varied in extent from place to place, but was clearly less serious than the second wave. In any particular

community, the intensity of the third wave seemed to bear no relationship to that of the two previous ones. Like the earlier waves, it lasted from four to six weeks and then subsided rapidly. In the winter of 1920 there was a widespread epidemic of moderately severe influenza which may have been the aftermath of the 1918-19 epidemic.

Since 1918 there have been repeated epidemics of relatively mild influenza every two to four years. Only a few of them have been widespread enough to be called pandemics. Most of them, regardless of the area of spread, have consisted of comparatively mild cases. The exceptions were the widespread epidemics of 1920 and 1928-29, the 1941 and 1949 epidemics in the Netherlands, and the 1951 epidemic which had a high fatality rate in Liverpool, England. But even the worst of these interim epidemics was far less serious than the 1918-19 pandemic.*

There is one additional difference between the epidemic of 1918-19 and those which followed. Deaths in all since 1920 have, for the most part, occurred in very young children and very old people. Death has come most often to those already suffering from a chronic disease, particularly heart disease or tuberculosis. This is in sharp contrast to the large number of deaths in previously healthy young adults in the 1918-19 outbreak.

THE VIRUS THAT CHANGES

THE cause of the 1918-19 pandemic of influenza is still unknown. It is supposed that the pandemic was due to a virus. Viruses are very tiny protein molecules which infect the insides of cells and are too small to be seen with the ordinary microscope. Research techniques available in 1918 were not developed enough to identify the suspected virus. Since that time enormous scientific advances have been made. We have learned to grow viruses in animals and in chick embryos in fertile hens' eggs. Now we are also able to take photographs of most viruses with the electron microscope.

The first successful isolation of an influenza virus took place during an epidemic in 1933. In that year Drs. W. Smith, C. H. Andrewes, and P. P. Laidlaw in England were able to grow the virus in a rodent called a ferret. The virus obtained from throat washings of human influ-

enza patients produced a typical disease in ferrets. Since 1933 it has been possible to isolate a virus from every subsequent epidemic of influenza. The techniques have gradually been simplified and the virus can now be grown in chick embryos.

The influenza viruses fall into three large groups labeled A, B, and C. Of these, only A virus is important as a possible cause of severe pandemics. The important characteristic which would suggest its association with pandemics of severe influenza is its ability to give rise to sudden sharp mutations. Influenza B and C viruses are not likely to produce pandemics of severe influenza because the B virus has shown but slight tendency to mutate and the C virus none at all.

Ordinarily, if we recover from an infection with an influenza virus, we build up an immunity which protects against later attacks of the same disease. But this is true only if the subsequent infection is caused by the same kind of virus. If, in the meantime, the virus has mutated this may not be the case. The amount of protection we would have against the new mutant will depend upon how far the mutant has strayed from its parent virus.

Since 1933, and up to the present epidemic, there have been two major mutations and a large number of minor ones among the influenza A viruses. The original A virus found in 1933 was soon replaced by the mutant virus first found by Dr. Thomas Francis Jr. in Puerto Rico in 1934. This Puerto Rico mutant—or minor mutants of it—was concerned in all subsequent epidemics of influenza until 1947. In that year it was suddenly replaced by another mutant, now called the A prime virus.

Thus, if we had had an influenza infection in 1933 we would probably have had good immunity against the original virus. But we would have very little immunity to the Puerto Rican virus, and practically no immunity to the A prime virus. Each mutant seems to stray farther and farther away from the original parent virus.

Although we have no specific information about the cause of the 1918-19 pandemic, we do know much about the germs which, as secondary invaders, were at least partly responsible for the pneumonia which was the most severe complication. Germs are much larger than viruses, were easily studied at that time through the ordinary microscope, and could be grown readily on relatively simple culture media. The initial inflammation of the lungs produced by the influenza seemed to open the way to these germs.

* The world-wide total of deaths from influenza during the 1918-19 epidemic is estimated at 21 to 25 millions.

The germs most frequently identified during the pandemic were the streptococcus which ordinarily causes scarlet fever; the staphylococcus, the common cause of boils and abscesses; the pneumococcus, the usual cause of lobar pneumonia; and a germ called the "influenza bacillus" which except in young children only rarely causes pneumonia in the absence of a predisposing influenza epidemic. Information collected about these germs of the 1918-19 epidemic has great practical significance because we now have antibiotics effective against most of them. Penicillin is very effective against the streptococcus and the pneumococcus. Tetracycline and streptomycin work well against the "influenza bacillus." Certain of the antibiotics (erythromycin and chloramphenicol) have been effective only against certain strains of the staphylococcus.

The present epidemic struck suddenly and spread fast. In a period of less than one week 250,000 people, one tenth of the population of Hong Kong, were said to have received medical treatment for influenza. By early June the epidemic had been reported in Singapore, Formosa, Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia, Thailand, Japan, and many parts of India as far west as Bombay. It is difficult to get precise information on many features of these epidemics, but the following points seem established:

(1) The disease has spread extremely rapidly and has the early characteristics of a pandemic. Spokesmen for the Medical Research Council in England and the United States Public Health Service have expressed the belief that the epidemic would spread to Europe and America relatively soon. By the time these words appear in print, the 1957 influenza epidemic may have already appeared in much of the United States.

(2) In the epidemic cities a large number of people have been stricken within a very short period of time. Press reports from Taipai, Singapore, Manila, and Bombay indicate that such a large proportion of the population was attacked so quickly that essential community services were seriously impaired.

(3) The death rate, although increased, has been relatively low. It is similar to the death rate in the first wave of the 1918 epidemic, and in the minor epidemics which have appeared since that time.

(4) There has been a high attack rate among children. Schools have been closed by the epidemic in Taipai, Singapore, and Tokyo.

(5) The epidemic has not only exploded rapidly within centers of population but it has spread throughout the surrounding countryside.

In the Philippines, for example, health authorities reported that the epidemic appeared to be spreading throughout the entire archipelago.

(6) The virus causing the epidemic has been isolated. It is a new mutant unlike any previously recognized influenza A virus. Indeed, this virus differs most from all of those isolated since the first virus of 1933.

(7) For the first time since the discovery of the A virus, a rapidly spreading epidemic is involving a large part of the earth's surface; it is due to a sharply different mutant against which no immunity exists in the general population. The epidemic in 1947, at the time of the last major mutation of A virus, did not have the wave-like characteristics of the present outbreak.

PROTECTING OURSELVES

ONE of the current theories of the mechanism of the 1918-19 pandemic provides us with an excellent working basis for an efficient program of protection. That theory assumes that the 1918-19 pandemic was due to the rapid spread of a virulent mutant of the influenza A virus against which no immunity was present in the population, and that the virulence of this virus was enhanced by secondary infection with pneumonia-producing germs.

We do not yet know how virulent the new mutant will be or whether it will favor invasion by pneumonia-producing germs. Unfortunately, we now have no laboratory test for virulence in human beings of influenza viruses. We may be reassured that during the present summer the epidemic will be relatively mild, because the complicating germs do not flourish at this time of year as they do in the colder months. Even in the severe 1918-19 pandemic, the disease in the first wave during the summer was relatively mild. We may expect the present wave of relatively mild influenza to die away in the late summer. We do not know whether this will be the end of the epidemic or whether it will recur in a second, more serious wave of disease as in 1918-19.

If we are to derive maximum benefit from our knowledge of influenza, we must not delay. The interval between now and early autumn when respiratory disease increases, gives us time for preparation. We must use this time well. With proper planning we may be assured that modern scientific techniques, the new antibiotics, and a co-operative, informed population can minimize the effects of the pandemic whether it be one of mild or severe disease.

Fortunately, much has already been done. The World Health Organization, as long ago as 1947, set up a World Influenza Center at the National Institute of Medical Research in London. This is the focal point of a network of over fifty laboratories in all parts of the world. In Washington the United States Public Health Service set up in 1948 an Influenza Information Center which acts as liaison with the World Influenza Center and the co-operating laboratories in this country. This program provides for an immediate exchange of information about influenza throughout the world and for the transmission from one laboratory to another of new influenza viruses. The virus causing the current epidemic has already been received in this country. American laboratories have already verified its different nature.

An effective "dead" vaccine has been developed against influenza. This vaccine, first produced in 1942 from the Puerto Rican mutant of influenza A, protected against infection caused by this same virus. But in 1947, when this virus was replaced by the A prime mutant, the vaccine was no longer effective. Since then the vaccine has been kept up to date as new minor mutants have developed. But, as might be expected, laboratory tests on the blood of those immunized with vaccine produced just prior to the 1957 outbreak show no protection against the new virus. This means that the existing vaccine will probably be ineffective. To meet this emergency, specimens of the 1957 virus have been distributed to commercial vaccine manufacturers throughout the United States, and vaccine production is already under way. It is not yet known how much of the new vaccine will be available before the end of the summer.

The United States Public Health Service, through its Division of Foreign Quarantine, is patrolling all ports of entry to the United States. Influenza is not a quarantinable disease, but all ill travelers from the epidemic areas are examined. It is not likely that this procedure will keep influenza out of the country, but it will probably help us to identify early foci of infection.

Working arrangements are being set up in the United States between the United States Public Health Service and the Health Departments of each of the states. Through this arrangement, exchange of information, facilities, and services will aid in combating the epidemic as it spreads to various parts of this country.

A number of major steps probably will have been taken by the time that this article appears.

Antibiotics effective against the pneumonia-producing germs will have to be stockpiled. This will probably be a responsibility of the federal government, with arrangements made for allocation to localities as needed.

It is not likely that enough vaccine for every resident of the United States will be available in time to meet the epidemic; therefore, priorities will have to be established. Priorities will probably be given to members of the military services and citizens who provide essential community services. These would include policemen and firemen, and those concerned with medical and transportation services and the maintenance of food supplies. Vaccine may have to be allotted to older people and also to persons suffering from chronic heart and lung disease.

If a severe epidemic occurs, the maintenance of essential services in each community will be a major problem. The Civil Defense Administration should be able to meet this need. Plans have already been made for protection against bacteriological warfare initiated by enemy attack. An influenza pandemic is nothing more than bacteriological warfare naturally produced. If an epidemic of influenza does occur here it will provide a good test for our civil-defense services.

WHAT WE CAN DO

OVER and above these major programs, each of us has his own responsibility. If we learn the essential facts about influenza and work calmly and co-operatively with our community leaders, we can protect ourselves and our families and minimize the effects of an epidemic of mild or severe disease.

First we must know the important symptoms of the disease. If we develop chills or a chilly sensation, followed by high fever and associated with marked prostration, cough, or bloody sputum, we should go to bed immediately and call our physician. Going to bed will prevent spread of influenza to others. It will also protect the patient from catching pneumonia-producing germs from others. We must co-operate with our physician, follow his instructions, and not return to full activity until we are completely recovered.

If an epidemic strikes, those who stay well must do everything possible to help maintain essential community services. In the 1918-19 pandemic there was serious dislocation of food supplies in certain communities. Existing medical personnel were unable to cope with the

demands for care. Transportation services were temporarily crippled. Since 1918 urban living in the United States has, if anything, become more complicated, and requires close co-operation among many specialized services. If any of these services are knocked out, the entire community structure is threatened. Disabling illness in such occupations as operators of water purification equipment, of the steam boiler in a milk pasteurizing plant, or of elevator operators in a city of tall buildings can seriously threaten the health and lives of others. Those not already concerned with essential services will have to pitch in and help out if such an emergency develops.

Even if the 1957 epidemic of influenza should prove to be serious, the outlook is much more hopeful than it was in 1918-19. We now have many medical aids which were not available then. The new antibiotics should prevent many deaths from pneumonia, even in those very seriously ill. Influenza vaccine, even in very limited supply, will prevent cases of influenza among those in essential occupations or in those most susceptible to the disease. Finally, more full-time health departments, better organization of community services and local civil-defense units should make these medical advances available to all who need them. Our job is to use all of these assets effectively.

JARGON CONTROL PROGRAM

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| administrate | framework (except in connection with buildings) | orientate |
| <i>a priori</i> | frame of reference | partially |
| <i>ad hoc</i> | geo- or anthropocentric | <i>per capita</i> |
| analyzation | historiography | practically (in the sense of almost) |
| ambivalent | historicity | pragmatic |
| analysis (in the sense of view or understanding) | ideate, ideational | program |
| area (except in a geographical sense) | ideology | <i>qua</i> |
| bifurcate | implement (as a verb) | rational, rationality, rationalism (except in technical philosophical meaning) |
| categorize | in terms of | ratiocination |
| concept, conceptual | interrelate (verb) | say (in the sense of role or influence) |
| conceptualize | institutional | schema, schematize |
| conceptualistic | institutionalize | <i>sine qua non</i> |
| concomitant | intuit | socio- |
| consensus of opinion | <i>ipso facto</i> | structure (as a verb) |
| continuum | irrational, irrationality | subsume |
| correlate | irrationalism | <i>status quo</i> |
| correlative | jurisdictional | too (in the sense of very or entirely) |
| data (as a singular, in particular) | level (as a noun, in any save a physical sense) | unilateral |
| <i>de facto</i> | maximize and (especially) maximization | voice (in the sense of role or influence) |
| dichotomy, dichotomize | minimize and (especially) minimization | community |
| effectuate | meaningful (This word does not exist.) | atomistic |
| empirical | monism, monistic | mechanistic |
| epistemological | more or less | -oriented (preceded by any word) |
| explore (in the sense of "look into") | <i>non sequitur</i> | |
| factor | norm, normative | |
| feel (in the sense of believe) | organizational | |

—List of words, phrases, and usages prohibited in papers written by students in the history classes of Laurence Lafore at Swarthmore College.

Ninety pounds of wet paper

By LEONARD K. ADLER

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

A factual (except for names and addresses)
account of a determined courier,
some top secret documents, and a flood
in the wilds (*sic!*) of Connecticut.

THE rains which flooded southern Connecticut in the fall of 1955 not only threatened the lives and properties of the Fairfield county exurbanites but, in the estimation of one of the flood victims, Hans Fiedler, came close to endangering the lives and property of the 170,000,000 inhabitants of the United States and possibly those of the citizens of Western Europe as well. For Hans not only found himself marooned by the flood; he found himself marooned with a trunk full of secret nuclear documents.

As usual in recent meteorological history, the deluge which dumped up to eleven inches of rain on parts of Connecticut in a three-day tear completely surprised the weather forecasting authorities, and consequently the local authorities, and, of course, the unsuspecting residents.

The flood crested on Saturday in the communities along the northern shore of Long Island Sound. Hans Fiedler, who normally does not work on Saturday, was on this day, October 15, returning home to 76 Hawthorne Place, Stamford, Connecticut, from his New York office, the American Atomic Products Company plant.



The weather forecast which Hans had read in the morning papers predicted cloudiness with a chance of rain or drizzle, and while it was obviously raining at 5:00 P.M. when Hans started driving from New York City, he had no idea that this was anything more than a late summer shower. The weather bureau did have a further inkling as to the actual conditions and issued a forecast at 5:00 P.M. saying, "Cloudy with showers and some local flooding, and hazardous driving conditions." At 5:30 P.M. the bureau began to realize the full seriousness of the situation and issued an amended forecast: "Rainy and windy tonight with rain occasionally heavy, causing local flooding and hazardous driving conditions." Hans did not receive the last two predictions until the next day.

When Hans left the city he had the trunk of his car loaded with forty-eight copies of a secret nuclear report. Hans was a "courier," a man given the authority to transport secret information, and he was taking the documents from his office to his home where they were to be picked up the next morning by two other couriers. Before leaving, he called his wife, Foo, and asked her to have supper ready for him when he got home at seven o'clock. It was their anniversary and she had planned a supper of roast duck and champagne to celebrate. She put the duck in the oven, timing it so that it would be ready at seven.

At seven o'clock Hans was stuck on the Hutchinson River Parkway near New Rochelle, New

York. He still thought, although it was now raining very hard, that this was just a traffic jam. He did, however, decide that he had better phone his wife and tell her he would be late for supper. To do this he had to leave the parkway. He told Foo he was going home on the Boston Post Road instead of the parkway. Foo had had his supper on the table, but she put the duck back in the oven.

At first, Hans found driving along the Boston Post Road easier, although it was raining harder and getting quite dark. But at the edge of Greenwich he got stuck for an hour in another traffic jam. When he had a chance, he phoned Foo again and told her he was getting off the Post Road to take one of the back roads home. This was a route he often used when the Post Road was tied up. Foo took the duck off the table and put it back in the oven again.

Hans was very familiar with the route he was taking, but he had some difficulty following it because it was so dark and raining so hard that the windshield wipers could not seem to break the sheet of water across the windshield. The amount of water on the road made it impossible to see the center line marker. All Hans had to do when he left the Post Road was to drive north for about a mile and make a right turn across the normally meandering Rippowan, over a bridge only ten feet long. Then he would be just a half mile from home. But when he got to the corner at which he was to turn, his headlights dimly outlined a man in a yellow oilskin across the brook, waving traffic away. Hans cursed and turned left to circle back to the Post Road.

If he had stopped to question the man in the slicker, he would have discovered that the bridge had been washed away about fifteen minutes before. A car with three occupants had been on the bridge when it happened. They were all drowned.

The unfamiliar road Hans found himself on quickly petered out into a damp dead end. He turned off onto another road which he was also forced to leave. He was having great difficulty by this time as the road was narrow, winding, unfamiliar, and invisible. He kept thinking, "Damn it. I don't know where I am." He had only one thing in mind at the time: Foo was undoubtedly getting more and more furious at his not coming home.

All the roads were covered with water and he was able to navigate only by keeping between the telephone poles on either side of him. There was no way he could tell the

depth of the water he was driving through, but he naturally assumed it was only a few inches deep. Nothing in his experience, or in the history of the countryside, made any other assumption logical. He continued to travel on this premise until his motor stopped because his tail pipe was submerged.



The first thing he noticed was the noise of the engine stopping. The car coasted a way as the realization of what was happening became clear to him. He looked out and saw the water was up to the door handle. When he opened the door, water rushed into the car. When he stepped out, the water was up to his waist, but he did not realize it at first. He merely thought how strange the headlights looked shining under water, and then, afraid that his battery would run down, he got back in the car to turn off the lights.

He decided to leave the car where it was with the trunk locked and go for help. But as he found himself walking through a rapidly rising, rapidly moving stream, he grew frightened. He remembered having read of people being swept away in the flood which had hit northern Connecticut two months earlier as a result of Hurricane Diane. He grabbed a white picket fence on one side and began to walk along it, even though this led him toward, not away from, the brook. Hans was dressed for a day in town: black shoes, a gray worsted suit, white shirt, black knit tie, and no hat. The rain coursed over his eyeglasses obscuring the already low visibility.

As he crawled along the fence he thought of three things. He had worked desperately for three weeks on the documents now locked in his car, so his first thought was, "Oh, God, now I've lost the documents . . . all this work for nothing." His second thought was, "I'm a goner. I will never make it." The third thing that occurred to him was that the documents

were secret and might be swept into the wrong hands.

The project on which Hans had been working was a technical sales proposal which his company was making to both the Air Force and the Atomic Energy Commission. The closing date for proposals on this development project was October 17, and the material had to be in Washington, D. C., at the Atomic Energy Commission, and in Dayton, Ohio, at the Wright Air Development Center, on that date. The project, and therefore all reports, drawings, proposals, etc. pertaining to it, were classified top secret by the Department of Defense and "Q" by the Atomic Energy Commission. The Department of Defense had at that time four levels of classification to indicate the degree of damage that would result to the United States should the information fall into unfriendly hands: in order of importance, Top Secret, Secret, Confidential, and Restricted. "Q" is the highest information classification used by the AEC.

The Secret and "Q" classifications impose certain requirements on documents so classified. They cannot be shown except to persons who have, in military security parlance, "the need to know." They must be locked in a safe with a three-tumbler combination lock whose serial number has been filed off when they are not in possession of somebody with the appropriate clearance. Further, the lock combination must be altered once a year. When the documents are delivered by hand they must be carried by an appropriately cleared messenger called a "courier."

THE CRABMAN

WHEN he had walked crablike along the fence about 200 yards, Hans came to a walk leading to a frame house. The water was up to the top porch step and the lights were on in the house. Hans went to the front door and rang. A tall, handsome gray-haired man in his fifties opened the door. Hans said, "My name is Fiedler. May I use your phone?"

The man answered in a slight foreign accent which Hans, because of the excitement of the moment and his own deep accent, did not detect: "Yes, by all means. Come in. I'm Mr. Carpovich."

Hans was dripping wet and white as a sheet when he came into the lighted living-room. Mr. Carpovich took a good look at him and asked, "Did something happen?"

"No," replied Hans, "my car is submerged out-

side and I have secret documents in it and I must call my wife and the authorities."

Hans called his wife first for he was beginning to worry about her. She was rather incredulous when he told her of his plight for she had no idea anything worse than a rainstorm was occurring. However, she assured him that everything at Hawthorne Place, with the exception of his supper which was overdone, was all right. He said he would be home late. It was then nine o'clock.

Hans next called the Stamford police department and spoke to a much harassed officer who responded to his tale of the secret documents by saying, "Why are you bothering us with these details? We're too busy saving lives to bother with you and your documents."

Hans then called the local office of the FBI. They were concerned enough to ask him whether the documents were appropriately wrapped according to security regulations (double-wrapped, inner wrapper containing an indication of security clearance and outer wrapper being plain) and whether his trunk was locked. When Hans answered yes to both questions, the FBI man on the other end of the phone was in a position to make an administrative decision.

"There has not yet been a security violation," he pontificated. "If there is, be sure and call us."

Lastly Hans called his boss, who was horrified to find that one of his most valuable engineers was in such a dangerous position and who ordered Hans to forget about the secret papers and get the hell out of there. But Hans insisted he would make every attempt to rescue the documents before he left.

Mr. Carpovich who had been listening to one side of these conversations with a bemused air said to Hans when he finally hung up, "At first I thought that you were joking, but if you are serious I will help you."

"Of course I am serious," replied Hans with understandable emphasis. "The fate of the nation depends upon my saving those documents."

"In that case I will pick you up on the front porch after I get my boat out of the garage," said Mr. Carpovich. "Meanwhile, leave your jacket, watch, and valuables upstairs."

It was not until late the next day that Hans discovered that Mr. Carpovich was a Russian electrical engineer.

Hans Fiedler too is an electrical engineer who received his undergraduate degree from Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in 1948 and has currently completed almost all his courses for his Ph. D. Both American Atomic Products and

Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute look upon Hans as a bright young man. Although he left Austria after the *Anschluss* in 1937 when he was fifteen and has since lived and been educated in both England and the United States, he has managed to keep, and possibly even develop, his thick German accent. He is very proud of his Austrian background and vehemently supports the restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy.

RESCUE BY ROWBOAT

IN ABOUT five minutes Mr. Carpovich came rowing up to the front porch in a small rowboat. Hans got in and took an oar, but he is an ineffectual sailor at best and the excitement of the situation was beginning to tell on him.

Mr. Carpovich said, "Just sit still in the middle of the boat and, please, let me row."

Hans meekly sat as directed. It took them about twenty minutes to row up the road to where Hans had left the car. The water had risen so that all of the trunk and hood was submerged. The trunk would have to be unlocked and unloaded under water. Hans and Mr. Carpovich tried to accomplish this maneuver from the boat, but the trunk lock was too far below the gunwale of the boat. Hans announced he would have to get out. Mr. Carpovich took a dim view of this as he was afraid it would capsize the boat, but he had no alternative solution. Hans stepped into the raging stream. He had some difficulty keeping his footing, especially when he was groping under water to unlock the trunk and when he was loading the packages from the trunk to the boat. The water was up to his shoulders.

After the cargo transferring operation was completed, there was no room in the boat for Hans. Besides, Mr. Carpovich was afraid he would tip it over trying to get in. He suggested that Hans walk along beside, holding onto the gunwale, while he rowed back to his house. Hans didn't mind walking, as he was as wet as he could get, and he certainly didn't want the boat to capsize and lose his precious documents. But he didn't think it was a good idea to row back to Mr. Carpovich's house since the water had been up to the porch when they had left and was still rising. He therefore suggested they row and walk in the other direction toward higher ground, and that Mr. Carpovich evacuate his family. Mr. Carpovich said that he would be happy to drop Hans and his documents at the home of the Fremonts, one of his neighbors on higher ground, but he saw no need to

evacuate his family. They had been living in the same house for eight years and nothing had ever happened to them.

He dropped Hans off at the Fremonts' house where Hans was pleased to see there were still two porch steps not yet under water. He piled his documents on the porch and thanked Mr. Carpovich. Mr. Carpovich said he would be back; the water was rising higher than he had thought it would and he felt he ought to row over to Mrs. Broom's house and bring her to the Fremonts' too. Mrs. Broom was another neighbor of Mr. Carpovich's, a widow who lived alone. He proceeded to fetch her, deliver her to the Fremonts', and then row home. Hans did not see him again until the next day.

When Hans banged on the door, the Fremonts welcomed him in. He staggered through the front door which opened directly into the living-room, carrying one of the packages of secret documents which he placed on the floor. Mrs. Fremont, horrified by the stain of muddy water spreading over her beige living-room rug, told Hans that while he was welcome, would he please leave his packages on the porch.

Hans replied, "I can't. They might get swept away and the fate of the nation depends upon them. Besides," he added, quite taken with the idea by now, "there will be more water than this in your living-room before the night is over."

He brought the remainder of the books, which were wrapped in four packages, into the house and piled them in the middle of the carpet.

The Fremonts were three: father, Barry; mother, Charlotte; and nineteen-year-old daughter, Caprice. They had already begun to be upset by the rising water on their front lawn. The dripping Mr. Fiedler issuing orders in a thick German accent and the pile of soaking packages in the middle of their living-room did nothing to add to their composure. When Mr. Carpovich deposited the widow Broom, they became even more alarmed, for she announced that the first floor of her house was under water when she left.

They told Hans that they had a steak in the freezer, but he said all he wanted was whisky. They brought him the whisky and suggested that he change his clothes. His clothes were, of course, wet through, but he hesitated to take them off and then have to evacuate the house. But when Caprice Fremont produced a blue one-piece training suit she used for her gym class in college Hans put it on.

He decided he should also make another

attempt to interest the authorities in his plight and called the FBI regional office in Hartford. After ascertaining his location, they made the administrative decision that while there might or might not be a security violation, Hans was not in an area which came under their jurisdiction and would have to call the local office. Rather than go through that again, Hans called the AEC's Hartford office and at last found a sympathetic ear. They agreed that there was clear and immediate danger to the national defense and were all for coming immediately to Hans' assistance, until they learned where he was. They then decided, wisely, that there was no way for them to get to him and, unwisely, that he should stay at the Fremonts' with the documents until they *could* get to him. Hans pointed out that the water was rising fast and he wouldn't be alive much longer. The only thing to do then, decided the AEC, was to destroy the documents in accordance with regulations. This, they informed Hans, meant that he would have to burn them.

Hans allowed a note of scorn to creep into his voice as he replied, "Have you ever tried to burn ninety pounds of soaking wet paper?"

The AEC agreed this was not practical and merely instructed Hans to take the documents with him wherever he went and to call them in the morning.

The group stayed in the Fremonts' house from ten until 1:30 A.M. During this time Hans not only talked to the FBI and the AEC, but to officials of American Atomic Products and to his wife. The widow Broom was trying to reach her children, and the relatives of the Fremonts were trying to reach them. The phone was constantly busy. So was the phone in Hans' house. The next day Foo commented, "Hans rang me six times. The duck went in and out of the

oven, getting more and more burned. He never once gave me his telephone number or his address, but kept saying, 'Let me know if there are any developments,' and then hung up. I couldn't call him and couldn't tell all the people who kept calling where he was."

EVACUATION BY LAUNCH

THERE was a police car on the high ground above the Fremonts' issuing instructions via loudspeakers to the neighborhood: Everyone was to go to the second floor of his house, or if he did not have two stories to make his way to a house which did. The marooned group discussed this and decided there was no point going to the second floor yet, since the water could not possibly rush up the steps as fast as they could. The Fremonts did not think that they would have to evacuate the house. It was located atop a very steep driveway, but Mr. Fremont had to go out about every hour to move his 1951 Cadillac convertible higher up the driveway. The police launch was evacuating people from houses along the lower side of the road and stopped by from time to time to see if all was well. There was, as there usually seems to be, a woman giving birth to a baby in one of the neighboring houses. The police cited this as one reason why they could not bother with the documents. There were also the usual number of invalids to be evacuated and one man with a broken leg.

Finally, as the water began to come up through the floor and in through the front door, a policeman from a launch appeared and proclaimed, "Everybody out, this house is being evacuated." Hans was on the phone at the time, talking with the AEC man at Hartford, and he told him what was happening. The AEC man



gave him a telephone number and said, "Be sure to call me when you get to dry ground. I will try to get to you."

In the excitement of evacuating Hans forgot the telephone number.

The policeman on the launch docked at the front porch and was confronted by a wet, angry-looking man trying to load some packages in the boat.

"Hey," he said, "I'm not interested in the laundry. I came here to save you." Hans, aided by the Fremonts, who by now were beginning to take a proprietary interest in Hans' sodden packages, carefully explained that saving the reports was as—or more—important than saving people—at least these particular people. The policeman acquiesced; packages, Fremonts, Hans, and the widow Broom were loaded into the boat and it swung away from the brook. The water in the streets was about eight feet deep. The car was completely submerged.

Hans, face-to-face with some authorities again, tried to interest them in the importance and plight of his secret documents. But again they insisted they were too busy saving lives as they navigated among the streets, houses, garages, and fences of Stamford. When they got to a part of town where the water was shallow they stopped the launch and informed their passengers that they had reached the end of the line. The end of the line was the middle of the golf course. There was no shelter and the only light came from the launch itself. It was raining very hard.

"You can't leave us off here," said Hans.

"We can't go any further without running aground," replied the police.

"But the least you can do is find some shelter for us," insisted Hans. "Look at the poor widow and the Fremonts."

"We're sorry," the police explained, "but we've got to go back and save more lives."

The saved but miserable passengers disembarked in two feet of water, and Hans organized a safari, giving a package of papers to everybody but the widow, and pointing them in the direction of the street lights, away from the deep water. After about five minutes of sloshing through water and mud, they found themselves on dry land, albeit wet pavement. They came to a street light, set down their packages, and waited. They were wet, cold, exhausted, and worried. They were no longer in imminent danger of being drowned, but this had seemed remote even with the water at their front door. People didn't drown in Connecticut, not this

part of Connecticut anyway. They were worried, however, about their homes, friends, relatives, possessions, and where they were going to sleep that night. As they huddled together, commiserating with one another, a new 1955 Plymouth came driving toward the golf course. Hans stepped into the road and waved it down. The car stopped, and Hans went up to it.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Home," said the driver, a young man in his late twenties. "I live on the other side of town."

"Oh no you're not," said Hans. "You've got to help me to get these people to some shelter, and besides, you'll never get through here."

"I'd be glad to help, but I've got to get to my wife."

"You'll never get through," Hans insisted. "The streets are flooded and the bridges are down. Besides, I've got secret papers in these bundles on which the fate of the nation depends. You've got to take us."

"All right," said the driver at last, "but first I've got to call my wife." He got out of the car, opened the trunk for Hans' packages, and then ran up the street in search of a telephone. Hans and Barry Fremont loaded the packages in the trunk, slammed it shut, and then joined the women in the car.

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

AS THEY settled back to wait for the driver, another car drove up—a four-door police sedan driven by a stocky red-faced man in plain clothes. He yelled across to them, "Is anybody here called Fiedler?"

"That's me," said Hans.

"Well, where are your damned papers? You've got the whole police force upset about them and I've been detailed to get you and your damn papers home."

"You've got to take the Fremonts and the widow too. Their homes are under water and they have no place to stay. They will stay at my house."

"Okay, okay," said the detective, "but get your papers and let's go."

"They're in the trunk," said Hans, "but I don't have the key. The man with the key went off in the rain."

"Oh, God," muttered the detective. He switched on his transmitter and explained to headquarters what the delay was. They made it quite clear that, no matter what, he was to get Hans and his papers home, or at least out of *their* precinct. The FBI, AEC, and American

Atomic Products had all been calling, and the sergeant would be unhappy if Hans and his papers were drowned or lost.

The driver of the Plymouth did not return for an hour. When he did, he apologized and explained that after he found a telephone, he had difficulty getting through because of all the traffic on the lines. He unlocked the trunk for them and the papers and passengers were transferred to the detective's car.

Their technique for crossing the brook-turned-river was to get reports on the police radio as to which crossings were still open, drive to them, and conduct their own reconnaissance. Twice the detective decided the water was too swift-running, too deep, or both. The third time they managed to cross.

In downtown Stamford they had to cross one of the town's lowest streets which went under a railroad overpass and acted as a sort of culvert. The detective stopped the car at the crossing and announced that it looked too dangerous to attempt. As they sat there, two boys in their early teens rushed up to ask the detective to help rescue their parents who were trapped in a house surrounded by rising flood water.

"I can't spend any time saving lives," said the detective, "I've got to get these secret papers delivered."

The boys started off into the rain but the detective called, "Wait, you can help us. We have to cross that street and I'm not sure we can make it without the car stalling or being swept away. You hold on to each other and walk across ahead of the car so that I can see how swift and deep the water is. And hurry because it's getting deeper."

The boys obeyed and guided the car across the street without incident.

After dropping the Fremonts off at a relative's house, the detective left Hans, the widow, and the papers at Hans' home and hurriedly departed.

Foo had expected Hans to be tired and wet but she was unprepared for the sight of him in a dripping, light-blue girl's gym suit, followed by an elderly woman laughing hysterically and repeating over and over again, "Everything's lost, everything's lost."

Taken aback, all Foo could say was, "Mind the mud."

"Take care of the flood victim," ordered Hans and swept by into the kitchen where he lit the oven and began drying his documents.

As soon as she had satisfied herself as to her

husband's safety, Foo tried to minister first aid to the wet, overwrought pair. This was more difficult than it seemed, for Hans was concerned only with the salvaging of his secret documents, and the widow Broom was laughing incoherently. Foo finally succeeded in getting the widow out of her wet clothes, but although it was 2:30 A.M., she got neither of them to eat anything. Hans stayed in the kitchen drying his manuscripts.

After Foo had given the widow a sedative and put her to bed in the living room, she worked



with Hans for the next two hours—disassembling the books, ironing the damp, curling pages, and reassembling them. They went to bed at 4:00 A.M. in separate bedrooms. Hans insisted that because of the secret nature of the material, Foo could not be in the same room with the documents while he was asleep. As a matter of fact, when she was in the kitchen with him ironing the pages, he had made certain that each page was face down on the ironing board when she passed the iron over it.

The next morning at ten two American Atomic Products couriers arrived to pick up the documents for delivery to Washington and Wright field. The papers were in order and double-wrapped according to security regulations.

That afternoon Hans had a neighbor of his drive him back to where he had left his car. He found it about fifty yards farther on, standing on its front bumper against a telephone pole and buried in silt so that only the trunk and rear bumper protruded. It was a total loss.

The Carpovich family was standing in the middle of their wrecked living room, knee-deep in mud. The water had almost completely engulfed the ground floor destroying their furniture, clothing, and books. Hans' jacket, watch, and fountain pen which they had placed in the attic were undamaged.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY COMES TO LIFE

How we are gradually developing a new
view of the world to replace the
philosophy which we have used for three
centuries—and which no longer fits either
the science or the society of our times.

IN THE early fall of 1956 two brothers—intelligent, well-educated graduate students in their twenties—went to see “Inherit the Wind,” the play based on the notorious Scopes “Monkey” Trial of 1925, in which a school-teacher in rural Tennessee was convicted for teaching evolution, and in which the great nineteenth-century “conflict between science and religion” reached a climax of absurdity. When they came home they said they were much impressed by the acting but rather baffled by the plot. What, they wanted to know, was all the excitement about? Their father, at their age, had been so deeply stirred by the trial that he gave up the ministry and became a lawyer; but when he tried to explain its meaning and excitement to his sons, they replied, “You are making this up. It makes no sense at all.”

The point of this story is that one of the sons is a graduate geneticist, the other a theological student in a Presbyterian and strictly Calvinist seminary. Yet the “conflict between science and religion” could not even be explained to either of them.

It is indeed frightening how fast the obvious of yesteryear is turning incomprehensible. An intelligent and well-educated man of the first “modern” generation—that of Newton, Hobbes, and Locke—might still have been able to understand and to make himself understood up to World War II. But it is unlikely that he could

still communicate with the world of today, only fifteen years later. We ourselves, after all, saw in the last election campaign how rapidly the issues, slogans, and alignments of as recent a period as the 'thirties have become irrelevant, if not incomprehensible.

But what matters most for us—the first “post-modern” generation—is the change in fundamentals. We still profess and teach the world view of the past three hundred years. But we no longer see it. We have as yet no name for our new way of looking at things—no tools, no method. But a world view comes first; it is the foundation for philosophical terms and technical vocabulary. And that new foundation is something we have acquired, all of a sudden, within the past fifteen or twenty years.

SUM OF THE PARTS

THE world view of the past three hundred years can perhaps be summed up in a word as “Cartesian.” Few professional philosophers during these years have followed René Descartes, the early seventeenth-century Frenchman, in answering the major problems of systematic philosophy. Yet the modern age has taken its important cues from him. More than Galileo or Calvin, Hobbes, Locke, or Rousseau, far more even than Newton, Descartes influenced the minds of three centuries—what problems would appear important or even relevant, what would be the scope of men’s vision, their assumptions about themselves and their universe, and above all, their concept of what was rational and plausible.

His was a twofold contribution. First he gave to the modern world its basic axiom about the intelligibility of the universe. The best known formulation is that in which the Académie

Française, a generation after Descartes' death, defined "science" as "the certain and evident knowledge of things by their causes." Expressed less elegantly and less subtly, this says that "the whole is the sum of its parts"—the oversimplification that might be made by an ordinary man who is neither scientist nor philosopher.

Second, Descartes provided the method to make his axiom effective in organizing knowledge. Whatever the mathematical significance of his "Analytical Geometry," it established the new concept of a world unified in simple quantitative relations that could deal efficiently with motion and change, the flow of time, and even the invisible. The perfecting of this mathematics, and its widespread adoption as a universal symbolic language, made it possible for Lord Kelvin two hundred years later to re-assert the principles of Cartesianism by saying, "I know what I can measure."

The statement that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts also implies that the whole is determined by its parts, that the behavior of the whole is caused by the motion of the parts, and that there is no such thing as wholeness apart from the different sums, structures, and relationships of the parts. These statements are likely to sound obvious today since they have been taken for granted for so long, even though they were radical innovations when first propounded. But though most of us still respond to the familiarity of these assertions, there are no longer many scientists who would accept the definition of the Académie Française—at least not for what they call "science" in their own field. Virtually every one of our disciplines now relies on conceptions which are incompatible with the Cartesian axiom, and with the world view we once derived from it.

PATTERN AND CONFIGURATION

BIOLGY shows this dramatically. Its tremendous development in the past fifty years has resulted directly from our applying the strict "Cartesian" methods to the study of the living organism. But the more "scientific" the biologist has become, the more he has tended to talk in terms such as "immunity" and "metabolism," "ecology" and "syndrome," "homeostasis" and "pattern"—each of them essentially an aesthetic term describing not so much a property of matter or quantity as of a harmonious order.

The psychologist talks about "*Gestalt*," "ego," "personality," or "behavior"—terms that could

hardly be found in serious works before 1910. The social sciences talk about "culture," about "integration," or about the "informal group." The aesthetician talks about "form." These are all concepts of pattern or configuration. Whether one searches for the "drives" in a personality, the complex of chemical, electrical, and mechanical actions in a metabolism, the specific rites and customs in a culture, or the particular colors and shapes in a non-objective painting—all can be understood, explained, or even identified only from their place in a pattern.

Similarly, we have a pattern at the center of our economic life, the business enterprise. "Automation" is merely an ugly word to describe as an entity a new view of the process of production. "Management" is a similar term. In government we talk about "administration" or "political process"; the economist talks about "national income," "productivity," or "economic growth" much as the theologian talks about "existence." Even the physical sciences and engineering, the most Cartesian of all our disciplines, talk about "systems" or—the most non-Cartesian term of all—about "quanta" in which, with one measurement, are expressed mass and energy, time and distance, all absorbed into a single entity.

The most striking change is perhaps to be found in our approach to the study of speech and language. Despite the anguished pleas of teachers and parents, we talk less and less about "grammar"—the study of *parts* of speech—and more and more about "communication." It is the *whole* of speech, including not only the words left unsaid but the atmosphere in which words are said and heard, that "communicates." One must not only know the whole of the "message," one must also be able to relate it to the pattern of behavior, personality, situation, and even culture with which it is surrounded.

ALL these terms are brand-new. Not one of them had any scientific standing fifty years ago in the vocabulary of scholars and scientists. And all of them are *qualitative*. Quantity does not characterize them; a "culture" is not defined by the number of people who belong to it, nor is a "business enterprise" defined by its size. Quantitative change matters in these configurations only when it becomes qualitative—when, in the words of the old Greek riddle, the grains of sand have become a sand-pile. This is not a continuous but a discontinuous event, a sudden jump over a qualitative threshold at which

sounds turn into recognizable melody, words and motions into behavior, procedures into a management philosophy, or the atom of one element into that of another. And, finally, none of these configurations as such is measurable or capable of being expressed—except in the most distorted manner—through the traditional symbols of quantitative relationship.

None of these new concepts, let me emphasize, conforms to the axiom that the whole is the result of its parts. On the contrary, all conform to a new, and by no means as yet axiomatic, assertion that the parts exist in contemplation of, if not for the sake of, the whole.

THE PURPOSEFUL UNIVERSE

MOREOVER, none of these new concepts has any causality to it. Einstein was thoroughly “modern” in saying that he could not accept the view that the Lord plays dice with the universe. But what Einstein was criticizing was the inability of the physicists—including himself—to visualize any other kind of order except causality; that is, our inability to free ourselves from our Cartesian blinders. Underlying the new ideas, including those of modern physics, is a unifying order, but it is not causality; it is purpose.

Each of these new concepts I have mentioned expresses a purposeful unit. One might even say, as a general “modern” principle, that the elements (for we no longer really talk of “parts”) will be found to arrange themselves so as to serve the purpose of the whole. This, for instance, is the assumption that underlies the biologist’s attempt to study and to understand organs and cells. It is this “arrangement in contemplation of the purpose of the whole” that we mean today when we speak of “order.”

This universe of ours is again a universe ruled by purpose, as was the one that the Cartesian world view displaced three hundred years ago. But our idea of “purpose” is a very different one from that of the Middle Ages or Renaissance. Theirs lay outside of the material, social, and psychological universe, if not entirely outside of anything Man himself could be, could do, or could see. Our “purpose,” by sharp contrast, is in the configurations themselves; it is not meta-physical but physical; it is not the purpose of the universe, but the purpose *in* the universe.

I read the other day a piece by a leading physicist in which he talked about the “characteristics of sub-atomic particles.” A slip of the pen, to be sure; but a revealing one. Only a gen-

eration ago it would not have been possible for a physicist, no matter how slipshod, to write of anything but the “properties” of matter. For atomic particles to have “characteristics,” the atom—if not matter and energy themselves—must have a “character”; and that means that matter must have a purposeful order within itself.

THE new world view, in addition, involves the idea of *process*. Each of the new concepts involves growth, development, dynamism—and these are irreversible, whereas events in the Cartesian universe were as reversible as the symbols on either side of an equation. Never, except in fairy tales, does the grown man become a boy again, nor does lead change back to uranium, nor does a business enterprise return to family partnership. All these changes are irreversible because the process changes its own character; it is, in other words, self-generated change.

Only seventy-five years ago the last remnant of pre-Cartesian thinking, the idea of “spontaneous generation” of living beings, was finally laid to rest by Louis Pasteur. Now it comes back to us in the researches of biologists who look for clues to the origin of life in the laboratory “creation” of amino-acids. Now respectable mathematical physicists seriously talk about something even more grossly shocking to the Cartesian view: a theory of constant and spontaneous self-generation of matter in the form of new stars and new galaxies. And a leading biochemist, Sir Macfarlane Burnet, the Australian pioneer of virus research, recently defined a virus, as “not an individual organism in the ordinary sense of the term but something that could almost be called a stream of biological pattern.”

In this new emphasis on “process” may well lie the greatest of all the departures of the new world view. For the Cartesian world was not only a mechanical one, in which all events were finitely determined; it was essentially a static one. Inertia, in the strict meaning of classical mechanics, was the assumed norm. It had been an accepted doctrine since Aristotle that the Unchangeable and Unchanging alone was real and alone was perfect. On this one point Descartes, otherwise so daring an innovator, was the strictest of traditionalists.

In fact it was the great achievement of the Cartesian view to make this traditional axiom usable. Motion so obviously exists; yet on the basis of inertia it cannot be explained and measured—as was first pointed out two thousand

years ago in the famous "paradoxes" of Zeno, such as that of Achilles and the tortoise. Only "calculus"—together with Descartes' Analytical Geometry—could find a way out of the impasse between the idea of inertia and the experience of motion. This it did by a most ingenious trick: by explaining and measuring motion as though it consisted of an infinite number of infinitely small but perfectly static "stills."

It is far from true that this "solved" Zeno's paradox, as the textbooks assert. But it could do what no one before had been able to do—assert the axiom of inertia and yet handle motion with growing assurance—and it could point to its success in actually analyzing, predicting, and controlling physical motion. Today, however, we are becoming all-too-painfully aware that the "solution" is inapplicable to true motion—that is, to growth and development, whether biological or economic, which cannot be explained away as a kind of optical illusion. We assume—and are increasingly aware that we assume—that growth, change, and development are the normal and the real, and that their absence is the abnormal—the imperfect, the decaying, and the dead.

TOWARD A NEW PHILOSOPHY

WITHIN the past twenty or thirty years these new concepts have become the reality of our work and world. They are "obvious" to us. Yet, though we take them increasingly for granted, we do not fully understand them. Though we talk glibly of "configuration," "purpose," and "process," we do not yet know what these terms express. We have abandoned the Cartesian world view; but we have not developed, so far, a new tool box of methods or a new axiom of meaning and inquiry. We have certainly not yet produced a new Descartes. As a result we are in an intellectual and artistic crisis.

True, there is a rapidly growing literature of the "new" philosophy. Though anticipations of it can be found in numerous thinkers—for example, in Whitehead, Bergson, Goethe, Leonardo; or Aristotle—the earliest to expound the new vision in our time was probably that astounding South African, Jan Christiaan Smuts, with his philosophy of "holism" twenty-five or thirty years ago. There are pronounced reflections of it in the work of two physicists, Lancelot Law Whyte, with *The Next Development in Man*, and Erwin Schroedinger, with his *What is Life?*, and one of its latest and most persuasive

expressions is provided by the distinguished economist, Kenneth Boulding, in a small book called *The Image*. It is hardly an accident, moreover, that one of the contemporary philosophers who sells best in paper-back editions is the late Ernst Cassirer; his books—though anything but "popularly" written; in fact, a veritable thicket of Teutonic abstractions—deal with patterns, configurations, and symbols of order as essential elements in Man's experience.

But the people working in a specific discipline are still in difficult straits. They see the new ideas everywhere around them; indeed, they often see little else. But whenever they want to do rigorous work, all they have to work with are methods based on the old world view, methods which are quite inappropriate to the new.

In the social sciences this shows itself in the glaring discrepancy between our talk of "culture," "personality," or "behavior" and our inability to produce much more than vast collections of empirical data about particular—and therefore largely meaningless—manifestations. In a discipline that is much closer to my own daily interest, the study of management, the situation is equally frustrating. The discipline only exists because we have a new conception of the business enterprise. All of us know and stress continually that the really important things are process-characteristics, such as the "climate" of an organization, the development of people in it, or the planning of its features and purposes. But whenever we try to be "scientific," we are thrown back on mechanistic and static methods, such as work measurement of individual operations or, at best, organization rules and definitions. Or take the physicists: the more they discover about

What About Indoor Plumbing?

AKU KLUX KLAN rally was held Saturday night off Highway 25-W and Klan speakers attacked polio vaccination programs, fluoridation of water, Gov. Frank Clement, the Supreme Court and President Eisenhower.

—Clinton (Tennessee) *Courier-News*, May 16, 1957.

the various sub-atomic particles of matter, the more confused, complicated, and inconsistent become their general theories of the nature of matter, energy, and time.

As a result, the very disciplines that are advancing the fastest, in which therefore there is the most to learn, are rapidly becoming unteachable. There is no doubt that medicine, for instance, has made giant strides in this generation. But virtually every experienced teacher of medicine I know wonders whether the young medical-school graduate of today—the very one who gets “the best medical education the world has to offer”—is as well taught and as well prepared as his much more ignorant predecessor of thirty years ago. The reason is simple. Medical schools are still organized around the idea of disciplines as static bundles of knowledge. But, where a hundred years ago there were at best six or seven such “bundles,” there are perhaps fifty today. Each has become in its own right a full-blown “science” which takes a lifetime to master—even to acquire a “smattering of ignorance” in any one of them takes more than the five years of medical training.

In addition we suffer the affliction, perhaps inevitable in a time of philosophical transition, of a maddening confusion of tongues among the various disciplines, and the consequent cheapening and erosion of language and style. Each discipline has its own language, its own terms, its own increasingly esoteric symbols. And whenever we try to re-establish unity all we can do is fall back on the outworn language of the Cartesian world which originally brought disunity upon us.

All of this, it should be firmly said, is not merely the “natural” result of advancing knowledge, as some academicians assert. The “natural” result should be, as it has always been, greater simplicity—greater ease of learning and teaching. If our knowledge becomes constantly more specialized, more complicated, rather than more general, then something essential is lacking—namely, a philosophical synthesis appropriate to the world we actually inhabit.

A BIG ORDER

YET we now can—as we could not a decade or two ago—foresee what shape the new integration will take, when and if it comes. We can see, first of all, what it will not be. The way out is not to repudiate the Cartesian world view but to overcome and encompass it. Modern physics may have given us cause to rediscover

Aristotle on a new level of understanding, but it has not made us more appreciative of astrology. Modern biology and operations research have made us more conscious of the need to measure quality, value, and judgment; they have not made us repudiate strict proof, or abandon the quest for objective measurement.

Another negative prediction: in the coming synthesis, the Cartesian dualism between the universe of matter and the universe of mind will not be retained. This was certainly the most potent, as it was the most central, element in Descartes' own system; and for three hundred years it has paralyzed philosophy—if not all our thinking—by widening the split between “idealist” and “materialist,” so that each has built ever-higher fences around his own little plot of reality. If there ever was a useful distinction here, it ceased to be meaningful the day the first experimenter discovered that by the very act of observing phenomena he affected them. Today our task is to understand patterns of biological, social, or physical order in which mind and matter become meaningful precisely because they are reflections of a greater unity.

We can also say something affirmative. We need a discipline rather than a vision, a strict discipline of qualitative and irrevocable changes such as development, growth, or decay, and methods for anticipating such changes. We need a discipline, in other words, that explains events and phenomena in terms of their direction and future state rather than in terms of cause—a “calculus of potential,” you might say, rather than one of “probability.” We need a philosophy of purpose; a logic of quality, and ways of measuring qualitative change; and a methodology of potential and opportunity, of “turning points” and “critical factors,” of risk and uncertainty, of constants and variations, “jump” and continuity. We need a dialectic of polarity, one in which unity and diversity are defined as simultaneous and necessary poles of the same essence.

This may sound like a big order, and one we are as yet far from able to fill. Yet we may have the new synthesis more nearly within our grasp than we think. In philosophy and science—perhaps even more in art—a “problem” begins to be solved the moment it can be defined, the moment the right questions are being asked, the moment the specifications are known which the answers must satisfy, the moment we know what we are looking for.

And that, in one after another of the areas of modern knowledge, we already know.

By JEAN KERR

Drawings by Julius Kroll

Aunt Jean's

marshmallow fudge diet



FRED ALLEN used to talk about a man who was so thin he could be dropped through a piccolo without striking a single note. Well, I'm glad I never met *him*; I'd hate to have to hear about *his* diet.

I can remember when I was a girl—way back in Truman's Administration—and No-Cal was only a gleam in the eye of the Hirsch Bottling Company. In those days it was fun to go to parties. The conversation used to crackle with wit and intelligence because we talked about *ideas*—the aesthetic continuum in Western culture, Gary Cooper in Western movies, the superiority of beer over lotion as a wave-set, and the best way to use left-over veal.

Go to a party now and the couple next to you won't say a word about the rich, chocolate texture of their compost heap or how practical it's been to buy bunk-beds for the twins. They won't talk about anything except their diets—the one they've just come off, the one they're on now, or the one they're going to have to start on Monday if they keep lapping it up like this.

I really blame science for the whole business. Years ago when a man began to notice that if he stood up on the subway he was immediately replaced by *two* people, he figured he was getting too fat. So he went to his doctor and the doctor said, "Quit stuffing yourself, Joe." And Joe either stopped or he didn't stop, but at least he

kept his big mouth shut. What was there to talk about?

Today, with the science of nutrition advancing so rapidly, there is plenty of food for conversation, if for nothing else. We have the Rockefeller diet, the Mayo diet, high-protein diets, low-protein diets, "blitz" diets which feature cottage cheese and something that tastes like thin sandpaper, and—finally—a liquid diet that duplicates all the rich, nourishing goodness of mother's milk. I have no way of knowing which of these takes off the most weight, but there's no question that as a conversation-stopper the Mother's Milk Diet is way out ahead.

Where do people get all these diets, anyway? Obviously from the magazines; it's impossible to get a diet from a newspaper. For one thing, in a newspaper you can never catch the diet when it *starts*. It's always the fourth day of Ada May's Wonder Diet and, after a brief description of a simple slimming exercise that could be performed by anybody who has had five years' training with the ballet, Ada May gives you the menu for the day. One glass of skim milk, eight prunes, and three lamb's kidneys. This settles the matter for most people, who figure—quite reasonably—that if this is the *fourth* day, heaven deliver them from the first.

However, any stoics in the group who want to know just how far Ada May's sense of whimsy

will take her can have the complete diet by sending twenty-five cents in stamps to the newspaper. But who has twenty-five cents in stamps? And if you're going to go out and get the stamps you might as well buy a twenty-five cent magazine which will give you not only the same diet (now referred to as *Our Wonder Diet*) but will, in addition, show you a quick and easy way to turn your husband's old socks into gay pot holders.

In a truly democratic magazine that looks at all sides of the picture you will also find a recipe for George Washington's Favorite Spice Cake which will replace any weight you may have haphazardly lost on that wonder diet.

If you have formed the habit of checking on every new diet that comes along, you will find that, mercifully, they all blur together, leaving you with only one definite piece of information: French fried potatoes are out. But once in a great while a diet will stick in your mind. I'll never forget one I read about last summer. It urged the dieter to follow up his low-calorie meals by performing a series of calisthenics in the bathtub. No, not in the bathroom. I read it twice, and it said in the bathtub. What a clever plan! Clearly, after you've broken both your arms you won't be able to eat as much (if at all) and the pounds will just melt away. In fact, if you don't have a co-operative husband who is willing to feed you like a two-year-old you may be limited to what you can consume through a straw, in which case let me suggest that Mother's Milk Formula.

The best diet I've heard about lately is the simplest. It was perfected by the actor Walter Slezak after years of careful experimentation. Under the Slezak plan, you eat as much as you want of everything you don't like. And if you should be in a hurry for any reason (let's say you're still wearing maternity clothes and the baby is eight months old) then you should confine yourself to food that you just plain hate.

Speaking about hateful food, the experts used to be content with merely making food pallid—by eliminating butter, oil, and salt. Not any



more. Nowadays we are taught that, with a little imagination and a judicious use of herbs, anyone can turn out a no-calorie dish that's downright ghastly. Just yesterday I came across a dandy recipe for sprucing up good old boiled celery. You just simmer the chopped celery (with the tops) in a little skim milk. When it's tender, you add chopped onion, anise, chervil, marjoram, a dash of cinnamon, and you have a dish fit for the Dispose-All. And you'd better have a Dispose-All, because it's awfully messy if you have to dump it into a newspaper and carry it out to the garbage can.

AND where is all this dieting getting us? No place at all. It's taken all the fun out of conversation and all the joy out of cooking. Furthermore, it leads to acts of irrational violence. A friend of mine keeps all candy and other luscious tidbits in the freezer, on the theory that by the time they thaw out enough to be eaten she will have recovered her will power. But the other night, having been driven berserk by a four-color advertisement for Instant Brownies, she rushed out to the freezer, started to gnaw on a frozen Milky Way, and broke a front tooth.

But let's get to the heart of the matter. All these diets that appear so monotonously in the flossy magazines—who are they for? Are they aimed at men? Certainly not; most men don't read these magazines. Are they intended for fat teen-agers? Probably not; teen-agers can't afford them. Do not ask for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for you—Married Woman, Mother of Three, lumpy, dumpy, and the source of concern to practically every publication in the United States. And why, why is the married woman being hounded into starvation in order to duplicate an ideal figure which is neither practical nor possible for a person her age? I'll tell you why.

First, it is presumed that when you're thinner you live longer. (In any case, when you live on a diet of yogurt and boiled grapefruit, it *seems* longer.) Second, it is felt that when you are skin and bones you have so much extra energy

that you can climb up and shingle the roof. Third—and this is what they're really getting at—when you're thin you are so tasty and desirable that strange men will pinch you at the A & P and your husband will not only follow you around the kitchen breathing heavily but will stop and smother you with kisses as you try to put the butter back in the icebox. This—and I hope those in the back of the room are listening—is hogwash.

Think of the happy marriages you know about. How many of the ladies are still wearing size twelve? I've been giving this a lot of thought in the last twenty minutes, and I have been examining the marriages in my own troubled circle. What I have discovered is that the women who are being ditched are one and all willowy, wand-like, and slim as a blade. In fact, six of them require extensive padding even to look flat-chested.

That the fourteen divorcees, or about-to-be divorcees, whom I happen to know personally are all thin may be nothing more than a coincidence. Or it may just prove that men don't divorce fat wives because they feel sorry for them. Then again—and this is rather sinister—men may not divorce fat wives because they imagine that the poor, plump dears will never locate *another* husband and they'll be paying

alimony to the end of their days. (I mention this possibility, but my heart's not in it.)

The real reason, I believe, that men hang onto their well-endowed spouses is because they're comfy, and nice to have around the house. In a marriage there is nothing that stales so fast as physical beauty—as we readers of *Modern Screen* have observed. What actually holds a husband through thick and thick is a girl who is fun to be with. And any girl who has had nothing to eat since nine o'clock this morning but three hard-boiled eggs will be about as jolly and companionable as an income-tax inspector.

So I say, ladies, find out why women everywhere are switching from old-fashioned diets to the *modern* way: no exercise, no dangerous drugs, no weight loss. (And what do they mean "ugly fat"? It's *you*, isn't it?) For that tired, run-down feeling, try eating three full meals a day with a candy bar after dinner and pizza at eleven o'clock. Don't be intimidated by pictures of Audrey Hepburn. That girl is nothing but skin and bones. Just sit there smiling on that size twenty backside and say, "Guess what we're having for dinner, dear? Your favorite—stuffed breast of veal and corn fritters."

All of your friends will say, "Oh, Blanche is a mess, the size of a house, but he's crazy about her, just *crazy* about her!"

ORMONDE DE KAY, JR.

POET CORNERED

Threat of Death Draws FBI Into Labor Racket Probe*

THREAT of death draws F. B. I.

Into labor racket probe.

Facts compressed in trochees by
Headline scribe, agoraphobe.

Folks compressed in subway jam

Go for brevity (wit's soul);

Read momentous telegram,

Yield to rhythm (rock 'n' roll).

Few note neat repeat of "e"

In first bank, but every breath

Is (like G-men) drawn by the

Thrill of "threat" and chill of "death."

Doff your eyeshade, don your robe,

Master of the metric line!

Hope of heav'n suggests you probe

Labor rackets such as mine.

*Eight-column headline in the *New York Journal-American*, page 1, Feb. 27, 1957.

Anonymous

Why White Collar Workers Can't Be Organized

Many more Americans now are employed in offices than in factories—but they stubbornly refuse to unionize . . . and are never likely to do so unless the labor movement makes radical changes in its leaders, methods, and views of human nature.

I AM a union organizer and I have recently been assigned the job of organizing white collar workers in my district. I believe in this cause, but I think it is almost hopeless at the present time. I write anonymously—if I didn't I would be fired—because many union officials will regard what I have to say as treason.

If the unions were willing to recognize that they are now facing the most acute crisis since the great organizing days of the 1930s—and if they were willing to re-examine their obsolete assumptions about human behavior—I think they would have a chance to tap the great reserves of the white collar workers. Incidentally, they would save themselves and recapture leadership of the American working people; and the American people badly need that leadership. But I see no strong signs that the unions are ready to wake up.

The American labor movement is going all out to organize white collar workers—so much so that the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department last December held a major conference in Washington on "Problems of the White Collar Worker." But I doubt that the average white collar man or woman has any idea of the power he could exercise, or, ironically, any realization that he is now, in the words of Walter Reuther, "on the short end . . . of the actual take-home pay proposition."

The past decade has seen a revolutionary shift in occupations. With automation and other technological improvements gobbling up jobs that used to be held by production and maintenance workers—and thus reducing membership in unions—and with an ever-increasing emphasis in our society on selling, unions are looking hungrily at the legions who work behind counters, desks, and typewriters—as potential recruits for the labor movement. They have reconsidered what at one time seemed impossible and now they think the possibilities are limitless.

I believe, however, that the labor movement will not have any more than token success in bringing them into unions. The overwhelming majority of salesmen, typists, file clerks, and professionals will not join because they consider it beneath their dignity, because they feel differently from blue collar workers about their jobs and their status, because they are afraid it will hurt their advancement, and because the face of the labor movement seems to them crude and exploitative.

EXPAND OR DIE

DURING the last ten years, employment in mining, manufacturing, and construction increased by only 2,658,000, while the number of persons working in clerical and service occupations leaped up by 5,495,000. At the end of 1956, according to Department of Labor statistics, there were 20,725,000 blue collar workers and 26,620,000 white collar workers.

This trend gives every indication of speeding up. Unions like the Auto Workers and the Electrical Workers—whose research men have devoted enormous amounts of time to the study of automation—see their memberships dwindling

as a result of technological advances. Other unions are alarmed at the trend toward decentralization, when big factories close down and the work is spread among smaller, far-flung plants.

Factories employing more than 1,000 unorganized workers are practically nonexistent in the North. There are no big virgin fields to conquer among industrial workers and, unfortunately for unions, one of the by-products of their negotiating and legislative efforts has been a general raising of wages and working conditions in the small unorganized industries. This makes the work of the union organizer much tougher.

There are also sound business reasons why labor leaders look toward the seemingly greener fields in the offices and sales rooms. As a union's organization director put it: "We've got to grow. If we stand still, we're dead."

Unions have payrolls to meet. They know what it means when costs go up. When Secretary-Treasurer I. W. Abel of the Steelworkers argued for an increase in dues at a recent union convention, he told delegates the union needed a bigger treasury to give it "a true feeling of security in the immediate years ahead." Even the most dedicated idealists—although no one has ever accused the Steelworkers of being such—have to have the wherewithal. One way of getting it is through dues increases; another is through expansion into untried fields.

Except for a few highly specialized professions—like musicians, teachers, actors, and newspapermen—white collar workers are largely virgin territory for unionization. Take a look at your own community. Is there a big insurance company? A big department store? A big industrial plant with a substantial office force? Any one of these groups might mean 1,000 or more members in a single local unit—the best kind of target for an organizing campaign.

Workers in small shops are harder to round up than their brothers who share anonymity with hundreds or thousands in a big plant or office. Besides, a large group offers another asset that any businessman understands: the larger the group, the smaller the service cost per member.

"Our job," Industrial Union Department Director Al Whitehouse told the unions' white collar conference, "is to make the white collar worker understand that his interests and ours are one and the same."

If this is true, it seems strange that white collar workers aren't clamoring to be let into

unions, as industrial workers did in the 1930s when the Congress of Industrial Organizations first declared that it would "organize the unorganized."

A man who was an organizer for several different CIO unions told me how relatively easy his work was in those depression days of despair, hope, cynicism, and optimism.

"An organizer could just walk down the street," he said, "and the workers seemed to come out of the plants to him, begging to be organized. It didn't make any difference what industry you were supposed to be organizing in. Workers from all industries would hear you were around and would come to you. All you had to do was sign them up."

WHITE COLLAR WORKERS ARE DIFFERENT

TODAY, there is no movement among white collar workers that even remotely parallels that surge of the 1930s. The reason, simply, is that white collar workers *are* different.

It might be appropriate to ask, Why *do* people join unions? One reason overshadows all others: the need for dignified treatment. For members of unions, it has found expression in the seniority system rather than promotion based on friendship, and in the grievance procedure which has replaced arbitrary discharges. Wage increases, company-paid insurance plans, pension rights, and all other fringe benefits—including the guaranteed annual wage—are secondary to this goal that the bargaining table itself symbolizes.

When this scale of union values is applied to the white collar worker it goes topsy-turvy. White collar workers are different because they do have a kind of will-o'-the-wisp dignity as part of their occupations. It is manifested in many ways but is most dramatic when contrasted with the plight of industrial workers in the early days of the CIO.

A man who worked in a meat-packing plant in the days before the union once told me what it was like at that time. It was largely seasonal employment and when the "hog rush" was on the hours were unbearably long. Men would stagger to work at four in the morning and work straight through till midnight. My friend told me of men doing the sweaty job of guiding freshly killed hogs through the scalding vat, with steam soaking their clothing so thoroughly that they looked as if they had just climbed out of the vat. A man would ask a foreman to allow him to go

to the toilet and would be told to urinate in his clothes since they were all wet anyway.

"In those days," my friend told me, "a man would have joined anything to get help, even if it cost him his job. Things couldn't get any worse for him."

Office workers and department store clerks have suffered indignities too, but they seem to prefer to swallow them in silence.

Even today, when most of the degradation and human misery to which the packinghouse worker referred have gone out of industrial work, the man or woman who works in a factory has no real attachment to his particular job, unless he is quite highly skilled. To a factory worker, "it's a job," and he shrugs his shoulders when he says it to you. He's interested in what he gets from it in terms of money and other concrete benefits. He can transfer from job to job and feel no emotional loss. Thus, it's not surprising that the names of industrial unions—names like *United Automobile Workers*, *Amalgamated Clothing Workers*, or *United Steelworkers of America*—contain no reference to the hundreds of specific occupations and trades within the jurisdiction of these unions. Industrial workers invariably refer to their industry rather than their particular job when asked about their occupation.

Listen to a lawyer examining a jury panel:

"Mr. Jones," the lawyer says, "what is your occupation?"

"I work at Minneapolis-Moline," Mr. Jones answers.

"And what is your capacity there, Mr. Jones?"

"I'm a molder in the foundry."

The lawyer turns to a smartly dressed young woman in the second row. "Miss Smith," he says, "what is your occupation?"

"I'm a stenographer," she answers.

"Where are you employed?"

"In the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing office."

JOB-HOPPING

THE white collar worker thinks in terms of her skill, which she can carry with her from employer to employer. She didn't fall into her job haphazardly as the result of lining up before a personnel supervisor. She has some training, perhaps some talent, invested in it. She is likely to be just as concerned about what she contributes to the job as she is about how well the job pays.

I talked with a time-study man about joining

an office union. His first objection was that he was concerned about his own integrity (he sets job standards for production workers). Beyond that, he felt that the union offered him no security that he didn't already have.

"I'm a *good* time-study man," he said. "I can go anywhere in this town and get just as good a salary or better than what I'm getting now."

Moving to another job, incidentally, is the way he and most other white collar workers solve their working problems. Their skill gives them a certain independence and enables them to talk to the boss person to person.

In turn, the clerk or secretary or accountant comes to think that his employer has a right to expect a certain standard of work from him. He asks himself how his demands for better pay or different working conditions will affect that standard. As one sociologist put it, the white collar worker is more *means* conscious while the blue collar worker is more *ends* conscious.

"Sure, I think we need a union in here, but I want to be fair to the company."

Unless he has had some pretty rough treatment from his employer, the average white collar worker with whom I have talked will begin the discussion with words like these: "I think unions have done a good job for some people, but . . ." Or, "I'm not against unions, now, but . . ."

It is these "buts" that loom large when the organizer is trying to get a majority vote for the union in a bargaining election.

There is a tendency among white collar workers to want to look at both sides of the argument about unions—the union's side *and* the company's side. Many of their complaints, moreover, about working conditions are focused against a particular supervisor rather than against a basic company policy. This makes it difficult for an organizer to find a common denominator which he can exploit in an organizing campaign.

Unions which have been successful in the field of white collar organization have encouraged this pride in skill. The *Guild Reporter*, official journal of the American Newspaper Guild, devotes almost as much space to discussion of professional standards and newsy items about members' promotions as it does to bread-and-butter issues. Membership in the Guild, Actors Equity, the musicians' and—in some cities—teachers' unions is considered to be evidence of professional standing.

However, the same "professional" approach cannot be used to appeal to office workers and department store clerks in a town-wide or in-

dustry-wide organizing drive. It doesn't work with an office staff which includes stenographers, file clerks, accountants, bookkeepers, dispatchers, receptionists, and a host of other occupational groups, each with its own notion of professional standards.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

THE Great American Dream still has a firmer hold on white collar workers than on blue collar workers. While a man working in a mine or factory is likely to accept his job as his ultimate lot in life, the white collar worker—except for the young woman who thinks of her job as a transition between school and marriage—is likely to aspire to something above and beyond his present occupation. A union may interfere with the promotions of a young man on the make.

I have talked with white collar workers who hesitate to sign membership cards because they have been promised promotions by their employers. In many cases, these turn out to be just promises. However, there are enough examples of ambitious office workers rising to the top to put them in a dilemma about where their future lies. If the labor organizer tries to shatter this dream of upward mobility—as the sociologists call it—he finds himself in the position of apparently blocking a person's advancement, or of talking defeat.

Another problem for the organizer is the average white collar worker's misunderstanding of a union's seniority provisions. Literally dozens of times I have had to explain patiently that such a system does not mean that an incompetent with seniority gets an available promotion. To any honest union, the seniority system means that a *qualified* person with the most seniority gets first chance at an available promotion.

Frankly, however, I doubt if I have changed the feelings of one tenth of the white collar workers I have approached with this argument.

In thinking about personal goals, white collar workers are more inclined to follow the lead of professionals with whom they identify themselves than to respect a union organizer's logic. A teacher, who should have known better explained to me why she decided against joining the teachers' union in her community. "My brother's a chemist and he told me other professionals would look down their noses at me if I joined the union," she said.

White collar workers, in many instances, feel

that the status they obtain from their jobs is worth the sacrifice in income. Once, when I explained to a \$57-a-week secretary in a factory office that her income was substantially below that of a woman on a common labor rate in the plant, she shot back, "I don't care what they make in the plant. My job is ten times better. I wouldn't work in that plant if they paid me twice what she's making."

Labor leaders feel that white collar workers' attitudes toward union organization have been deliberately shaped by business and industrial leaders. AFL-CIO President George Meany told the union white collar conference:

"The white collar worker has been the victim of propaganda for many years. The boss has always said, 'Well, the union is not for you people. It is all right for the fellow who works in a factory or drives a truck, but a union is not for office workers. You people are above that sort of thing.'"

Actually, Mr. Meany gives management more credit than it deserves. The reasons for a white collar worker's resistance to unions are much deeper than an employer's pep talk. There is a difference in basic attitudes.

Before I went to work for a union I was a newspaper reporter who had covered his share of Rotary lunch speakers and Junior Chamber of Commerce rallies. The first time I went to a local union meeting I was astonished at the candor I found there. It is the same at most local union meetings, I have discovered. If a member thinks another member's motives are questionable, he stands up on the floor of the union hall and says so. There is no beating about the bush, no fear of offense, no hesitation about attacking the other man's integrity. Conflicts are settled right here and now.

The average union member has been largely uncontaminated by the etiquette of "human relations" that has become a way of life for many other groups in our society. Instead, he speaks his mind frankly—with his boss (if he has a strong union), with the officers of his union, with his fellow workers, and probably with the members of his family. There is no good reason why he shouldn't be candid. He earns his living at a job that requires no skill at "getting along" (is there any point to smiling at a lathe or a blast furnace?). Since his contribution to our economy is measured according to his production of things the rest of us can eat, drive, wear, and live in, he can be downright surly if he wants to and fear no reprisal.

Not so with the salesman who lives by the

motto, "sell yourself," nor with most of the 26,000,000 persons in our economy who are "meeting the public" through their occupations in wholesale and retail trade, finance, insurance, real estate, government, and service. These are the job-holders who make up the big salesroom that C. Wright Mills wrote about in *White Collar*. David Riesman pointed out in *The Lonely Crowd* that the character of a society depends a good deal on the kind of work it does. So too with the individual. If a production worker were to become a salesman, his personality would change and so would his attitude toward unions and employers.

Thus, it is an oversimplification to say that a white collar worker's resistance to joining a union is a consequence of his being a "victim of propaganda for many years." On the contrary, as one organizer put it, "The white collar worker is just a different breed."

HE WANTS TO BE LOVED

NOT only does the average office worker look to management for personal models and advancement—he is also often repelled, even frightened, by the idea of getting involved in union activities, chiefly strikes.

"I never saw a group of people so afraid of the idea of a strike," the same organizer said. "They keep asking me if they have to go out on strike if some auto plant across the country walks out. Their ignorance is really something. At first I laughed at some of the things they said, but then I began to realize that this was serious business with them. I leveled with them. I told them it was up to them whether or not they would ever have to strike. I explained how they would have to take a strike vote and all that. Well, finally they understood it, I think, but they sure didn't like the idea."

No one likes strikes. However, a factory worker's life is not so closely tied to a regular weekly income as the white collar worker's. When an Auto Workers representative was trying to explain the guaranteed annual wage to an audience of union members' wives, he asked the question, "How many of you women here can go into a store and buy something and tell the man that you'll be able to make a regular weekly payment for the next fifty-two weeks?" Not a single woman in the audience raised her hand. Certain periods of unemployment—whether through lay-offs or strikes—are an accepted part of a blue collar worker's life. However, to a white collar worker—who mortgages his regular

paycheck months in advance and has to meet installments due on his house and refrigerator—a period of unemployment is catastrophic.

Catastrophe, crisis, and militancy are scare words to white collar workers. They want to be dignified, professional, and loved. They want to be promoted; they want to be secure; and they don't want to have to fight. Actually, they are probably not sophisticated enough to know when they are being exploited.

White collar workers are the most exploited group in our economy. Tied to a fixed non-negotiable salary, victims of every price rise (with no escalator clause to help them), without a political voice raised on their behalf, they are truly "on the short end." But, like Steinbeck's tenant in *The Grapes of Wrath*, whom do they shoot? Mr. Turner, the head of the accounting department, who is so grouchy when he comes to work in the morning? The Steelworkers who always get those big wage raises for their members and thus—according to steel executives—force prices up all along the line? The politicians who never keep their promises? The company for which they work?

No, instead of shooting the company executives or joining a union, they mouse along and live with their hopes.

It is not strange that white collar workers—and many other people, including some union members—don't like the public image of the labor movement. The most colorful, aggressive, or rascally labor leaders naturally get the headlines. Congressional investigators are happy to bring in TV cameras when they expose the record of a Dave Beck or the Longshoremen's racketeers. An editor I once worked for told me, "Newspapers don't write about the 99 automobiles that went out for a drive and made it back to the garage safely. They write about the hundredth one which smashed into a telephone pole."

Neither do newspapers give prominence to stories about the thousands of honest labor leaders in this country who are conscientiously working on behalf of their members. They ignore the thousands of disputes between labor and management that are settled peacefully, without resort to strikes or lockouts. They play up stories about racketeers and strikes, especially the violent ones.

The American labor movement has been tagged in the press by a thorny shorthand of initials, phrases, and names—UAW, GAW, Teamsters, ILGWU, labor racketeers, influence peddling, secondary boycott—that do little to

attract the indifferent or hostile or frightened non-union man.

Moreover, the personalities of men like Reuther ("too militant") and Beck ("too crooked") and the current phrase, "labor bosses," have planted questions in the white collar worker's mind as to who is doing the exploiting, the employer or the union leader. The story is told that workers in the steel plants had difficulty distinguishing between the elegant David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers of America, and Benjamin Fairless, chairman of United States Steel corporation, when the pair made their good-will tour of the steel company's plants a few years ago. Mr. McDonald's salary is \$50,000 per year and he acts like a \$50,000-per-year executive.

Dave Beck's personal reputation was the least of the losses suffered this spring when the McClellan committee pried into his financial maneuvers at the expense of the largest, toughest—and evidently the greenest—of the great unions. Men like Beck, Hoffa, McDonald, and Petrillo, who can afford expensive cars and winters in Florida, have replaced labor's saints like Eugene Debs and William Haywood in the public mind and it will take a whale of a public relations program to clean them out.

CAN THE UNIONS CONVERT THE DREAM?

I HAVE outlined the factors in the white collar worker's psychology which I believe make it impossible, or nearly so, for him to be organized into a labor union.

Added to these is the fact that it is very difficult for unions to organize any group today because of the hostile legal environment. The Taft-Hartley act has made it harder for unions to communicate with unorganized workers, to protect them from employers' reprisals, and to plan strategy that will enable unions to take advantage of campaign enthusiasm.

At any one of the several prescribed stages of an organizing campaign, things can go wrong. Unions feel that the system is weighted against them every step. For example, if an employee gets laid off or discharged during the campaign, the union must go through an elaborate and sometimes expensive procedure to prove that he or she was discharged for union activity. This demoralizes prospective members. In the end, unless the union has an "ironclad" case, the discharged employee is not likely to be rehired and the unorganized workers feel that they are

simply biting off a big chunk of trouble instead of getting an agent which will give them job security.

Besides all the other difficulties that go along with organizing, the mere definition of a white collar unit is an elusive thing. In a brief filed with the National Labor Relations Board, a union protested the company's contention that seventeen individuals in an office unit should be excluded from those eligible to vote because they were "assistant managers." In some departments, the union found, there was just one employee besides the manager and the assistant manager. In other departments there were *no* employees other than the managers and assistant managers. In two instances, the union found, "there are a manager and five assistant managers with only one employee at the bottom of the entire pile."

The white collar worker's liking for titles, it seems, can be more than just a psychological barrier to organization. It can create a serious legal barrier.

Still another organizational problem may lead to a major headache for top AFL-CIO leadership in the future: Who is to have jurisdiction over the various groups of white collar workers? Besides the "professional" unions like the Newspaper Guild and Actors Equity, there are three major unions in the field of white collar organizing: the Retail Clerks International Association; the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union; and the Office Employees International Union.

The most aggressive of these is the RCIA which, incidentally, has a headache of its own trying to clean out corrupt leadership in some of its Eastern local unions. The RCIA has an arrangement with the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen which gives it a foothold and some bargaining strength in organizing retail grocery clerks, where its main membership exists.

The RWDSU is a conglomerate union made up of everything from department store clerks to waitresses and factory workers. Because of past trouble with alleged Communist domination of certain of its parts, it could not be said to have the wholehearted blessing of top AFL-CIO leadership.

If any white collar union could be said to have AFL-CIO blessing, it is the OEIU. Until recently, this very small union almost exclusively represented office employees of *unions*, in a kind of "company union" arrangement. Officially, however, the AFL-CIO is not pushing any par-

ticular union in the white collar drive. Fourteen primarily non-white collar industrial unions are organizing white collar workers, mostly in the industries where they represent blue collar workers. Prominent among these are the Auto Workers, the Steelworkers, Jim Carey's Electrical Workers, and the cannibalistic Teamsters.

The Teamsters—as usual—pose special problems for the AFL-CIO. One example shows how this free-wheeling union can frustrate the new white collar drive.

Several years ago, the Retail Clerks organized a Midwestern department store and, after several fruitless attempts at negotiations, called a strike. The store immediately hired replacements for the clerks who walked out. The RCIA's only hope of winning was to rely on the Teamsters' truck-drivers to honor the Clerks' picket lines and refuse to deliver goods to the store.

The Teamsters, however, had plans of their own for organizing the store. The drivers were instructed not to pay any attention to the picket lines. After more than a year of picketing, the RCIA finally gave up and pulled out. The Teamsters immediately began organizing the store's employees and enforced their bargaining demands with the threat of shutting off the store's deliveries.

Jurisdictional and legal difficulties, of course, should not be overemphasized. The very existence of unions is the proof of the old axiom that "where there's a will, there's a way." The real difficulty is in finding the *will*. Certainly there is a will to organize white collar workers on the part of the unions. Dozens of unions are shifting organizers exclusively to this field.

However, a substantial part of that will to

organize must come from the white collar worker himself. To give that will a boost the unions can do several things:

(1) convince the white collar man that he is not getting the dignified treatment he deserves and that unions can get it for him;

(2) persuade him to think in less selfless "professional" terms and more about his own wages, working conditions, and security;

(3) show him that he can gain more by staying with one employer and doing collective battle than by carrying his job with him to another employer when he becomes dissatisfied;

(4) find a "professional standards" approach broad enough to appeal to dozens of occupational groups in a single unit;

(5) convert the white collar man's private dream of upward mobility into a conviction that his hope lies in uniting with fellow workers;

(6) persuade him that it is sometimes more important to fight the boss than to get along with him;

(7) show him that long-range security is worth the sacrifice of a short-range strike;

(8) and, finally, make him believe that all those high-living labor leaders are really working for his interests ("and anyway, they're not officers in *our* union").

If unions can do all of these things, organizing the white collar worker will be a cinch. If they can do just some of these things, it will be relatively easy. The union's job, as Director Whitehouse said, "is to make the white collar worker understand that his interests and ours are one and the same."

But that's just the trouble. He doesn't believe it.

THE BEST MINDS IN THE BEST MAGAZINES

ONE condition which has greatly affected educational history in the United States in the past fifty years will be absent in the coming period which we are entering. I refer to the tremendous increase in the population during the nineteenth century, the ever-enlarging school system, the ever-increasing college and university student body. . . . This is all past. One of the few elemental factors which control the destinies of nations and civilizations has changed its direction in this country. By 1960 or thereabouts we shall have a stationary population. The expansive pressure on our schools will soon be gone. . . . We shall cease to be concerned with a breathless race to provide enlarged accommodations.

—From "The Future of Our Higher Education," by James Bryant Conant, President of Harvard University, in the May 1938 issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

Hugh R. King

E PLURIBUS

TOGETHERNESS

The Hope and Trend of our Times (Capsulized)

NOTHING breeds cynics like success, and I am glad that the boys and girls at *McCall's* magazine have not been deterred by the recognition that their word "Togetherness" might be, as they recently put it, "an easy-to-kid label." However I am not very happy—and I don't think they ought to be either—about some erroneous ideas now being bandied about over the status of the word. For example, in an informal but sizable survey which I recently conducted, eleven out of every thirteen people who gave a damn said they believed that "togetherness" was invented by *McCall's* and that the magazine now had the word on file somewhere in the Washington patent offices.

The original boo-boo that started all this public confusion was apparently pulled by none other than "that great family store," Macy's, way back in a Christmas tie-in ad of December 1954. It was in that ad that Macy's said, in speaking of the "feeling we all get at this time of year": "*McCall's* has a word for it." That, as we shall see, is about like saying the Greeks had a word for the pyramids! Fortunately, Macy's closed the door on the phrase,* but not until a whole herd of other drug and department stores had galloped out to make, as Chicago's fabulous Merchandise Mart put it, a long "low bow to *McCall's* for this wonderful word." In July 1955 a Massachusetts supermarket chain publicly expressed its indebtedness to *McCall's* "for invent-

*Macy's now refers to "Togetherness" as a word "practically invented by *McCall's*," but whether they mean like Leonardo and the airplane or like General Motors and the wheel, I have been unable to determine.

ing" the word, and as late as March 15, 1957, the veteran *Advertising Agency Magazine* stated editorially, "*McCall's* . . . has added a new word to the vocabulary."

Well, promotion man's dream or not, this kind of thing could backfire, and in the interests of *McCall's*, as well as of the whole wonderful togetherness of my wife and me and our bubbling three-year-old, I propose to do my bit to see that it doesn't.

To get down to sources: the entry under "togetherness" in the eleventh volume of the *Oxford English Dictionary* says, among other things, that the first recorded usage of the word dates back to around 1656, or about the time the Commonwealth cracked up and Cromwell's star was burning itself out in the thickening atmosphere of English anarchy—an opportune hour for togetherness if there ever was one. Yet I gather that the word never really took hold, since the *O.E.D.'s* next reference is well over two centuries later in the *Monist* (1892), a periodical of limited circulation and virtually no advertising budget. After this date, unfortunately, the *O.E.D.* is not of much help. It does make a few curt remarks about togetherness's sister word "togetherness" (now there's a word with some *real* overtones), but then the writer goes off onto another subject without so much as mentioning the man who has probably done more than anyone else to put the word on its feet, the veritable high priest of togetherness, Alfred North Whitehead (1861-1947).

Let me say first that Whitehead is nobody's fool, and I don't think either the *O.E.D.* or *McCall's*, for all their size, can afford to ignore him. He was, after all, the mentor and colleague

of Bertrand Russell, standing in that relationship the way Plato did to Aristotle, and with about the same thanks. He wrote a still undecipherable alternative to Einstein's General Theory, received Britain's Order of Merit, and was said by Gertrude Stein to be the only other real genius she'd ever met besides Picasso and herself. I'd hate to think that my wife and I and five million other readers of "The Magazine of Togetherness" might bring up a whole generation who couldn't understand page 48, for example, of his *Process and Reality*:

"Relevance" must express some real fact of togetherness among forms. The ontological principle can be expressed as: All real togetherness is togetherness in the formal constitution of an actuality. So if there is relevance of what in the temporal world is unrealized, the relevance must express a fact of togetherness in the formal constitution of a non-temporal actuality. But by the principle of relativity there can only be one non-derivative actuality, unbounded by its prehensions of an actual world. Such a primordial superject of creativity . . . is the ultimate basic adjustment of the togetherness. . . . etc.

The reader can pursue this matter further by consulting the page references to "Togetherness" given in the "Index of Terms."

And finally, to make this documentation in origins complete, I want to mention an article that appeared in the *Classical Quarterly* (1950) entitled "Aristotle's Theory of ΤΟΠΙΟΣ," which I luckily hit upon—and which I will supply on request as long as the reprints last—that uses, in the author's words, "the rather artificial word 'togetherness'" to translate the Greek phrase "to echomenon" proving that they did, once again, have a word for it.

In all fairness to *McCall's* let me say that, to my knowledge, the Corporation has never openly claimed to have invented the word. In fact, in their very first use of it, in a full-page advertisement which ran in the *New York Herald Tribune* on April 15, 1954, "togetherness" appeared only once in the body copy (something of a record in itself) and then neither capitalized nor in italics. Moreover, I have it from good, but, for obvious reasons, confidential sources, that even then the word was *not* given the go-ahead by *McCall's* until their Research Department had had time to verify that it did indeed occur in the dictionary.

Of course, if Madison Avenue rumor is correct, the magazine's initial hesitancy may also have stemmed from some internal disagreements over

adopting the word in the first place. However, the best of us require a lot of patience, and I am not going to be the one to throw any stones just because some of the staff apparently took a little while to recognize, as the magazine has now come to call it, "the hope and trend of our times."

THE TENDER TEAM

IN TRACING the public origins and antiquity of "togetherness," I hope I have not given the impression that any old glue manufacturer can now start using the label without running into some sticky legal tangles with *McCall's*. Old hat or not, dictionary words can be and have been trademarked. Admittedly, *McCall's* has never, so far as I know, printed on its editorial product—or for that matter, on any product—the official signs of the Registered Trademark,* either after, near, by, or in a footnote to "Togetherness."

I am also aware that they have not discouraged the general use of the word as a descriptive term—all of which, if my legal friends are right, might seem to indicate a casual, indeed, a flagrant disregard for the hoary traditions of trademark protection. Nonetheless, the necessary warning has been given, which I quote here from the Corporation's marketing newsletter, *Togetherness*, No. 2:

Togetherness . . . is the well-protected trademark of *McCall's* magazine . . . the magazine has had to say a polite no to a host of national advertisers who would have liked to borrow it for their own advertising. (One, incidentally, was a prominent brassière company.)

Since I have it on good authority that those things are used for quite the opposite purpose, I'm not sure how to take that last sentence. My conjecture is that *McCall's* is just crying wolf until the day the Lexington Avenue Subway steps into the trap, starts plugging *real* togetherness, and catapults the whole thing onto the AP wires in one of the hottest publicity-making suits of our times.

Of course, I could be wrong. The ("60 Years of Togetherness") Hecht Company did indeed run a full-page foundation ad back in February 1956, in which it called togetherness the "team-work between your natural body lines," a modest

*"Registered in U. S. Patent Office" or "Reg. U. S. Pat. Off." or "®"—not to be confused with "© *McCall Corp.*" often used to indicate the Corporation has copyrighted its ads.

use of the word which that other company may not have had in mind. In this connection, and in the interest of providing a safe touchstone for future tie-ins, I list here some additional definitions which *have* been given the *McCall's* nod:

The tie that binds American families to their mothers.

The only real definitive American market.

The overlapping and fusion that has been happening to America since World War II.

The beat and rhythm of our times (Mitch Miller).

A one-word slogan defining American life today.

A great force in world peace (Mrs. Richard Nixon).

The greatest force in the world today.

All the basic, important things.

A capsulizing of our contemporary economics.

The semantic symbol for a praiseworthy philosophy of American life.

The amalgam, the hope.

Creative, cohesive mechanism which fuses the man and the woman into a team (Norman Vincent Peale).

Emotionally irresistible, commercially powerful, and *true*.

A marketing concept . . . helping to reshape the principles of manufacturing, distribution, and advertising.

Unity under God . . . living, loving, binding force (Father James Keller).

A great retail selling theme.

Warm, tender feeling between people who love each other.

Name for a primal human need.

Boating . . . is the outdoor form.

Even if newsletter No. 3 hadn't pointed it

out, it's pretty apparent that "there's plenty of room for differences in true Togetherness." However, I am told that the word should be capitalized if the user wishes to maintain identity with *McCall's* and keep his product from being confused with just any old type of togetherness.

In conclusion, I'd like to call *McCall's* own attention to a danger which I'm afraid might befall their campaign—and which I'd like to believe the copywriter of newsletter No. 2 sensed when he (or she) said, in speaking of the "twelve-letter phenomenon":

From a little cloud, like a woman's hand, it has risen to blanket the consciousness of an entire nation, popping up everywhere from Macy's to the halls of Congress.

Forget the little cloud. Even forget the rising blanket, Macy's, and the halls of Congress. What I'm worried about is the ubiquitous popping up of that hand which, I'm sorry to see, has already put a highly questionable idea into some promoters' heads. Now I have nothing against a little gay camaraderie, even in the home, but I think it's going too far when a grand old establishment like New York's Hotel Roosevelt—and *McCall's* only knows how many more—hangs a sign over a bar entrance showing two crossed beer mugs—one gripped by a cloud-like hand in a ruffled sleeve—raised in a tipsy toast "to Togetherness."

Surely this is not the amalgam, the hope, the trend of our times, the emotionally irresistible semantic symbol of American life! Where are Keller and Peale now? In fact, if this keeps up, just where in hell *will* a man go to get away from it all?

KATIE LOUCHHEIM

LOVE'S WORTH

LOVE is of nothing made,
So slight no hands may hold,
Detain; no words persuade.

Love is of nothing born,
So rich no rich may buy,
Possess; no gem adorn.

Love is of nothing wrought,
So still no sound may fall,
Betray; no scheme take thought.

Love is of nothing slain,
So swift no haste may save,
Restore; no words explain.



The Capture of Captain Russ

A Story by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi

Drawings by Trudi H. Gill

NEITHER my husband nor I could ever recall exactly when or how Captain Russ appeared in Puerto del Sol, a fishing town on the island of Majorca where we have made our home for the past five years. Presumably he arrived, as everyone else did, on the daily bus which connects our town with Palma, the island capital. He must have slipped quietly off the bus and into one of the fishermen's pensions where he was able to lick his wounds clean and gather together his shredded self-esteem before making his public entry.

My husband and I always sat on the Hotel Bella Vista veranda at dusk sipping our *aperitivos* when the bus stopped on the quay across the way to discharge its passengers. As a rule the foreigners who stepped off were middle-aged tourists who stayed for a week or two and went home. They praised the clean-swept little port and the ancient town behind it, and envied our life there. We boasted to them of the weather and the low cost of luxury, but we were never sorry to see them go. For in spite of proclaiming their envy, they could never quite cover up the fact that they regarded my husband and myself as a rather irresponsible and shiftless young couple. We hoped that someday a couple like ourselves would turn up, or even better, an au-

thentic beachcomber like those who go to the dogs in the pages of Maugham and Conrad.

All this made me wonder later how it happened that neither my husband nor I noticed the arrival of Captain Russ. He was a bona fide stray. Apparently he had come to Puerto del Sol after escaping by the skin of his teeth from the Naples police who, it was rumored, wanted to question him about smuggling. He had left most of his paraphernalia behind in the scramble to get away, and must have felt timid and uneasy about making a debut in Puerto del Sol without it. That was perhaps the reason he sneaked into town without fanfare.

It was early in June 1953 when Captain Russ began to make his presence known. He was a handsome Englishman about forty-five years old with a well-tended little mustache and an upper-class profile. He hadn't been in evidence very long before he began to assert his personality. He highlighted the picture he had of himself—and the picture he wished others to have—by the use of a whole series of props. To begin with, there was his title of Captain. It was one of those nebulous acquisitions which might refer to a military or nautical career, yet didn't necessarily do so. It could hint at various civilian occupations as well—fishing, sport, or even yachting.

Captain Russ picked up a stray dog somewhere, gave it the name of Biscuit, and attached it to himself with a raffia leash. He dug up a frayed military-looking cap with a visor, and carved a totem-like cane from an ash branch.

His outfit was always the same khaki-colored trousers-and-shirt garnished with an expensive paisley scarf drooping from the breast pocket.

Fortified with this distracting costume (I have to call the dog part of it, because she was never permitted to leave his side) Russ began to emerge from his cocoon. His walk, which had been at first shuffling and sneaky, assumed a rolling, aggressive motion; and his conversation which had been earlier confined to captious evasions, began to flower into all sorts of claims about his buccaneerish past.

The sure indication that Captain Russ at last felt at home in Puerto del Sol was the day he began to work on his ships. Having wheedled and borrowed enough tools and wood, he rented a stone peasant house and started whittling and gluing scale models of Spanish galleons. Almost every morning about ten o'clock he could be seen humming under the grapevine above his porch, bent over a sheaf of blueprints. He would be dressed in nothing more than a stylish Bikini bathing suit and, of course, the military cap. The patient Biscuit would be tied to the leg of the work table on the corner of which sat a glass of gin.

RUSS' patience and care in making his ships was something remarkable in Puerto del Sol, where the slipshod was the rule. I remember one morning when I found him in a bitter mood. He had decided, he explained, to use some inferior wood for the interior parts of one of his ships. I told him I was sure it would be all right; no one would spot the bad wood once he had stained and waxed the ship.

"Yes, my dear girl," he said in his tight English, "but don't you see, it's the beginning of the end for me?"

"No, I don't see."

"Well," he said, "everyone must have some thing he doesn't cheat on. This is the first time I've cheated on my ships. It's a bad sign, a bad sign."

The galleons, when they were finished, were shining wonders. Though each took him fully four months to make, I still marveled at their minute accuracy and cunning illusion, knowing them to have been created from bits of driftwood and scraps of silk. Russ implied that they were his means of supporting himself, that he had been able to buy his "tea and fancies" from Tahiti to Haiti by peddling them. When he finished two, he asked me to type a card announcing, "Models on order. Captain Russ. Inquire within." He wrapped the ships in his

paisley scarf and carried them down to the Bella Vista where he set them up in the lobby.

Though the ships were enormous things—two and three feet long—and exquisitely made, Russ' prices for them were out of line. Of the first two launchings, the larger, labeled *Santa Maria*, was priced at \$150 and the *Pinta*, the smaller, at \$100. In a world capital such prices might have been justified, but in Puerto del Sol they were ridiculous.

However, Captain Russ had made them so on purpose. I found this out one day when I overheard him demonstrating his workmanship to an affluent American tourist who had every intention of buying one in order to help Russ out. Russ unfurled the little sails, opened the hatches and pointed out the miniature chapels with windows made of broken bottle bits glued together. But as soon as the American began to feel for his billfold Russ side-stepped. The man wanted the *Santa Maria*, but Russ shook his head. It wasn't completely finished, he said, and needed a coat of arms embossed on one of the sails.

"It looks okay the way it is," said the American. "I'll take it."

"Oh, my dear chap," said Russ unctuously, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I couldn't permit it, you know. My workmanship can't go out unless it's perfect."

"How long will it take you to fix it up?"

Russ smiled. "I'm terribly sorry. You see, there's none of the proper gold paint available right now. Hasn't been manufactured since the war. Used to come from I. G. Farben. Awful nuisance, isn't it?"

The man switched his choice to the *Pinta*, but Russ wasn't going to part with that one either. He treasured his shining ships too much and shuddered at the thought of them set up in some tasteless "rumpus room" where they wouldn't be properly dusted and waxed.

Russ kept on making scale-model galleons until there were four of them sailing around the lobby of the Bella Vista, each with its price tag underneath. Other customers came, some covetous, some charitable, but none could tease Russ into selling his ships. I began to understand, then, that all this was a ruse, a concession to orthodoxy. Captain Russ was old-fashioned enough to think that he made a more dignified impression if he could point to some logical source of income. Actually he supported himself by other means; he simply gulled the tourists.

It was a lesson in psychology to watch him

go into action. Every morning after he had worked his two hours on the ship models, he would bathe in the sea and dress up in his costume. Then, swinging his walking stick and stroking his mustache he would saunter onto the main street of Puerto del Sol. He was like a fairy-tale character, setting out to seek his fortune and with every likelihood of being eaten by wolves instead. I could sense the tension in his manner. He was hungry and lunchtime was nearing. I could almost see his impalpable feelers probing, extending, withdrawing—sensitive to detect the opportunity which could be made to yield the food he needed and, if possible, a cocktail beforehand and a bit of flattery to boot.

Russ depended upon a number of standardized routines to attract and trap tourists. His provocative appearance, of course, was good bait. So were his ships. Ladies often stopped to pat the dog, Biscuit. But if all else failed he used to seat himself next to a kindly-looking prospect and, being deft with his fingers, would steal a cigarette lighter, a pen, or a pair of sunglasses from his neighbor's table or reticule. A few moments later he would pretend to have found the stolen object and an introduction was gracefully effected.

He had devised any number of believable ways of being called away before the check came, after inviting some tourist to a drink or to tea. But his commonest routine—and the one which yielded the best results—was to meet the local bus each evening. Whenever he overheard some descending passenger speaking English, he would amble up and ask with a worried look,

"Excuse me, sir. I wonder if you noticed a tall lady with gray hair, an Englishwoman, on the bus. My aunt was supposed to arrive and I seem to have missed her."

The lonely tourist, already frazzled after a long day's hassle with Spanish impracticality, would give a start of utter delight. Before long Russ was in his confidence, ordering his luggage unbundled, planning his vacation, and advising him on a hotel. Meanwhile the tourist was congratulating himself on having stumbled upon such a charming impromptu host.

IT DIDN'T matter which hotel Russ suggested. He got a straight 10 per cent from all of them for any guest he brought in. His ingenuity was taxed only if the tourist had thoughtlessly made a previous reservation. Then Russ, with the quick use of innuendo, had to make the tourist change his mind.

If the tourist were an average one, he stayed for a fortnight, during which Russ could count on a minimum of a cup of coffee and a drink or two each day. In addition, particularly if Captain Russ arranged it, there would be a couple of picnic lunches and maybe a farewell dinner. If the tourist had any spare money he wanted souvenirs. Captain Russ told him where to buy the best and got 10 per cent from the shop.

It must not be supposed that Captain Russ ever asked for money, or even cadged a drink. His dignity was impregnable. His relationship with his prey was that of a friendly superior toward a likable, though insignificant, inferior. Some of the tourists saw through his somewhat pathetic bravado after a few days, but they didn't seem to mind being put upon. Perhaps they didn't want to hurt his feelings. Some of them, I'm sure, pretended to believe in him in order not to lose his company. There was something about Russ' fraudulency which enchanted the tired office workers, the little clerks and shop owners who came to Puerto del Sol for their vacations. I used to see them following him with thirsty eyes as he walked along the quay. They even fought over him sometimes. He was a catch. He was romance in a gentlemanly form.

Russ was snobbish in his choice of victims, favoring those who went well with his masquerade, those who added tone. Anyone with a bogus title, anyone who had published or painted attracted him almost as much as he attracted them.

But the finest prey of all for Captain Russ were unattached women of forty or fifty. He preferred them attractive, pensioned, and disillusioned. During his first summer I witnessed Russ' squiring of at least three such ladies. The first was an American widow who had taken to drink after her husband died in a plane accident. She was determined to go dramatically to pieces and Russ aided her in every way. The affair ended when a brother or cousin arrived and took her forcibly home.

The second was a Swedish painter, a woman who had "exhibited" in Paris. She had come to the port after her children grew up and her husband took a mistress. She wasn't exactly sad, but there was a doggedness in her insistence upon having her share of fun, even though a little late in life. I believe she left when her money ran out, but not until the whole town had participated in any number of heart-wrenching farewells.

The third was English, also middle-aged, also

lonely. The pattern was fairly well established, and when she too left for some reason or other, my husband and I, from our vantage point on the veranda of the Hotel Bella Vista, took the tragedy as one of those predictable things.

The ladies who became attached to Russ were rarely what one would expect, but ran to mousiness and shyness. Usually, when they discovered themselves being courted by a story-book outcast such as Russ they blushed and trembled and went to great lengths to disguise the trend of the affair. Soon the town would notice that the lady had discreetly rented a house—preferably a little way out of town where there were fewer observers. Soon Russ would appear in newer clothes. A curious domesticity shrouded each affair. The ladies would cook and dust for Russ, buy materials for his ship models. And he would begin to call them, each in her turn, Mummy. I often suspected that he called them all Mummy to spare himself the possible crisis of confusing names.

There is no telling how many Mummies Russ sent back to their children and grandchildren, chastened perhaps, but happier. All these Mummies sent him letters with checks in them from time to time. Some of them even tried to get jobs for him, but he always rejected such offers. The small checks were enough to carry him over the lean times, and Russ instinctively knew, I think, that in a city office he would lose his glamor like a beach pebble taken out of the water.

Captain Russ' lean time, he freely confessed to us, was the winter. Tourists were scarce and chilly, and when the weather was rainy even the few foreign colony members in Puerto del Sol remained snug at home in front of their fireplaces. During these unproductive months Russ could sometimes be seen hunched on the pier, a fishing pole in his hands and an expression of patient disgust on his face. To keep alive he had taught himself where to find edible mushrooms, palm hearts, wild asparagus. He was sometimes reduced to rifling the cabbage and artichoke fields—a crime he considered beneath him. He took only the frayed and diseased vegetables, which probably wouldn't have been harvested anyway, to avoid self-condemnation for petty thievery.

He always carried a few grains of corn in his pocket in case he happened upon a strayed chicken. If he could entice the chicken to follow him home, his meals were assured for two or three days. But Russ abhorred demeaning himself in these ways. And if the tourist season were

fruitful, he usually managed to stretch his credit through the winter.

Last winter, though, Russ fared better than usual. Luck came in the form of a lady whom we called the Countess. I remember her entrance well. When she stepped out of the taxi in front of the Bella Vista the quay-side loungers gasped. We were not used to fine feathers, nor to glamorous women. The Countess, though forty-five years old, had a rich, bedecked figure, glowing skin, and large, restless eyes. I wondered how she ever came to Puerto del Sol in the first place. The tranquil quay, peopled with fishermen mending their nets, with nuns on their way to mass, and with dust-covered children playing soccer, aroused in her an evident anxiety to leave. I overheard her saying to the waiter,

"What does this place have—besides sunsets?"

She would certainly have gone the next day if she hadn't spied Captain Russ that evening as he sauntered in for the mail. I saw her start and nudge a tourist who sat nearby.

"Who is that tragic man?" she said.

Russ sized up the Countess according to the standards he applied to all his victims. He saw



that she was well-heeled, alone, and that she wasn't averse to a taste of adventure. Russ' plans for her, I suppose, included his usual itinerary for lively tourist ladies—tête-à-tête boating, a little dancing, mild flirtation, and a nostalgic good-by at the end of the fortnight.

It's almost certain that he had nothing more permanent in mind. The Countess wasn't the Mummy type. Russ was instinctively leery of aggressive women. He was haunted by the dread that one of them would actually fall in love with him some day—one of those overpowering creatures who would muss up his tidy exile by financing and sharing it.

The Countess, however, was used to having her own way. Within two weeks, she broadcast herself in love. Her wooing took place under our eyes, yet neither my husband nor I worried about the outcome. We had seen too many ladies infatuated with the slippery Russ. The Countess, too, would eventually come to her tearful farewell scene, for she wasn't the sort to put up with life in Puerto del Sol.

Unlike the other ladies whom Russ had known, the Countess had no intention of reforming him. She fostered his fondness for gin and his ship-carving. They gave him character, she said. And Russ never dared call her Mummy. He was humble in her presence. Often there was an expression of simple wonder on his face, a kind of insurgent reappraisal of himself in a better light. I think he was touched that a woman like the Countess, "of a certain age and a certain milieu," as he said, could be so concerned about him.

"It's my last chance for a peaceful old age on Berkeley Square," he would say to us when the Countess wasn't around. "If I don't take it, I'm washed up. I'll be an old rumdum sifting the garbage."

Neither of us believed Russ for a moment. But before we realized how far things had gone the Countess began referring to Russ as her fiancé. One day she announced that the Captain was sick of his backwoods life and was returning to Paris with her. He was going to work on his ship models in earnest; she would arrange salon exhibitions.

She set a date for the departure, and when my husband, sorry that we were losing our only touch of local color, mentioned the date to Russ, he shrugged.

"It's not in the cards, old chap. Not in the cards," he said.

The night before the scheduled departure day Russ came alone to the Bella Vista. The Countess was packing, he said, accepting a cognac graciously and with his usual gesture of deference as if he were accepting the drink only for politeness' sake.

"When are you going?" my husband asked.

"Going?" Russ appeared surprised. "I can't

leave my models, old man. They haven't been sold yet, and I haven't a bean."

"Oh?"

"Her ladyship is popping off. Back to London, you know. A matter of some stock-exchange negotiations. Then to Paris."

"Oh?"

"We shall perhaps meet in Capri. Christmas. I'll fly over and back. A bit of a lark."

"Have you told the Countess?" I asked.

"Well," he smiled wearily, "you know women. Must wait for the moment."

The next morning at ten when the taxi was to leave, my husband and I found reasons to be at the Bella Vista. There sat the taxi in front. The Countess, flushed and smiling, was handing out tips. And, shockingly enough, tied to the top of the taxi were the four Spanish galleons.

"For the exhibition," said the Countess, interrupting for a moment her effusive good-bys. We wondered whether Russ had disappeared or whether he had brazened it out with her. Her face gave no hint. But suddenly, just as she turned to step into the taxi, she called out,

"Tarleton!"

We had never known Russ' first name, so her call didn't strike us as the knell it was. From the interior shadows of the hotel lobby, he emerged, cowed and quiet. He was wearing an impeccable flannel suit which the Countess must have purchased for him somewhere. His slim, pointed calf shoes were shiny as mirrors and a neat lawn handkerchief peeped from his breast pocket. Somehow he looked all wrong. He looked like a callow cousin of himself and made us feel sad and futile. My first urge—to laugh or deride him—melted away into a kind of shocked commiseration. Russ nodded to us and stepped into the taxi.

The Countess waved, dewy-eyed, as the taxi drove off. Tied to the roof, the four full-bellied galleons tipped and swayed and threatened to fly off on their own. But they didn't. The Countess had secured them firmly.

My husband and I looked at each other, and then, with the same thought, we turned to stare out over the quiet quay with the dirty water lapping its edges and the scrubby boats tied to its palings. Everything appeared drab.

"He wasn't really true after all," I said.

"Poor son of a bitch," said my husband. "He just got scared, that's all. He got the lonesome, middle-aged creeps, and she finished him off."

We turned silently toward home, wondering, for the first time, just what would become of Russ.

The second of two articles by
IAN STEVENSON, M. D.

SCHIZOPHRENIA:

What we are finding out about our worst mental illness

Recent evidence suggests that schizophrenia, "the terrible night of mental disorganization," is a symptom, not a disease . . . a combination of both psychic and somatic factors.

WE HAVE no greater medical burden than schizophrenia. This disorder affects close to half a million persons in hospitals and perhaps five or ten times that many who remain at home. Yet these figures convey little of the magnitude of the problem. Consider, for example, the disorder's usual long duration. A patient with pneumonia often returns to work within two months; a particularly fortunate patient with schizophrenia may return to work in two years. Many patients remain ill until death releases them. Indeed, at one time the German psychiatrist Kraepelin, to whom we owe the first and still best descriptions of schizophrenia, believed that patients never recovered from it. If he happened to see a patient who had apparently recovered he changed his original diagnosis.

We know that he was wrong in this, but his conviction exemplifies the gravity of the illness. Moreover, during all the years of suffering the patient can rarely enjoy a gainful occupation as can so many other chronically ill patients, such as those with diabetes or bronchial asthma. And even these statistics tell nothing of the terrible suffering of these persons whose sickness cuts them off from happy contact with other people. This severance of affectionate relations, as I shall show later, forms both a cause and a result of the

illness. Yet, despite the enormous obstacles, we have slowly made progress against schizophrenia, and our efforts promise more for the future. This progress justifies a review of the present position and current directions of advance.

The psychopathology of schizophrenia includes several abnormalities of which we cannot clearly say which comes first and is therefore the most important. In full efflorescence, a disorganization of thoughts characterizes and dominates the patient's mental life.

To explain how this happens I need to say something first about normal thought processes. Ordinarily our thoughts link to each other through associations of similarity or contiguity. The associations of each person arise from his experiences and are as unique for him as his fingerprints. Ordinarily, too, we exert some control over our thoughts which enables us to guide them toward the goals of our thinking. These two capacities for orderly association and for concentrated thinking we all possess in varying degrees, although some of us have greater powers than others. In sleep we all temporarily lose the glue which sticks our thoughts to each other, so that in our dreams incongruous ideas appear together. Usually these present themselves not as words, but as a succession of visual images. A story full of important meanings may unfold in a dream, but no verbal or abstract thought occurs.

In ordinary waking life most thinking sustains a very low level of attention, and thoughts stream along without aiming at or reaching any goal. However, even the woolliest daydreamer preserves some capacity to direct his thoughts should the need arise. As I shall note later, however, the

person who has slackened the tension of his thoughts by excessive daydreaming makes himself vulnerable to a total disorganization.

Thoughts mediate our adjustment to the changing circumstances of our environment. They change as the stimuli from the environment invite or require a change of behavior. These stimuli signal the need for responses of varying quality and urgency. So the flow of thought becomes influenced by a hierarchy of present problems requiring solution, as well as by the associational pathways which previous experiences have established.

When a particular problem has a high value it takes priority and temporarily excludes other thoughts from the field of consciousness. A person so occupied mentally may say then that he cannot get something off his mind. The thoughts which attempt to solve such an important problem carry with them strong feelings which we call emotions. Emotions in mild amounts impel us usefully toward constructive behavior. Fear warns us of danger and anger equips us to deal with it, at least in one way.

But just as fever which combats infection may harm when it becomes excessive, so emotions, if too strong and too enduring, can bring disorder rather than adaptation. For all emotions influence the train of thoughts by tending to suck in other thoughts of the same quality. An angry person may suddenly find himself thinking of old injuries he had believed long since forgotten but which the present anger stirs into his awareness. An angry or a frightened person thus exhibits what we call emotional thinking. The thoughts run in a groove cut by the dominant emotion. They pre-empt the field of consciousness; if other thoughts gain ascendancy for a moment, the more powerful emotional thoughts quickly obtrude again.

As these continue they become less and less representative of the external situation, and since they misrepresent the environment they no longer provide accurate guides to action. Behavior ceases to adapt the person appropriately to the environment. Other persons become offended and act to protect their own interests, often aggressively. Their responses then augment the original fears.

Thus far I have described nothing outside the experience of nearly everyone. Nearly everyone should therefore understand schizophrenia. For as Spinoza pointed out two hundred years ago a rage or a panic are temporary insanities. Fortunately most rages and panics subside within a few hours or days. And as they do the correspond-

ing disorganization of thought recedes and the person "becomes himself again." In the patient we call schizophrenic, the disorganization of thought accompanying strong emotions becomes more marked and lasts longer. In fact, thoughts can become disorganized enough to bring severe abnormalities of perception (hallucinations) and evaluation (delusions).

HOW THE MIND SPLITS

IN THE ordinary angry man the emotions seem quite out of line with the situation and with the man's own thoughts. The emotions are seemingly inappropriate, like the flames which burst from green sticks on which someone has secretly poured gasoline. The same divergence of thoughts and emotions reaches a more extreme degree in schizophrenic reactions. The ordinary angry person notices that his angry thoughts crowd out other topics to which he would like to attend. They break into his ordinary train of association. In the schizophrenic patient this interruption progresses until the associations become so thoroughly loosened that the patient cannot pursue any line of thought before another interrupts it. And the thoughts, perhaps because they change so rapidly, fail to carry their usual emotional tone. Thus the patient may find himself laughing as he says something which would ordinarily bring sorrow. The cardinal significance of this gap between thoughts and feelings led the Swiss psychiatrist Paul Eugen Bleuler to name the disorder schizophrenia, which means "split mind."

This quality alone makes the patient difficult to understand, for himself as well as others. But as his fear mounts and his thoughts become more disorganized, his ability to communicate falls off markedly. He may end by talking only allusively, telegraphically, and metaphorically. He uses a private symbolism and speaks only the literal, non-abstract language of dreams. (The great English neurologist, Hughlings Jackson, told us in the last century that to understand insanity we should study dreams.)

These devices of altered communication partially protect the patient from further injury, but they also limit the help he can receive. In the end his speech may become as incomprehensible as Swahili or Bantu is to the ordinary man, although still full of meaning for him—and also for the psychotherapist who gets to know him. Worst of all, the patient may cease to talk altogether. He has then despaired of ever understanding or being understood helpfully.

And while the patient is destroying his transmitter, so to speak, he also damages his receiver. Mounting anxiety makes him increasingly mis-evaluate the actions and intentions of other people. His isolation prevents him from correcting his misperceptions so that he comes to think other people much more threatening than they really are. Which increases his anxiety still further.

A friend once wanted to introduce the essayist Charles Lamb to a third person. "But," protested Lamb, "I don't like that man." "How can you say that," said his friend, "when you don't know him?" "That's why I don't like him," said Lamb. This amuses us because it may apply to any of us at some time or other; but for the patient who has or may have a schizophrenic reaction it can be a way of life.

Many grades in the severity of disorganization of thought and behavior occur. It has often comforted persons anxious about their own mental health to make a rigid separation of the sane and the insane. But this no longer applies. We recognize a continuum of mental health and ill health on which we all are ranged. This line of thought helps us to remember that there is no such thing as schizophrenia in the way that there are trees, tables, and dogs. Nor should we speak of "schizophrenics" as if they were a separate race; or as if there were nothing more to such patients than the part of them we designate as schizophrenic. Most psychiatrists now more accurately refer to "schizophrenic reactions." And they recognize many degrees of disorganization within this group of reactions. But although we have twilight between day and night, this does not mean we have no darkness, and schizophrenia is the terrible night of mental disorganization.

THE SEARCH FOR CAUSES

WE KNOW then something of what happens in schizophrenia. We know much less about why these things happen to some people and not to others. What makes a person susceptible to this extreme degree of mental disorganization? In order to answer this question we must accommodate a great many seemingly diverse facts.

Hitherto dominance has swung back and forth between one-sided theories. Early in the nineteenth century a psychological view of insanity prevailed and led to an emphasis on what was then called moral treatment. This differed less than we would like to think from

modern psychotherapy. In the late nineteenth century, with the growth of cellular pathology and especially of neuropathology, the organicists came into power. They proclaimed that microscopic studies of the tissues of the brain would eventually disclose the causes of mental disorders.

Some early and dazzling successes in demonstrating the mechanisms of paresis (syphilis of the brain) and the senile psychoses encouraged in them an unwise narrowness. But they failed to prove their theory with regard to schizophrenia. No one has ever demonstrated convincingly any specific changes in the brains of schizophrenic patients. Some of the early neuropathologists believed that ultimate refinements of their methods would bring success, and perhaps some still do. But in the meantime the geniuses of Bleuler, Freud, and Meyer opened a new psychological psychiatry.

Freud studied chiefly the milder psychological illnesses, the neuroses. Bleuler and Meyer demonstrated the meaningfulness of the schizophrenic patient's thoughts, language, and behavior; and, even more important, his responsiveness to the people around him. Even the most disorganized patient was not, as had hitherto been supposed by the organicists, a soulless shell with no one at home. On the contrary he continued to have a rich inner life, albeit an intensely private one.

This opened prospects for further psychotherapeutic advances. Extremists of the psychological approach eventually and not implausibly claimed that schizophrenia was a purely mental disease and that the physical changes which accompanied it were secondary processes. They derived support for this point of view from some modest but undeniable successes in the psychotherapy of schizophrenia. Yet even as this took place, new physical treatments brought even more notable success, beginning with the shock therapies (insulin and electro-shock) and extending further with the newer tranquilizing drugs. With these the organicists have regained their self-confidence.

It now seems clear that neither side in this controversy monopolizes the truth and only those are completely wrong who think that only they are completely right. For today any satisfactory theory of schizophrenia must find room for the facts adduced by partisans of both the psychological and physical points of view.

From the physical side, our final formulation must include the fact that hereditary factors strongly influence the predisposition to schizo-

phrenia; the fact that important physiological and biochemical changes accompany schizophrenia; and the fact that physical therapies can ameliorate if not cure the disorder.

But our theory must equally include important facts from the psychological side: the fact that persons who later become schizophrenic usually show some impairment in their relations with other people from a very early age; the fact that the disorder occurs most in countries and parts of countries where a high degree of social isolation exists; the fact that some psychological stress almost invariably precipitates the psychosis; and the fact that psychotherapy also can claim its share of successes in the treatment of the disorder.

HEREDITY AND EXPERIENCE

LET US see how this conglomeration of facts might gather together into a sensible understanding of schizophrenia. First as to heredity, the facts adduced by psychiatric geneticists such as Dr. Franz Kallman of the New York Psychiatric Institute seem irrefutable. Dr. Kallman has made an especially detailed study of twins and has shown that schizophrenia occurs in both of one-egg, or identical, twins five times more often than in both of two-egg twins. One-egg twins have the closest genetic relationship to each other of any persons in the world. Carrying his studies into other relationships, Dr. Kallman has demonstrated a close correlation between the likelihood of developing schizophrenia and the degree of consanguinity (closeness of blood relationship) to someone who already has the disorder.

Other studies in Sweden and England anticipated or duplicated Dr. Kallman's work. Dr. Kallman's data establish no certain destiny for the development of schizophrenia according to genetic principles. They merely point, although forcefully, toward a predisposition to the disorder derived from hereditary factors. For the nature of that predisposition we must turn to other facts. But we must note in passing that the facts adduced by Dr. Kallman's studies have dealt a heavy blow to the extreme wing of the psychological theorists who contended that schizophrenia arises from very early damage to the personality of the child, brought about by the attitude and behavior of his mother.

A further weakening of this latter point of view has come about through careful studies of the relationships between children who later became schizophrenic and their parents, and

also from attempts to discover the special qualities of these persons as children. The studies have provided a valuable substitute for many rash generalizations supported by regard for theory rather than a search for facts. For example, the belief that some early psychological traumata predisposed a child to schizophrenia led naturally to the imagining of a type of mother—malicious and inept—who would bring such a thing about. There was even popular for a time an epithet, "schizophrenogenic mother." Perhaps this expression said more about the unkindness of psychologists and psychiatrists to mothers than about the hostility of these mothers to their children.

In any case, the parents of schizophrenic children refuse to fall into any particular or specific type. Most of them have successfully raised other children who did not become schizophrenic. Most do have a high order of anxiety, but this may be at least partly explained by their concern over the child who later becomes schizophrenic, and by their preoccupation with the guilt which some psychological theories, and often thoughtless neighbors and other members of their families, have thrust upon them.

Studies of the childhood of persons who later became schizophrenic suggest that as children they often betrayed more timidity than other children; and that they tended to handle themselves gently and deal with unpleasant situations by withdrawal rather than by frontal assault. Often they differed from other children in these respects from a very early age.

So possibly much of the formerly condemned behavior of parents arises from their anxious and sometimes frantic efforts to cope with a different child. If they fail, it may be because the task demands more of them than they, and most other persons, can offer.

Sometimes they respond to the frightened child with anger, and that does not help. Sometimes they withdraw from a withdrawing child, thus widening the gulf between the child and the rest of the world. Parents may therefore unwittingly contribute to the child's later downfall. But whatever the origin, unsatisfactory relations between ordinary parents and a child who differs so much from themselves delay the child's graded mastery of ordinary situations in life. He reaches adolescence or adulthood with less than the usual mastery of social situations behind him. Often brilliantly ahead of his contemporaries intellectually, he may lag far behind them in his social development. Whatever con-

tributes to his further social isolation adds to the preparation for schizophrenia.

This allows us to account for the fact that we have more schizophrenia in the industrialized United States than in, say, rural Southern Italy; and more in the derelict and slum or slum-bound sections of our big cities than in our small towns. Several aspects of our society promote personal isolation and reduce the sense of participation in common goals which is one of the best of all antagonists of fear. Among these harmful aspects I include the increasing specialization of work; the increasing mechanization of work so that person-machine relations become as important as interpersonal relations; the social separation of work and play, with fellow-workers spreading out at night into distant suburbs where play occurs in other groups; and, perhaps partly as derivatives of the foregoing, the increase in acquaintances and reduction in true friendships. I do not mean to indict our society; it has its assets, too. Yet we must realize that much of our way of living separates rather than binds people.

But we must still try to explain what happens to the person thus predisposed by heredity and the experiences of his early life which finally precipitates the disorganization of his mind. For up to now we could not distinguish our patient-to-be from many shy and gifted people.

At one time another popular psychological theory supposed that shy persons were specially predisposed to schizophrenia, and a "schizoid personality" became a frequent designation of such persons. Thoughtful reflection about this would have reminded the authors of this theory that most of the great achievements of the world in science, art, and even in politics and warfare, have come from persons who were, to use Jung's expression, introverted. Certainly a few of these people became mad or tinged with madness; but most of them were different but not insane.

To remove further doubts on this score we may turn to a study of fifty-seven children who were sufficiently shy to have been brought by their parents to a child-guidance clinic for examination. Circumstances prevented their receiving any treatment, but fortunately it was possible to follow them later after they had grown to adulthood. Most had made an excellent adjustment to their environments and had found success in marriage and work. Only two could be considered mentally unhealthy, and only one was schizophrenic. Yet these persons as children must have exhibited a rather ex-

treme degree of introversion or they would not have reached the psychiatric clinic.

There is no particular merit in extroversion or introversion as such. What matters is the origin of the mental direction taken. One may turn away from the world for inspiration and creativity as do scientists and artists, or for spiritual refreshment as do mystics. Or one may turn away from the world in fear and anger. The person who becomes schizophrenic does not turn inward toward something but rather away from something—unfortunately from other people.

Turning away from a situation which evokes fear, although it may temporarily reduce suffering, augments the capacity of that situation to evoke fear. We become conditioned to stimuli not from themselves, but through the responses we make to them. If we act assertively toward a bully we lose our fear of him and he shrinks; but if he drives us away he becomes a giant. A person who from an early age has reacted to fear by withdrawing from its stimuli, in adulthood lives in a world populated by huge and menacing persons. Yet these include the persons whom he would like to love and who would like to love him.

Whatever appearance of independence and aloofness the pre-schizophrenic person makes to the contrary, he suffers almost as much from loneliness as from the fears aroused by his contacts with other people. So his fear and loneliness balance rather evenly. The loneliness drives him again and again toward other people. Inflammable, he yet seeks out fire. Because of previous failures in mastery, situations which others handle with little emotion evoke in him charges of emotion which last longer and reverberate more profoundly.

THE ISOLATED PERSON

IN THE final disruption of mental processes several factors probably converge, and for each we have some experimental evidence. If you take an ordinary awake person and isolate him from all sensory stimuli by, for example, submerging him in a tub of warm water with a snorkel tube for breathing, you can within a few hours produce marked alterations in perceptions and thoughts. The delusions and hallucinations which he develops resemble closely those of dreams and of schizophrenia.

The organization of our thoughts seems to require the various changing stimuli of our environment. The sights and sounds of everyday

life act like the steel bindings around a bale of cotton. Cut these bindings and the cotton jumps apart. The average person of our society adds to the ordinary sensory bombardments of everyday life a thick binding of stimuli from television, newspapers, and moving pictures. These further prevent leakage of any individual or original thoughts which might escape into consciousness. Such persons thus commit another biological sin which does not concern us here. The person who withdraws too much from contact with other persons may make the opposite error. By reducing his stimuli he deprives his mind of necessary order and focus. His thoughts may then develop a tendency to wander loosely or to daydream. Such a tendency frequently occurs in the histories of patients who show schizophrenic reactions. Dr. Adolf Meyer believed that schizophrenic patients reached their ultimate state through a gradual deterioration in their habits of thought and behavior. The amateur daydreamers can turn professional. Thus one can glide insidiously into the world of schizophrenia.

Or one can be thrust in by some severe stress. As I mentioned earlier, the anxious or angry person fails to evaluate clearly the situation he is in. One can show experimentally, for example, that an anxious person has a much narrower range of awareness than a relaxed person. He has the vision of someone looking through a gun barrel; he can see straight ahead but not to the side. Thus deprived of important data, his responses to the environment become less adaptive and involve him in further anxiety. Stronger anxiety produces even more severe disorders of thinking and perception.

If you inject a person with large amounts of epinephrine, the hormone which squirts into our blood when we become angry or frightened, you can induce psychological changes in him which resemble a mild psychosis. Other substances which resemble epinephrine rather closely in chemical structure induce a state which even more nearly resembles schizophrenia. We already know a number of substances such as mescaline and lysergic acid diethylamide which can do this. A plausible hypothesis supposes that stress releases into the blood some metabolic substance which has structural resemblances to both epinephrine and the other two drugs I have mentioned. Such a substance could then interfere with the action of the brain, disrupting perceptions and thoughts in the manner found in schizophrenia. I should emphasize that no one has identified any such substance, al-

though I think it most probable that someone will.

However, the biochemical mechanism of schizophrenia may not lie in the abnormal release of an abnormal substance, but in an abnormal susceptibility of the cells of the brain to disruption by such a substance. Further understanding of the biochemical mechanisms which underlie the disorganization of thought will help to make more intelligible the action of tranquilizing drugs and shock therapies. Both these therapies seem to reduce the powerful emotional charge accompanying thoughts in these patients. Under their influence the patient may continue to have much the same thoughts but they cause less suffering. He can then begin to think about his difficulties more rationally. To continue the analogy with fire, these treatments reduce the smoke so that one can see the flame.

A SYMPTOM, NOT A DISEASE

THE foregoing survey suggests that the vulnerability to schizophrenia may exist at different levels in different persons. In some the vulnerability may lie in attitudes which lead to a withdrawal from unpleasant situations rather than their mastery; in others it may lie in a specially great intensity of the emotions; other patients may have an abnormal tendency to the release of toxic metabolic products during strong emotions; and still others may have neurones of unusual sensitivity whose function becomes easily disrupted.

These various susceptibilities may combine to hasten the end result, or opposing assets may dilute and neutralize them. The accumulative effect of many causes eventually becomes channeled in a final common pathway which leads to the disorganization of thought and emotions. Bleuler, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of schizophrenia, acknowledged its varied causes by referring to the group of schizophrenias rather than to schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia thus makes sense if viewed as a psychosomatic disorder in which the brain is the principal end organ affected. We can compare it in this respect with other psychosomatic disorders such as bronchial asthma. The mechanism of the asthmatic attack consists of spasms of the bronchial tubes. But a variety of factors may precipitate the spasms—changes in the weather, exposure to ragweed or other allergens, or stressful life situations. And behind each of these factors lie further ones which have made



A beach on the outskirts of San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

Why executives love the life—in Puerto Rico

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JOHN I. SNYDER, JR., President and Chairman of the Board of Directors

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the patient susceptible to their influence; these include hereditary factors and experiences, both physical and psychological, of early life.

Thus we have come to recognize that schizophrenia is not a disease, but a symptom. And like fever, which I mentioned earlier, it may have many different causes, and therefore can have many different outcomes. And it should receive various treatments according to the different pathological processes which participate in the causal chains. Our therapeutic interruptions of these causal chains lie at different levels of closeness to the final disorganization of thought. For example, the tranquilizing drugs probably reduce the disorganization by suppressing the reverberations of strong emotions, but they do nothing about the stresses which have stimulated these emotions. Or we may arrange to remove the patient from his major stresses by placing him in a hospital or foster home, but this does nothing to increase his resistance to stresses.

Recently much attention has been focused on the biochemical mechanisms of schizophrenia. No doubt we may soon learn better ways of preventing or reducing the chemical disorganization which precedes or accompanies the mental disorganization. But I think it correct

to speak of biochemical mechanisms rather than causes. For I believe—and this is only my personal opinion with which others disagree—that behind these biochemical mechanisms lie even more ulterior mental processes. These comprise the attitudes which have made events stressful for the patient. Of the vulnerabilities I mentioned above I think this the most important one. And I think we should speak of a cure only when we have been able to help the patient modify his attitudes.

The main entrances to schizophrenia lie in the failure to master stressful situations. And the patient must go out the way he came in, otherwise events will force him back. We see this limitation already in the use of the tranquilizing drugs. They can prepare the patient for effective and healing contact with those who can help him; but they cannot substitute for this contact.

Fortunately our psychotherapy slowly improves to meet the challenge. If fear and hate have their chemistry, so has love. Love cannot substitute for the mastery by the patient of his own fears, but it can temporarily reduce those fears and make worthwhile to the patient the retracing of the path of isolation and loneliness down which he has fled.

Unfortunately, we do not have enough love to offer those who have deprived themselves of it, or been deprived. It is futile to suppose that there will ever be enough psychotherapists to care for all the patients who could use their help. Our hopes for mastering schizophrenia lie rather in modifying the causes. Heredity and certain early experiences contribute, as I have said, to the development of susceptible persons. And the isolating conditions of our society add a third significant factor, which is, in my opinion, even more important.

Schizophrenia is to a great extent a penalty of our social sins. Like the threat of atomic warfare, it may be one of the terrible and too expensive prices we pay for advancing in the direction we have so far chosen. And its prevention may have to await a transformation of our society which will reduce our competitiveness and increase the flow of love to a previously unattained rate.

TED HUGHES

THE DOVE-BREEDER

LOVE struck into his life
Like a hawk into a dovecote.
What a cry went up!
Every gentle pedigree dove
Blindly clattered and beat,
And the mild-mannered dove-breeder
Shrieked at that raider.

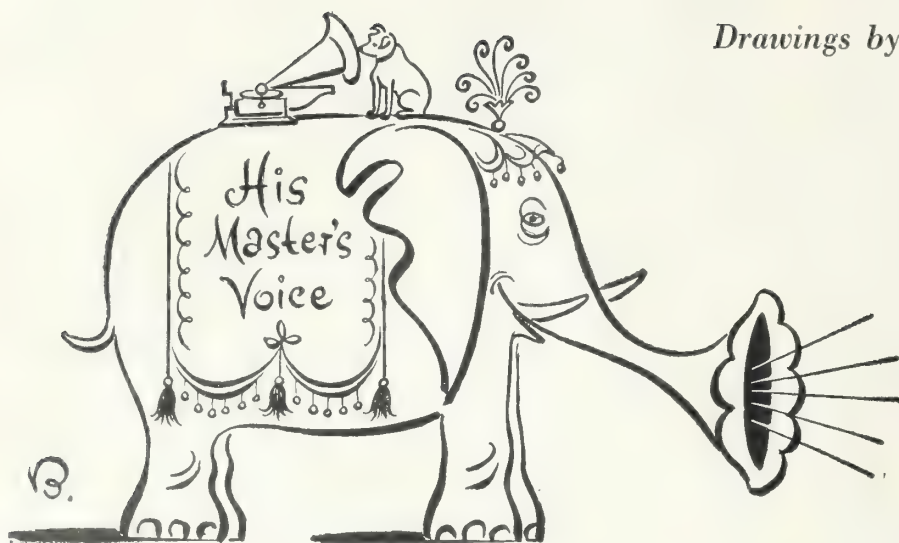
He might well wring his hands
And let his tears drop:
He will win no more prizes
With fantails or pouters,
(After all these years
Through third, up through second places
Till they were all world beaters . . .)

Yet he soon dried his tears

Now he rides the morning mist
With a big-eyed hawk on his fist.

By MARTIN MAYER

Drawings by Oscar Berger



MR. MAREK'S ELEPHANT

A gentleman from Vienna, who has specialized in many things from Hamlet to ostrich feathers, is now trying to steer the giant of the recording industry down a new path—which leads (he hopes) both to Big Money and to wholesale Culture-for-the Masses.

AMIDST the general excitement stirred up by the discovery that Americans spend more for concerts than for baseball games, commentators on the cultural scene have largely ignored the fact that Americans spend more for phonograph records than for concerts and baseball games put together. The record industry is a big business: in 1957, its sales will total roughly a quarter of a billion dollars. But it is rarely discussed, because not much is known about it. The individual companies, although they advertise heavily and constantly seek publicity for their artists and the more glamorous end of their work, maintain a modest reticence about their finances and operating procedures. Honest sales figures for specific records are hard to come by and consolidated figures are virtually unobtainable, since most of the large record companies are integrated parts of larger corporations. A flush of something like embarrassment ascends to the cheeks of record company officers when

they are asked to speak about the commercial functions of their employer as well as the cultural functions of the records they produce.

Business-contra-art tensions have been obvious in the record industry ever since Edison's day, but they have been heightened by the postwar boom in both records and culture. Today's "LP catalogue" presents a fantastic quantity and diversity of serious music. The fully equipped record store today will carry a stock of recorded serious music so large that a newcomer would need eight years of steady listening, at forty hours a week, to play each different item once. All music even faintly familiar has already been recorded, and musicians have come to feel that the record companies are now obliged to offer items which are literally never performed except in the world's three or four major, cosmopolitan music centers—if there.

These pressures from the communicants of the art are inevitably directed most strongly at the industry leader, the RCA Victor Record Division of the Radio Corporation of America. Well over a hundred companies issue "classical" recordings, but the Victor Red Seal label sells almost as many discs as all the others combined.

Cadillac once advertised what it called the penalties of leadership, and Victor feels them keenly. As the nation's largest manufacturer of art goods, it must carry an unbalanced load of obligations to the musical community, to fran-

chised wholesalers, to the stockholders of RCA, and to its own personnel. There is even a question of public interest here: if the phonograph record is a cultural implement, then everyone is to some extent influenced by what Victor does with its grandiose output of tools.

In the early days of the current record boom there was some doubt that Victor was going to participate at all. The serious-music end of today's record business is built almost exclusively on the LP microgroove plastic disc, which can play as long as thirty minutes without a break. But when the LP was first introduced in 1948 Victor opposed it, largely because it had been developed by Columbia Records, the company's most serious rival. To fight the LP, Victor produced and touted the "45," a disc of estimable technical quality which, however, could offer only five minutes of music to a side. The resulting confusion benefited nobody, and Victor, as the biggest, lost the most: its record sales dropped from an estimated \$80 million in 1947 to less than \$50 million in 1950.

OSTRICH FEATHERS TO OPERA

EARLY in 1950 a shakeup was ordained, and one of the first new arrivals was George R. Marek, a tall, sallow, Viennese-born advertising man who was also the music editor of *Good Housekeeping* magazine. Marek had been angling around the Victor offices for some time, hoping to fish up the company's substantial advertising account for his firm, the J. D. Tarcher Company. Instead, the late Joe Wilson, RCA's deputy overseeing the Victor operation, offered him the artistic direction of Victor's Red Seal division. Amazed, Marek made what he regarded as the impolitic confession that he admired the LP and had little affection for the "45" as a carrier of serious music. Wilson told him somewhat grimly that RCA, too, now admired the LP.

Armed with this assurance, Marek took the job and called a meeting of his new subordinates, at which he announced that the Red Seal division would henceforth concentrate on LPs. He spoke of the importance that such record purchasers as himself placed on the LP's capacity to present symphonic movements and whole scenes from operas without a record break. A die-hard objected: "Forty-fives play five minutes, and the break between them is only seven seconds. Does anybody really care about *seven seconds*?"

"It's like this," Marek explained in his precise, slightly Austrian voice, "you're in bed with

your best friend's wife, and every five minutes the door opens. It isn't open long—only seven seconds . . ."

Later that day, several of the men who had been at the meeting began, wisely, to look for other jobs.

George Marek arrived in the United States in the year 1920, at the age of seventeen, with a few schillings in his pockets, a sound grasp of English as it was taught in the Imperial Austrian secondary schools, and a strong taste for Wagner and Shakespeare. He got a job as a stock boy in a millinery house, whence his fellows regularly sent him out to buy such standard supplies as a paper stretcher and a pound of elbow grease.

"I was looking all around," he recalls, "it took me a long time. I deserved it, too—in those days I was a really insufferable prig."

Nevertheless, he made good, and won an assignment to the ostrich-feather department, which was particularly popular, Marek says, "because there was no work, ostrich feathers were going out of style, and because the boxes were so big you could hide behind them. I worked with a boy from the Bronx who knew nothing, absolutely nothing; we used to hide behind the boxes and I would read him 'Hamlet'. He got to like 'Hamlet' very much."

At night, Marek went to the Metropolitan Opera, paying a dollar and a half for a standee's place and an extra dollar to an usher who would then permit him to sit in one of the vacant orchestra seats. The first performance he saw at the Met was "Tristan," with Matzenauer; and he can name the others in the cast, too.

After two years in the lower ranks of the millinery business, Marek "went into advertising," where he remained for twenty-eight years. He speaks with great reluctance about his advertising career, which he did not enjoy.

"I was very bad at it, really," he says, "but I made a living."

Except for a few years at the beginning of the depression (when Marek and his wife, whom he met in New York and educated in opera, returned to \$1.50-plus-\$1.00 orchestra seats at the Met), it was a living good enough to provide extended vacations in Europe every other year. On arrival at a European terminus, the Mareks would board the first train to wherever Arturo Toscanini was conducting—usually Lucerne—and bathe themselves in more opera.

Marek's chance to step up out of the musical audience and into the green room came in the mid 1930s, through a friend in the writing busi-

ness, Herbert Mayes, then editing a minor journal called *Victoria Review*. Amused and impressed by Marek's incessantly musical conversation, Mayes asked him to write musical articles for the *Review*; and when Mayes moved on to Hearst Magazines, where he was to become editor of both *Good Housekeeping* and *Cosmopolitan*, he brought Marek along as music editor. In what time he could spare from his advertising work and his *Good Housekeeping* position, Marek wrote books about music, including a full-scale biography of Puccini. He also appeared regularly (he still does) as a guest speaker during intermissions in the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday afternoon broadcasts.

The *Good Housekeeping* connection brought Marek a close acquaintance not only with Toscanini, but also with Thomas Mann, the other idol of his youth. "I'm no hero-worshiper, believe me," Marek says, "but these two—they were the great men of our time."

During the war, Mayes wanted a contribution from Mann and asked Marek, who was off to Los Angeles anyway on other business, to be envoy plenipotentiary from Hearst. Marek went to see Mann in Beverly Hills ("It was a wonderful house—outside, informal, sunshine California; inside, everything dark and heavy, pure North Germany") and found the author wrestling with translation problems. He had written a story about Moses, as a contribution to Simon & Schuster's wartime symposium, *The Ten Commandments*, and his regular translator was busy with government work. Marek offered to fill in, and the offer was gratefully accepted; nothing in Marek's memory pleases him so much as the days he spent in communication with Mann, translating *The Tables of the Law*.

RIDING THE ELEPHANT

VICTOR offered Marek escape from advertising and the chance to relate his day's work to his hobbies. And Marek could see considerable business opportunities growing out of the job. Although he was hired simply to supervise the company's artistic program, he knew enough about Victor from prior contact to realize that nobody then in the organization had a consistent view of the company's commercial function. Arriving with such a view, Marek rose steadily to responsibility for all albums, popular as well as classical, and then, early this spring, to the post of Vice President and Operations Manager. Late this spring, he was moved up again, to Vice President and General

Manager, Victor's top job (the company has no President).

George Marek's view of Victor has not changed since his arrival. "Nobody," he says, "can be all things to all people—not even RCA Victor. Victor is an elephant. You must not expect an elephant to behave like a gazelle."

Victor's assets include the industry's largest plant (three factories employing 2,000 people), longest roster of top box-office artists (Toscanini, Horowitz, Heifetz, Rubinstein, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, Risë Stevens), and strongest distribution system (forty-eight independent jobbers, enough to blanket the country's 4,000 record stores). From the standpoint of the artistic management, however, these strengths are also restrictions. Only fast-selling records can keep the distributors financially healthy, pay the factory bills, and meet the high royalties which Victor guarantees its leading artists. The average classical record issued by Victor must sell almost 15,000 copies, or else the company loses money.

"When we print a four-color cover," Marek says, "our first press run is 15,000—if you don't print 15,000 you might as well print a hundred and go out of business."

Not every piece of music has a 15,000-sale potential. Marek in 1950 laid down as a basic law that for every two records which the Artists and Repertoire Department wanted to issue on its own hook there had to be eight records of "what the public wants." The public wanted mood music: Marek brought in Melachrino to compete with Columbia's Kostelanetz and London Records' Mantovani.

Market studies showed great public interest in sound for its own sake—"high fidelity"—regardless of the music presented by the sound.

"When new buyers go into the record store," Marek says, "they don't ask for some conductor's interpretation of *Scheherazade*. They ask for the newest *Scheherazade*, because that's supposed to have the best sound."

Thus, Marek decided that the same works could be issued profitably over and over again, in new recordings, and promotional literature should stress the fidelity of the technical work.

As a graduate of the advertising business, Marek also felt strongly about Victor's jackets and the illustrations on them—"this poster you hang in the store."

"When I came, Victor had one part-time art man working on covers, and they looked terrible," he says. "Nobody wanted to put in the money for high-quality four-color work. I had to quit once to get them to spend enough for

covers and to hire a first-class art director."

Marek thought that Victor's position in the industry demanded an occasional ultra-expensive package, something other companies would have difficulty matching—like the elaborate picture portfolio accompanying "The Pines and Fountains of Rome," or the early nineteenth-century engravings which adorn the notes-and-libretto booklets furnished with Verdi's Shakespeare operas. (The engravings came from Marek's own collection.) Marek is an art enthusiast, too, and music often brings paintings to his mind; when he feels the match is close, he will spend lavishly for art reproductions on Victor's jackets.

Reaching particularly far for the mass market, Marek has occasionally tried to extend packaging concepts to the music itself. Under his regime, Victor has issued "Listeners' Digests," recordings of symphonies with the development sections left out, and a disc called "Arias Sung and Acted," in which actors recited English translations of the songs before the vocalists sang them. Both these projects were bombs, partly, Marek feels, because the critical fraternity treated them so harshly. He has had better luck with trick titles which sell the customer on an idea rather

than on the actual music offered—his "Classical Music for People Who Hate Classical Music" was so successful that NBC appropriated the title and Marek's services as M.C. for a new night-time radio show.

Marek's policies, while directed largely toward the solution of commercial problems, all relate immediately to the music which is Victor's end product. Policies by themselves, however, run no businesses. At Victor, as elsewhere, policies are translated into operating decisions in executive meetings. The Red Seal division holds such meetings every Tuesday morning in a windowless conference room at the old New York stables-cum-hippodrome building which Victor recently converted into its national headquarters. Only rarely is there time to talk music at such meetings: too many business questions must be answered first.

These weekly conferences follow a standard pattern. First, anyone with an immediately pressing problem brings it before the meeting; second, the list of releases for the months directly ahead is scrutinized to see whether any part of the job is lagging; last, suggestions for the future are considered. A recent meeting, for example,

RCA Victor Strategy Meeting

Drawn from life by Oscar Berger



Robert A. Bradel
Purchasing Agent

George R. Prutting
International Sales

William Alexander
Advertising

George Parkhill
Field Sales

Dave Finn
Specialty Sales

James Dellet
Budgets

C. J. Luten
Red Seal Promotion

Charles Fach
Album Releases

Robert M. Jones
Art & Production

Frank Eshelman
Purchasing Operations

George R. Marek
V.P. & Gen. Man.

Alan Kayes
Repertoire

Herb Helman
Album Publicity

William W. Bullock
Record Albums Dept.

Robert L. Yorke
Sales & Merch.

opened with a complaint from Bill Alexander, Victor's advertising manager, about a distributor's newspaper ad, and moved on to an extended discussion of what Marek regards as inadequacies in the present Victor package. He was particularly unhappy about the tissue-paper inner sleeve ("this piece of cheese") which protects the record from the cardboard inner surface of the jacket. Procurement had been working on the problem and came up with the figures:

"This costs us seven-tenths of a cent; Columbia's plain paper would cost one cent, one-and-a-quarter cents printed. Polyethylene bags would cost one-and-one-half to three cents. We've also checked the new Angel package, with the polyethylene bag glued inside a paper sleeve—that costs them four cents each, in England; they buy it in England and ship it here."

Marek said, "I'm not concerned about the Angel package. Their records cost more than ours. But I want to see something done about this sleeve—you pull it out, it looks awful."

"Yes, sir."

BIG DEAL

THE meeting was then turned over to Alan Kayes, Manager of Red Seal Artists and Repertoire, who ran down the coming releases, explaining that one would have to be postponed because of engineering problems on the tape while another that had been postponed previously because the artist was dissatisfied with it could now be re-scheduled. ("She hit the three notes she wanted to hit," Marek commented. "Big deal.") On still another there was a cover problem; Marek said that he and art director Bob Jones would work it out. One record lacked a title—it was a disc of the Boston Pops under Fiedler playing the "Marche Slav," part of the "Coq d'Or," and the "William Tell" overture.

Kayes said, "One thought has been, Fiedler in Hi-Fi or Fiedler and Hi-Fi. I'd rather go back to content, tell people what's on the record."

Sales manager Bob Yorke said, "We're going to sell this on sound. Is it really luscious?"

"A gasser," Kayes said.

"Then why do you object to Fiedler in Hi-Fi?"

Kayes took a deep breath. "Do you want me to make my Cross of Gold speech, again?"

Marek said, "Yes, I'm sure we'd all like to hear it again, Alan. But I think we can call the record Hi-Fi Fiedler." He turned to Kayes.

"If I could see the titles of the music," Kayes said, "I'd go along."

Marek drew three horizontal lines in the air. "They're right under Hi-Fi Fiedler," he said.

"Okay."

When the roster of coming months had been called, the meeting got down to detail work on each record: ideas for advertising and promotion, possible tie-ins with television shows or music festivals, which of two selections on a single disc should be featured, who should get free records—salesmen, radio stations, "top" or "mass" reviewers, or both? Victor's budget for reviewers' records alone is \$50,000 a year, calculated at actual cost.

An hour and a half after the meeting had begun it was thrown open to random ideas. Alan Kayes won unanimous enthusiasm for a proposal for a Toscanini "discography"—a printed list of all Toscanini records currently available—to be inserted in forthcoming Toscanini albums. There was some discussion of how the booklet should be prepared. "Leave the dog and horn off it, eh?" said export manager George Prutting—because Victor's rights to its famous trademark stop at the water's edge. And advertising manager Alexander made the point that such a pamphlet should be charged against cost of product, not the advertising budget.

There was a recording not on the immediate schedule which Kayes wanted to insert: a new "Hamlet," with John Gielgud. The recording had been made in England by HMV, and Victor's license for the American distribution of HMV recordings will expire in December 1958. Kayes wanted quick issuance to get the maximum sales out of the album before Victor lost the rights to it. Sales manager Bob Yorke proposed that the whole project be forgotten: "This sort of thing, we build it up, sell it to a school audience, and you sell two thousand the first year, then settle down to six hundred a year. If we've got to hand it over to somebody else after eighteen months . . . I'd say, let's not release it at all." And Marek, reluctantly, agreed.

"The only thing bad about this," he said, "it was our idea, three years ago, I urged them to do it. Well—" with a sigh—"no charge for the idea." (Later, the sigh returned to trouble Marek again: this *was* "Hamlet." Victor will issue the album in the fall.)

Marek then went over a list of repertory suggestions for a more distant future. Several distributors had asked for a new "1812 Overture," "with the Robert Shaw male chorale, and real cannons." This was hooted down, while Marek grinned. Next was an idea for "a super gift item—all the good operas in one box for \$200." Pro-

motion manager C. J. Luten killed the proposal with the comment that anyone interested in the whole package would certainly have at least one of the operas already. Finally, Marek thought it might be possible "to cash in on all this excitement about ballet" by devoting a month to nothing but records of ballet scores. Yorke opposed such a release with the argument that when dealers receive seven records of the same sort they push only two or three of them, allowing the others to die. It might be good musical publicity, but it was bad merchandising.

YOUNG ARTISTS AND OLD MASTERS

ALMOST everywhere in the book and record business, editors and music directors are filled with fear and trembling—and, if it's an afternoon conference, booze—when they face an executive meeting. They know that the projects they love will rouse pained expressions, while ideas that bore them will draw cheers. But nowhere are their problems so baffling as at Victor: no other record company, and no book publisher, must average 15,000 sales of each \$4 item to break even. And the worst of it is that record sales are relatively predictable—a familiar piece of music, played by a famous artist, recorded in ultra high-fidelity, is a guaranteed best seller. Nothing else will sell more than moderately well, in Victor's terms.

Reconciling the high break-even point with the artistic demands that may legitimately be made on a record company is the job of Alan Kayes and his two main assistants, musical directors Dick Mohr and Jack Pfeiffer. Their problem breaks into two parts—unfamiliar music and unknown artists. Unfamiliar music can be digested by the executive branch if the recording artist has his own audience, guaranteeing a certain minimum number of sales for anything he does. Heifetz can record a violin concerto by the little-known contemporary Italian-American composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, and nobody in the sales department will do more than groan slightly; and Victor will invest good money in Clementi Sonatas and Scriabin Etudes—both very rare birds on the concert stage—provided they are played by Vladimir Horowitz.

"Keep in mind," says Jack Pfeiffer, "that what Horowitz wants to do is in itself a commercial consideration."

To a lesser degree, the process works in reverse, too: familiar music can pull up sales for a recording by a relatively unknown artist. Here,

however, Victor is faced with almost insuperable difficulties. Salesmen simply will not push Chopin Nocturnes by a young pianist when their samples kit contains the same music recorded by Artur Rubinstein—nor would it be fair to the young pianist to put him in direct competition with one of the world's great musical figures. Young artists at Victor are therefore restricted to more or less peripheral repertory, which makes for even worse figures on the balance sheet. For twelve years, Victor issued several recordings a year by pianist William Kapell, the most widely praised young American of the period. At the time of Kapell's death in an airplane crash, only one of his solo recordings had sold enough copies to break even.

Nevertheless, Victor makes an effort to keep at least a few young artists on its list. Marek will not hold personal auditions—"they are embarrassing to the artist and to me, and you don't learn from them what the records will be like." But Mohr and Pfeiffer run recording sessions with aspiring performers all year long, and Kayes and Marek study the resulting tapes at leisure. In a good year, this study of the tapes may produce two new solo artists for the Victor list; in a bad year, it will produce nobody.

"You must realize," Kayes says, "that there's been no real shift in the public taste in thirty years. Heifetz, Horowitz, Rubinstein—they were the big artists thirty years ago, too. The concert business keeps people on top a long time. I don't say we can afford to let other companies build people, and then we can take them over when they're famous. That's a smug attitude. But we do have the best distribution system, we can offer an artist most. And then there's the story about the time Baldwin Pianos came to Rubinstein and offered to take over all cartage expenses—and that's a lot of money—if Rubinstein wanted to switch pianos. Rubinstein went to Hurok for advice, and Hurok was very tempted. But finally he said, 'No. A great pianist must have two affiliations, the public expects it—Steinway and RCA Victor.'"

Marek is less concerned than his assistants about the dangers involved in allowing other companies to sign up the younger artists and to stake claims in the less familiar repertory. Like most autodidacts, Marek is a missionary, and he regards it as his and Victor's mission to raise the mass audience to a higher level of musical taste. "Classical Music for People Who Hate Classical Music" is regarded in the trade as a wonderfully clever title for a collection of previously recorded stock orchestral encores. But Marek is much

prouder of the audience it reached than of the profits it produced.

"I don't think it's very important," he says, "what music you start to sell to new buyers. As the cigarette people believe, the habit is everything. If we could strip humanity of enough of the inferiority complex, the truculence, toward what they call long-hair—if we could approach them without the penalty of the fame of the *Work of Art*—we would have an enjoyment of music and art far beyond what exists today. Beethoven's Seventh is no more difficult to react to than Sauter-Finegan. I am always looking to find a way . . ."

Marek also believes in the unity of art; he feels that there are obscure but real lines of force connecting great paintings, great music, great writing. Victor's most elaborate cover, an intricately folded piece of cardboard, was planned to give the proper proportions to a large reproduction of Botticelli's "Spring," and to eliminate the need for type on the sheet with the artwork. The reproduction accompanied a recording of the Beethoven Seventh, and Marek hoped it would sell copies. But he was sure that whether it sold records or not, the painting would give a clearer idea of Beethoven's intentions.

Similarly, Victor did not make any major recording effort to celebrate the Mozart bicentennial; instead, Marek's "Homage to Mozart" was a new pressing of old recordings, packaged with a book of relevant graphic material,

chosen by *Art News* editor Alfred Frankfurter.

Such ventures do not go down well with the music critics, most of whom regard as hogwash all theories of the unity of the arts. Many serious musicians also take a cynical view of what Virgil Thomson has called "the appreciation racket," considering it a cultural gloss over a wholly commercial enterprise. Marek is highly conscious of such objections, and they annoy him. He regards such critics as "snobs," whose lack of interest in the mass audience is a disagreeable compound of artificiality, envy, and ignorance. The recording industry serves both music and the public, and where the interests of the two seem to conflict Marek is convinced—personally as well as professionally—that the public must come first. If the phonograph record is a cultural tool, Marek will use it as a trowel on the mass market.

It is easy and probably correct to say that RCA would not allow Victor to be run for any length of time on any other principle. But Marek's policy is very much his own.

"We are the largest purveyors of music to the American public," he said the other day over lunch, "and I'm proud of it. Of course, I make a lot of music I hate. Everybody does. But when you can sell 300,000 copies of a Beethoven Ninth. . . ." He leaned back in his chair, a light came into his eyes—and for a moment he was back behind the ostrich-feather boxes in the millinery warehouse, reading "Hamlet" to an ignorant friend from the Bronx.

THE WORDLESS TRIBE by Robert Gordon

. . . Philistia was in the iron age before Israel had attained to it. In general, archaeological evidence has made the Philistines come alive as a powerful and able people, long the victims of enemy propaganda . . . and of their own literary silence.

—George Hedley, "Frontiers of Religion," *Harper's*, November 1956.

APOLOGIES are called for, but alas,
The words choke in my throat: I cannot yield
The simple justice scholarship demands.
Goliath, it would seem, has been misjudged.
He knew the civic disciplines, used iron
While backward Israel still hammered stone
And mused upon the latest prophet's wrath.
Still, I must side with David. As a youth
He chose the light, swift pebble to bring down
The pompous master of technology;

And then he turned to lighter, swifter words
To praise his God and blast his enemies.
I say there's reason in the steadfast scorn
This able, wordless tribe has since received,
And all you states, who out of human clay,
Bring forth some measure of security,
Take warning: build your languages, revere
The vibrant psalmist with his tongue of flame,
For history decrees you will be called
Eternal Philistines, unless you speak.

Richard A. Gregg

RUSSIA'S PAMPERED YOUTHS

The story of a highly personal
—and puzzling—encounter between a young
American and the Soviet zoot-suit set.

NIE RASTIT BARCHUKOV!" exhorted the brightly illustrated poster in the Leningrad store window. Roughly translated this means "Don't Pamper Your Children!" In a city whose boldest advertising gambit heretofore had been a small neon sign opposite my hotel reading "Taxis—A Convenient Form of Travel," this seemed to deserve my attention.

The time, I might explain, was a dusky afternoon in late November of last year. I am a Russian teacher in a small New England college, writing a dissertation on a Russian poet. And the possibility of on-the-spot research for my thesis plus a good deal of general curiosity—favored by the largesse of one of our foundations—had brought me to the Soviet Union.

I stopped my slushy promenade down the Nevskii Prospekt and peered through the frost-clouded glass. The cartoon depicted a mop-haired, zoot-suited young man sprawling languidly in an armchair. Above him hovered the servile figure of his father, lighting a cigarette that drooped from the boy's lips; below, his mother was tenderly propping a footstool under his dangling and indifferent legs. It was a good cartoon, sharp, well-drawn. Yet its total effect was curiously unreal. Whatever problems haunted the shabby sea of citizens flowing by

me on the broad boulevard, it was hard to believe that excessive coddling was one. Indeed this vignette from Soviet family life, designed to shock and repel, had, on me at least, an almost cheering effect. Flashy clothes, comfortable armchairs, indulgent parents—somehow it was nice to know they could exist, even here.

"You . . . American . . . okay?" A voice from behind interrupted my ruminations. I turned and took in a slim, pasty-faced young man in a tall fur hat or *shapka*, shapeless gray overcoat, and snub-nosed unpolished shoes. Incredible as it seemed, he had materialized at precisely the moment I was studying the poster.

"Yes," I said. "I'm an American."

There was a moment's pause before I realized he had recklessly exhausted his entire English vocabulary in one sentence. I switched to Russian; the young man's face brightened with surprise and relief; and the conversation went on.

His name, I learned, was Grigori, his father was a professor of radio technology, and he himself was a mathematics student at the university. Aside from mathematics his main interests were, in order of increasing importance: (1) the paintings of Matisse and Dufy; (2) black-market operations on a fairly large scale; and (3) anything that came from America, particularly if it was loud—jazz, new cars, clothes. Although he deeply resented the government's lack of enthusiasm in promoting these varied interests, his apathy about politics, Russian or Western, seemed complete.

I was particularly curious about his interest in modern art, and I asked if he painted himself.

"Right now I study part-time at an art school, but I think I'll drop it and concentrate on mathematics. My teacher doesn't approve of my decadent tendencies."

"Don't you think it's silly for the government to interfere in art?"

"Nearly everything they do is silly."

"Do you like Picasso, too?"

"I'm not sure. He's pretty crazy."

"And Klee?"

"Never heard of him. It's only very recently that we've been able to find out about Matisse, you know."

We had begun to walk, and the cold gray afternoon seemed to affect him, for he suddenly said, "My God it's dull here!"

"How do you mean?"

"No good bars, jazz, restaurants. No pretty well-dressed girls . . ." Then brightening: "Do you own a car in America?"

"Yes."

"How many rooms in your apartment?"

"Three-and-a-half."

"Only the very richest people here could afford that. We are extremely well off, and we have only three rooms. Do people really live much better in America?"

"Yes, a great deal."

This seemed unnecessarily brutal, so I added: "Of course you have some very fine things here. Your subway is very handsome. Much cleaner and prettier than ours."

"Yes, but it's all *underground*."

I couldn't deny it. I went on: "Leningrad, too, is a very beautiful city, but," lapsing into candor again, "somehow I seem to get depressed here. Perhaps it's the weather."

"It's the people. They're all dressed alike: in gray or black. Bright colors here are considered a little suspicious. It's better to dress dully, tastelessly, like everyone else. I can always tell a foreigner in the streets."

"By his clothes, you mean."

"Well, there's that, too, of course. But I can tell by the way he *walks*. Russians walk stiffly, heavily, and stare down a great deal. Haven't you noticed?"

"Yes."

Grigori shook off these dark thoughts. "Let's talk about America. Where's your chong gong?"

"My what?"

"You know: chong gong." His jaws began to work furiously.

"Oh, *chewing gum*! I'm sorry, I don't chew."

"You don't? It's terribly chic."

A glance at my watch warned me that our cultural exchange was over for the day. The theater started in an hour, and I had not yet dined. I excused myself, suggesting that we meet the next day at the same time.

"Where?" he asked. "It's too cold in the streets."

"How about a bar?"

He named one nearby.

"Is it a nice bar?" I asked suspiciously.

He assured me it was.

A DRINK WITH GRIGORI

MY DOUBTS about the bar should perhaps be explained. The day before, my first in Leningrad, I had visited the other kind of bar—a cold, brightly-lit, stone-floored saloon with an antiseptic unpleasantness about it that recalled a public lavatory in a railway station. Along one side of the room ran a stone-topped counter where I had to stand in line to get a huge

mug of cheap brown beer. After that I went off to one of the stone tables in the middle of the room. There were no chairs, so I just stood, drank, and gazed about at the strong Russian faces—hostile, sullen, sad, or merely drunken—that surrounded me.

Signs on the wall said that smoking was forbidden and vodka drinking was punishable by law, but many smoked, and a few took bottles out of greasy overcoats and, holding their mugs furtively under the table tops, poured vodka into their beer. Suddenly right near me two drunken workers closed, grappled, slowly collapsed, and rolled on the muddy stone floor. One of them had grabbed the other's face in his hand and was twisting the nose and mouth into unlikely shapes. Spectators gathered. A surly middle-aged worker came up to me.

"Is he a friend of yours?" he asked, nodding at one of the combatants.

"No."

"Watch out just the same, citizen."

The advice, I thought, was sound. I left.

So, as I say, a *nice* bar was what I had in mind.

The next day I hunted down the address Grigori had given me. The place was easy to find, but the nice bar turned out to be a genteel ice-cream parlor filled with dusty tasseled curtains, chairs covered with worn plush, and massive tables under white tablecloths. All this under the cold, chaperoning glare of lights that didn't leave a single corner unexposed. The atmosphere of seedy decorum was expertly maintained by small wall signs which observed primly: "Here we do not smoke."

I finally spotted Grigori waving from a table near the window where he was seated with another boy. I walked over and was introduced to his companion, whose name was Dimka. Before we sat down Grigori took up something loosely wrapped in an old copy of *Pravda*.

"I brought this for you," he said.

I opened the newspaper. In it lay a small gluey painting filled with orange, blue, and murky yellow triangles which continued busily up to its frameless edge. The whole wore an air of botched originality which was certainly not lessened by pieces of *Pravda* which had stuck here and there to the shellac.

"What do you think?" he asked.

I drew a deep breath. "There can be no doubt about it," I said, "you are very gifted."

Grigori looked smug and wrapped his painting up in *Pravda* again. "What will you have to drink?" he asked.

"Beer," I said.

"The beer here is terrible. I'll order something more interesting."

He ordered champagne, coffee, and raspberry pop for two. When they arrived he began to sip first one and then the other speculatively.

While this was going on, Dimka, a gay, rosy-cheeked, slippery-looking lad, took a limp, yellow piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to me: "How much do you think it's worth?"

The document was written in French and appeared to be a deed or share to some mines in the Kazan region. It was almost certainly pre-revolutionary.

"Nothing, I imagine."

"You mean you don't want to buy it?"

"No."

Dimka lapsed into hurt silence, and Grigori took over the conversational reins. Non-objective art was shelved before the more immediate needs of Soviet society. What did I have to sell? He was interested in everything: my duffel-coat, gloves, socks, ties, shirts, ballpoint pens, and, of course, American dollars. All in vain. Except for a few cartons of cigarettes and two copies of the Russian-language newspaper of New York with which I hoped to convert the people to the American Way, I had absolutely nothing I could sell. I was, therefore, obliged to reject every proposal with a monotony which finally drove Grigori into the sulks. This, at least, gave me a chance to quiz Dimka who, by now recovered from the bursting of the Kazan bubble, had grown more accessible.

He was, he said, a student of voice at the music conservatory. His father was a movie director, but his parents were divorced and he no longer lived with either of them, preferring to stay with a certain Ira, a fellow student at the conservatory, whom he somewhat obscurely referred to as his "life-long friend," in the home of her father, a professor. A snapshot revealed Ira as a thin-faced, frizzle-haired young girl.

As Dimka expatiated on his domestic life he gradually warmed to both his subject and me. "I wish you could meet my little kitten," he said.

"I'd love to."

"Really? How about the day after tomorrow—Monday?"

"Fine."

"Our chauffeur will pick you up outside the hotel at ten."

I didn't blink. "Grand," I said.

We rose to go, Grigori still brooding about the black-market fiasco, Dimka in high spirits. As we headed for the door he led me aside and removed a snapshot from his pocket, a rose-

tinted studio photograph of a stout young woman standing with her hands on her hips and one leg placed on a footstool. She wore slacks (rare among Soviet girls), smoked a cigarette (still rarer), and wore lipstick (virtually unheard of).

"She's what you call 'high life,'" he said proudly, using the English words.

"She's *all right*," I said, shaking my head and smiling like an old-timer who has to admit that these kids are moving pretty fast.

"She's an actress in Archangel," Dimka added. "Just a personal friend, if you know what I mean." And then to make sure I knew what he meant, he said in a stage whisper, "She's my mistress."

I wondered confusedly what that made Ira.

AN EVENING WITH NINA

MONDAY morning broke cold and sunny. I was up at daybreak, devoured a huge, tepid Soviet breakfast in my room, and hastened down into the strangely bright streets that lay wide and almost unpeopled save for the stout women in cloth boots who ceaselessly swept and shoveled away the graying snow.

With half an hour on my hands before Dimka's arrival I decided on a morning constitutional. As I strode along, my thoughts traveled first forward to my imminent encounter with Dimka, and then backward to a girl named Nina, who differed from Dimka markedly.

Nina had sat next to me at an afternoon performance at the ballet the day before. She was a tall, big-boned girl of about twenty-six with an abundant, classless bosom and warm, serious eyes. She wore a brown woolen dress that was innocent of shape or taste, and was reading—though I don't claim it necessarily follows—an edition of Shaw's plays in English. I spoke first; Nina answered quickly, warmly; and soon we were talking naturally and unconcernedly in a way that suggested that American news reports of a timorous, close-mouthed Soviet people could stand revision.

Nina, I soon learned, was unmarried, lived with her mother, and taught English in a Lenin-grad high school. She liked her work, stayed clear of politics, and found life busy, tiring, but not dull. We talked almost continuously between the acts, and when the curtain went down for the last time Nina with an abrupt simplicity which touched me suggested that she show me something of Russian art, my ignorance of which had evidently pained her. I accepted, and in a

few minutes we were rattling toward the Lenin-grad Art Museum in a trolley.

There we spent the waning hours of the afternoon, Nina explaining to me about the great Russian masters, Repin, Aivazovskii, Ge, and Shishkin, whose lack of renown in the West was as puzzling to her as it seemed—after two hours of patient scrutiny—justified to me.

Emerging into the December dusk I found I was lost. But the good Nina offered to walk back to the hotel with me. As we went through the darkening Leningrad streets something in her calm, sensible good humor suggested to me that I might repay her kindness with candor.

My unsolicited critique of things Soviet (how rude it must have sounded!) began with the absence of free speech (one of the few arguments you can prove *a priori* without using facts which a Russian will dispute); and it ended—how else in December 1956 could it have ended?—in the streets of Budapest.

Nina listened attentively, with growing uneasiness. Our walk was over now and we were standing before the Astoria. It was dark and quite cold, but I had started and I was determined to finish. From time to time Nina interrupted me, hesitantly repeating what she had read about fascist *provokatory*, bewildered workers, and so forth, but each time I brushed her aside with a flat denial or heavy sarcasm and plunged excitedly, even angrily, on. I could feel that the emotion of my words was communicating, but I was not prepared for what happened. Suddenly Nina broke in again:

"All right," she said, "I'll admit that what you are saying may be true. I am not saying it *is*, but I'll admit that it *might* be. What good do you think your truth is to me? Can believing these terrible things make me any happier? *And what do you think I could do about it anyhow?*"

I was silent. What indeed?

"We have quarreled," said Nina at last.

"Of course not," I said, and went on quickly, "It was my fault. I was very frank, too frank. I'm sorry."

"That's all right. But I must go." Then, almost as an afterthought, she added, "I think some of the things you said were true."

A MORNING WITH DIMKA

RESOLVING to bring at least a few of these issues to Dimka's butterfly attention, I started back to the hotel. But before I reached it a car drew up beside me and Dimka's rosy face popped out of the window. "Allyo . . .

Gregg! Climb in!" In a minute I was sitting beside him in the back seat and we were off.

A hasty glance at the "chauffeur and automobile" convinced me that "gardener and jalopy" would have been a more accurate American translation. In size and style the car looked roughly like a '46 Ford, and the old, grizzled driver bore a striking resemblance to his machine.

The next stop was a liquor store where Dimka bought a bottle of wine for twenty-five roubles—slightly less than the daily wages of an unskilled worker—and since Dimka's home was nearby, we went the rest of the way on foot: down a bleak, clean street, under a stone arcade, across a snow-covered courtyard, and into a chilly, respectable apartment house. Dimka took me up to the second floor where he stopped and jauntily punched out a secret tattoo on the doorbell. In a minute the frizzle-haired gamin of the snapshot was letting us in.

Ira was a small, nicely-shaped creature of nineteen. She wore a mud-colored dress and had an air of brutal shyness about her which I was later to observe in many Soviet girls. It comes, I finally decided, from a total absence of social poise, and is not, I might add, without a certain obscure charm.

After we had removed our things, Dimka in a manner that was both apologetic and perfunctory offered to show me around. The apartment was large—five rooms—and sunny. It was equipped with all the essentials—hot water, electricity, central heating, gas stove—and some conspicuous non-essentials—telephone, radio, piano, TV set, and an excellent library. Yet these things seemed only to underline the ingrained shabbiness of the rest: the rough, barn-like floor, the peeling window sills, the old wallpaper, and the cold, leprous little bathroom.

When the tour was over Ira and I sat down while Dimka fetched some glasses and poured out the wine. For once in Russia no one proposed a toast: they just began to drink. I took a sip. A little sweet, but not bad . . . not bad at all. I leaned back and at this, as if they had been stocking up for weeks, Dimka and Ira suddenly deluged me with questions.

From Dimka: What do they *really* put in cocktails? From Ira: Did I get married in a church? From Dimka: Were the cars shown in *Amerika* (the Russian-language magazine distributed by our government) really *that* shiny? From Dimka again: Could I yodel like a cowboy? (It was only by croaking out a few bars that I convinced him I could *not*.) From Ira: Does my wife do her

own laundry? From Dimka: What did I think of Ray Anthony . . . Louis Armstrong . . . Elvis Presley?

I answered as fast as I could, though sometimes I fell minutes behind the questions. Pouring out a second glass of wine for myself, I wondered dazedly what had become of the high plane of discussion. But Dimka was indefatigable: "Tell us about New York," and then before I had a chance to say anything, "and Broadway . . . and those lights!"

"Well," I said lamely, "they're awfully bright."

"My God, but the cars must go fast down Broadway," said Dimka in a low excited voice.

"As a matter of fact," I said, hoping to discourage at least some of this silliness, "they go very *slowly*."

Cries of dismay and incredulity. I felt a little ashamed of myself and began to mutter something about many cars and narrow streets.

"Which do you prefer," Ira broke in, "Leningrad or New York?"

"Oh, I suppose Leningrad is more *beautiful*," I said cautiously, "but I like New York better just the same. You can't imagine how lively it is in the fall, and around Christmas," I added a little wistfully, "it's even nicer."

"Say, when exactly is Christmas?" asked Dimka in an exploratory tone. I explained.

"Anyway," said Ira with a certain pride, "I'm sure New York isn't as *cold* as Leningrad."

"Oh nowhere near."

Dimka eyed my huge duffel-coat draped on the chair: "Then why all *that*?"

"It's just the style," I said defensively.

"Could I try it on?" Dimka asked.

"Of course."

But Ira was quicker. "Me first!" she cried, and snatching up my coat pulled it excitedly on.

"Wait!" said Dimka. He rummaged in a closet for a moment and came up with two little wooden pistols, one of which he gave to Ira. The two sidled up to me with sinister smiles. Suddenly Dimka whipped out his pistol. "Pchkool!" he barked, "Pchkoo—Pchkool!"

I doubled up, clutched at my abdomen.

"*Amerikanskie ganstery!*" cried Ira delightedly.

BORIS' HOT PIANO

HAPPILY, my dignity was saved by the door bell. Ira rose to see who it was, and a moment later returned with a dark, square-faced young man who was introduced as Boris.

Boris, it seemed, played the piano in a

Leningrad jazz orchestra, and only a minimal amount of effort was needed to herd him over to the piano where he was soon happily knocking out experimental chords. When these preliminaries had run their course Boris' face turned dark with concentration and he swung into a hard-driving version of "Chattanooga Choo-choo."

In a single movement Dimka and Ira turned toward me, serene in their confidence. I did not fail them. By some wild coincidence it happens that I know *all* the words to "Chattanooga Choo-choo." Wine glass in hand I rose and began: "Pardon me boss . . ."

After that we did "Summertime" and "Embraceable You," and then Dimka turned his sticky, nasal voice to a sentimental Russian number called "Dalyokii Drug." (The title means "Distant Friend," and is addressed, Dimka explained, to that great French artist and friend of the peoples' democracies, Yves Montand.) Finally, Dimka, Ira, and Boris all joined in a spirited marching song with incongruously mournful words. They sang with broad, foolish smiles on their faces and when it was over I asked what was up. Dimka sheepishly explained that it was a parody of the song sung by Soviet pioneers on their way to colonize Siberia. I laughed and asked if any one was ever forced to go off to Siberia.

"Oh no," said Dimka, "it's what you do when the girl you love marries the other man. Every one feels sorry for you, so you settle in Siberia to forget."

"You mean that *you*, for instance, wouldn't ever consider going there?"

"Me? Why should I? I feel fine. Besides, I don't care a thing about politics. My God, do you realize that I wasn't even a Komsomol?" This evidently represented the *bas fond* of political apathy.

At last I thought I saw an opening. "You mean," I said, "that you think the system is wrong?"

Dimka's eyes turned glassy. "The system?" he said vaguely, "oh I don't know about *that*. If they could only have some jolly bars here and the girls could dress a little better."

I gave up. In the succeeding lull Boris excused himself and left. The rest of us fell silent.

At this point Dimka revealed his *savoir-faire* as a host. "I suppose," he said carelessly, "you noticed our telephone?"

I said I had.

"Do you realize," he continued, smiling with anticipation, "that if you dial a certain number

a voice will *automatically* tell you the correct time?"

"Really?"

Dimka mistook apathy for doubt. "But I'm *serious*," he insisted, "here, try it yourself!"

"Oh I'm sure—"

"No but *try* it!"

Beside himself, Dimka dialed the number and excitedly held the receiver against my unresisting ear. As a rasping recorded voice told me the time Dimka peered intently at my face, expecting, I suppose, to behold the mingled wonder and fear of the savage confronted with a pocket mirror. I gave him a flabby little smile.

Undaunted, he went on: "Do you know what's fun?"

"No," I said suspiciously.

"Just dial any old number and then ask the person a lot of silly questions. Come on, let's try it!"

Old memories of rainy Saturday afternoons at home with the gang . . . "Do you have Prince Albert in a can?" . . . Ah, youth!

"No," I said, firmly this time.

Dimka began to look discouraged.

Taking advantage of the momentary silence I got up and began to look at the handsome array of books on the shelves: Schedrin, Gogol, Mayakovskii, Tolstoi . . . I took down a copy of *Anna Karenina* and opened it. It cracked.

Dimka, who in the meantime had been trying on my cap with the ear muffs, came over. "Splendid editions!" he said. Then, nonchalantly taking down one book of a four-volume edition of Goncharov: "Here . . . a souvenir from your new friends."

"Oh no. Really—" I was embarrassed. The book, I felt sure, was not Dimka's.

"Goncharov *is* rather a bore," he said sympathetically. "How about Chekov?"

"I'm afraid I really couldn't—" I began again.

But the more I declined, the more insistent Dimka grew.

"Any book in the place!" he cried with an expansive wave of the hand. "Here, you must take *something*." He pulled a big brown book off the shelf and thrust it on me. "This one, for instance; it's by the famous Soviet writer . . . uh . . ." looking closely, "—Zhikharioff!"

I began to feel that it was time to yield. "Thank you," I murmured, "I am touched."

"Permit me," said Dimka, now very *grand seigneur*, "to inscribe a few words of friendship."

He took out his pen and wrote: "In memory of our friendship. December 2, 1956," and signed it. I thanked him and took the book.

But to my alarm this act of largesse only spurred Dimka on to greater sacrifices. Rum-maging in a drawer he brought out a small pile of picture postcards which depicted Sochi by moonlight, the Kremlin, a chubby Ukrainian girl playing the accordion, and so forth. After the postcards came a small cracked ikon (given to Ira, Dimka explained, by a "believing aunt"), a worn worker's cap, and a shoehorn.

As the pile of presents mounted so did Dimka's affection for me. "Gregg," he said, visibly moved by his own generosity, "you really must come back to Russia soon. But in the summer next time. It's so much nicer in the summer. We could do all sorts of things together. And instead of staying at the hotel you could live right here! Wouldn't that be wonderful, kitten? You, me, and Gregg—together!" Shaking his head and smiling: "What times!"

Ira stirred uneasily, but Dimka only grew more exalted: "Gregg, let's be eternal friends!"

"All right," I said. Never had I felt my emotional shallowness more acutely.

"And you will promise to write us from America?"

In the quicksands of sentiment it was best not to struggle.

"I promise," I said, sinking with each word.

In the middle of all this I suddenly noticed that it was well past noon. Relieved at an excuse to cut short these effusions, I prepared to go. Dimka made no attempt to detain me, but as I pulled on my coat he asked about my plans for the next day. I said I was hoping to visit the summer palace at Pushkin.

Dimka had a predictable brainstorm: "Why, I can go with you and be your guide!"

We fixed an hour and I bid Dimka and Ira a warm good-by. With no car at my disposal, and having only the dimmest idea where I was, I was forced to take a taxi back to the Astoria.

"ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP"

PUNCTUALLY at ten the following morning Dimka was knocking at my hotel-room door. I had already finished breakfast and was eager to be off. Dimka, alas, was not. Clearly one did not meet an American every day, and there were certain formalities to be observed: my pants and shirts must be examined and priced, my neckties fondled, my soap sniffed, my traveler's checks wondered at.

"If only," Dimka sighed, "you had thought to bring some real American money with you!"

My amusement at these carryings-on was wear-

ing a trifle thin; but at last Dimka's ritual curiosity was appeased and, richer by a silk necktie, two packages of cigarettes, and a TWA bag, he agreed to leave.

But now it was my turn to hesitate, for suddenly I could not find my room key. How silly! I glanced perfunctorily about. Then I launched into an indignant search, beginning, as is my wont, in the least likely places: under the carpets, between the bed covers, behind the bathtub. I even risked new inroads of Dimka's magpie curiosity by getting out the keys to my suitcase and opened *that* again. All in vain.

In the meanwhile Dimka sat; Dimka whistled; Dimka loitered about making some very foolish suggestions. Dimka, in short, got on my nerves no end. With elaborate courtesy I suggested that he might be more comfortable waiting downstairs. Dimka thought not. I switched to candor and explained that I was of a nervous disposition and would hunt more effectively alone. Dimka shrugged his shoulders, pulled on his coat, and said he'd be back in an hour.

Without Dimka underfoot my searches assumed a certain coherence, and in a few minutes I found the key in a place so obvious that I cannot bring myself to mention it. But in a moment my relief changed to alarm. For I suddenly noticed that my wallet was no longer on me. Thinking hard, I recalled that I had taken it out to get at the suitcase key, placing it, for some reason, on the floor behind me. I looked down: it was no longer there.

Furiously, I began *another* search. And as I hunted a small nasty suspicion took root and grew larger, and nastier.

The telephone interrupted my hectic rummaging. I answered.

"Allyo, is that you, Gregg?" inquired a familiar voice.

"Dimka!" Pangs of remorse. Only a small, mean nature such as mine could ever . . . I explained I had found the key but had almost simultaneously lost my wallet, making a great many wry little remarks designed to show that I could, at least, chuckle at my own foibles. Dimka was all sympathy and said he'd be right over. I hung up, greatly relieved, and resumed my search.

But as the late morning hours dragged on and every inch of the room passed under my inspection one fact became progressively clear: *the wallet was not there*. Neither, it occurred to me suddenly, was Dimka. The old nasty suspicion took root again. But if it solved the major question it raised some puzzling minor ones. For what

then was the meaning of Dimka's elaborate generosity the day before? Why had he been reluctant to leave my apartment if he had already pocketed the wallet? And what on earth did the solicitous phone call mean?

Sorely confused and not a little depressed, I gave up, slumped down on the edge of my bed, and stared broodingly before me. My vacant eye fell on Dimka's book on a chair by the bed. Listlessly I picked it up and examined it for the first time. Almost new . . . de luxe edition . . . twenty-eight roubles . . . and not, I noticed, by a Soviet author at all but by a contemporary of Pushkin's. Aimlessly I flipped through the pages from back to front. Then all at once, I *knew*—for in the place of yesterday's flyleaf, embellished by Dimka's words of friendship, there was now only the ragged base of a confiscated page.

Dimka, having taken my wallet, had quietly torn out the page, doubtless while I was peering into odd corners of the room. His motives? An unwonted access of prudence, perhaps—he had, after all, signed his name in full at the bottom of the page—or, just as likely, a mere supplementary act of spite.

I leaned back on the bed, making somber calculations: one hundred roubles (about ten dollars), driver's license, some keys and addresses. The telephone broke in. I sprang at it: "Hello? . . . Hello?" Silence. Then a click. I recalled Dimka's conception of good fun. These high jinks might go on all afternoon. I put on my things, left the room, went down into the early afternoon twilight, and walked and walked until it was quite dark.

That was Leningrad in December. Now it is mid-spring in New York, and only three weeks ago I received in the mail a letter postmarked Moscow. It was very short and read, in translation, as follows:

Hello Mr. Gregg!

You no doubt remember the Hotel Astoria and your Russian friends Dimka and Ira. Right now my dear friend and I are in Moscow. We often think of you. Are you planning to come to Moscow for the youth festival?

You *must* write me at the following address (he gave the address). I shall be expecting your letters.

Good-by,
Dimka

And good-by to you, too, Dimka.

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Jobs from serving customers

One significant force behind this progress for employees is the desire of everyone at General Electric to attract and serve customers.

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Jobs through planning ahead

Progress for employees is spurred, too, when General Electric takes the risks necessary to expand and modernize productive facilities.

The willingness of 376,000 share owners to continue modernization and expansion programs means that General Electric is investing more than \$500 million in the period 1956 through 1958 — an investment to serve customers better that can, in turn, create even more employment opportunities and greater job security.

On these pages are some of the ways General Electric is trying not only to improve the jobs of all the men and women of the company, but also to offer more of the personal satisfactions that mean a better life for them and their families.

This advertisement is another in a series reporting how General Electric's progress affects many people — customers, for example, or share owners, employees, suppliers, dealers, and nearly every citizen. For information of General Electric's activities in the interests of all these people, write for our latest Annual Report: Department 2-1131, Schenectady, New York.

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Harry Bowers, toolmaker at Schenectady, uses skills developed by in-plant training.

Opportunities for self-development. People at General Electric are encouraged to develop themselves to their maximum ability. For example, the company con-



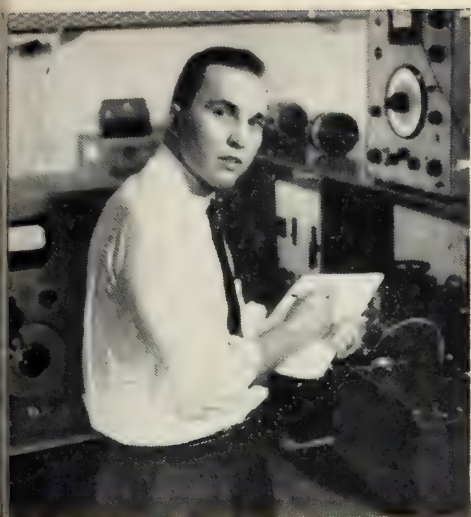
William Thomas, Bloomfield, N. J., has good start toward family financial security.

Aid toward family protection. Under General Electric's insurance plan, employee also can have life insurance and income protection in case of sickness or accident.



Jeanette Wenzel at Evendale, O., is acquiring shares in the company she works for.

Employee share ownership. The General Electric Savings and Stock Bonus Plan offers employees the opportunity to become share owners. 150,000 are participating.



Lowell Lepisto at Ft. Wayne, Ind., gets more professional training in engineering.

ffects over 1,000 courses in factory skills, 100 courses for technical and professional personnel, and spends about \$40 million each year to train or to retrain employees.



Jennie Barlow has a better work area, more light since modernization at Everett, Mass.

Clean, safe place to work. General Electric is constantly engaged in studies and investment to make working conditions in plants cleaner, safer — and more efficient.



David Goldstein, Lynn, Mass.: G-E group insurance paid \$8,000 of his medical bills.

Assistance in meeting medical expenses. By paying part of the cost, General Electric offers employees and their families an inexpensive medical insurance plan.



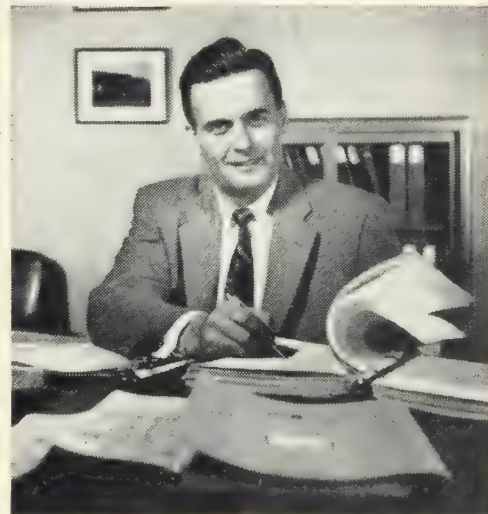
Bruce Glenn and his wife welcome his \$570 suggestion award at Richland, Wash.

Award for good ideas. Over \$7 million has been paid to General Electric men and women for constructive ideas since our suggestion Plan was formalized in 1922.

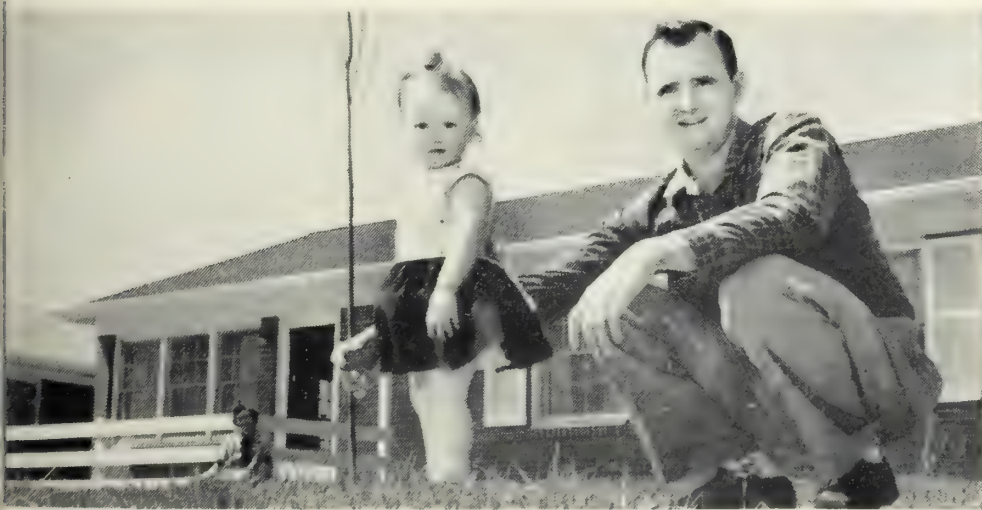


Thomas Marshall, sales engineer at Baltimore, represents G.E. to electric utilities.

Positions of responsibility. For those employees who want and can handle increased responsibilities, General Electric offers opportunities in a wide variety of fields. In an average year, more than 25,000 men and women take advantage of company-conducted courses that are designed to help prepare employees for more responsible jobs.

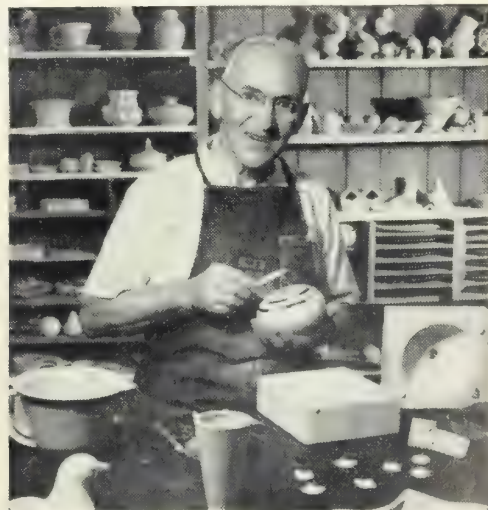


James Creamer is now manager of finance for an \$11 million operation at Syracuse.



Milton Hall, maintenance man at Appliance Park, Louisville, recently bought a home. His wife's new kitchen includes many electrical appliances made where he works.

Higher real pay. Compensation at General Electric is interpreted broadly to include not only monetary returns, but also the value of benefit programs. Since 1939, the rise in average annual earnings (wages and benefits) of the people at General Electric is in excess of the rise in the cost of living. Average earnings set a new record in 1956.



Stanley Sullivan, Erie, Pa., is retired and has more time for his hobby, ceramics.

Help toward retirement security. General Electric's pension plan, to which both employees and the company contribute, was substantially improved again in 1955.



After Hours

COLD ROD

IN MY meager experience the mechanical genius of the United States seems to have been incapable of producing a fool-(i.e., me)-proof one-cylinder engine. I consider myself as handy as the next fellow at wrapping a cord around the top of a rotary lawn motor, and the snap of my wrist spins it lustily. I know which lever or nob is the choke and I know how to set it. I know that it is reasonable that a cold engine should take longer to start than a warm one. I wrap the cord. I set the choke. I pull and she spins . . . chuff, chuff, chuff, squeak and pfluff. Sometimes on the sixth or seventh try it goes tch-tch-tch-tch, ack-ack-ack-ack, zr-zr-zrrrrrrRRRRR, and it's off. I push in the choke "slowly" according to the instructions and start down the lawn cutting a fine swathe. Sometimes I make forty feet before pfluff overcomes the motor and me, and then I have another session of chuff-chuff-chuff.

More often than not, the machine and I are through for the day. It gives a few encouraging hints, an occasional tch-tch and an ack-ack or two just to keep me at it, but in the end I admit I'm being teased. I give up and the insolent silence of the machine, gaudy in bright red and green, seems to tell me that grass is one of nature's creations and I shouldn't want to chop its head off.

My mower was the light of my life the first summer I had it; the second summer it began to show

temperament. It had decided that its place in my affections was secure and it could just sit around the house and take my hospitality for granted. I sent it for a checkup, having diagnosed its trouble as low oil pressure and general lethargy, and after a week of tests and breakfast in bed, it came back with its choke bent and its leaf mulcher missing but its spirits were high and its metabolism normal. By late August it was as healthy and tanned and full of vigor as a teen-age boy—another kind of prime mover for pushing lawn mowers who also reveals unexpected displays of temperament but *can* be talked to.

I was willing to believe that my mower had a justified complaint against me and my natural mechanical ineptitude, and when it started up early this summer with a surprising vigor I had decided that perhaps it had finally learned how to cope with me. But it sat back on its haunches after a few minutes and refused to budge. This time, I said to myself, I'm going to get it to the doctor before it develops any deep neuroses and gets so lost in its own world that no amount of therapy will bring it out again. When I went for consultation I found a ward full of rotary motors of all makes and sizes, forty or fifty of them sitting on a garage floor, all silent, all plunged in withdrawal. It was a moving sight, all those potentially normal and useful servants of man lost in silence, the victims, no doubt, of early traumas inflicted by unwary parents like me. Would they ever laugh again? I wondered.

I have decided to shift doctors.

Three weeks in the hospital have done nothing for my mower but make it hate me more than ever. I suspect it needs major surgery. If it should die on the table, it will be no more dead than it usually is, and I'll be able to comfort myself with the thought that everything was done for it that was humanly possible.

MUSEUM. HO

IN MATTERS nautical I have always found myself in sympathy with a certain ship's captain whose mate was puzzled by the way "the old man" several times a day would leave the bridge, go to his cabin open a locked strongbox, and glance at a slip of paper which he would then lock up again. The captain died at sea, and the first thing the mate did was to leave the bridge, go to the captain's cabin, open the strongbox, and look to see what was on the slip of paper. It said: "Starboard right; port left."

But whether you know your port from your starboard is no reason not on your next visit to the tidewater country of Virginia, to visit the Mariners Museum at Newport News. Strictly speaking it is not in Newport News, which is one of its most amiable characteristics. It is on the outskirts, north of the city, just off Route 60, and sits unpretentiously in a lovely park which, when I was there in late April, was filled with blossoming dogwoods, azaleas, and many other flowering shrubs.

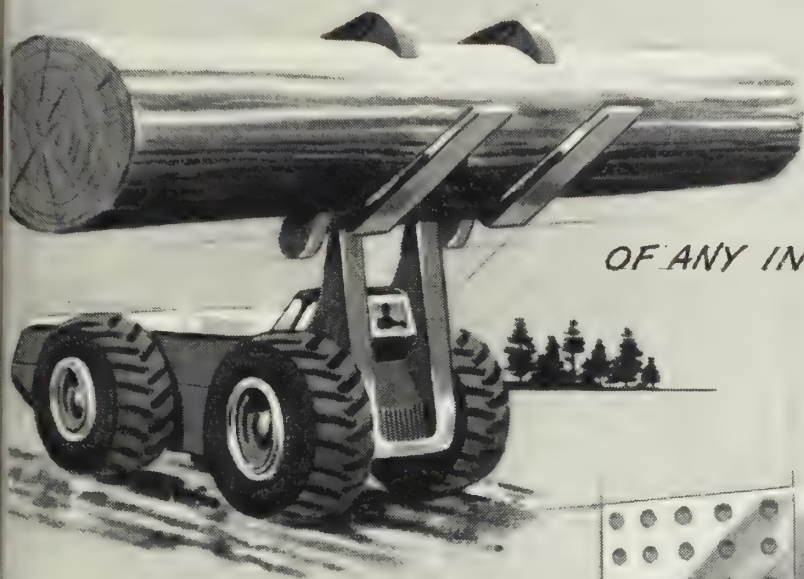
It is a museum, first of all, with no marble steps to climb; it has ample space to park. (Continued on p. 86.)

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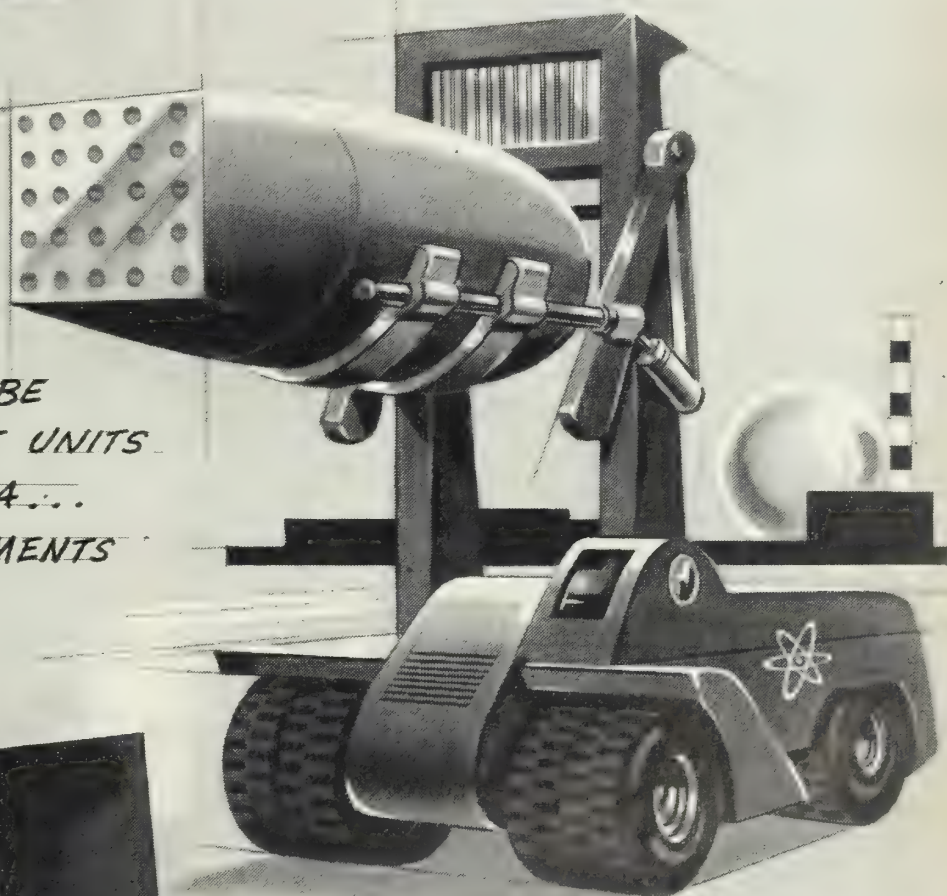
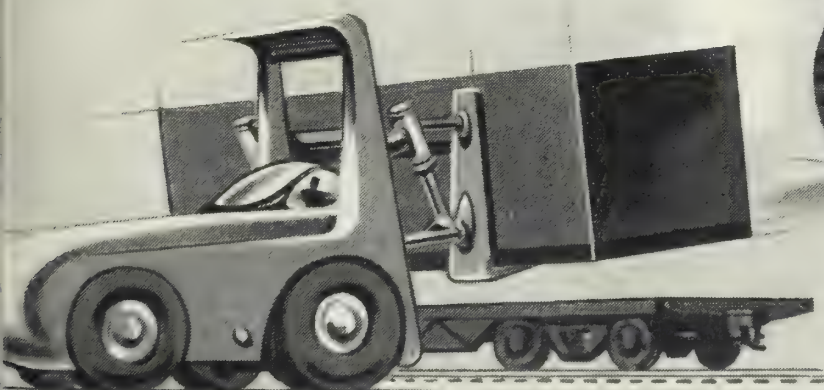
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The need to KNOW

It starts early, the impulse to find out, to look into, to KNOW everything.

We all have it in our beginnings. And for some of us, this instinct to know doesn't vanish with childhood; rather it reaches out as we grow older, and ventures forward into more areas of the knowable.

Which often leads us, from our school years onward, into an unbreaking association with TIME. For with the news of the world as their essential theme, TIME's writers and researchers and editors have that same, unending impulse to look into and at, to find out, to KNOW everything that may be known by trained and diligent men.

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Its buildings were built to house exhibits, not glorify its donors, and the architecture is simple, workable, and modest. The park in which the museum is almost lost in trees is a game preserve with a splendid artificial lake, dignified with swans and prettified with pieces of sculpture, mostly by Anna Hyatt Huntington and Harriet Hyatt Mayer. The museum was founded by Archer Milton Huntington, whose father had founded a famous shipyard. (Mr. H., himself, founded several museums, including the Hispanic Society—whose president is Mr. Hyatt Mayer—in New York; Anna Hyatt Huntington was Archer Huntington's wife.)

An electric eye opens the front door for you, and you find yourself face to face with a gold eagle of heroic size carved out of wood. You have entered a hall of models of ships, of figureheads, binacles, light-house prisms, and other maritime memorabilia in great profusion. Many of the scale models have been made in the museum's own model shop, and they range from ancient ships to modern steamers and tankers on a quarter-inch to a foot scale and all, I'm sure, of consummate accuracy. You will also find in this great hall examples of tattooing and a sign that says you can get tattooed on the premises by the most modern methods. I considered this, but couldn't decide on my port or starboard biceps, so let it go. You will also find a good many small children goggle-eyed with the pleasure that all children find in seeing big objects scaled down to their size.

There is no reason for me to catalogue the collections of the Mariners Museum (if you are interested there is an excellent catalogue full of illustrations for sale at \$2.75), but any-

thing that has to do with man afloat you are likely to find. Whaling, yachting, fishing, fighting, exploring, life-saving, transporting cargo or people; ships in bottles, bottles that have been sealed and thrown overboard, models made of silver and ivory, and elaborately carved models of highly ornamented ships of the Renaissance. If it floats and is 99 and 44/100 per cent pure, it's there. There is also an extensive library and picture collection; from my own experience I can assure you that if you need a picture of anything nautical, not only are the research facilities excellent, but the co-operation of the staff is impeccable. If you can't get there, this institution is a pleasure to deal with by mail, which is how I came to know it in the first place.

If you go to Williamsburg or to the Jamestown Festival and get a bellyful of history served up by ladies in colonial costume I heartily recommend that you drive a few miles further south for a taste of unpretentious culture of a quite different sort. Nothing like a breath of salt air to get the cobwebs and crinolines out of your head.

THE PRIMITIVE DONNA COMES HOME

A NEWSPAPER in Hong Kong called her "No. 1 Sing-Song Girl, U.S.A." In Pakistan she sat on the floor, accompanying herself on a wheezy harmonium, and sang them "Summertime." In Formosa she learned a Mongolian folk song overnight and performed it the next day before an audience of 3,000. In Ankara she was running a temperature of 102° but she appeared on schedule. In Baghdad she was the first Western artist they had seen, and she sold out a 1,500-seat theater, despite newspaper predictions that she would be a flop. In Saigon they called her "The Primitive Donna" and, when I saw her in her New York apartment, surrounded by gifts she had brought back with her but now could hardly bear to give up, she threw out her arms in an impressively operatic gesture and cried: "The Primitive Donna has come home!"

This imposing history is that of the Metropolitan Opera soprano, Miss Eleanor Steber, who returned

in April from a three-month tour of the Near and Far East under the government's International Exchange Program. At the time I talked to her, the USIS—and the whole idea of cultural missionary work like hers—was taking a fearful beating in Congress; and I wanted especially to ask Miss Steber how she felt about it. She is not one to conceal her own reactions, and have to admit that no report of mine could do justice to their intensity. Miss Steber has strong opinions about the kind of artistic representation we should have abroad and she has had the experiences to back them up.

Her own trip took her to seventeen countries. Starting from Austria and Yugoslavia, she went on to Turkey, Lebanon, Iraq, West Pakistan, India, Ceylon, East Pakistan, Indonesia, the Malay States, Vietnam, Thailand, Hong Kong, Formosa, the Philippines, and Japan.

She not only sang in scheduled concerts but made informal appearances at schools and universities. In fact, she is convinced that the latter are far more important for a tour of this kind and, if she goes again she plans to insist on more of them—and more time. The normal concert pace is bad enough, but added to the routine discomforts of travel in the East it was exhausting. "I thought while it was happening, she said, "this is an experience—but who needs it?" Looking back she is more enthusiastic and even then, no matter how bad things were, they didn't dampen her enthusiasm as a performer. "Once I got up on the stage and the adrenal glands got going," she said, "nothing could stop me."

MISS Steber is obviously the ideal choice for this kind of assignment. She is a West Virginia girl of natural simplicity and vitality; she couldn't be more of an extrovert, or less than traditional, self-important diva. "I'm not really a singer," she said. I said I thought it was a little late to decide this. She said no, but seriously her singing was just the "projection of thought and music and personality." And she went on to maintain that this should be characteristic of Americans who are sent overseas to counteract the impression that w-

AFTER HOURS

as a cold-hearted people with no culture. "Our best export," she said, "is the American personality, the firm spirit that Americans have." Well, for that read "some Americans," for not all—as she must know have Miss Steber's supply.

Miss Steber must also be perfectly well aware that her success in impromptu meetings with local artists, students, and people who couldn't afford the full-dress concerts was a function of her standing as a singer and her ability to deliver as billed. Audiences in that part of the world are slim pickings. If they're lucky, the most they've had are some French or lesser European singers like Galli-Curci came through sometime before the Flood. What most attracts their attention is unexpected flattery of a major artist's appearance; only then can personaly take over. Miss Steber's point is simply that advance publicity, by over-emphasizing her purely Ameri-



in record, sometimes gave the wrong impression. "I'm very proud of the Met, but it doesn't mean a damn thing to people over there. You should just say 'internationally known artist' and let it go at that." What troubled her more deeply was the difficulty of getting through to the people she felt it her duty, as a semi-official emissary, to reach. Whatever the locality, her regular concerts tended to fill up with the Embassy crowd: diplomats, officials, socialites—"fundamentally the same audience," she wrote in a letter home, "I might be singing for in New York, Vienna, or London."

Miss Steber did not approve of this, and she apparently took measures—some of which resulted in her giving the concert for students in Dacca, Pakistan, and accompanying herself to Gershwin on the harmonium, seated on the floor and wearing a sari. And, of course, another result was the collection she has of ecstatic USIS reports on her reception. "You've done more in two hours," one official told her, "than we've been able to do in two years."

Setting aside Miss Steber's well-earned satisfaction in a tour successfully concluded, she has much to say about the program of which it was a part. "I can't . . . advocate . . . strongly . . . enough," she said, advocating it pretty strongly, "that this be continued. People were shocked, while we were out there, when they heard the news that it might not be. It's just playing right into the hands of the Russians and all their propaganda that all we have anyhow is Ford cars."

Miss Steber takes the word "exchange" quite literally. She did all she could to meet musicians, learn about their music, advise them about the possibilities of return visits to the United States, and scout for music that Western listeners might like. Music has this advantage over engineering or medicine: it is at least international enough so that no one need feel patronized. And a cultural exchange mission, by that token, has advantages over one of technical assistance. We offer, in an artist like Miss Steber, someone the Asians and Middle Easterners both want and need, and can admit they need, without an affront to national pride—in fact, the opposite.

The argument for cultural exchanges is that they offer, for a relatively small investment, a very large return. They go directly to the central weakness of our international reputation instead of evading it. And yet, because it is so hard to find anyone but USIS officials to defend them at budget time, they are the prime target of egregious know-nothings in Congress who can't resist the chance to lop an appropriation and make a headline simultaneously. Miss Steber thinks this is a scandal, and I wouldn't disagree with her even if I could.

—Mr. Harper

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PAUL PICKREL

Midsummer Biography and Fiction

THE autobiography of Samuel B. Coles, *Preacher with a Plow* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), is worth reading chiefly because it is an account of a life of remarkable devotion and usefulness, but it is also interesting for the light it throws on the current effort to improve the living conditions of backward people in under-developed countries.

Coles went out to Portuguese West Africa (Angola) in the early 1920s as a Baptist missionary and spent thirty years there ministering to the needs of the Africans. He did whatever he saw that needed doing. For some years there was no doctor in the region, and so he practiced medicine, with nothing to help him except a few months' experience as a medical corpsman in the first world war, a big "doctor book," his faithful wife Bertha, and unlimited nerve. He has also run a boarding school, aided the natives in their dealings with their Portuguese governors, and preached the Gospel. He has been tireless in searching out and acquiring new skills that would help his adopted people. During the second world war, for instance, when he found himself stranded in America on furlough, though he was already in his fifties he took a job as a laborer in the foundry at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in order to improve his knowledge of metal working, and on the side enrolled in courses in cheese-making and ceramics, as well as advising the government on how to keep Angolan raw materials out of German hands. But his great interest throughout his years in Africa has been the improvement of agriculture, and he is proudest of his achievement in teaching the Africans to substitute plows and oxen for their hoes.

Coles came to this work from an unusual and unusually appropriate background. He is an American Negro, born in Alabama of former slaves. He was eighteen years old when he learned to read and write (he first ventured into literacy when a girl he was interested in suggested that they could "say more" to each other if they could correspond). His formal education

not only came late but cost him an enormous effort, though his informal education was ideal for the work he was to undertake. He had many practical attainments that were to stand him in good stead, especially his knowledge of how to train and work animals. More important, he knew the life of the poor and ignorant because he had lived it. Some of the changes he has helped the Africans to effect might seem unimportant or imperceptible to a man who had known only a high standard of living, but Coles' experience had taught him that the difference between having nothing and having a little bit can be very great. Coles' interest in learning to make pottery, for example, was not motivated by a desire to improve native arts and crafts; he wanted to be able to teach the Africans to make chamber pots so that the old men would not catch cold leaving their huts at night.

Another consequence of Coles' background is that it has enabled him to deal with the Africans without illusion or condescension or sentimentality. He feels kinship with them—he has found some similarities between certain of their customs and superstitions and the customs and superstitions he grew up with as a boy in Alabama. And he sees much to respect in native life: he thinks that before the coming of the white man the standard of morality among the Negroes was very high, though he deplores their habit of leaving most of the hard work to the women—a situation he has been able to alleviate by introducing agricultural techniques that are not beneath male dignity; he has found that some witch doctors are skillful and successful practitioners of medicine; he admires native knowledge of plant and animal life; and he has discovered that the Africans know things about working clay and metal that he understood only after study in America during the war. At the same time, he is freer in criticizing the Africans than a white man of similar experience would be likely to be. He says that the main trouble with the Africans is that they are lazy, and he tells some anecdotes about his not always subtle but often successful attempts to make them get to work.

Coles' story is a valuable corrective to the all-or-nothing views of social reform that are current these days. He does not believe that the solution to the problems of the backward peoples lies in industrialization; he deplores the effect on the Africans of the concentration in large urban centers that industry brings with it. But he does not suppose that the alternative to industrialization is to do nothing. He wants the Africans to stay where they are but to have a better life by making better use of the considerable resources at hand, perpetuating what is valuable in their own culture but freeing themselves of its poverty and superstition.

The drawback to this obviously sensible solution is of course the difficulty of finding people like Coles and his wife who are willing to devote a lifetime to the slow process of finding out what the native resources are and how they can be utilized, with the love and patience to work beside the backward people at improving their lot. Coles himself was inspired to follow such a career when as a student at Talladega College in Alabama he read a little book by a Scots missionary of the last century calling for "practical Christians" to go to Africa to help the Negroes. Perhaps *Preacher With a Plow* will have a similar effect on some of its readers.

It is a pity that Coles is not a more gifted writer. Obviously his story is a good deal better than anything he has been able to get on the page. Yet it is quite a striking personality that comes through. Coles takes a healthy pride in what he has accomplished and goes to no trouble to disguise it. He is a man of great faith, yet shrewd and practical in the extreme. In a famous definition Santayana called the American an idealist who works in matter. It is certainly an accurate description of Coles.

EXPLOITER OF AFRICA

Rhodes of Africa, the new life of Cecil Rhodes by Felix Gross (Praeger, \$6.75), is the story of another man who went out to Africa for thirty years and who was also a curious mixture of man of action and idealist of sorts, though in every other respect his career was the very antithesis of Coles'. Rhodes was a buccaneer, one of the boldest and most successful plunderers of modern times. At a comparatively early age he had an income of a million pounds a year; he controlled a monopoly of South African diamond production, was one of the biggest landholders in the world, waged war as if he were a monarch, and had two countries named for him.

In his later years Rhodes repeatedly declared that he was not interested in money (by then he was so rich he had no need to be); what he was after was power, power to realize his "great idea," his dream of painting large sections of

the map of Africa red—"British red"—and spanning the continent with a Cape-to-Cairo railway. Such dreams of empire are now deservedly unpopular, and in his own lifetime Rhodes was widely and cordially hated, though many of his contemporaries doubtless viewed him with the mixed feelings that Mark Twain expressed: "I admire him, I frankly confess it," Twain wrote; "and when his time comes, I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

Gross' life of Rhodes is not what is known as popular biography; it is a work of scholarship that does not sacrifice the facts to narrative grace or excitement. Gross has been a practicing journalist in South Africa for a quarter of a century, and in writing his book he has obviously had a South African audience in mind. This means that he assumes a knowledge of the geography and some other aspects of Rhodes' scene of operations that few American readers can provide, but it also means that he takes Rhodes' career seriously, not as a succession of picturesque adventures but as a source of some of the tangled and bitter problems that continue to plague South Africa.

Gross is more concerned with what Rhodes did than what he was, but he provides abundant material for speculation about his nature. Rhodes' whole career had something of the quality of an adolescent boy's daydream, and there were characteristics of the man, such as his lack of interest in women, his high voice, his addiction to dirty talk, his loyalty to his gang, his untrammelled egotism, and his rather showy courage, that suggest an arrestment in adolescence. Rhodes himself liked to trace his resemblance to the late Roman emperors. His favorite book, after the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and he spent a quarter of a million dollars to have Gibbon's sources dealing with the lives of the emperors translated for his private reading. He was pleased to have his profile compared to the Emperor Titus', though he refused to be photographed in profile because he thought such a view made too apparent his alleged Jewish descent. All his life he suffered from a leaking heart; he was always in a hurry, racing death, and he died at forty-nine. Some French existentialist dramatist ought to write a play about him.

Rhodes of Africa is a pedestrian but highly informative account of a remarkable man. It is illustrated with some excellent photographs but has no maps; they would be useful.

FOR THE FAITHFUL

KENNETH S. DAVIS' life of Stevenson published under the somewhat cumbersome title *A Prophet in His Own Country: The Triumphs and Defeats of Adlai E. Stevenson*

THE NEW BOOKS

(Doubleday, \$5), is a straightforward work that will give pleasure to the Governor's many admirers, but except for fairly minor details it does not greatly enlarge our knowledge of his life. This is of course inevitable; by the time a man has been twice a candidate for the Presidency there are not likely to be many important facts left for a biographer to divulge.

The best part of the book, as in most biographies, is the part that deals with the early years. In writing of Stevenson's boyhood in Bloomington, his life as a Princeton undergraduate, and his days as a young lawyer and highly eligible bachelor in Chicago in the 'twenties, Davis considerably increases our knowledge of his background, not so much by adding to the information already available as by catching something of the atmosphere of those times and places. Davis sketches the life of the Stevensons of Bloomington at the turn of the century—people of more than local consequence, with a distinguished family tradition and decidedly adequate resources, the father witty and ironic and not given to wearing his heart on his sleeve (there is a resemblance between father and son), the mother restless and often traveling, an exciting but not an easy marriage. In dealing with Stevenson at Princeton and as a young lawyer, Davis shows that beneath the glittering social surface of his life there was a young man who took life seriously and worked hard.

It is unfortunate that Davis has not felt more free to interpret his subject to his readers, because for all his ability to enlist the loyalty of his followers, Stevenson remains, at least for many people, a man difficult to know. Unlike Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower, he presents to the world no easily identified public face, as the trouble political cartoonists have had with him demonstrates; and his characteristic way of relating himself to the public does not make for intimacy—it is too ironic; his wit and self-deprecation tend to keep a space between him and the rest of the world. Obviously it is too soon for any biographer to speculate freely on some aspects of Stevenson's life; his marriage, for instance, is treated by Davis as one

might expect—with a discretion that is completely dignified and almost completely opaque. But it might be possible even now to draw a picture of the man himself that would be more penetrating than the very competent narrative of events that Davis offers.

FOR THE HAMMOCK

THIS time of year is known as the season for "hammock reading," a species of literature that is apparently expected to tax the reader's mind as little as a hammock taxes his anatomy. Such a book is Leonora Hornblow's novel, *The Love Seekers* (Random House, \$3.75), though in fact Mrs. Hornblow's story seems less designed to be read in a hammock than under the hair drier. It is an intensely feminine story, or perhaps one should say intensely female. At any rate it is about women having trouble with men, in a heady atmosphere of interior decoration, hair tinting, sexual connoisseurship, worry over whether the linen dress got crushed, and so on. There is enough crawling in and out of bed to satisfy even those ladies who have fairly high expectations of fiction in that regard, and enough heart-to-heart talk among the girls about the essential attributes of their lovers to bring a blush to the cheeks of any male reader who ventures into this thoroughly unsuitable territory.

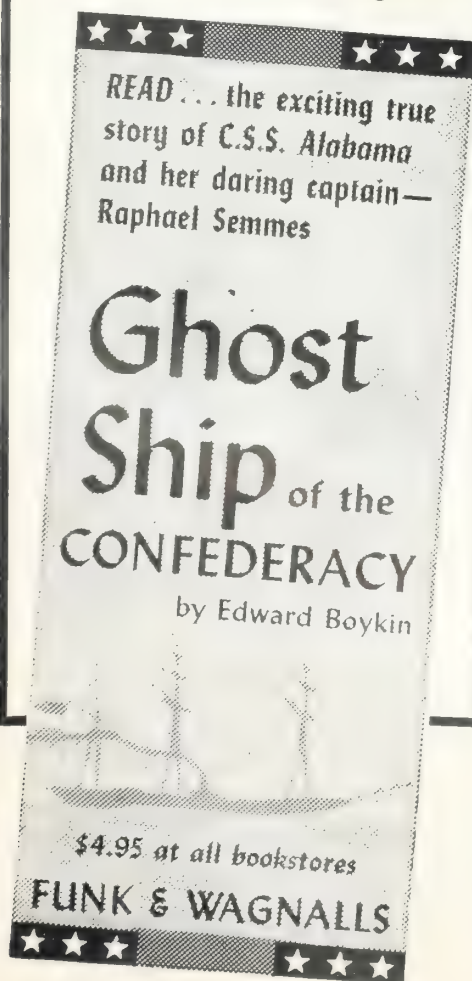
RAY BRADBURY'S *Dandelion Wine* (Doubleday, \$3.95) is both a more summery and a more innocent book than Mrs. Hornblow's. In a series of loosely-linked sketches Bradbury relates the adventures of two little boys in a small Illinois town in the summer of 1928. Only in occasional passages is the reader reminded that up to the present Bradbury has been chiefly known as a writer of science fiction, though this book makes the same point as his science fiction does—namely that human values must be preserved and defended against the encroachment of whatever is mechanical and inhuman. (Like many writers of science fiction, Bradbury is at bottom a moralist.)

Dandelion Wine is a celebration of the two boys' rites of summer—



VACATION SPECIALS

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with jungle magic
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naval adventure*



THE NEW BOOKS

the first day of going barefoot, the time they help their grandfather make dandelion wine, the night they have to part with a friend who is moving away, and many others. Some of these incidents are well related, and the descriptive writing throughout the book is excellent, but Bradbury has candied his story in such a thick syrup of sentimentality that much of it is almost unbearably cute. After a while one protests that nobody's boyhood was as sweet as all this, though an adult of a certain turn of mind might like to imagine that this is the way it was. The mood of the book is anachronistic, and it is not much helped by some anachronisms of fact; for instance there is a reference to the local "liquor dealer," but those who sold spirits at the time and place Bradbury is describing were not called liquor dealers but bootleggers.

Sentimentality also mars the intellectual argument of the book, as in a heavy-handed passage pointing out that the grandmother's cooking was better when it was done by guesswork than under the mechanical guidance of a recipe. Bradbury seems to be of the opinion that a human value is whatever was done in Illinois in 1928, but that is a view open to major corrections.

PATI HILL'S novel, *The Nine Mile Circle* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), is a kind of feminine version of Bradbury's book, with most of the sentimentality left out. The season is again summer but this time the two main characters are girls (fudge replaces dandelion wine), and the small town is not in the Midwest but in the South, which means that the minor characters are a good deal more eccentric.

Miss Hill is a graceful writer with a considerable sense of character, though in this book she has exercised her talents on a decidedly tenuous subject. A casual reader may have difficulty in straightening out who is related to whom and even more difficulty in seeing why he should go to the trouble. But in individual scenes Miss Hill often writes very effectively.

A MUCH more substantial novel than any of these is *The Red and The White* by Henri Troyat

(Crowell, \$4.50), a long, richly peopled, and absorbing book set in Russia during the period of the first world war and Bolshevik Revolution. In the manner of Tolstoy, Troyat takes a large Russian family and follows the fortunes of its highly diverse members through a time of upheaval; but the book is in a sense anti-Tolstoyan, for Troyat shows how Tolstoy's ideas concerning pacificism and social reform, so influential among the professional and intellectual classes described in *The Red and the White*, actually unfit those classes to face the harsh facts of war and revolution.

Troyat is not a novelist of the rank or scope of Tolstoy, but he has written a novel well worth reading. Born in Russia himself, he fled as a boy with his family to Paris, and *The Red and the White* could easily be autobiographical in part.

A HIGHLY diverting novel by a Russian who is not an *émigré* is *The Beggar in the Harem* by Leonid Solovyev (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). This is a piece of ingenious impudence, a cross between the *Arabian Nights* and the legend of Robin Hood. The central character is a high-minded rogue, one Khoja Nasreddin, who has outwitted the rich and powerful in order to help the poor all over the Middle East, though this book finds him in his native city of Bukhara.

The main plot concerns how Nasreddin becomes the most influential adviser of the very Emir who has set a price on his head (it is only with difficulty that he escapes the honor of becoming His Chastity the Chief Eunuch of the Emir's harem) and how, when he must at last reveal his true identity, he outwits his executioners. His tongue is witty, his spirits unflagging, and his machinations are wonderfully adroit. The plot is fitted out with all the standard characters of Middle-Eastern story telling—the Fair Lady of unsurpassed but often threatened purity, the Greedy Usurer of unexampled wickedness, the Wise Men who are really ignorant flatterers, and so on—but they all go through their paces with such vigor and zest that they are as fresh as if they had never appeared before.

The morality of the story is un-

The man who reads dictionaries

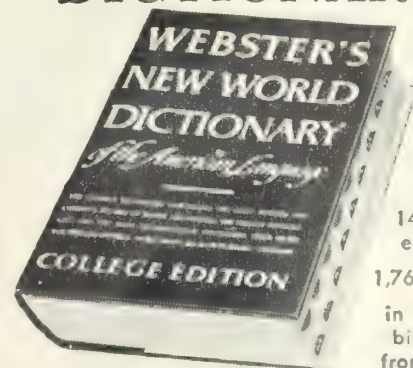


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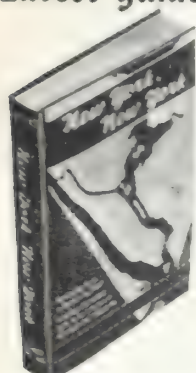


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BOOKS IN BRIEF

expected in a contemporary Russian writer, for it is hardly possible to read the book as anything but an attack on bureaucratic pretension and official stupidity and bungling, a championing of the lowly against those who have been corrupted by pride of place, and a celebration of freedom.

ANOTHER good book with an Asian background is Austin Coates' *Personal and Oriental* (Harper, \$4). This is an account of the author's travels in Japan, Hong Kong, Manila, Burma, India, and Pakistan, but it is not an attempt to uncover or still less to settle the big issues of those countries. Coates is chiefly interested in people, and since he has many friends scattered through the arc of Free Asia, he is able to reveal something of the human complexity of the social development of the region. It is useful to be reminded that not all of Free Asia is a mass of smiling faces waiting at the airport to throw kisses at Vice President Nixon, and Coates is able to pick out some faces in that crowd, as well as to tell about some that stayed home.

He tells, for example, about an old Indian butler who has spent most of his life as a servant to English families and has since become a Communist as a protest against the shiftless undisciplined housekeeping of the very emancipated young Indian couple who now employ him. Even better is Coates' extended account of a large and complicated Chinese family in Hong Kong. One aunt is a fanatical admirer of Chiang, though her ardor has been a little cooled by a visit to Formosa. One son is a Communist inside Red China and another is at least officially an anti-Communist; the family prefers it that way, because whichever side loses, the family will go on. Loyalty is to the family, and political affiliations shift as family fortunes require them to. But it is misleading to select from Coates' large cast of characters only those concerned with Communism, for it is one of the more refreshing aspects of his book that he shows that the life of Free Asia is not limited to politics.

IN Tip on a Dead Jockey and Other Stories (Random House, \$3.75) Irwin Shaw shows that his

hand has not lost its cunning, though he is too often content to rework old themes, and not always to their improvement. In "The Sunny Banks of the River Lethe" he writes about a man who is losing his memory, a subject he treated earlier and much better in "A Walk along the Charles River"; and "A Wicked Story," though a very effective piece of fiction, recalls an even better one. "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses." There is one really poor story in this collection, "The Beefeater," and several, including the one that gives its title to the book, that are a little too tricky.

Yet there is a competence in Shaw's stories, a sureness and finish in the writing, that makes them very agreeable to read, and if he does not often make an advance in the central subject he is exploring, at least that subject is not trivial. He is chiefly concerned with what might be called the slippage in human relations; most of his best stories deal with a relationship that seems solid and secure but suddenly twists in some unexpected way to reveal new possibilities, sometimes tragic and sometimes comic and sometimes both, in the men and women involved.

BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Revolution and Roses, by P. H. Newby.

Another *opéra-bouffe* novel of Egypt by the author of *The Picnic at Sakkara*. This is Egypt at the time Farouk was deposed and Naguib took over. The story involves a beautiful English girl, a journalist, who comes ashore at Alexandria without a visa; a young Englishman; and an Egyptian lieutenant. Both men fall in love with her and get in into all manner of dangerous and ridiculous adventures. Improbable, exciting, and full of a real sense of the Egyptian scene and the temperament of the New Egypt, before Nasser. Knopf, \$3.50

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A Male Child, by Paul Scott.

The British seem to be particularly good at family chronicles and surely Mr. Scott is good at this one. The reader gets caught up in the loves, hopes, obsessions of a middle-class British family as the narrator comes to know them while recuperating in their house from a tropical disease after World War II. One has a sense of the changing face of England; one cares very much what happens to each character and is curious about them, even those who are dead when the story starts; one cares about the narrator and his thorny problems; and especially one cares about the birth of the child for which the whole book seems to wait. Women are the demons here; the male child is a revival of hope. A compassionate and satisfying book.

Dutton, \$3

NON-FICTION

Nightmare of the Innocents, by Otto Larsen.

There are said to be 38,000,000 souls in the slave camps of Russia. This is the story of a Norwegian boy (the author) and two of his friends—fishermen from a tiny village in the north of Norway. When the Germans were occupying their country the boys engaged in espionage against them for our (then) allies, the Russians. When after the war was over they went back to Russia to find one of their boats, they were arrested; held for months in jail; never tried; finally sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor. Their story is bad enough, but the stories of prisoners who had been Russian soldiers captured by the enemy (to be captured is treason) or of Russian children imprisoned because they had dared to guess that capitalist countries might be enviable—are worse. And every nationality is represented in these legions of the hopeless and the damned, imprisoned on the slightest pretext or on none at all. Yet this is not a sensational book. The story of the eight years that Mr. Larsen spent being transferred from camp to camp till political prisoners were freed in the year of Stalin's death, is quietly told and all the more effective for that. One learns to know and care about the captives as peo-

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ple, and mixed with the reader's overwhelming joy at Larsen's release after eight lost years is, as he intended, a raging fury at the fate of those innocent millions still behind the barbed wire.

Philosophical Library, \$6

The Square Pegs, by Irving Wallace.

This timely study of some famous non-conformists carries the subtitle: "Some Americans who Dared to be Different." They are Voliva, who believed that the world is flat; Baron James A. Harden Hickey, authority on the art of suicide; George Francis Train, who, like Phileas Fogg, went round the world in eighty days (actually in sixty); the spiritualist and prostitute who ran for President, Victoria Woodhull; Joshua Norton, who appointed himself Emperor of the United States; the frustrated schoolteacher Delia Bacon, who moved Shakespeare's bones; John Symmes, who thought the earth was hollow; the editor Anne Royall, who interviewed President John Quincy Adams while he was swimming in the nude; and Timothy Dexter, who hated grammar and published a book without punctuation. Amusing tales carefully researched, with a fine defense of the non-conformist as introduction. Its anecdotal quality makes it a good bedside book.

Knopf, \$5

Alias O. Henry: A Biography of William Sidney Porter, by Gerald Langford.

Professor Langford has left no page unturned in tracking down all possible information about that shy and basically unhappy human being who signed his poignantly humorous and sentimental stories "O. Henry." It's not a cheerful tale in any part. His motherless boyhood in Greensboro, North Carolina, was overworked and lonely; his happy marriage ended in the death of his wife at twenty-nine just before he was convicted of embezzlement and sent to jail for five years. (Professor Langford is convinced that his trial was fair, whether or not he was guilty.) His first "O. Henry" stories were written in prison, and even when he came out and was selling a dozen or more stories a year (1901-02), he seems to have been always lonely and nearly always broke. His second

marriage was not a success. But the story is all here in painstaking detail for those who can face so much misery diluted only by the flashes of quixotic humor quoted from O. Henry's work or from his friends.

Macmillan, \$5

FORECAST

Ocean and Desert

Now that people are standing in line to get into the splendid new Aquarium at Coney Island we predict a great future for *Salt-Water Fishes for the Home Aquarium* by Helen Simkatis which Lippincott will publish in October. . . . If your nature-loving turns inland, Lippincott's October list has something for you, too: *Desert Happy*, by Douglas Rigby who has lived in the desert near Tucson for many years. . . . And if it's sheer delight in nature-writing that you want, there's *The Immense Journey*, a collection of essays by Loren Eiseley, many of which have appeared in these pages. From Random House in August.

Music and the Theater

When the frosts come and we're driven indoors for our entertainment, books will add to our enjoyment there too. In September Oxford presents *The New Oxford History of Music: Ancient and Oriental Music* (Vol. 1), edited by Egon Wellesz; Norton will bring out *Handel's Messiah*, by Jens Peter Larsen, musicologist at the University of Copenhagen who has made an "historical, aesthetic, and musical biography of the great work"; and in October Harper is publishing *The World Treasury of Grand Opera* edited by George R. Marek (see Martin Mayer's article, p. 66). September produces a rash of books about the theater and its people. Oxford will have *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre* (second edition), edited by Phyllis Hartnoll; Harper announces *Fanfare: The Confessions of a Press Agent* by Richard Maney, who has represented some of the brightest stars in the Broadway galaxy—among them Talulah Bankhead, Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Fredric March; John van Druten has written another volume in his autobiography, *The Widening Circle*, for Scribner;

Chapel Hill is publishing a history of the theatrical arts from their beginnings in ritual and myth, *Man in His Theatre*, by Samuel Selden; and Columbia presents a biography of the great French actor, director, and producer, *Louis Jouvet, Man of the Theatre* by Bettina Knapp.

Lady Novelists

It sounds like a battle to announce that the ladies are making a distinguished showing in the fall lists, but they surely are and the ribbons and pennants should be flying. Viking publishes Elizabeth Taylor's *Angel* and Little, Brown Gladys Hasty Carroll's *Sing Out the Glory* in September; and in October comes Christine Weston's *The Wise Children* from Scribner; Betty Smith's *A Little Gleam of Time* (Brooklyn background like *A Tree Grows in*) from Harper; Mary Ellen Chase's *The Edge of Darkness* (Maine background like *Mary Peters*) from Norton; and Françoise Sagan's third novel, *Those Without Shadows*, from Dutton. . . . We can't leave the men out altogether, especially when September boasts Paul Hyde Bonner's *Amanda*, from Scribner, and Alan Le May's *The Unforgiven* from Harper; and when Little, Brown schedules for October what they call "a ferocious fairy tale," *Benjy*, by Edwin O'Connor, author of *The Last Hurrah*.

Memorable Autobiography

Those who can think back to the early 'thirties will remember that most moving book which spoke for the English war generation of World War I, *Testament of Youth*, by Vera Brittain. On August 20 Macmillan will publish *Testament of Experience*, autobiography of that generation grown older, by the same author. . . . And late in the summer Holt will publish another autumnal book of recollections, the first volume of the memoirs of Bernard M. Baruch. By one of those strange publishing coincidences Houghton Mifflin is publishing also in late August or early fall a *biography* of Mr. Baruch (called just *Mr. Baruch*) by Margaret L. Coit, author of *John C. Calhoun*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for biography in 1951. She has been working on this book for more than six years.

the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

NOSTALGIA

Dvorak: Slavonic Dances. Philharmonia Orch., Malko. RCA Victor LM 2096.

How hard it is today to re-experience the startling freshness and eloquence that these familiar works are known to have had for their first delighted listeners, back in the 1870s and '80s! These were the last blaze of untroubled Romanticism; there was already a certain nostalgia in them for a people who could even then sense a beginning of the end—to that heady Central European civilization that had led the musical world for a century. . . .

These are thoughts brought to mind by this big, echo-bathed recording of ten of the orchestral dances. They are lovely but somehow, no matter how I concentrate, after two or three I am left with a cloyed feeling.

Is it the playing? I doubt it. Or could it be simply that the modern ear just will not take very much of this utter sweetness—unless, perhaps, as restaurant background music, nicely muffled? It's far better music than that; but a little bit of it goes a good long way.

A fine job—these qualifications having been expressed—and one of RCA's last batch of British EMI recordings. Better buy quick if you're going to.

Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto #1 in G Minor (1831). Strauss: Burleske for Piano and Orch. (1885). Poldi Mildner; RIAS Symphony, Rother. Telefunken LGX 66062.

An interesting pair of works—two of those semi-concertos, in one continuous piece made of several movement-sections, that were popular throughout the nineteenth century—both of these composed at age twenty-one, give or take a few months. The Mendelssohn was in its day a quite daring piece of youthful exuberance, flaunting the piano soloist as few early-Romantic composers had then done, Weber perhaps excepted. The Strauss, equally exuberant, outwardly looks backward to the very models, in Liszt, Schumann, Brahms, which the Mendelssohn work anticipated; but throughout the Strauss there is the feel of things to come, the restless, nervous, high-tension latter days of Romanticism and the violence of the twentieth century. It's not at all hard to hear Bartok

in this Strauss, notably in the highly modern treatment of the tunable pedal-tympani, used here to play high-energy thematic material.

Performance? It is a miracle. I often think, that musicians today can occasionally achieve the historical insight that is necessary for a deeply felt and stylistically "right" performance of a work intended for another time.

How can we take such evocations of the past for granted? These two playings are about what we logically ought to expect. The Mendelssohn is for my ear thoroughly out of style, too violent, lacking in nobility as well as in the vital understanding of Mendelssohn's idiom, his phrasings and contrasts. This is hard and scrabbly where it should be serenely electric—a narrowly modern interpretation, too hasty and ill-prepared, with little historical sense.

And as might be guessed, the later Strauss is decidedly better, in proportion to its more modern, more familiar idiom. Not bad at all, though here also there are passages of less than perfect playing. But the spirit is excellent. The players understand this music and especially the modern slant that so easily comes through, given the chance. The wispy, charged electricity of this music is exactly right as played here.

Tchaikovsky: The Queen of Spades (Pique-Dame). Complete Opera. National Opera, Belgrade, Kreshimir Baranovitch. London XLLA 44 (4).

I wish I had an extra lifetime to listen at leisure to all of London's full-scale operas, not to mention those of other companies. London has almost *fifty* of them down on discs, enough to keep any sane reviewer busy for a year or so without distraction! I greatly enjoyed this one, over a stretch of two evenings, and found that its Russian text could be followed easily in London's excellent line-by-line transliteration, which allows the all-important vocal and emotional inflection of the words to come through. What a difference that makes! I would not want to see or hear this work without it.

Again, it occurs to me that opera such as this was obviously modern in its day—that is, composed for the time and according to the feelings of the period, out of its conventions. In the 1890s, Wagner was still king but Tchai-

kowsky was clearly finding his models elsewhere, in Italy.

This "Pique-Dame" is old-fashioned grand opera on the Verdi model, fashioned out of an idiom which fits it surprisingly well, that of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" period—numerous strong suggestions of that symphony can be heard in the music. Grand opera is taken with complete seriousness here. It is obvious that though the story is melodrama of the most preposterous variety for us, for Tchaikovsky it was a horror tale to be taken in dead earnest. Why not? Are not all grand operas intended thus—however we may ourselves react in this dim, distant time? Again, we need a fine historical sense to absorb this work with the attention it requires and the non-contemporary point of view it expresses.

The Tchaikovsky vocal writing, unfamiliar to many a listener, is most persuasive and beautifully tailored to the voice. The accompaniment is impeccably spare when the voice must come through—no Wagner here either—yet the thick, dark-brown texture of the orchestra characteristic of the period is maintained. All the stock scenes are here; the opera chorus sings as expected, there are love duets (Italian-style), mystical church-like choir scenes, the inevitable ballroom affair and the midnight tryst (with chimes), plus a suicide on stage for the end. Wonderful!

These Yugoslav-Russian presentations have not pleased universally; I find them absorbing, if perhaps a bit unstable in an oddly colorful way. These voices have a strangely lighter quality than their Russian prototypes, the performances lack a certain Russian massiveness. Pitch, too, tends to be slightly inaccurate in many high passages—as though the Yugoslav singers were still a bit wild and untamed. All of which I don't mind, since the productions are fully dramatic, intensely felt, and on the whole highly musical. The lighter, less massive, more fanatical sound of this company is especially good for Tchaikovsky's Italianate Russian music, though perhaps less effective in Musorgsky and the like.

Sibelius: Symphony #7; Pelléas et Mélisande Suite; The Oceanides. Royal Philharmonic, Sir Thomas Beecham. Angel 35458.

Sibelius—where has *he* gone? Strange how even now we must have a specialist to bring us back these distant, early-twentieth-century evocations of Sibelius; most present-day conductors would do better not to touch this composer, for he is already slipping out of their grasp into another musical world.

Odd, too, that crusty old Sir Thomas is the specialist who almost alone can

bring us heartfelt and sustained readings of the two great mystics early in our century, Sibelius and Delius. But can we always go along with him? The Sibelius Seventh, last of its line, is technically a fine work and a condensation of much prior wordiness in the composer's output. But it is no more modern in spirit and, indeed, seems only to evoke that which was no longer really useful and alive even then, that bleak, Sibelius post-Romantic mood which flowered successfully for a while, then slowly faded as younger composers did more daring and more startling things. Since 1924, there has been no more Sibelius, though he lives still.

But don't go too far! The Seventh, after all, is a completed work and justifies itself to those who can readjust their ears to its power. As for "Pelléas," it is a much earlier, brasher bit of then-modernism, full of Sibelius clichés (à la "Finlandia") expressed with gusto and musical conviction. It is not as good a work as the Seventh but a much more accessible one, quite in tune with its own times and thus at ease.

"Oceanides" was composed for a 1914 Connecticut music festival at Norfolk and was introduced there by the composer in person—ten miles from where I now sit almost a half-century later. It is one of the master's more outward works, designed to cement European-American unity—hence the oceanic title. Though it has outlived its usefulness in this respect, it still evokes that June, here in Connecticut, when the composer was the world's most lionized musical celebrity and a blazing star of popular modernism.

Not even a Norfolk yokel would call him that now.

Brahms: Clarinet Trio, Op. 114; Horn Trio, Op. 40. Leopold Wlach, cl., Franz Koch, horn, Walter Barylli, vl., Franz Holetschek, pf., Franz Kvarda, cello. Westminster XWN 18449.

One of Westminster's famed Vienna series, this must perforce stand for dozens and dozens of classic Viennese chamber music interpretations that the company is now re-issuing in newly cut LPs, modernized and adapted to the RIAA standard recording curve. The project has already been mentioned in an earlier issue.

Another interesting juxtaposition here: an early and a late Brahms trio, each a model in its particular instrumental area. The somewhat slow, broadly lyric Viennese way of playing has come to be familiar to us mainly through this recorded series—these works have the same feel to them as others in this performing tradition, a bit stodgy at first but, on closer acquaintance, musi-

cal and full of life, with little of the high-tension hysteria so common in other chamber-music performances.

These lovely works are, to be sure, a bit subdued in these versions. The Horn Trio in particular is dulled for me by the listless violin of Walter Barylli; this is a more fiery work of youth than these musicians allow. But the late, mature clarinet piece, one of Brahms' last, is projected as it must be, with an eloquent reserve. Good.

Bach Organ Recital. Anton Nowakowski, Organ of the Klosterkirche, Sorö, Denmark. Telefunken LGX 66059.

A group of the biggest organ pieces, the familiar D Minor Toccata and Fugue, the C Minor Passacaglia, Preludes and Fugues in C, B Minor, E Minor, played on one of the finest classic organs in Europe, the same on which Finn Viderö recorded smaller Bach works for the Haydn Society. Nowakowski is a solid, adequate organist for the projecting of these enormous monuments which, when all is said and done, require first of all a chance to project themselves in their majesty through competent finger work and clear registration. Aside from occasional stiffness of detail, Nowakowski fills the bill in a not overly dramatic manner.

A telltale trace of 78 rpm "wow" in the endings of several of these works indicate that it is one of the fine earlier 78 items in the Telefunken catalogue. (The old speed has not died as fast in Europe as here.) This is perhaps confirmed in this LP by the style of microphoning, which is that distant, over-all sound preferred before the current hi-fi close-up technique sharpened the recorded tone quality of the classic organs. This one sounds almost like an "old-fashioned" organ—which it is not.

Nostalgia in Hi-Fi. (Assorted mechanical music makers.) Golden Crest CR 4002.

Well, let this music have its nostalgic place on records, too. The collection of noise makers is not the first of its sort to appear on discs lately, and just as well, since these instruments are in the vanishing category with a vengeance. Here you will find among others a Wur-litzer band organ (with trumpets); one of the fabulous big Regina disc music boxes—an automatic changer model; a batch of organ grinders' instruments; and a brace of nickelodeons with mechanical piano, spewing addled ragtime in a delightfully accurate re-creation of their era.

My favorite, though, is a Mills Violano, violin and piano in a mechanical duet. I heard one in the corner drug-store in Torrington, Connecticut, when I was a child, and was utterly fascinated. The violin is played via rollers on real strings, and is complete with vibrato and double stops. The piano just pounds.

Very hi-fi (*i.e.* ultra-close, with all the mechanical noises) and, I'm sorry to say, the Musical Museum where these are housed (Deansboro, New York) has evidently made not the slightest attempt to restore the instruments when possible to proper pitch, but prefers to let them wheeze along grotesquely out of tune.

Now this isn't fair, nor worthy of a historical institution. The original machines were built to play in tune and were so heard, at least part of the time. Out-of-tune-ness may be picturesque but it's a false evocation—at least as far as the mechanical pianos and reed instruments are concerned. Note that the music boxes because of their construction are in perfect tune—now and forever.

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Gluck: Orpheus and Euridice. Leopold Simoneau, Suzanne Danco *et al.*; Roger Blanchard Vocal Ens., Orch. Concerts Lamoureux, Rosbaud. Epic SC 6019 (2).

Gluck: Orpheus and Euridice. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Maria Stader *et al.* Berlin Motet Choir, Radio Symph., Fricsay. Decca DXH 143 (2).

The Epic version, sung in French, is the original revised version by Gluck, for Paris, with Orpheus a high tenor. The Decca version uses the familiar Berlioz contralto version with a baritone Orpheus, untransposed; it is sung in

German. The sequence of keys is different in the two scores.

Julian Bream Plays Dowland (lute). Westm. XWN 18429.

A Bach Recital for Guitar. Julian Bream. Westm. XWN 18428.

Anton von Webern—The Complete Music. Recorded under the Direction of Robert Craft. Columbia K4L 232 (4).

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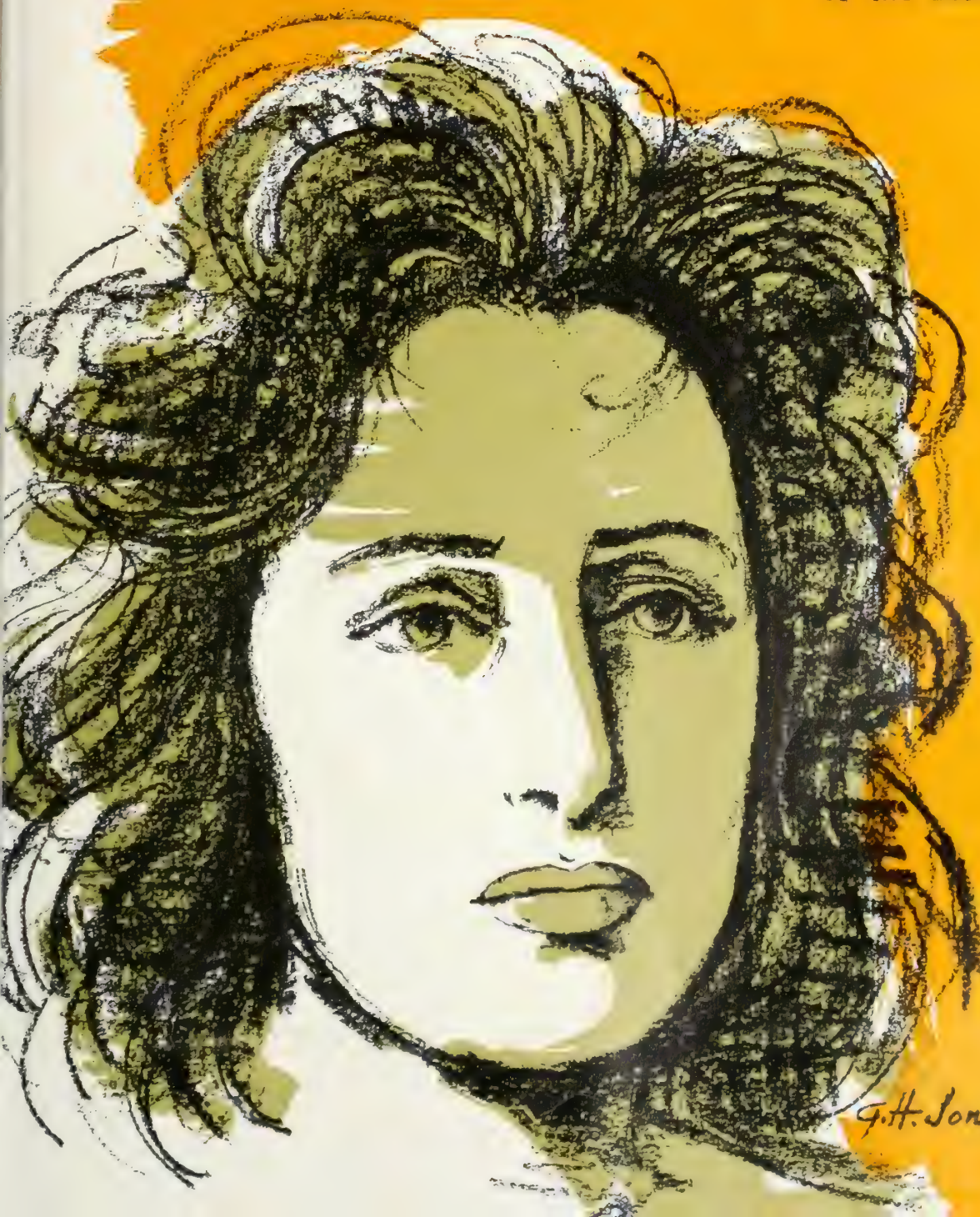
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LETTERS

Church and Clergy

TO THE EDITORS:

"Why Young Ministers Are Leaving the Church" by James B. Moore [July] is to be commended to the degree that it makes the public aware of the problems many ministers face. . . . It is to be condemned to the degree that it turns young men away from the ministry, or makes ministers more prone to self-pity. . . .

As a statistical generalization, his charge that young ministers are leaving the church is not true. He cites the Methodist Church in many unflattering terms, but that denomination, in the last year of record, 1956, lost only 197 ministers by withdrawal, out of a total of 17,786—a little over one per cent. (And some of these were older men, and some transferred their orders to other denominations.)

My experience in ten years in the Methodist ministry has been quite different from that of Mr. Moore. One year was difficult and filled with trouble, so I know by bitter experience that such things as he describes can happen. But they are not typical or common. . . .

REV. DEAN M. KELLEY
Crawford Memorial Methodist Church
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Moore says the prime source of difficulty in the ministry today is that men no longer believe the Gospel they are expected to preach. . . . He has difficulty with the basic Christian dogmas such as the Virgin Birth, the Physical Resurrection, and the Deity of Jesus Christ. I understand why he left the ministry.

Twenty-five years ago, seminary professors tell me, they were hard put to defend any form of creedal authority. Today, and I speak from recent experience, men are seeking and demanding authority and a return to historic orthodoxy. This is evident in the unprecedented numbers of men who are presenting themselves for the ministry today. It is evident to me in the caliber of the clergy I know. . . .

REV. JOHN S. CUTHBERT
St. Thomas' Episcopal Church
Bethel, Conn.

Since when did a prophet have a mandate from the people? Is a minister one who leads or is led? A prophet, almost by definition, is one who must

be persecuted by the stodgy crowds. A real leader—political, cultural, military, or religious—has always been someone who takes people some place new.

Martin Luther, instead of the ninety-five theses, might have tacked up a Moore-like document on the doors of the Wittenberg Church. . . . If he had, the Reformation fires would never have been lighted. Rather, Luther became a prophet. Instead of complaining about the social pressure to conform, he attempted prophetically to transform the society. . . .

Persecution has always been carried on by the church. It burned Joan, Savonarola, Hus, Latimer, Ridley, and a lot more. Yet the modern minister expects this same church to let him freely be himself. . . .

GENE PETERSON
New York, N. Y.

. . . I am grateful to Mr. Moore for his searching analysis of the problems of the ministry. Most of what he says about the Methodist Church is, I believe, true. Yet I find the ministry the most exciting and challenging profession of which I can conceive. I never believed it would be easy . . . [or] that "happiness" was the goal. . . . And I shall continue to proceed on the assumption that I need not necessarily preach the gospel as I am expected to preach it, according to popular tastes and demands.

REV. LEE C. MOOREHEAD
Indianola Methodist Church
Columbus, Ohio

The best service Mr. Moore could do for the church is (or was) to leave the ministry. With his "attitude" no wonder he is (or was) miserable. So happy (for the church) that he is writing articles not preaching—"all things work together for the good." . . .

As a happy minister's wife (does that mean I'm not well adjusted?) I suggest Mr. Moore contact his physician and see about getting some tranquilizers. . . .

MRS. ROY C. HOCH
Toledo, Ohio

. . . I, too, came out of an orthodox church which I served as a minister for two years. . . . The alternative I turned to was the Unitarian ministry where there is still a frontier to be explored. In this approach in religion the double standard of behavior and ideology does not exist. . . . The wonderful surprise for the new Unitarian minister transferring from another denomination is



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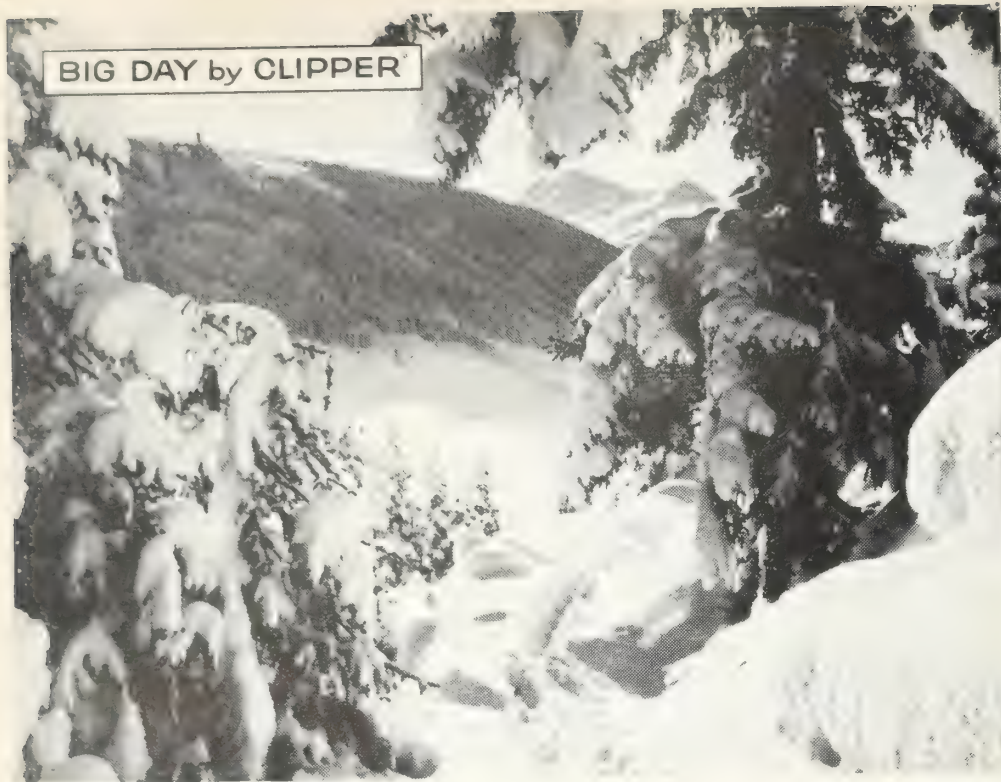
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LETTERS

to find . . . that the Unitarian congregations may actually be pushing him to be more creative, more exploratory in pioneering that which will make this world less terrible and more beautiful.

RALPH W. STUTZMAN
All Soul's Unitarian Church
Washington, D. C.

The Best Deal

TO THE EDITORS:

Cabell Phillips' article ["Your Best Deal in Military Service," July] offers no real evaluation of the program. For to study its evolution over the past five years is to uncover inconsistencies and many callous inequities.

I was drafted in July 1956 *before* I had a chance to exercise "my choice" to by-pass the draft. No alternatives were ever made available to me. Thousands, like myself, are simply forgotten while they waste two years so that the Army can continue its ceaseless experiments.

RICHARD B. DUBOFF
West Orange, N. J.

Cabell Phillips' run-down of various military "deals" leaves out something vital: shouldn't we just mention the fact that the youth who, "by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form" has no legal military obligation? He is allowed instead to perform some service designed to help other human beings instead of destroy them.

One source of complete information about this is the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. They too try to "guide the wise youth to a wise choice."

NEIL HENDRICKS
Austin, Tex.

I do not doubt the accuracy of Mr. Phillips' reporting but I do wonder at the competence of the Pentagon sources who led him to believe that "to tick off the number of our ground divisions and air wings . . . whose ranks are swollen with such inadequately trained men [six-months trainees] is to create a dangerous illusion about our real strength."

On February 5, 1957, General Maxwell Taylor, Chief of Staff of the Army, testified before a subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee that, in the event of enemy attack, the anti-aircraft units of the National Guard "will be needed at once." . . .

At the same time, he went on, other National Guard units "must be started overseas to replace the losses which will occur in . . . our overseas garrisons."

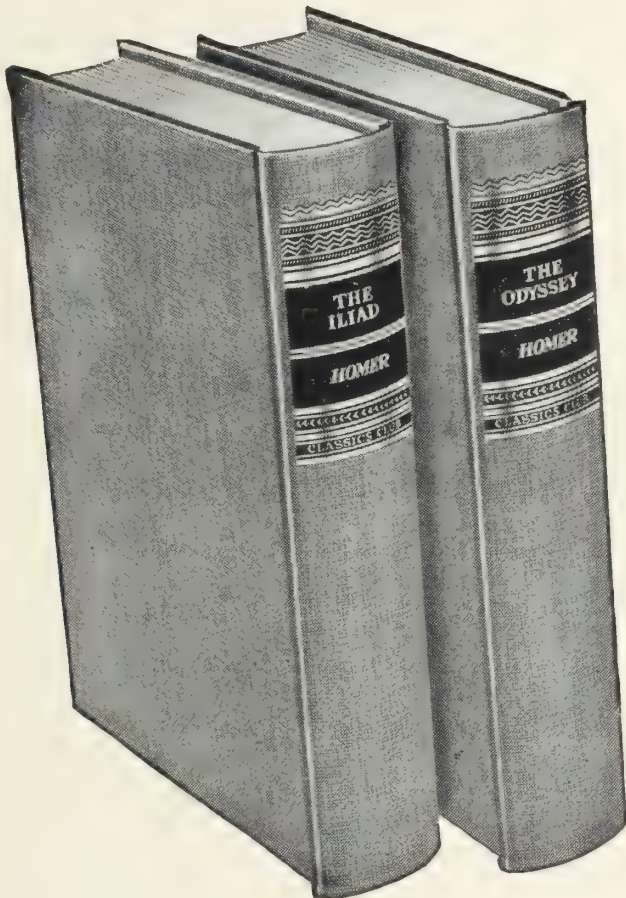
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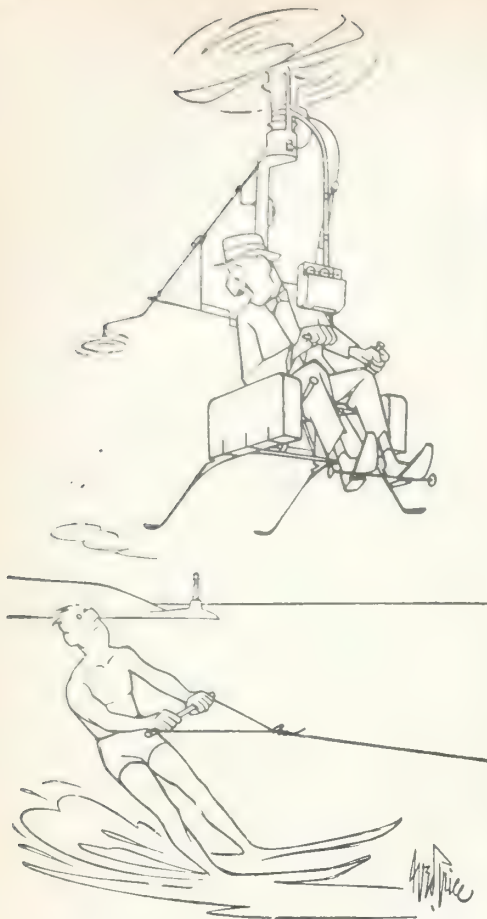
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WILLIAM V. KENNEDY
Camp Hill, Pa.

Enemy Assets

TO THE EDITORS:

The Editor's Easy Chair [July] asserted that Senator Dirksen and I are sponsoring the outrage of the year as authors of a scheme to hand over more than a half-billion dollars to our former enemies. The editorial reflects little basic knowledge of the complex vested assets problems and a complete indifference to vital principles.

The Senate Judiciary Subcommittee, of which I am now chairman, has over the past six years held extensive public hearings on the question of the disposition of vested assets. The testimony exceeds 3,300 pages. As a result of our studies, the Judiciary Committee in 1954 and 1956 reported out bills to return private properties seized during the war. It is my considered judgment that to do otherwise would:

(a) Violate a cherished American tradition, embedded in the Constitution, of the inviolability of private property—a principle enunciated before the adoption of the Constitution by a Founding Father, John Adams, when he said: "The moment the idea is admitted into society that property is not as sacred as the laws of God, and that there is not a force of law and public justice to protect it, anarchy and tyranny commence. If 'thou shalt not covet' and 'thou shalt not steal' were not commandments of Heaven, they must be made inviolable precepts in every society, before it can be civilized or made free."

(b) Repudiate the official action of every Secretary of State from Thomas Jefferson through Mr. Dulles.

(c) Make the U.S. *particeps criminis* with godless Communism in destroying the right of ownership of property, thereby endangering fundamental free-world principles, as well as our private and governmental investments abroad—aggregating over \$60 billion and costing Americans more than \$35 billion in defense appropriations each year to maintain.

(d) Diminish the effectiveness of our foreign aid programs.

The increased market value over book values of a few vested properties at the time of seizure, after fifteen years of

operation, is little justification for their retention and no justification for the confiscation of smaller properties such as social security benefits and estates of Americans aggregating over \$83 million, or the private properties of 30 odd thousand German and Japanese who invested here through faith in our free institutions.

OLIN D. JOHNSTON
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

I mourn your brilliant but one-sided item on the return of confiscated property. . . .

The central problem, as a growing number of thoughtful Americans see it, is that our government dispossessed an estimated 300,000 large and small, direct and indirect German and Japanese owners of all their real and personal assets in the United States. . . . No compensation is in sight. Simply said, this is a blot on America's record. . . .

There is, it is true, a lobby working for return. . . . But nothing good or bad happens in legislative Washington without a lobby. You have the lobby favoring the owners on one side, and the lobby of the native economic nationalists, speculators, promoters, and reparations profiteers opposing return on the other. . . . In the background the haunting moral reproach remains. We took other people's property. We haven't paid them.

We should give it back.

JAMES FINUCANE, Exec. Sec.
Committee for Return of Confiscated
German and Japanese Property
Washington, D. C.

Senator Johnson and Mr. Finucane both overlook the following points:

(1) In wartime many moral principles must be suspended—including the sanctity of life, as well as the sanctity of property. If we were morally obligated to repay our enemies for their property taken as a war measure, then we would be equally obligated to repay them for all property destroyed by our bombers and for their soldiers whom we killed.

(2) If the little people of Germany and Japan haven't yet been compensated, that is the fault of their own governments—which promised to take on that obligation in their original settlements with the United States and our allies. Senator Johnston's proposed legislation would also give many millions of dollars to a few German and Japanese corporations, for whom the "little people" provide a convenient screen.

(3) Germany and Japan started the war. They stole and destroyed the property of millions of people in many countries. So far they have shown little sense of moral responsibility about mak-

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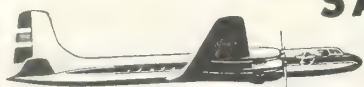
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LETTERS

ing compensation. If the United States can afford to give away millions of dollars to foreigners, wouldn't it be morally better to give it to the war victims, rather than to the aggressors?

(4) Senator Johnston's legislation is opposed by the Justice Department, the Treasury Department, and the Budget Bureau. The State Department now favors a somewhat different scheme for returning enemy assets primarily because it hopes such action would help Konrad Adenauer win the forthcoming German election. Earlier it took the opposite position, and negotiated treaties under which both Germany and Japan gave up their claims.

THE EDITORS

I have been gathering material on this for two years and feel just as you do!

PAUL H. DOUGLAS
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

. . . I was pleased with your treatment of the legislation to return a huge sum of money to German and Japanese industrialists. . . . I have fought this proposal—so far successfully—for years in Congress.

THOMAS C. HENNINGS, JR.
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

. . . I am strongly opposed to the enactment of the so-called Johnston-Dirksen bill. . . .

IRVING M. IVES
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

A Word for Reed

TO THE EDITORS:

The emotional agitation, argument by epithet, errors of fact in the letters criticizing Henry Hope Reed's "The Next Step Beyond 'Modern,'" [Letters column, July] suggest that the critics are a bit flustered.

Mr. Callenbach must have been hard pressed for arguments to imagine Mr. Reed's Grand Design had been tried and imposed by Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin. In 1939 Mussolini announced . . . "Moi, je suis moderniste." Buildings attributable to Mussolini are bleak indeed. Hitler's buildings were large, but that's all. Modernistic architecture in the Soviet Union, officially sanctioned in the 'twenties . . . was, by 1930, decisively rejected, not by Stalin but by spontaneous and well-nigh unanimous demand for the stately handsome to replace the dreary official style (e.g. Lenin Institute).

Mr. Juarez' dictum that "the archeological approach is usually sterile" neatly disposes not only of the superb Italian

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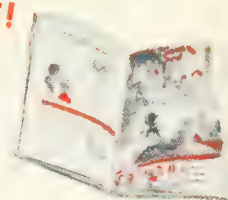
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LETTERS

and French Renaissance architecture, but of great styles the world over, nearly all based on respectful, even intense study of precedent architecture. . . .

Neither Mr. Reed nor any other critic of modernism approves of copying, or underestimates the necessity for individual creative effort. But it is the moderns who copy. There is no difficulty in distinguishing between the scores of highly differentiated buildings in this country that owe something to the Classic tradition, but it is not always easy to remember which is which among the glittering glass boxes that today pass for architecture. They have little to say and they say pretty much the same thing.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE
Warren, Conn.

'Tain't So

TO THE EDITORS:

"Disk Jockeys and Baby Sitters" by Bernard Asbell [July] was most interesting. However, somebody is wrong.

We agree with Asbell but the national survey companies such as Pulse and Hooper don't. According to them, the stations playing the rock 'n roll top ten tunes all day long have the audiences, and, of course, the kids are in school all day. Therefore, we say, either Asbell is wrong or the surveys are wrong. . . .

WNMP has for eight years adhered to a strict policy of broadcasting only classical, semi-classical, top show tunes, and the more listenable current melodies. Our mail indicates that we have a vast audience of adult listeners, yet Hooper and Pulse report that we have none.

GLENN L. HAMMER
Station WNMP
Evanston, Ill.

I have just been reading "Disk Jockeys and Baby Sitters" and I thought I'd tell you that not even all teen-age girls enjoy this music.

I am sixteen years old and I baby-sit all day, Monday through Friday. I listen to the radio quite a bit and I do not enjoy the music that comes blaring into the kitchen half the time. Most of my friends do not enjoy it either. Not only are the adults ready for some decent music, but so are the adolescent crowd. I sincerely enjoy Broadway show tunes and "mood music."

And my ideas of love are not expressed in rock and roll tunes. I don't know many teen-age girls whose ambition is to catch a "Party Doll" or some guy with "Blue Suede Shoes." And never once on a date has a boy whispered tenderly in my ear "Love me tender, Love me true." . . .

LINDA K. NEUBER
Ogden, Utah



RUSSIA'S RIVIERA

A famous reporters' account of the unexpected people, places, and attitudes he found in the Soviet Union's playground—the resorts along the Black Sea coast and in the mountains of Georgia.

by John Gunther

'A PLATFORM AND A PASSION OR TWO'

The winner of two Pulitzer Prizes for drama describes what he has tried to do in the modern theater.

by Thornton Wilder

LEE OF NEW HAVEN

How a twice-defeated candidate has struck pay dirt in an issue no other mayor in the country has touched, and become "the hottest piece of political real estate in Connecticut."

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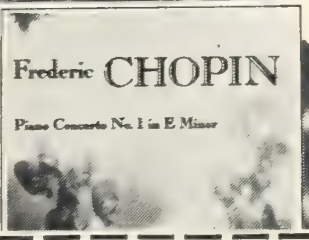
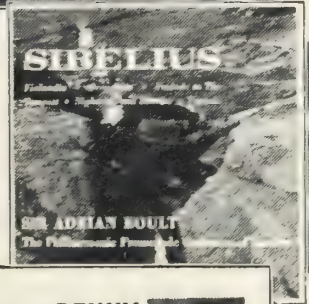
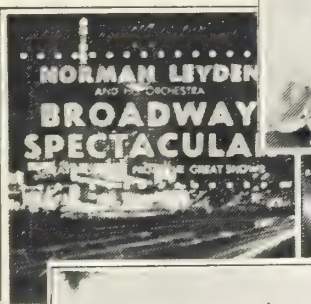
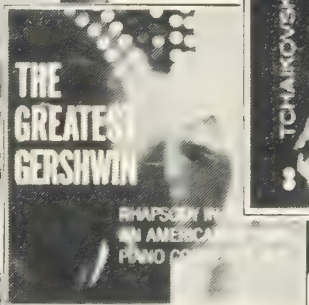
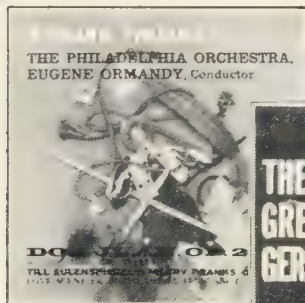
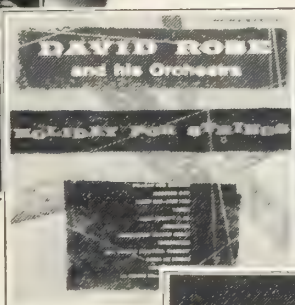
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Nomination for a Nobel Prize

IT NOW seems likely that the chief literary event of this year will be the discovery of James Gould Cozzens.

"Discovery" may seem an odd word to use about a man who has been writing for thirty-three years with unusual success, and who has been regarded by many people for at least a decade as one of the best American novelists. But no other word will do.

For Cozzens has never been fully recognized by two groups on which a lasting literary reputation depends: (a) the mass reading public, and (b) the serious critics. Both have largely ignored him—for a set of curious but understandable reasons. They can ignore him no longer. The publication this week of *By Love Possessed* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5) makes him as hard to overlook as a giraffe in the living-room.

Although it is a violation of The Cozzens Security System to say so, this is his twelfth novel. Only eight are listed in the official roster of his works. His first four—*Confusion*, *Michael Scarlett*, *Cockpit*, and *Son of Perdition*—are never mentioned these days by him or his publisher, and their very existence is supposed to be a secret. Yet they are not books of which the average novelist would be ashamed, particularly in view of the circumstances under which they were produced. The first was written while he was a nineteen-year-old Harvard sophomore. When he found a publisher for it, in 1924, Cozzens decided he was in business, dropped out of college, and plunged immediately into the grinding and precarious labor of the professional novelist. On the next three books he learned his craft. He doesn't like to have them read now, for the same reason that Yehudi Menuhin would not like to have a recording distributed of his early finger exercises—although one of them is a better-than-mine-run historical, and another,

about a sorely-tempted priest, compares well enough with a famous Graham Greene novel on a similar theme.

(If you ever run across one of these early efforts in a second-hand bookstore, buy it. Since they are scarce, and almost sure to become collectors' items, they ought to turn out to be speculations at least as interesting as, say, *General Dynamics* or *U. S. Borax*.)

By ordinary standards, the next seven novels did well. They got respectful—sometimes enthusiastic—reviews. Three were chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and all continued to sell far longer than the average novel. In fact, all but one are still in print—three in paperback editions—while the remaining one, *Men and Brethren*, will be brought back into print next year. To most novelists, whose books commonly disappear like a stone dropped in the sea about six months after publication, this looks like an enviable record.

Nevertheless, no Cozzens novel has ever become a really big seller. The last and best known—*Guard of Honor*, published in 1948—has sold about thirty thousand copies; compared with the marshmallows turned out by such wholesale confectioners as Frances Parkinson Keyes and Daphne du Maurier, its readership is tiny.

It is true that some other novelists of stature—William Faulkner, Glenway Wescott, Eudora Welty, and Thornton Wilder, for example—have seldom enjoyed enormous sales, and even Ernest Hemingway reached bestsellerdom fairly late. But they have been accorded other things which most writers value even higher: literary prizes, the honors of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the reverence—indeed, the adulation—of the magisterial critics whose encyclicals appear in the literary quarterlies and academic journals. Aside from a Pulitzer Prize in 1949, no such laurels have lighted on Cozzens' head, and the fashionable critics have passed him by in contemptuous silence.

This time it may be different. Certain evanescent signs, which publishers think they can recognize, seem to indicate that *By Love Possessed* will sell far better than any previous Cozzens novel. The pre-publication sale is high; booksellers, a notoriously glum lot, are betraying gleams of eagerness; it is a selection of both the Book-of-the-Month Club and Reader's Digest Condensed Books; review copies have been in heavy demand; *Time* is planning a cover story on the author; and—best omen of all—stenographers in the publishers' office have been snitching advance copies to read during their lunch hour. When that happens, you can be sure that something uncommon is astir.

It would be no surprise, to this reader at least, if the new novel also collects a few prizes. At this writing, no very formidable contenders for the Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award can

be spotted on the fall lists. (Although that may not mean much; in recent years each of these literary lollipops has been handed occasionally to a pretty feeble and precious specimen.)

And eventually even the most lordly of the academic critics may have to take judicial notice of Cozzens' existence. They won't like him; but from now on it will be hard for them to pretend that a man who occupies so much of the literary landscape simply isn't there.

THEY have preferred to ignore him all these years because he does not fit into any of the established literary patterns; and they have, therefore, found it impossible to measure and dissect him with their standard calipers and scalpels.

Even his private life is, for a writer, unconventional. He attends no cocktail parties, sits on no committees, makes no speeches, signs no manifestoes, writes no reviews, appears on no television shows, scratches no backs, shuns women's clubs, cares nothing about personal publicity, and doesn't even tell his publisher how to run his advertising campaigns. He holds the queer notion that a novelist's job is to write novels; and he sticks to that last with single-minded intensity. To this end, he lives and works in a quiet old farmhouse near Lambertville, New Jersey, with the only wife he has ever had (and who happens to be, quite incidentally, one of the best literary agents in the country); he almost never visits New York; few people in the so-called literary world have ever set eyes on him. Consequently he has picked up the reputation of a recluse.

It is undeserved. Actually he spends a good many sociable hours around Lambertville and two neighboring towns, New Hope and Doylestown, Pennsylvania; and he is working every minute of them. He knows the Doylestown courthouse, for example, better than its janitor does, and its occupants—from judges to jailers—are his friends. It is no accident that the law, which figures largely in both this novel and an earlier one, is taken with precise accuracy from the Pennsylvania statutes; and that Brocton, the town which serves as a setting for the new novel, bears a family resemblance to the villages along the middle stretch of the Delaware River.

The graph line of Cozzens' career also looks remarkably different from that of many American novelists. As the literary historians have noted, talented writers in this country often start off with a bang, and then dwindle away to a whimper. Sinclair Lewis, for instance, ran steadily downhill after he reached his early high point with *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Thomas Wolfe never again wrote anything quite up to his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*. Even Faulkner and Hemingway have followed much the same chart. Faulkner's most bedazzled

admirers would hardly claim that his last two books are up to the level of his earlier work, and Hemingway's most recent novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, is best passed over in charitable silence. (A subsequent book, *The Old Man and the Sea*, is a long short story rather than a novel.) A list of similar examples could be continued for pages; but Cozzens would not be on it. His output has shown a steady growth in sureness, insight, and stature, so that the present monumental work comes not as a surprise but as a natural culmination.

THESE are relatively superficial differences. The essential difference between Cozzens and his contemporaries lies in the character of his work. Here he is the complete nonconformist: a classic mind, operating in a romantic period. This, I suspect, is the basic reason why he has missed both popular and critical appreciation. He puzzles ordinary readers whose palates have been dulled by the Gothic extravagance of most current fiction; and he offends critics whose professional mission has been to exalt the romantic novel which has been in high fashion for the last thirty years.

The Standard American Romantic novelist of today can be identified by four earmarks:

(1) He habitually writes about exotic characters who are, in one fashion or another, in revolt against society. Witness Faulkner's Popeye and Joe Christmas, Steinbeck's lovable bums, Hemingway's defiant tough guys, Tennessee Williams' prostitutes and heels, Capote's Southerners, Saroyan's elfin drunks, and all the other dope addicts, cheats, thieves, goldbricks, and emotional cripples who are the stock in trade of Nelson Algren, Norman Mailer, Saul Bellow, Paul Bowles, James Jones, and the other inhabitants of our contemporary Pantheon.

(2) He conventionally portrays such heroes in sentimental terms—as Edmund Fuller pointed out in last spring's issue of the *American Scholar*.

"It is not my hero's fault," the romantic novelist tells us, "that he is an irresponsible jerk. Society made him that way."

And he invites the reader to drop a kindly tear for these scalawags—what Fuller calls "the genial rapist, the jolly slasher, the fun-loving dope pusher"—just as the sentimental novelist of the last century asked us to weep over his forlorn maidens.

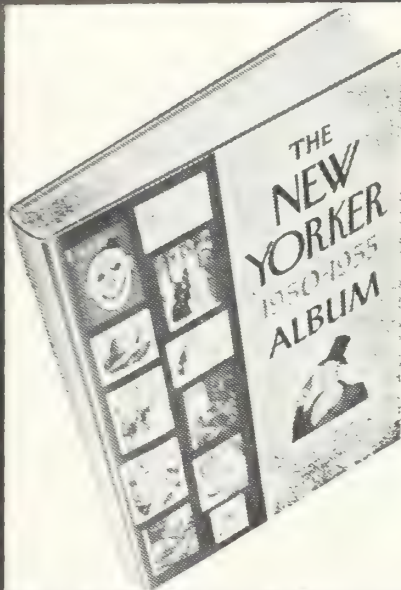
(3) Usually, though not always, he places his picaresque heroes in a picaresque tale. Such a story need have no firm plot structure; it wanders haphazardly from one incident to another, linking anecdotes, sketches, short stories, and inner musings together with a loose and tenuous narrative line. Its setting is often as exotic as the characters—the Chicago underworld, a rum runner's boat, a bull ring, Yok-

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

napatawpha County—and the story ordinarily involves a wholesale helping of lust and violence.

(4) The novelist of this school customarily identifies himself with one of his characters, and uses him as a trumpet to express his own emotions, complaints, and political views. Sometimes (as in Wolfe) the hero is the spitting image of the author; sometimes (as in Hemingway, the highbrow's Walter Mitty) he seems to be the way the author pictures himself in his more glorious day-dreams; sometimes (as in Steinbeck and Algren) he is the ventriloquist's dummy on the author's knee. In any case, it is easy to tell which speeches in the book set forth the author's sermon; Faulkner leaves no doubt where he stands in the War Against the Snopeses.

There is much to be said for the romantic method. For one thing, it is the easiest way to catch the interest of the reader—typically a man or woman who leads a sedentary, respectable, uneventful life, and therefore is ready to shiver with excitement at the wild doings of the uninhibited outlaw. It is a time-saver, since the picaresque plot is no trouble to construct; some of its practitioners turn out a book a year. It is a simple and effective device for criticizing society—always a main purpose of the novelist in America. And it is a boon to the critic, since it gives him a built-in springboard from which to launch his own dissertation about the society we live in.

But the romantic novel has its drawbacks, too. Because it uses the extreme case—abnormal characters in an abnormal setting—as a weapon to attack the evils which exist in all societies, it can never give a full and balanced picture of society as a whole. A foreigner can (and often does) read a hundred such novels without getting the faintest ideas of what normal, day-to-day life in the United States is really like. Faulkner's guilt-haunted county and Algren's vice-pots may give accurate glimpses of tiny segments on the extreme fringe of American life—and it is, of course, useful to put these pathological specimens under the microscope. But they do not picture the rounded body of society, any more than L.-F. Céline's explorations of depravity reflect the whole

truth about contemporary France.

Then, too, the sentimental status of this sort of fiction—handy though it is for posing an indictment on society—makes it impossible for a writer to deal seriously with individual moral problems. *From Heaven to Eternity*, for example, made plain that plenty was wrong with the pre-war Army; but at the cost of evading all questions about personal responsibilities of Prewitt who had to be pictured as a helpless victim of The System. In all such novels—*The Deer Park* and *The Man with the Golden Arm* are even better examples—one vital dimension of fiction necessarily is missing.

Finally, the romantic method tends to wear itself out in a few decades. Readers get jaded with lust and violence and bizarre heroes to hold their attention, the novel has to reach for ever greater extremes; and in the end his readers cease to believe in characters so remote from their own experience. The resulting boredom and indifference are perhaps largely responsible for the much-discussed decline of the novel. Maybe the romantic novel has, for a time, reached a dead end.

COZZENS may, indeed, signal a turning of the tide. In his salad days, he too flirted with the romantic technique, but in his more mature novels he has moved steadily away from it. Instead he has been attempting something far more difficult: to write an engrossing story about ordinary people, living ordinary lives, in ordinary circumstances.

His first experiment in this direction was *The Last Adam*, published in 1933, an account of a small-town doctor and his patients. *Men and Brethren* dealt with the life of a New York clergyman, not very different from the parson you might meet next Sunday. *The Just and the Unjust* was a study of law and politics in a perfectly commonplace community. *Guard of Honor* examined life on a Florida air base in all its levels and complexities; anyone who served in World War II would find at home there, but he would encounter none of the grotesque characters who man the Armies of Jones and Mailer. (It may be significant that many professional military men consider it the best of the war novels.)

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one Air Force colonel told me it was the *only* one that showed any awareness of the actual problems of Army life.)

By Love Possessed carries this series of experiments-in-the-normal a long and brilliant step forward. On all four of the counts listed above, it is the exact antithesis of the romantic novel.

Its central characters are a group of lawyers and businessmen—middle-class, middle-aged, and respectable—in an American town no better and no worse than a dozen any of us could name. They move among people familiar to all of us: a spinster secretary, a justice of the peace, a waitress, an overworked doctor, an assortment of immediately recognizable wives and children. Nobody is presented as a rebel against society, or as its victim; these people *are* society. When they try to rebel, it is not against The System, but against life itself, and they fall victim to the mortality that awaits us all.

OF sentimentality there is no chemical trace. You are never asked to weep for any character, or to rage. You are merely invited to understand them, as the author probes deeper and deeper for the final meaning in each of their lives. What he finds is not always pretty, but neither is it monstrous. It comes close to being the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

This is no loose-woven picaresque tale. It is the most tightly-constructed of novels, with every chapter—indeed, every paragraph—carved to interlock with every other. In the end it emerges as a work of classic symmetry—the last scene foreshadowed in the first, all parts in balance, all conflicts resolved. The style is equally craftsmanlike. Every sentence has been hammered, filed, and tested until it bears precisely the weight it was designed to carry, and does it with clarity and grace. No wonder this book took nine years to write.

Not once does the author himself walk into the story. No character is autobiographical, none is a loud-speaker for the author's sermons. When you finish you know a lot about Cozzens' concept of the good life—but only because you have

watched a number of lives unfold in vigorous detail before your eyes.

THE theme of the book is love. Love in all its aspects—between man and woman, parent and child, friend and friend, individual and community. It is an examination of the rewards and the burdens—sometimes crushing burdens—laid on people possessed by love. And like all really first-rate novels, it is an exploration of moral responsibility. Each person who inhabits the story is constantly confronted (though he does not always realize it) with the series of moral questions which confront all of us: How should I conduct myself? What is my duty? Can I escape this hard choice before me? What do I do next?

It is a measure of Cozzens' accomplishment that he endows such a story with a feeling of suspense and excitement far greater than you will find in the typical romantic novel, loaded with violent action. The explanation, it seems to me, is that the ordinary reader can identify himself with the people of Brocton, as he never can with the characters of an Algren or a Mailer. The dilemma Arthur Winner faces, as he sits in his tidy law office, is one which any of us might encounter tomorrow. The temptation which brought Ralph Detweiler into the hands of the police and his sister to her death is commonplace in every village in America. Never for a moment can you doubt these are real people, coping with real problems in the fumbling, unromantic way that all of us try to cope with our own.

To be fair, it is necessary to note two complaints about the book:

(1) Several women, of sound taste and judgment, tell me that they find the story disconcerting. They are not used to seeing love handled in such an unsentimental fashion, and they are not sure they like it. Moreover, I gather that they are a little upset by the fact that the issue on which the novel hinges does not involve a woman at all. It centers on the spiritual love of a patriarch for the people who have trusted him (perhaps too much) and on a question of professional ethics. Now most mature women realize, in their hearts, that the chief crises in a

man's life may have nothing to do with females; but they don't always like to be reminded of it. The romantic legend—older than Helen of Troy—that a woman is the center of every man's life, the focus of his worries, and the mainspring of his actions, is more soothing to the feminine ego.

(2) Other people, by no means prudes, have suggested that *By Love Possessed* is not a suitable book for the young. They may be right. It was, after all, written for adults; and some of its passages might well seem both incomprehensible and disturbing to adolescents who lack the range of experience to grasp the emotion involved.

This is not to suggest that anything in the story is either salacious or sensational. Quite the contrary: Cozzens' has merely tried to tell the exact truth—about sex, money, ambition, and many other things—with clinical honesty. Some aspects of the truth inevitably are unpleasant. These he has neither softened nor exaggerated. They are set down with the raw, impersonal horror of an autopsy or a police report, because they are a part of life; so, too, are warmth and devotion and quiet heroism, and these he reports with equal fidelity.

The novel is like one of those Breughel paintings which show an entire community in bustling activity—the noble, the funny, the bestial, the labor and lust, the pain and laughter, all traced out in infinitely precise detail . . . and all the details fitted together to form a marvelously colorful composition. Like Breughel, Cozzens tells us more than any artist of his time about the life of his day. If your great-grandchildren should ever want to find out how Americans behaved and thought as they felt in the mid-years of this century, Cozzens' major novels probably would be his most revealing source.

If this does not stake out his claim to be one of the very few important novelists of our generation, I don't know what would. The committee that awards the Nobel prize for literature is said to reach its decisions, not on the basis of a single book, but on mature consideration of a writer's whole body of work. Where can they find a more solid body of work than this?

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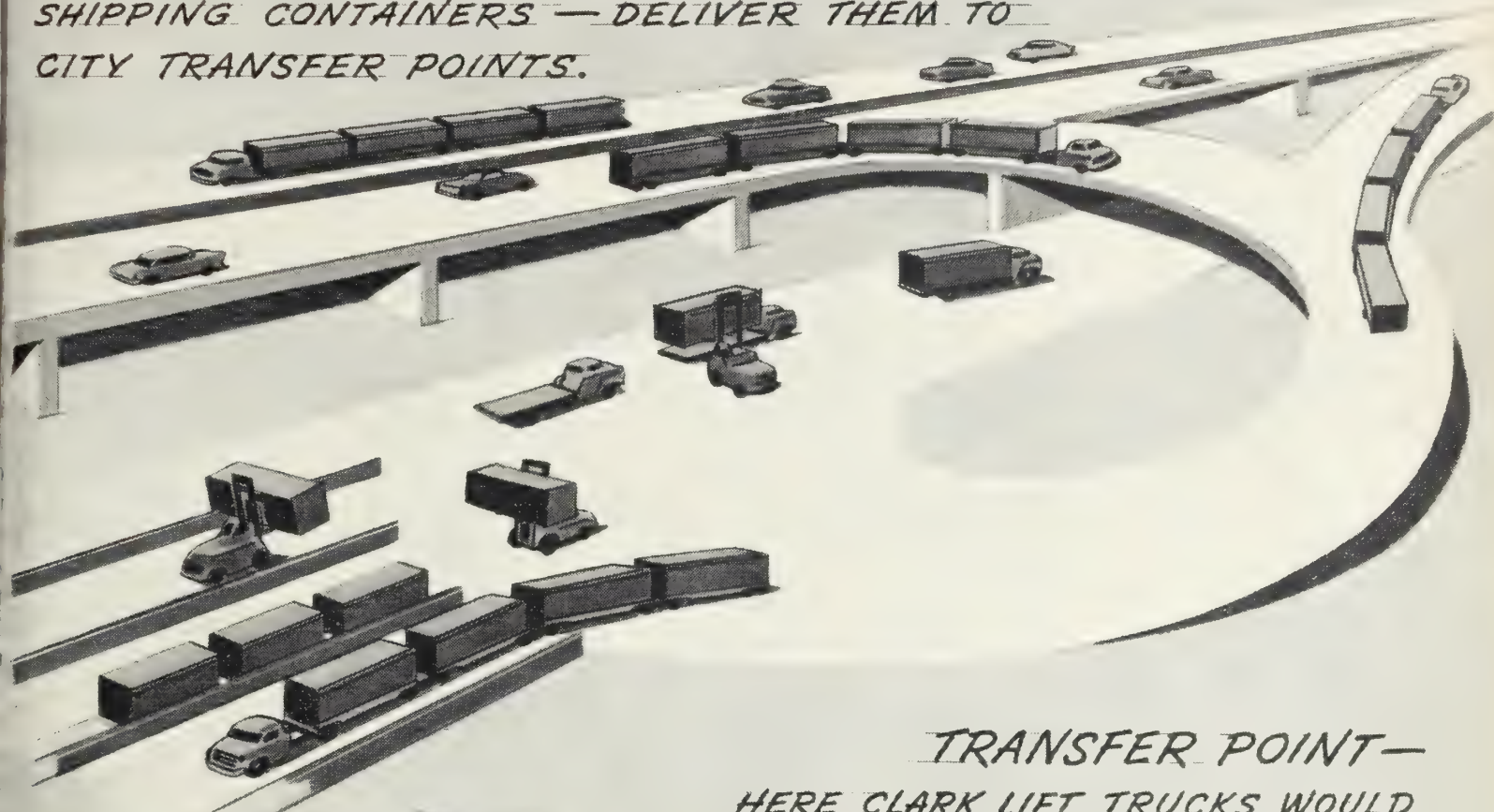
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Among Our Contributors

THE GRIFFIN AND OTHER SHIPS

IT IS embarrassing to realize that foreign ship lines have taken the initiative in opening the Great Lakes to ocean trade. American companies will have to face experienced competition in the coming battle of the St. Lawrence described by Marvin J. Barloon in the lead article in this issue. But there is nothing new in this situation—foreign boats were in the Lakes long before the Seaway was dreamed of.

The first sailing ship to reach Lake Michigan belonged to the Frenchman La Salle. The *Griffin*, a vessel of some 45 tons, one-fourth the size of the *Mayflower*, was built in the spring of 1679 in a clearing beside the Niagara River a few miles above the Falls. La Salle returned in August from a trip back to Fort Frontenac, bringing an anchor which had required four men well laced with brandy to haul up the Lewiston heights near the Falls. On his arrival, all hands joined to tow the ship upstream.

At the entry to Lake Erie, the crew embarked, sang "Te Deum," and fired their five small cannon from the portholes. A fresh breeze sprang up; for three days they held course over unknown waters and on the fourth turned northward into the strait of Detroit. On either side were green prairies and forests; oaks festooned with grapes; herds of deer; flocks of swans and wild turkeys; mild-mannered bear. The bulwarks of the *Griffin* were hung with game.

A furious storm struck in Lake Huron, but the ship came safely into the cove of Michillimackinac, fired her cannon, and the Indians on shore yelped in wonder. At anchor, the *Griffin* was surrounded by more than a hundred bark canoes—"like a Triton among minnows."

In Francis Parkman's account, the voyage of the *Griffin*—like all of La

Salle's magnificent achievements for future generations—was a triumph of his iron will and a disaster to his personal fortunes. After reaching Green Bay in Lake Michigan, he decided to override all advice and send the *Griffin* back to Niagara with a load of furs to satisfy his creditors. He himself and fourteen men in four canoes would continue on their way to Illinois and, ultimately, the Gulf of Mexico. On September 18, the *Griffin* set sail in a glassy calm. That night a sudden storm arose, and the ship was never heard of again.

In the 278 years to our day, the Great Lakes have transported untold wealth and swallowed many ships. No one knows this better than the successful American operators of the modern fleet of Lake carriers whose whole livelihood will be altered by the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, now scheduled for the spring of 1959. Like the *Griffin*, their ships are built for inland waters. Not only are they far too big for the 27-foot channel; many of them would be unseaworthy in Atlantic swells. According to George Horne, *New York Times* marine editor, it will take a revolution in ship architecture to build carriers that will profitably make the run from the Lakes to Europe or the Caribbean in the summer, and convert to all-sea routes when the ice closes in. Some of these operators now look on the Seaway with suspicion as great as that of the Seneca warriors who stared at the vast ribs of the *Griffin* rising beside the Niagara.

There are plenty of reasons for their doubts. The Lake companies have an enormous investment in the present routes. Their labor costs are rising—the new pay rate for captains, for example, is \$20,000 a year. The U. S. Maritime Board has tried to encourage American ocean-going lines to get experience in Lakes service before the deeper Seaway is opened, by offering government-owned N-3 ships for charter. But the

American Grace Line, which had hoped to start a Caribbean-Lakes route this summer with these ships, gave up in July when it decided that the charges for charter and reactivation of the N-3s were "onerous." In all, five American companies (including Grace) have applied for subsidizing of Lakes-ocean routes, but it seems unlikely that any will be operating regularly before 1959.

Foreign ships, on the other hand, have been using the present 14-foot canals for Europe-to-Lakes traffic since 1935. Some sixteen lines now offer scheduled service with small freighters. So far, the most striking bid for the expanded traffic to come when the new channel opens has been made by the Fjell-Oranje Line of the Netherlands. Next spring, an Amsterdam shipyard will start work on two passenger-cargo vessels of about 9,000 tons, with single-class accommodations for 100 passengers and a cargo of 7,000 tons.

These ships are a challenge to American operators, who share with Canada the lesson of the Frenchman La Salle: boldness, like his—combined with caution, which he threw to the winds.

... Marvin J. Barloon brings a wealth of special knowledge to his discussion of the Battle of the Seaway (p. 29). He is professor of transportation and industrial development at Western Reserve University and frequently serves as consultant to government and industry on these problems. He has lived in Cleveland, a major port on the Seaway, for sixteen years, but traces his feeling for the Great Lakes to his first swim in Lake Michigan at Chicago in 1926. Since then he has spent periods of days to months on the Indiana dunes; in Duluth, where practically every house looks out on Lake Superior; at Detroit; and, like all Americans, at Niagara Falls.

... "How to Tell When You Are Obsolete" (p. 36) comes from C. Northcote Parkinson, English-born scholar who goes by the mysterious (to us) title of Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya. He is the author of numerous works on naval, military, and economic history, and has a brace of advanced degrees from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and the University of

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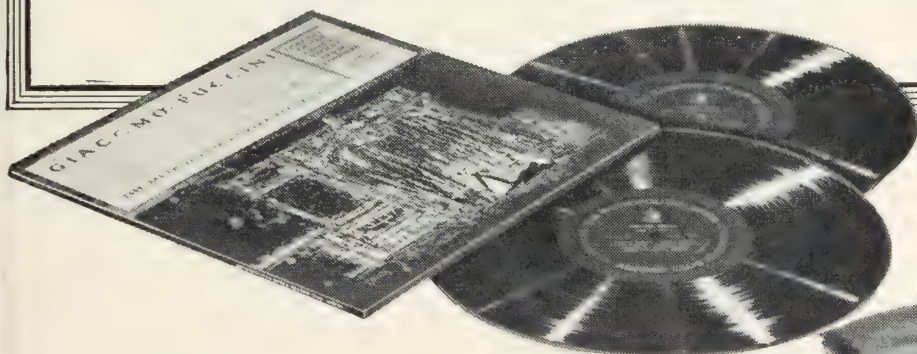
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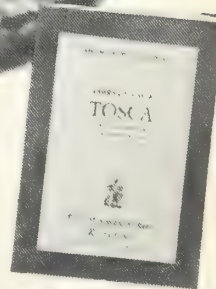
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MOC 13

London. He will shortly be better known in this country for his book, *Parkinson's Law*, from which this article is adapted—to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin.

The famous law can be summed up briefly thus: "Administrators are more or less bound to multiply," whether the work to be done shrinks or swells. Despairing thoughts to this effect must have occurred many times to Secretaries Charles Wilson and George Humphrey in their moments of reflection about the federal budget. For their instruction, Professor Parkinson's axioms on motive forces are the following: (1) "An official wants to multiply subordinates, not rivals" and (2) "Officials make work for each other."

... Only a tiny minority of the hundreds of advertising agencies in New York actually have their offices on Madison Avenue, but the popular misnomer seems to be acceptable to most people in advertising, on Madison Ave, and among the public at large. **John McCarthy**, who was steeped in advertising for some twenty-five years, uses it as a kind of shorthand in his analysis of current changes in the field: "Is the Bloom Off Madison Avenue?" (p. 40).

Formerly vice president and director of McCann-Erickson, Inc., he retired from that profession several years ago and went into publishing. He is now the executive editor of *Catholic Digest*, but he continues to write on business and advertising.

... **Christine Weston's** "The Cub" (p. 46) is her first story in *Harper's*. She has written five novels, including *Indigo* and *The World Is a Bridge*, as well as many short stories and a book for children. Born in India, she is married to an American and has lived here since 1923. Her father was a French indigo planter and her mother the daughter of an English army officer.

... In speaking of Anna Magnani, the superlative comes all too readily. Nevertheless, in his profile of "Italy's Greatest Actress" (p. 52), **Luigi Barzini, Jr.** comes closer to delivering the real Magnani than anyone else has come.

Mr. Barzini is a leading Italian journalist, a regular writer for *Cor-*

riere della Sera, and a contributor to many European and American journals. He has recently been David Selznick's personal consultant during the filming in Italy of "A Farewell to Arms."

Anna Magnani now divides her working time between Hollywood and Italy. "The Rose Tattoo" is the only movie so far released by her American producers; but she recently completed "A Woman Obsessed," directed in Hollywood by George Cukor. There is also talk of a possible movie for her of Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus Descending."

... In "The Spirit of Our Times" (p. 58), **Lovell Thompson** re-creates the 1920s through the telescope of the 1950s. He is vice president of Houghton Mifflin, where he has worked since graduation from Harvard in 1925. He has written for many magazines and has edited a volume of selections from the *Youth's Companion*.

... For some months to come passengers in taxis will be consulting their drivers about the New Look of the new Edsel car, and collecting expert opinions wherever else they may be found—in bars, on the golf links, at gas stations and beauty parlors. The question of "How It Got That Way" is an equally subtle matter, here analyzed by **Eric Larrabee** (p. 67) in its human, sociological, and public relations aspects.

Mr. Larrabee, an editor of this magazine who has written before for *Harper's* on subjects ranging from "The Lesson of Korea" to "The Gulf South at Mid-Morning," has no car of his own, finding Manhattan an inconvenient and expensive garage. But he has expressed his fascination with cars publicly in "The Great Love Affair" in *Industrial Design* and (as co-author with David Reisman) in "Autos in America" in *Encounter* (May 1957).

He is a member-at-large of the American Council of Learned Societies and has edited for the Carnegie Corporation a book called *American Panorama*, to be published by the New York University Press.

... **Beirne Lay, Jr.** dramatizes his story, "The Jet That Crashed Before Take-off" (p. 74) with the instinct

of a movie-maker; but its facts and suppositions are based on his extended experience in the Air Force. He is a reserve colonel in the Strategic Air Command and was a struggling lieutenant in the Air Corps twenty-one years ago when *Harper's* accepted his first piece.

He has written three books: *Wanted Wings*, *Twelve O'Clock High*, and *I've Had It*. He has original story and screenplay credits on the movies made from the first two of those books, as well as on "Strategic Air Command" (for which he won an Academy Award nomination) and several other films. He is a member of the Screen Producers Guild and was story adviser on the TV series, "The Silent Service."

... The new chairman of the FCC, John Doerfer, who was named by President Eisenhower on June 2, has an opportunity to rescue this important commission from the decline in public respect which it has suffered in recent years. "The Scandal in TV Licensing" (p. 77) by **Louis Jaffe** not only reports on the elements in FCC administration that have caused its loss of prestige, but points to Congressional responsibility for a due share of the blame.

Professor Jaffe is Byrne Professor of Administrative Law at Harvard Law School, and has devoted three years to teaching a seminar on the Communications Commission. He formerly worked for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the National Labor Relations Board during the most zealous years of the New Deal, and is a member of the National Academy of Arbitrators and the author of *Cases and Materials on Administrative Law*. He is now beginning a year of travel and writing in Europe.

... **Mark Van Doren** contributes a poem for September (p. 51). He is professor of English at Columbia and winner of a Pulitzer Prize.

Adrienne Rich ("The Wish," p. 57) has written two books of verse, *A Change of World* and *The Diamond Cutters*. She is in her twenties, is married to a teacher at Harvard, and has one son.

"Warning" (p. 34) is **John W. Meyer's** first published poem. He is twenty-three and works in New York.

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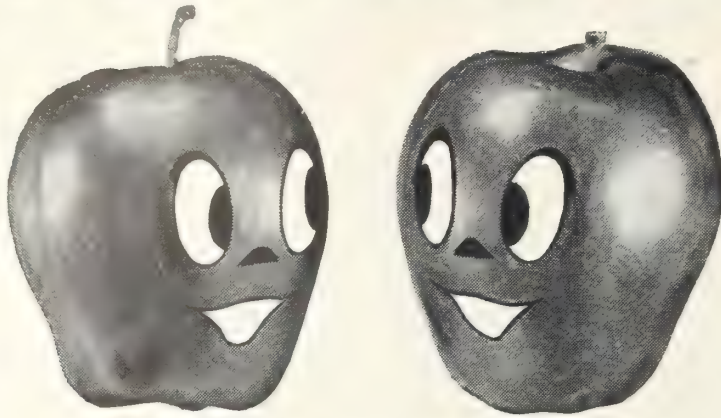
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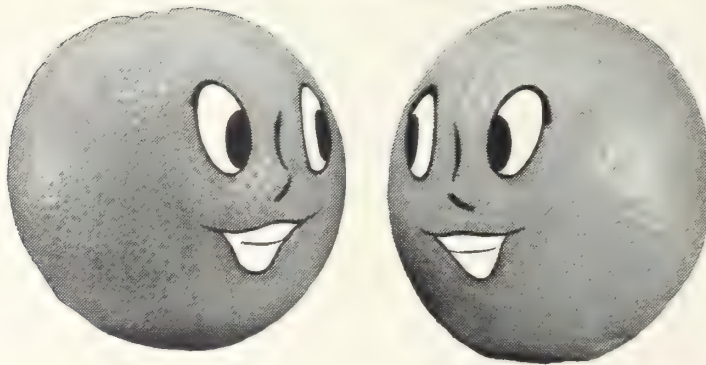
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THE COMING BATTLE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

What the Seaway Will Do to New York . . .

What Chicago and the Midwest Will Fight For . . .

The Potential Conflict with Canada . . .

MARVIN J. BARLOON

Transportation consultant, and professor
at Western Reserve University

THE St. Lawrence Seaway—the most drastic piece of surgery that North Americans have ever performed on their continent—will open in 1959. It will cut around the rapids of the St. Lawrence River and open up the Great Lakes to full-scale ocean shipping. Thus it will convert the entire U. S. shore of the lakes into a new 4,300-mile North Coast, longer and vastly richer than either the Gulf Coast or the Pacific. The Great Lakes will become, in effect, an American version of the Mediterranean Sea.

From its earliest days, the United States has faced the Atlantic, and the North Atlantic Seaboard has become the nation's metropolitan center. The Middle West has the greater physical

wealth—the factories, mines, and farms—but its access to the ocean has been largely through the Atlantic gateway, and the seaboard community has grown huge and rich on the traffic. The Seaway may eventually change all this. It will bring cities fronting on the Great Lakes—like Cleveland, Rochester, and Buffalo—closer by water to major European ports than either New York or Philadelphia. It will put Detroit's automobile factories and Chicago's packing houses on a direct sea route to all the ports of the world. In time, therefore, the new North Coast may become the United States' leading seacoast, and perhaps its financial and managerial headquarters as well.

For the volume of trade through a coastal frontier is determined largely by the wealth of its hinterland—and the North Coast's hinterland is the richest in the world. It includes a huge chunk of the United States beginning on the west with the Rocky Mountains, sweeping eastward into the funnel between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, and reaching on to the Appalachian Mountains. It contains the major

production centers of steel, automobiles, and machinery, plus important centers of soft-goods production—rubber in Akron, meat and processed foods in the Chicago area, clothing in Rochester, and chemicals along the Eastern waterways. It takes in the wheat belt, the dairy-land of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the corn belt (which produces the bulk of the country's meat and cereals), and most of the nation's coal and iron-ore mines.

This hinterland of the Seaway Coast represents close to half of the American economy. Two states—New York and Pennsylvania—border both the Atlantic and the Great Lakes. If we consider the western third of both these states as falling within the Great Lakes hinterland, the region accounts for 45.2 per cent of the nation's manufacturing and 47.8 per cent of its farm production. The eight states which border directly on the Lakes—with the same limitation on New York and Pennsylvania—encompass 39.5 per cent of all the manufacturing in the country. By way of contrast, the entire Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Florida, represents only 35 per cent.

The Seaway will stimulate still greater industrial growth by bringing in raw materials from abroad and opening the door to foreign markets. It will diversify still further the economy of the interior by introducing coastal industries—such as sugar refining and the processing of bauxite. And it will stimulate that beehive of commercial activities peculiar to seaports—specialized warehousing, open-market trading, marine insurance, foreign-exchange financing, documentations, customs, admiralty law, and consulates—on which the North Atlantic region built its pre-eminence of wealth and financial power.

But it will be a good, long time before all this comes about, and many a struggle lies ahead. The Seaway has been the subject of intense controversy ever since 1932, when the treaty for its construction was concluded with Canada. The Eastern railroads are against it. So are the Atlantic and Gulf Coast ports. So, for more obscure reasons, are the coal miners. So were the shipping interests of the Great Lakes, who were doing very nicely without it until the Labrador iron-ore reserves were proved commercially workable in 1949. And this combination of interests delayed the turning of the first spadeful of dirt for twenty-two years—until Congress finally authorized the project in 1954. Even then the opposition did not stop fighting. And it will undoubtedly continue to stick a crowbar into every crack that appears in the Seaway structure—of which there will be plenty.

The Seaway now under construction will be subject to basic defects in capacity, depth, and winter freezing. The pressures to keep on improving it will probably never cease. Each project will involve hundreds of millions of dollars of government money, and each will be bitterly fought. So the present construction is not the end of the argument. It is only the end of the beginning.

But the Seaway will gain strength from its own momentum. With each passing year the industries and commercial interests which build upon Seaway traffic will acquire a growing stake in its improvement. Each improvement will induce further growth and reinforce the campaign for the next one. We may expect the Seaway lobby to join the farm bloc and the anti-vivisectionists in the permanent roster of American pressure groups.

IS IT REALLY WORKABLE?

ACTUALLY, the St. Lawrence Seaway is already in existence, save for one last link. From Chicago to the eastern tip of Lake Ontario, the chain of the Great Lakes provides an unbroken deep-water passage for 1,134 miles. Here it stops, obstructed for the next 114 miles down to Montreal by a series of turbulent rapids in the St. Lawrence River. At Montreal the ocean passage is resumed, continuing for 1,003 miles out into the open Atlantic. At present the rapids are by-passed on the Canadian side by a string of shallow canals, fourteen feet deep. The Seaway will replace these with a twenty-seven-foot channel on the United States side of the river, deep enough for most ocean-going vessels. A series of seven locks will ease freighters up and down between the level of Lake Ontario, 246 feet above the ocean, and the sea-level harbor of Montreal. A continuous waterway of oceanic depth will lead from Chicago to the Atlantic.

Two nations are committing something like one and a half billion dollars to this project, including the cost of a massive hydroelectric development in New York and Ontario. Canada is carrying an important share of both this and the navigation work, leaving the United States with what will probably amount to some \$450 million for her portion and for the additional task of improving the connecting channels and major U. S. harbors on the Great Lakes.

The probable returns from this outlay cannot yet be estimated with any accuracy, for they extend far beyond the present range of U. S. foreign trade. Existing seaport communities and



The Hinterland of the Seaway Coast—the Richest in the World

the Eastern railroads have been understandably concerned about the substantial loss of traffic the Seaway might bring them. But this overlooks the great potential expansion of foreign trade in general which the Seaway may also help to bring about. The United States is growing in population, production, and income. As it grows, its total amount of foreign shipping, in which all the coastal areas will participate, will grow proportionately. For the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts there may be a thinner slice—but in a bigger pie.

The Seaway itself may help to increase foreign trade still further. The United States' commerce with other countries has long been handicapped by the interior isolation of its most productive region. A merchant or manufacturer in the Middle West has commonly had to pay about as much to get his goods to the seacoast as to move them across the ocean. For example, it costs \$2.47 per hundred pounds to move a typical product by rail from Cleveland to an Atlantic port; from there, it gets across the ocean for only \$2.30. Consequently, in the markets of Europe such goods carry a double transportation cost. The Seaway will eliminate nearly half the dollar distance between Cleveland and Liverpool, thus making possible new bargain prices for Amer-

ican goods abroad. At the same time it will open a door direct to the rich markets of the American interior for the foreign producer.

Even without the Seaway, transoceanic traffic between the Great Lakes and Europe has been growing rapidly ever since the end of World War II. A fleet of small ships, specially constructed for this trade, has been inching through the fourteen-foot canals, carrying a wide variety of manufactured goods. The ships are slow and, in comparison with standard ocean freighters, expensive. Because they are so small, they weigh too much for the piddling cargoes they are able to carry. Each one runs a bill for crew wages almost as high as that of a ship three times as big. Even so, their trade has been flourishing. Exporters in the Great Lakes area report savings of 15 to 40 per cent over the cost of shipping through Atlantic ports.

The new ships which will travel the Seaway will be far more economical. Where one of the present ships carries a cargo of less than 1,800 tons, they will carry from 7,000 to 10,000, thus sharply reducing the cost per ton. Of course they will have to pay tolls, which, it is hoped, will cover the total annual expenses of the Seaway—probably in the neighborhood of \$28 million. But the tolls will average less than a dollar a

ton, and will not seriously threaten the economy of high value cargo.

Service will be fast. By the Seaway route, Cleveland is 250 miles closer to Liverpool than Baltimore is, some 150 miles closer to Copenhagen than New York is. Of course, each American seacoast is less accessible to some foreign ports than to others, and the Seaway Coast will be at a moderate disadvantage in commerce with the Southern Hemisphere. But in general it is about as well located as any American coast.

The Seaway's confined channels will impose only moderate delays. Moving out of Lake Erie, ships will have to traverse eight locks in the Welland Canal, which circumvents the falls and rapids of the Niagara, and seven additional ones in the Seaway itself. Each lockage will consume about fifty minutes—a total delay of twelve and one-half hours. Ships will also have to move at reduced speed in the narrow channels. Altogether some two or three days may be added to the normal twelve days' time between Lake Erie and Europe. But since the present miniature ships, moving at a sluggish twelve knots and traversing twenty-nine locks, make it from Toledo, Ohio, to Antwerp in twenty days (including two stops at Canadian ports) standard ocean freighters should do it easily in fifteen days—a little longer than it takes from New York or Philadelphia.

With costs and transoceanic times comparable to those from the Atlantic and Gulf ports, and with a far richer hinterland to draw on, what can now keep the cities of the Great Lakes from their ultimate destiny as the dominant centers of American foreign trade?

To answer this question, let us look at the city of Chicago. For the bonanza of the St. Lawrence Seaway will shower its largesse on Michigan Boulevard with unmatched generosity.

CHICAGO'S ROSY FUTURE

CHICAGO serves the largest, richest, and most diversified hinterland of any port on the Lakes, enjoys the best access to this hinterland, and suffers the least competition with the Atlantic Coast. East of Chicago, every port—Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo—must share its hinterland with a nearby competitor. But no competing ports lie west of Chicago; her hinterland extends out to the Rockies and down to the Ohio River. Montreal has thus far held the enviable position of terminal seaport of the St. Lawrence system, and among all the ports of the continent has been second only to New York in

the dollar volume of her foreign trade. But now she will yield her terminal position to Chicago.

True enough, Chicago must share this position with Duluth and Milwaukee. But Duluth is too far north, backed up by the iron-range country and the wilderness of Hiawatha. Duluth will move wheat from the Dakotas and some manufactured goods from the Twin Cities, but she can never rival Chicago. Milwaukee is a more redoubtable competitor, but she can challenge Chicago only in the northern (and less productive) half of the Western hinterland. And even in this area she will labor under the handicap of more limited railroad connections.

Chicago—unlike the more easterly ports of the Great Lakes—can expect the vigorous co-operation of her railroads. The ports east of Chicago, from Detroit to Rochester, are served by the same railroads which now carry foreign trade to and from the Atlantic Coast—such lines as the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and the Baltimore and Ohio. Shipment through the Atlantic ports represents a longer and more lucrative haul for these railroads. They have huge investments tied up in seaport facilities on the Atlantic. Their executives would be more than human if they were to lift a finger to encourage foreign trade through the ports of the Great Lakes. By contrast, virtually all the Western railroads terminate at Chicago. They have everything to gain and nothing to lose from Chicago's success as a seaport. They will establish attractive export rates and special waterfront services to build foreign trade over their lines. Indeed, they are already doing so.

Furthermore, Chicago is the only Lake port with a major waterway leading in from her hinterland—the Illinois Waterway which connects with the Mississippi River and thereby converts the entire river system from Minneapolis to St. Louis into a continuous artery of barge transportation serving Chicago. Barges, of course, are not seaworthy on the Great Lakes, and cargo will have to be trans-shipped at the port. This connection is so vital that the Chicago Regional Port Authority is spending \$182 million on the Calumet-Sag Channel, to establish an efficient interchange between the waterway and the port.

Finally, bigness generates bigness. The metropolitan area of Chicago already is the largest industrial district on the Great Lakes. With the greatest volume of traffic, Chicago can offer the most frequent sailings to the greatest number of foreign ports. She will have the most complete facilities for ship repair, outfitting, and supply. Her banks will offer the most elaborate

and specialized services of foreign exchange and credit; her warehouses and water-front installations, the most versatile accommodations. These attractions will draw shipping from the natural hinterlands of competitive ports—from Milwaukee, Detroit, and Toledo.

A big seaport makes a big city. Witness New York. According to the Port of New York Authority, one out of every four of the thirteen million people who live in the New York-New Jersey Port District gets his livelihood from handling water-borne commerce. One more—making two out of four—earns his living selling things to this one.

New York is the downtown center of Megalopolis, the super-city which extends almost without interruption from north of Boston to south of Washington. As defined by Jean Gottmann of the Princeton Institute, this super-city has a population of thirty million persons and an unparalleled concentration of commercial and cultural facilities. New York is the seat of financial power. With only 5.2 per cent of the nation's population, the city processes 47.3 per cent of its bank clearings.

But it was only after the completion of the Erie Canal that New York began to outstrip Philadelphia. The canal brought the production of the Middle West to the ocean by way of New York, and on this trade the city began the climb to her present eminence. But once the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed it will be through Chicago that the exports of the Middle West find their way most readily to the ocean.

It has long been the Chicago dream that some

day she, in turn, would surpass New York—and the dream now seems within sight. A Chicago businessman has already forecast that by 1965 the port will handle ten million tons of foreign trade, nearly twice as much as Boston handled in 1955. Enthusiasts in the lake-shore cities anticipate a doubling of urban populations within twenty-five years. Is the Chicago dream still only an extravagance of the Middle Western booster, or has the time come to accept, as a coldly practical expectation, her approaching pre-eminence as the nation's greatest city?

The answer is no. The time has not yet come.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

WHEN the Seaway opens in 1959 it will have three major defects: (1) It will not be deep enough. (2) It will be frozen up four months of the year. (3) Its traffic will be choked in the bottleneck of the Welland Canal.

Much has been made of the twenty-seven-foot depth limitation of the new channel around the St. Lawrence rapids. Yet this is probably the least serious of the Seaway's shortcomings. It is true that the limiting depths of the Atlantic ports are considerably greater—Philadelphia harbor is limited to thirty-seven feet, Boston to forty, and New York to forty-five. It is also true that very few of the present ships of the American Merchant Marine can traverse a twenty-seven-foot channel when loaded to capacity. To make matters worse, the Great Lakes are fresh water and therefore less buoyant.



Comparison of North Coast and Atlantic Coast Distances to Europe

But the maximum depths of the Atlantic ports are used by only a minority of sailings. Many miles of busy water front are limited to twenty-seven feet or less. Most ships are not loaded to full weight-carrying capacity. They move partially in ballast, and much of their cargo consists of light-weight commodities which fill up cubic space without depressing the hulls to their maximum draft. For these reasons, estimates of the number of ocean freighters which can use the St. Lawrence Seaway under normal conditions run as high as 75 per cent.

The eight-month shipping season is a much more serious problem. Bulk commodities which can be stored cheaply in the open, like iron ore from Labrador, and many agricultural products can be stockpiled for the winter. But seaports are enriched not so much by bulk goods like these as by traffic in manufactured products of high value. And these cannot be stockpiled. Every winter, this all-important cargo must return to the Atlantic and Gulf ports.

Obviously, only two-thirds as much can be shipped in eight months as in twelve. But the seasonal closing cuts even deeper than this. Many exporters and importers in the Middle West will refuse to transfer their shipments back and forth between the Seaway and the Atlantic ports. The techniques of foreign trade are forbiddingly complicated, especially to intermittent shippers, and banking and trade officials on the Atlantic and the Gulf will offer an unbroken continuity of technical assistance. This advantage will be reinforced by the promotional

JOHN W. MEYER

WARNING

NOT since childhood had the dark
 Been something to produce such fear.
 And then it had not been so stark
 And dreadful as what came this year.

It came because those cursed seeds
 Had grown until the blossoms were
 Roof-high beside the window, weeds,
 Which rattled when the wind blew there.

It was this leaf-talk in the dim
 Moonlight which frightened one who slept
 With but a window guarding him
 From promises he had not kept.

efforts of the Eastern and Southern railroads. Every winter they will completely recapture the general cargo traffic, as though the Seaway had never been opened, and with every spring thaw they will redouble their efforts to hold it. Railroad rate reductions and expedited handling will return every April with the daffodils.

To be sure, the winter closing has not seriously injured Montreal's foreign trade. But Montreal is the only major seaport in Canada which fronts on the Atlantic, and the international boundary partially insulates her from direct competition with U. S. ports. Montreal's experience does indicate that the ice-blocked channels need not be a fatal handicap to the Seaway. Nevertheless they will put it under a marked disadvantage in the competitive race.

THE WELLAND PINCH

BUT the really crippling defect of the Seaway is the Welland Canal, which lies wholly within the Dominion of Canada. Its dominant feature is a series of eight magnificent locks which lift ships the full height of 326 feet between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. Under the best conditions the Welland cannot be expected to carry more than fifty million tons of cargo a year. And much of this cargo will be Canadian.

Let us suppose the United States share rises as high as three-quarters of the total—that is, to 37.5 million tons. This would be distributed among all our cities of the Great Lakes Coast. In 1955 the four major ports of the North Atlantic moved 263 million tons, just seven times as much. New York alone handled four times as much. The new front door from the Middle West to the world will be narrow indeed, and the manifest destiny of Chicago as the nation's greatest city must be put off.

But perhaps not indefinitely. In the history of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence there have been many seaways, and the one which will open in 1959 will be merely the latest, not the last. The Laurentian waterway as nature provided it was blocked by major obstacles. Step by step, these have been cleared.

The first canals around the rapids of the St. Lawrence were opened in 1848. They were nine feet deep. Their improvement began in 1867, and they reached their present depth in 1901. The first Soo Canal, opening Lake Superior to the navigation system of the Lakes, was completed in 1855 and had a depth of twelve feet. (Henry Clay denounced it as "a work beyond the remotest settlement in the United States, if not in

the moon.") In 1955, the Soo—now twenty-four feet deep—carried more tonnage than the ports of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore combined. So it would be unrealistic to assume that the St. Lawrence Seaway, in its 1959 form, will be the final work of the Laurentian system.

The Seaway can be deepened to thirty feet. The Welland Canal can be enlarged. Much of it is a one-way channel, congested by two-way traffic—like a one-lane passage around a construction project on a busy highway. Parallel locks could double its capacity. Even that apparently insoluble barrier—the winter closing—may be surmounted in time. The Swedes have installed a compressed-air melting system in a ferry lane across a lake near Stockholm and plan to use a similar method to open up the port of Vasteras. Most of Lake Erie is already ice-free all year round, so that such a melting system would be required only in the more northern waters of the Seaway. Clearly, new projects lie ahead.

A HOSTAGE TO FRIENDSHIP

NEW projects mean new controversies, and there are already plenty of these. The present ceiling capacity of the Welland Canal, for example, will raise issues of priority between commodity groups and shipping interests as soon as the Seaway opens. Each commodity will be subject to a toll charge. Tolls will be high on some goods and low on others, like railroad rates, extracting what the traffic will bear. The Seaway administration will be under intense pressures to get as much revenue as possible. What better way to allot the limited capacity of the Welland Canal than to adjust the tolls so that only high-revenue commodities would find it worth while to go through?

The difficulty is that the commodities squeezed out by this strategy would be bulk goods like iron ore and grain, both tender subjects. The industrial interests of the Middle West are deeply committed to the importation of iron ore from Labrador. It was in fact only when this source was developed that they swung their support to the Seaway project in 1949, furnishing the balance of political influence which put the Seaway across. Even today the civic leadership of the Ohio ports regards the St. Lawrence Seaway primarily as an iron-ore route. This aim collides head on with the objective of levying the highest possible tolls.

The grain trade touches an even more sensitive nerve—the international conflict inherent in the structure of the Seaway. The Canadians

are counting heavily on the Seaway as an outlet for grain. The Welland Canal is an all-Canadian waterway, built on Canadian soil with Canadian money. Why should American traffic block Canadian shipments out of Canadian waters?

When railroad rates are set on individual commodities to extract what the traffic will bear, the resulting controversies are interminable—complaints and hearings never end. But railroad rates are a purely internal issue, adjudicated by the Interstate Commerce Commission and appealed to American courts. In the case of the St. Lawrence Seaway, there is no such umpire. The high authority of the Seaway itself is composed of the contending parties, and every issue will split it down the middle.

If the Welland Canal is to be enlarged, who will pay for it? Spokesmen for the Eastern railroads and the Atlantic and Gulf ports will rise with redoubled, persuasive indignation against burdening the American taxpayer with the improvement of an all-Canadian facility. But if the Canadians do it themselves, it will not be to accommodate the traffic of our industries.

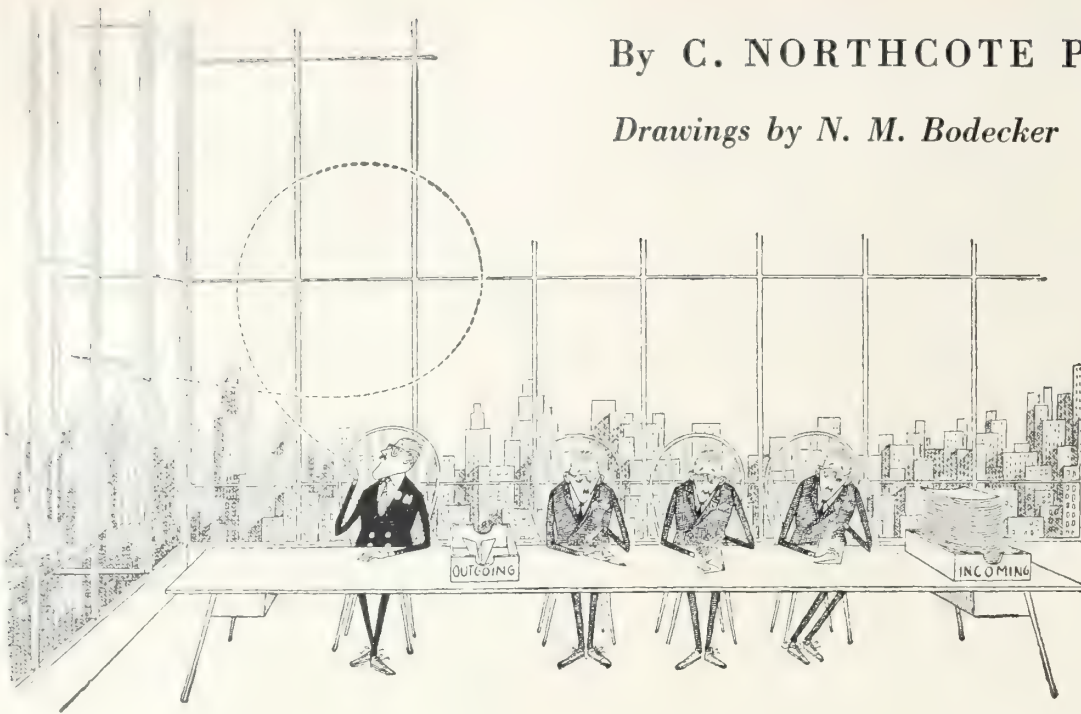
The Seaway has been marked by international tension from its inception. When the United States continued to delay authorization of the project, exasperated Canadian officials threatened to build the waterway alone. In doing so, they drew attention to the trump card they hold in every controversy: Canada is in a position at any time she chooses to construct an all-Canadian seaway on the north shore of the St. Lawrence and block U. S. traffic completely. For over a thousand miles, the St. Lawrence lies entirely within Canada, and her channels are as Canadian as the Mississippi is American.

With repeated improvements and enlargement of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the trade and industries of the Middle West will inevitably expand. But to the extent that they grow on the sustenance of the Seaway, their survival will always hang on a single shipping channel through a foreign country. Admittedly, the friendship and mutual interests which have existed between Canada and the United States have few precedents in the history of nations. But the twists and turnings of international relations are nothing if not unpredictable. Surely, never before in history has a great nation so committed the destiny of its central core of wealth to the permanent custody of a foreign state.

The St. Lawrence Seaway is a great drama. The characters have been introduced and the issues defined. Upon the further unfolding of the plot hinges the destiny of a continent.

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker



How to tell when You are obsolete

An expert on bureaucracy—the inventor of “Parkinson’s Law”—discloses his secret formula for discovering when a corporation or government agency starts to slide downhill.

EVERY student of human institutions is familiar with the standard test for assessing the importance of any given individual. The number of doors to be passed, the number of his personal assistants, the number of telephones on his desk—these three figures, combined with the depth of his carpet in centimeters, have given us a simple formula which is reliable for most parts of the world.

It is less widely known that the same sort of measurement is applicable—but in reverse—to the institution itself.

Take, for example, a publishing organization. The most successful publishers have a strong tendency, as we know, to live in a state of chaotic squalor. The visitor who applies at the obvious entrance is led outside and round the block, down an alley, and up three flights of stairs. A young and vigorous research establishment is similarly housed, as a rule, on the ground floor of what was once a private house, from which a crazy wooden corridor leads to a corrugated iron hut in what was once the garden.

Are we not all familiar, moreover, with the layout of an international airport? As we emerge from the aircraft, we see (over to our right or left) a lofty structure wrapped in scaffolding. Then the air hostess leads us into a hut with an asbestos roof. Nor do we suppose for a moment that it will ever be otherwise. By the time the building is complete the airfield will have been moved to another site.

The institutions already mentioned—lively and productive as they may be—flourish in such shabby and makeshift surroundings that we might turn with relief to an institution clothed from the outset with convenience and dignity. The outer door, in bronze and glass, is placed centrally in a symmetrical façade. Polished shoes glide quietly over shining rubber to the glittering silent elevator. The overpoweringly cultured receptionist will murmur with carmine lips into an ice-blue receiver. She will wave you into a chromium armchair, consoling you with a dazzling smile for any slight but inevitable delay. Looking up from a glossy magazine you will observe how the wide corridors radiate toward Departments A, B, and C. From behind closed doors will come the subdued noise of an ordered activity. A minute later and you are ankle-deep in the director’s carpet, plodding sturdily toward his distant, tidy desk. Hypnotized by the chief’s unwavering stare, cowed by his Matisse, you feel you have found real efficiency at last.

In point of fact you will have discovered nothing of the kind. It is now known that a perfection of planned layout is achieved only by institutions on the point of collapse.

This apparently paradoxical conclusion is based upon a wealth of archaeological and historical research, with the more esoteric details of which we need not concern ourselves. In general, however, the method pursued has been to select and date the buildings which appear to have been perfectly designed for their purpose. A study and comparison of these proves that perfection of planning is a symptom of decay. During a period of exciting discovery or progress there is no time to plan the perfect headquarters. The time for that comes later, when all the important work has been done. Perfection, we know, is finality; and finality is death.

Thus, to the casual tourist, awestruck in front of St. Peter's in Rome, the Basilica and the Vatican must seem the ideal setting for the Papal Monarchy at the very height of its prestige and power. Here, he reflects, must Innocent III have thundered his anathema. Here must Gregory VII have laid down the law. But a glance at the guidebook will show that the really powerful Popes reigned long before the present dome was raised, and frequently somewhere else. More than that, the later Popes lost half their authority while the work was still in progress. Julius II, whose decision it was to build, and Leo X, who approved Raphael's design, were dead long before the buildings assumed their present shape. Bramante's palace was still building until 1565, the great church not consecrated until 1626, nor the piazza colonnades finished until 1667. The great days of the Papacy were over before the perfect setting was even planned.

This sequence of events is in no way exceptional. Just such a sequence can be found in the history of the League of Nations. Great hopes centered on the League from its inception in 1920 until about 1930. By 1933, at the latest, the experiment was seen to have failed. However, its physical embodiment—the Palace of the Nations—was not opened until 1937. It was a structure no doubt justly admired. Deep thought had gone into the design of secretariat and council chambers, committee rooms and cafeteria. Everything was there which ingenuity could devise—except the League itself. By the year when its Palace was formally opened the League had practically ceased to exist.

It might be urged that the Palace of Versailles is an instance of something quite opposite; the architectural embodiment of Louis XIV's

monarchy at its height. But here again the facts refuse to fit the theory. For granted that Versailles may typify the triumphant spirit of the age, it was mostly completed very late in the reign, and some of it indeed during the reign which followed. The building of Versailles mostly took place between 1669 and 1685. The King did not move there until 1682 and even then the work was still in progress. The famous royal bedroom was not occupied until 1701, nor the chapel finished until nine years later. As against that, Louis XIV's real triumphs were mostly before 1679; the apex of his career was reached in 1682; and his power declined from about 1685.

In other words the visitor who thinks Versailles is the place from which Turenne rode forth to victory is mistaken. It would be more correct to picture the embarrassment, in that setting, of those who came with the news of defeat at Blenheim. In a palace resplendent with emblems of victory, they can hardly have known which way to look.

TENT REUNION

MENTION of Blenheim calls to mind the palace of that name built for the victorious Duke of Marlborough. Here again we have a building ideally planned, this time as the place of retirement for a national hero. Its heroic proportions are more dramatic perhaps than convenient, but the general effect is just what the architects intended. No scene could more fittingly enshrine a legend. No setting could have been more appropriate for the meeting of old comrades on the anniversary of a battle. Our pleasure, however, in picturing the scene is spoiled by our realization that the Duke never even saw it finished. His actual residence was at Holywell, near St. Alban's, and (when in town) at Marlborough House. He died at Windsor Lodge and his old comrades, when they held a reunion, are known to have dined in a tent.

What of the monarchy which the Duke of Marlborough served? Just as tourists now wander, guidebook in hand, through the Orangerie or the Galerie des Glaces, so the future archaeologists may peer around what once was London. And he may well incline to see in the ruins of Buckingham Palace a true expression of British monarchy. He will trace the great avenue from Admiralty Arch to the palace gate. He will reconstruct the forecourt and the central balcony, thinking all the time how suitable it must

have been for a powerful ruler whose sway extended to the remote parts of the world. Even a present-day American might be tempted to shake his head over the arrogance of a George III, enthroned in such impressive state as this.

But again we find that the really powerful monarchs all lived somewhere else, in buildings long since vanished—at Greenwich or Nonesuch, Kenilworth or Whitehall. The builder of Buckingham Palace was George IV, whose court architect, John Nash, was responsible for what was described at the time as its “general feebleness and triviality of taste.” But George IV himself, who lived at Carlton House or Brighton, never saw the finished work; nor did William IV, who ordered its completion. It was Queen Victoria who first took up residence there in 1837, being married from the new palace in 1840. But her first enthusiasm for Buckingham Palace was relatively short-lived. Her husband infinitely preferred Windsor and her own later preference was for Balmoral or Osborne. The splendors of Buckingham Palace must therefore be associated with a later, and strictly constitutional, monarchy. It dates from a period when power was vested in Parliament.

DECLINE OF EMPIRES

IT IS natural, therefore, to ask whether the Palace of Westminster, where the House of Commons meets, is itself a true expression of parliamentary rule. It represents beyond question a magnificent piece of planning, aptly designed for debate and yet provided with ample space for everything else—for committee meetings, for quiet study, for refreshment, and (on its terrace) for tea. It has everything a legislator could possibly desire, all incorporated in a building of immense dignity and comfort. It should date—but this we now hardly dare assume—from a period when parliamentary rule was at its height.

But once again the dates refuse to fit into this pattern. The original House, where Pitt and Fox were matched in oratory, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1834. It would appear to have been as famed for its inconvenience as for its lofty standard of debate. The present structure was begun in 1840, partly occupied in 1852 but incomplete when its architect died in 1860. It finally assumed its present appearance in about 1868. Now, by what we can no longer regard as coincidence, the decline of Parliament can be traced, without much dispute, to the Reform Act of 1867. It was in the follow-

ing year that all initiative in legislation passed from Parliament to the Cabinet. The great days were over.

The same could not be said of the various Ministries, which were to gain importance in proportion to Parliament's decline. Investigation may yet serve to reveal that the India Office reached its peak of efficiency when accommodated in the Westminster Palace Hotel. What is more significant, however, is the recent development of the Colonial Office. For while the British Empire was mostly acquired at a period when the Colonial Office (in so far as there was one) occupied haphazard premises in Downing Street, a new phase of colonial policy began when the department moved into buildings actually designed for the purpose. This was in 1875 and the structure was well designed as a background for the disasters of the Boer War.

But the Colonial Office gained a new lease of life during World War II. With its move to temporary and highly inconvenient premises in Great South Street—premises leased from the Church of England and intended for an entirely different purpose—British Colonial policy entered that phase of enlightened activity which will end no doubt with the completion of the new building planned on the site of the old Westminster Hospital. It is reassuring to know that work on this site has not even begun.

But no other British example can now match in significance the story of New Delhi. Nowhere else have British architects been given the task of planning so great a capital city for so vast a population. The intention to found New Delhi was announced at the Imperial Durbar of 1911, King George V being at that time the Mogul's successor on what had been the Peacock Throne. Sir Edwin Lutyens then proceeded to draw up plans for a British Versailles, splendid in conception, comprehensive in detail, masterly in design, and overpowering in scale.

But the stages of its progress correspond with equivalent steps in political collapse. The Government of India Act of 1909 had been the prelude to all that followed—the attempt on the Viceroy's life in 1912, the Declaration of 1917, the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of 1918, and its implementation in 1920. Lord Irwin actually moved into his new palace in 1929, the year in which the Indian Congress demanded independence, the year in which the Round Table Conference opened, the year before the Civil Disobedience campaign began. It would be possible, though tedious, to trace the whole story down to the day when the British finally withdrew—show-



The Haphazard Premises in Which Great Policies Are Designed

ing how each phase of the retreat was exactly paralleled with the completion of another triumph in civic design. What was finally achieved was a mausoleum.

The decline of British imperialism actually began with the general election of 1906 and the victory on that occasion of liberal and semi-socialist ideas. It need surprise no one, therefore, to observe that 1906 is the date of completion carved in imperishable granite over the British War Office doors.

THE elaborate layout of the Pentagon at Arlington, Virginia, provides another significant lesson for planners. It was not completed until the later stages of World War II and, of course, the architecture of the great victory was not constructed here, but in the crowded and untidy Munitions Building on Constitution Avenue.

Even today, as the least observant visitor to Washington can see, the most monumental edifices are found to house such derelict organizations as the Departments of Commerce and Labor, while the more active agencies occupy half-completed quarters. Indeed, much of the more urgent business of government goes forward in "temporary" structures erected during

World War I, and shrewdly preserved for their stimulating effect on administration. Hard by the Capitol, the visitor will also observe the imposing marble-and-glass headquarters of the Teamsters' Union, completed not a moment too soon before the heavy hand of Congressional investigation descended on its occupants.

It is by no means certain that an influential reader of this article could prolong the life of a dying institution merely by depriving it of its streamlined headquarters. What he can do, however, with more confidence, is to prevent any organization strangling itself at birth. Examples abound of new institutions coming into existence with a full establishment of deputy directors, consultants, and executives, all these coming together in a building specially designed for their purpose.

And experience proves that such an institution will die. It is choked by its own perfection. It cannot take root for lack of soil. It cannot grow naturally for it is already grown. Fruitless by its very nature, it cannot even flower. When we see an example of such planning—when we are confronted for example by the building design for the United Nations—the experts among us shake their heads sadly and tiptoe quietly away.

John McCarthy

Is the bloom off MADISON AVENUE?

A former vice president of one of the biggest advertising agencies examines a series of developments which are causing a lot of quiet worry in his glamorous (and ulcerous) profession.

SINCE the end of World War II, the advertising business has drawn to its elaborate offices much more than its fair share of the adventurous and ambitious young emerging from the colleges. Madison Avenue in the 'fifties has occupied, in strength, the position held by Wall Street during the 'twenties. The lures are the same: steady and apparently unlimited expansion, stereotypes prominently (if not always sympathetically) presented in fiction, a whiff of exciting careers, an implied promise of sizable salaries.

Nor have youthful hopes been misplaced—on the whole. The total volume of advertising in the United States has tripled in the last decade, and the number of agencies billing ten million dollars or more to their clients has risen from thirty-one to seventy-seven. This increased spending and the birth of important new advertising media (ranging from television at one end of the popularity scale to business magazines at the other) have created a virtually insatiable demand for bright young men and women. The crew cut, the gray flannel suit, the pink shirt, and the attaché case—all brought to Madison Avenue by the young—have become dominant symbols in "Ulcer Gulch." And a new language, invented mostly by the young, has taken over the trade gossip and the trade press. Communications, Package Deal, Motivation, Activation, Depth Interview, and Brand Imagery are all words which flow more readily from the

ruby lips of the relative newcomer than from the parched tongue of the agency old-timer.

The shortage of qualified people continues, with the accompanying—and, to employees, highly satisfying—pressure on wage scales. If a good copywriter or able executive finds his latest salary increase disappointing, he can often add \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year to his taxable income merely by passing the word that he is available. Job changing is so frequent in the agency business that two professional acquaintances who have not seen each other in a while (six months, say) are likely to exchange the greeting, "Where are you now?" Three New York newspapers carry daily columns of news and gossip from the advertising business, and it is a rare day when the columns do not list five or more key agency people moving from one job to another.

Scarcity extends down the line to stenographers and clerks: even the small cogs in the machinery have become independent. When McCann-Erickson moved its New York office from Rockefeller Center to a new Lexington Avenue building six blocks away, some forty members of the clerical staff quit, because they "didn't like the new neighborhood." At least one major agency is presently planning to move from long-established headquarters to a new building simply because the old offices are not air-conditioned and it is almost impossible to get experienced personnel to accept jobs which do not offer a pleasant summer climate. Meanwhile, the agency has asked its present employees to be patient and to sweat out one more summer in the old surroundings.

These attractive trends toward more advertising, more advertising jobs, and more money for advertising people show no sign of diminishing. Most authorities estimate that 1957 advertising will climb more than half a billion dollars over the record ten-billion-dollar total rung up in

1956. There has been no letup in the graduating-class recruitment campaigns run for the industry as a whole by the American Association of Advertising Agencies, the most important of the trade organizations. (It represents about one-tenth of the nation's 3,300 advertising agencies—but this tenth does nearly three-quarters of the nation's total agency-handled advertising business.) The creation of new agency vice presidents still proceeds apace—McCann-Erickson now has 113 of them—and it has been noted that agencies moving to new quarters usually buy the space in the tower sections of the skyscrapers, where there are more corner offices per square foot. Much agency money is still being spent on such status symbols.

Nevertheless, many executives in the agency business feel that the bloom is off the rose. They do not anticipate any drop in the nation's total advertising, or even any decrease in their own volume. But they scent a shift in traditional *ways* of doing business, a shift forecast by some highly disturbing developments over the last eighteen months. If their fears are justified, the advertising business of the future may become a less exciting, less entertaining, and—worst of all—less profitable place to work.

RESTLESS CLIENTS

WHAT worries the agency tycoons are three recent and far-reaching changes in the established pattern of agency-client relationships:

(1) A tendency toward comparison shopping among agencies by the big corporate advertisers.

(2) The increasing influence of outside consultants on the public relations and advertising policies of major advertisers. It used to be that when an advertiser felt the need of outside consulting service, the agent did the hiring and got the reports. Today the reverse is almost always true. Agencies are now in the position of having consultants sit in judgment on them.

(3) An increasing pressure against the long-established 15 per cent commission system by which agencies get paid for their work.

Unrest among the clients is not a new phenomenon, but it has never before produced the wholesale switching by previously stable accounts which is now a regular feature of the Madison Avenue scene. In 1956, according to a compilation by *Advertising Age*, there were 76 "major account changes." Among the blue-chip multimillion-dollar accounts which have recently terminated long-standing arrangements with adver-

tising agencies are Coca-Cola, Chesterfield, Bulova, Philip Morris, Ethyl Corp., Texaco, Congoleum-Nairn, Philco, Greyhound Bus, Jergens, Seagram, and Hawaiian Pineapple Co.

Moreover, a good many companies which formerly gave a single advertising agency all their business are now looking for the (possibly illusory) advantages which are supposed to accrue when several different agencies work for the company's different brands or divisions—each allegedly "beating its brains out" to prove itself better than the others. Thus du Pont, which for twenty-seven years had placed all its advertising through Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, moved part of its account to N. W. Ayer & Son in 1956.

The game is less deadly than all this may sound. An agency that loses a big account usually fishes up a new one, equally big, from somebody else's pond, thereby maintaining the balance of nature. But while the game is in progress it produces great debilitation in the psyches and pocketbooks of those most intimately concerned with an agency's well-being. The shock of losing a big piece of business is followed by the strain of solicitation, and then by the back-breaking work of getting a new account to run smoothly in the shop. Moreover, there is no money in it, at least for the first year or so. Breaking in a new account, planning a fresh campaign for a newly-hooked and still wriggling client, will often require a disproportionate share of the time of an agency's most important and best paid executives. Some major accounts do not begin to return a profit to the agency until two years after the job is assigned.

In the past, this situation was calmly accepted by the agencies because they could anticipate ten years or more of steady billings from a major account. ("Billings" covers the client's entire advertising expense; the agency's own income is, mostly, the commission on these billings.) Only a few big agencies could afford to prepare and present the expensive solicitations necessary to wean a client away from a well-established agency relationship. Since most companies were not entirely convinced that even the best advertising actually paid its way in sales increases, it was extremely difficult to convince them that one agency could do more for them than another. And only a few accounts were large enough to justify the expense of solicitation even if they could be won.

Today the universal belief that it pays to advertise, and the virtually complete acceptance of the central agency premise that companies

need "fresh, outside thinking" to solve their marketing problems, have made the swiping of accounts an art rather than a major engineering project. Even smaller agencies can compete successfully for all but the biggest accounts, and no agency—however rich and powerful—can count on waking up tomorrow with the same accounts it had last night.

Most agencies have benefited spectacularly from the new advertiser attitudes which came in with the postwar market. According to the copyrighted *Advertising Age* compilation, the J. Walter Thompson Company has gone from billings of \$78 million in 1945 to \$255 million in 1956; McCann-Erickson has traveled from \$40 million to \$219 million; Young & Rubicam from \$53 million to \$200 million; Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn from \$40 million to \$194.5 million. Some of the lesser giants have grown even more remarkably, in proportion: Leo Burnett Co. from \$7.5 million to \$79 million, and Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, formed in 1946 with less than \$4 million in billings, to \$36 million ten years later. All told, according to *Advertising Age*, there were thirty-four agencies in the United States and Canada which billed more than \$25 million in 1956, and twenty-eight of the thirty-four, despite all the client-stealing, showed an increase in billings from 1955 to 1956.

Nevertheless, many of the older hands would appreciate a settling-down period and a chance to know their new clients as well as they had come to know the old ones. A business that has been built on long-term relationships will have to shake out a lot of its old and best procedures if it is to operate on a hit-and-run basis.

CHECKUP BY PR

THE eagerness with which agencies sold their accounts on "fresh, outside thinking" has in many instances backfired. Advertisers liked the idea so much that they have now applied it to the performance of the agencies themselves.

Before World War II advertisers paid little attention to public relations policies. They counted on advertising agencies for such advice as they felt they needed and the agencies handled the details. To most agencies this was a headache and little more. But the war changed all that, as Robert L. Heilbroner has reported in "Public Relations—The Invisible Sell" (*Harper's*, June 1957); there has been just as big a postwar boom in PR as in advertising.

Today practically every major advertiser has a PR officer of its own (who, incidentally, often outranks the advertising director) and also employs the services of a public relations counsel. In many cases these PR counselors are closer to top management than their advertising agencies are, and the star of public relations has risen so high in the corporate constellation that its light is reflected in every level of the company. In such instances, the PR counsel now passes judgment on the firm's advertising policies and makes "suggestions" to the agency. Sometimes the PR counsels even make the decisions as to whether an agency is qualified to handle an account.

But the agencies' troubles don't stop there. In the prewar days outside research firms worked closely with agencies rather than with their clients. Today the situation is reversed. Advertisers hire outside firms such as Gallup & Robinson, Schwerin, Alfred Politz, Ben Gaffin, and Dr. Ernest Dichter and his Institute for Motivational Research to evaluate their advertising campaigns and to compare their findings with the research studies done by the agencies.

"Of course," clients now say in effect to their agencies, "it's not that we think your copy recommendations might be biased by the possibility of the 15 per cent on extra billings; it's just that it's necessary, as you have repeatedly told us, that we get that 'unbiased, outside viewpoint.'"

The extent of the impact of such "outside viewpoints" on the agencies was illustrated last spring when Pabst beer removed its \$8,000,000 account from Leo Burnett. Some twenty agencies tried to get the account. When the competition was finally narrowed down to five major agencies, Pabst called in Dr. Dichter and his Motivational Research Institute to evaluate which of them had submitted the most likely proposal for handling the account.

THE SACRED 15 PER CENT

A MORE immediate threat to the advertising agencies is the attack mounted during the last year and a half against the traditional method of agency compensation—the 15 per cent commission. (The commission system of paying advertising agencies is so traditional that it has become a part of folklore: the late Fred Allen once described Madison Avenue as "15 per cent commission and 85 per cent confusion.") In 1956 this attack became so serious that the Association of National Advertisers, whose members pay the bills for about one-third of the

nation's agency-placed advertising, appropriated \$40,000 for "an objective study of the function of the modern advertising agency, as a basic approach to the problem of agency compensation." The study is currently proceeding under the direction of Professor Albert Wesley Frey of the Tuck School of Business Administration in Dartmouth. Professor Frey's final report is scheduled for presentation at the annual meeting of the ANA this October, and many agency executives await it as the knell of doom.

Although advertising agencies exist primarily to serve their clients, they are paid, indirectly, by the media—the newspapers, magazines, radio and television stations or networks—in which they place the ads. The various publications and broadcasting stations each publish a "rate card" proclaiming their charges for space or time, and the agencies bill their clients at the full rate. The actual bill from the media to the agency, however, is the card rate less 15 per cent, the agency's commission for its services in placing the ad with the media.

Until recently, advertisers had little choice but to go along with the commission system of compensation. If an advertiser decided to place his own advertising, he had to pay the media as much as he would pay the agency—the 15 per cent deduction from the card rate was given only to agencies, never to advertisers. And the advertiser could not simply set up a wholly-controlled "house agency" and thus indirectly secure the deduction for himself. The media allowed commission only to "recognized" agencies, and although there were exceptions (Vick Chemical, Warner-Lambert, and Kayser Hosiery, among others, have maintained fully recognized house agencies for years) the media would not usually accept agencies which were owned by advertisers. It was ordinarily part of the media's contract with an agency that none of the commission would be rebated back to the advertiser. In *quid pro quo*, the media received from the agencies two guarantees: that the agencies would at all times respect the published card rates (no haggling), and would also assume the entire credit risk, paying the media's bills whether or not the advertisers paid the agencies' bills.

This system was enforced in practice largely by the American Association of Advertising Agencies, which restricted its membership to agencies pledging themselves to certain standards of ethical behavior—among them the maintenance of the 15 per cent commission. The AAAA was in constant contact with the various trade associations of the media, setting up definitions

of ethical behavior for both agencies and media. Although membership was never requisite to recognition by the media, the agency association was always fighting to get media to incorporate the AAAA standard of ethics into their recognition requirements. Since most media receive most of their income from advertisements placed in them by AAAA member agencies, the fight was usually successful, though a really large advertiser could always secure recognition for his house agency from any advertising medium.

Since agencies live on the commissions paid to them by media, an agency not recognized as worthy of the commissions can only rarely stay in business. Though no one could criticize the AAAA for attempting to enforce its admirable code of ethics throughout the industry, there was always a danger that the association's efforts might degenerate into vulgar price-fixing and conspiracy in restraint of trade. The danger was particularly great in New York City, where a separate newspaper publishers association passed on requests for recognition, and incorporated in its standards a vaguely worded requirement that the applying agency have a good reputation. Since the AAAA as a matter of course opposed house agencies and agencies known to be commission-splitters, it was always possible that a connection might be drawn between AAAA activities and denial of recognition by a New York newspaper. Such a line would cut squarely across the Sherman Anti-trust Act.

ENTER BROWNELL

ON MAY 12, 1955, Attorney General Herbert Brownell moved against the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the media trade associations for violation of the Sherman Act. The agencies—almost all of them headed by confirmed Republicans who had contributed much in both brains and money to the Eisenhower Crusade—responded with a howl of outrage. The whole thing was impossible. During twenty years of Democratic administration, nobody had made a move against their association or its efforts to standardize the 15 per cent commission. Moreover, similar charges had been investigated and dismissed by the Federal Trade Commission during the period 1923-30. Both agencies and media announced that they would fight the government's case, and win handily.

On the day set for the filing of answers to the Attorney General's complaint, the media associations entered their denials, but the AAAA

asked for ninety more days to prepare its reply. Outside the inner counsels of the agency association it was assumed that the ninety days were requested simply to hone the knife that would be plunged into the heart of the government's case; actually, however, the association was preparing a surrender. There had always been considerable sentiment in its ranks against the ordeal of a court trial, with the subpoena of records and the taking of testimony under oath, because many of the association's most eminent and sanctimonious members had in fact been guilty of violating sections of its ethical code. Even if these agencies had been prepared to wash their personal linen in public, there was considerable client linen which would have to be placed on display with the rest of the evidence, and nobody wanted *that*. The last ounce of fight in the association leaked away when the government let it be known that its case would include proof of AAAA interference with the normal processing of an application for New York newspaper recognition.

On February 1, 1956, the association consented to abandon the long list of practices against which the government had complained. The list included attempts to enforce a 15 per cent commission, and within a month the Association of National Advertisers was baying to the world its discontent with the commission system.

COST OF TV TIME

WHAT has roused many of the big advertisers to wrath against the commission system is television. The expenses of TV advertising, and hence the commissions, are enormous. According to a *Printers' Ink* survey, television in 1955 accounted for 27 per cent of the total advertising expenditures of those companies which put a million dollars or more into their annual advertising budgets (newspapers got 25 per cent and magazines 24.9 per cent). In 1956, according to *Broadcasting-Telecasting Magazine*, there were five agencies with more than \$50 million in television billings alone—Young & Rubicam (\$74 million), Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn (\$70 million), McCann-Erickson (\$66 million), J. Walter Thompson (\$60 million), and Benton & Bowles (\$51 million). And about one-third of these charges represented billings not for television broadcast *time*, but for the talent on the show and for the production of television commercials.

A steady advertiser buying time on a 100-station network from NBC or CBS pays about

The Neutralist, 1788 Model

EUROPE is secure from any future irruption of Barbarians; since before they can conquer, they must cease to be barbarous. Their gradual advances in the science of war would always be accompanied, as we may learn from the example of Russia, with a proportional improvement in the arts of peace and civil policy; and they themselves must deserve a place among the polished nations whom they subdue.

—Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of Rome*, 1776-88.

\$90,000 an hour during the prime evening hours. And the costs of the show can be even greater than that. A random selection of last season's talent costs, taken from *Variety*, shows \$120,000 for "Caesar's Hour," \$110,000 for Perry Como, \$70,000 for Ed Sullivan, \$67,500 for "Omnibus" (90 minutes), \$40,000 for Lawrence Welk (60 minutes), and \$25,000 for "What's My Line?" (30 minutes). The purchase of an hour's time entitles an advertiser to six minutes of commercials, and if he chooses to film his commercials they will cost him from \$2,500 to \$10,000 a minute, depending on the amount of animation, which is very expensive.

In theory, at least, the agency's 15 per cent is paid on every nickel of this expenditure. In the radio days, commissions on talent were easily justified, because the agencies produced most of the big radio shows themselves. Today, however, television shows are usually produced by the networks or by independent packagers, and the agency's function is limited—to say the least. When the show is a film series produced by an independent packager and merely purchased by the agency for its client, there is no agency function whatever, except helping to pick the program and bargaining on its price. Yet on fifty-two weeks of a situation-comedy film, this commission will total somewhere in the neighborhood of \$250,000.

It is virtually impossible to make an advertiser believe that his agency has earned this money. People who work for company advertising departments usually are already envious of people who work for advertising agencies.

Agency executives drive better cars, live in more fashionable neighborhoods and belong to more exclusive clubs than their opposite numbers in the client companies, and they probably make more money. They often have liberal expense accounts and participate in generous profit-sharing, stock, and pension plans. Moreover, the agency business is profitable, especially when the billings are very high—according to the AAAA, the sixteen agencies billing more than \$40 million a year show an average “profit ratio” (salary payments to principal owners plus operating profits before taxes) running to roughly 25 per cent of their gross income. An advertising manager who has to live within his salary watches the shenanigans of the more highly paid agency executives and feels keenly the fact that their compensation comes directly out of his company’s profits, whence it is drawn without any noticeable cost control by the magic 15 per cent formula. Commission for television talent is the last straw.

Agencies reply bitterly that the advertisers make them sweat—often in fields far removed from advertising work—to earn their money. In practically every large agency there are lame ducks, odd practices, and costly special arrangements which have “come with the account.” Advertisers have been known to demand that their agencies find room on the payroll for the company’s own deadwood executives and relatives, or even for friends of the company’s customers. Other advertisers want their agencies to act as unpaid hosts when the company’s officers or customers are in New York, arranging hotel rooms, theater tickets, and other entertainment. Among them, the top four agencies spend nearly \$2 million a year, of their own money, on “entertainment.” Finally, advertisers have recently got into the habit of demanding that agencies perform without charge a good deal of work—research, public relations, sales promotion—which the client always paid for in the past. Agencies will argue that whatever commissions they may get for work they don’t do are more than eaten up by the costs of such extra, free services.

OPENING THE BOOKS

WHAT many of the big advertisers want, and what the agencies are fighting against, is a system of compensation by fees rather than by commissions. Media, in such an arrangement, would sell their space to everybody at net prices—and advertisers could either pre-

pare and place their own ads, or hire agencies at fixed charges to do the job for them. Any rational negotiation of such fixed charges would require the judging of the quick and the dead in both agency and client organizations, and doubtless is a long way off. But the anti-trust consent decree, by forbidding agencies to club together for the maintenance of the commission system, has opened the door which leads down that corridor. Today several large advertisers are pushing their agencies for partial rebates on commissions, and several agencies are soliciting new accounts with the simple selling point that they will do the work more cheaply.

Even where there is no pressure on agency income, advertisers are showing more and more interest in the agencies’ own cost-accounting procedures and the figures that come out of them. In years past, no major agency ever allowed its clients to find out the real costs of servicing their accounts; but today, gradually, the books are being opened. From advertiser knowledge of agency internal costs to a cost-plus or fee system of agency compensation is a step which can be negotiated with no great difficulty by a determined advertiser and an agency really anxious to hang onto his account.

It is easy to exaggerate the changes that might result. Whatever the new methods of compensation that may grow out of today’s confusion, the star performers of the agency business will continue to wax fat. Professional competence in so competitive a field will always command a high price. Agencies and agency talent in the second rank, however, are likely to find the going a good deal muddier in the years to come.

And it seems likely that nobody will have so much fun. Standard procedure in recent years has been to spend any surplus profits on an account in keeping the client intrigued. Standard procedure in years to come may be hard negotiation with the client on the amount of profit allowed to the agency. The results in final net profits will probably stay much the same—but there’s a world of difference between spending a man’s money to keep him happy and wheedling the money out of him for yourself. One is a glamorous game; the other, a concentrated labor.

To many on Madison Avenue, it seems that the glamorous game may well be on its way out and that they—like the Wall Street operators of an earlier generation—may find themselves gradually changing from the romantic fellows of the Madison Avenue legend into sober-minded businessmen of a more conventional mold.



THE CUB

Story by CHRISTINE WESTON

Drawings by Bernard Perlin

THE BIG rains were over and up here in the high Himalayan air things had a freshness reminiscent of spring, except that now in September the pink and purple primulas which grow in these valleys had gone and with them the begonias and dark red cyclamen, and a kind of pale lavender orchid flowered instead, and on the open slopes and meadows great patches of pearly everlasting which have a warm, aromatic scent.

A tiger cub, stepping from the shadow of the tree-line on to a spur overlooking a small valley and a stream in spate flowing through it, paused to look around him, and to listen. The sun shone full upon him and he took fire in its incandescence, all orange-red and black, his growing ruff white as the papery flowers among which he stood, and dozens of small white moths flew up out of the flowers and did a kind of sun dance around his head.

His mother was dead. She had got into the habit of killing cattle near a village several miles from where the cub now found himself, and the villagers had shot her. The blast of the shot followed by their mother's death throes had frightened her two cubs into headlong flight, and so probably saved their lives.

For two days they wandered hungry and with no very clear idea of where they were, then they stumbled on a jungle cock with a broken wing,

and as much from an instinct of play as from hunger, stalked the bird, and in a simultaneous rush fell to fighting between themselves, filling the air with miniature roars and flying leaves, but the female, cuffing her brother into subjection, had made off with the prize, her tail in the air, growling like a teakettle.

The cub did not see his sister again. Alone, he ambled through low-growing oak forests and through aisles of pine trees, and the sun falling between the branches striped the ground in light and shadow, so that at moments it would have been difficult to see him as he moved or stood, part of the alternating air, detaching himself from the protective backdrop and melting into it again, his round, rosette-like feet soundless on the scented ground.

There was plenty of water so he did not suffer from thirst, but he was hungry and had not yet mastered the lesson his mother had been in process of teaching him and his sister when she died—the lesson of killing for food, although the instinct was there, reverberating in his belly and in an occasional nervous twitching of his tail.

The day after his sister's triumphant exit with the jungle fowl, the cub found a nest of mice and joyfully slaughtered the lot and ate them. He felt better, but mice were after all hardly more than an appetizer, and now as he stepped from the trees and stood in the sun among the white everlastings he felt hungry and gave vent to a small, querulous whimper, and a shudder ran down his spine like the ripple of a wave, ending in a convulsive twitch of his tail.

It was quiet up here on the spur overlooking the valley and a vista of the surrounding hills,

green in the washed September light, under a chalk-blue sky with a single white cloud in it, like a white rose. In the distance, to his left and across the valley, the cub heard sounds. Human voices and the lowing of a calf, and these he recognized as somehow belonging to his immediate past and directly connected with the events that had sent him and his sister tumbling into the jungle at his mother's death two days ago. He growled again, but there was no loud noise to frighten him, and obeying some freakish impulse he turned and bounded down the hillside toward the valley floor and the stream which he could hear rushing among the stones.

It was a different world from the one he'd just left in the white heat of the open sky. The air was cool and dense with shade, the water made a lively noise among the stones, and a family of long-tailed magpies, spying him, set up a terrific racket which he pretended to ignore.

He made his way down a small footpath toward the stream, moving with the loose-jointed gait of a young creature, his coat seeming still too big, his head and paws out of all proportion to the rest of him. The magpies chattered furiously and one made a daring swoop over his head, but the cub merely twitched the end of his tail and went on down to the stream, where he crouched and began to drink.

The water was green and clear and he could see his reflection quivering under the slight disturbance made by his tongue as he drank. Then he suddenly stopped drinking, but kept his head lowered just above the stream and stared in amazement at something directly under his eyes. There, beneath the smooth tug of the current, on the floor of a semicircular pool formed by surrounding rocks, a small brown bird was calmly walking, bobbing its head, and as at home in that peculiar element with three feet of water roofing it in, as the cub was in his, or the angry magpies on the oak bough across the stream.

The cub stayed motionless, water dripping from his whiskers and falling back into the pool. His eyes, round gold grottoes fissured with a darker gold, followed the crazy motions of the water ouzel below him, and the magpies, fascinated by his sudden immobility, arranged themselves in a watchful row along their branch, and fell silent.

The water ouzel disappeared in the flurry of a small cascade between some rocks, and the cub, overtaken by a lunatic excitement, growled and went charging up the bank and began to tear round and round in the bracken, chasing his own tail, stopping to pull himself stiff-legged on

all four feet, fur on end, ears laid back, spitting fury at some imaginary enemy, while the magpies in an ecstasy of rage fled to the higher branches, there to perch and peer fearfully at this dauphin of the jungle and his incomprehensible antics down there among the ferns.

Tiring of his game, the cub clambered up the slope and found a large flat rock under a tree, where he lay down with his tail to the tree trunk and his head pointing toward the stream and the footpath which ran alongside. Sunlight flickered on his body, painting it into the background so you might have stepped on him in that delicately shifting light and shade, or mistaken his head for some species of giant orchid, intricately designed as it rested motionless on his paws. A dragonfly came to rest on a nearby leaf and for a moment the cub stared at its emerald body and blobby turquoise eyes, then he went to sleep.

IT ISN'T as if we had much choice," the man said. "He is a good boy and his father owns four buffaloes beside cows and pigs. In addition, they have two acres of land and three fruit trees—an apple, an apricot, and a plum. Our daughter could do a lot worse than marry Buddhu's son."

He took his axe from its hook on the wall, and squatting on the mud floor of the tiny one-room hut, began to sharpen it on a smooth flat stone on which he had previously spit.

His wife crouched in the doorway, grinding spices for the day's meal. Her silver bangles clinked as she worked and she kept her headcloth pulled down so it partially covered her face. Her hands were tough and dark from work and exposure, and the skin looked like the bark of a tree. Her bare feet were hard also, cracked and splayed out from incessant walking and from carrying heavy loads. She was not strong and no longer young, but she had neither the encouragement nor the leisure to brood about it. Her two older children were married and lived at a place called Haldwani, two days' journey on foot and by train, and she never saw them and hardly ever heard from them. Now she was thinking about her youngest child, Putali, aged ten and recently betrothed to Buddhu's thirteen-year-old son, who lived with his parents eight miles away in the village where the cub's mother had been shot.

Putali herself was completely indifferent to the matter of her betrothal and eventual destiny, of which so far she had been told little. Squatting under the medlar tree beside her father's



pumpkin patch, she was at the moment completely absorbed in trying to extract a leech from the nose of her pet calf, whom she had named Pyaree, which means Love. The leech had taken up its abode in the calf's left nostril and had so far resisted all Putali's efforts to pull it out. The calf was no help. Three months old and orphaned a month before when his mother had been carried away in a landslide during the heavy rains, he had become Putali's sole preoccupation. He was spoiled, flighty, and unpredictable, permitting Putali much in the way of blandishment and abuse, but drawing the line at allowing her to tamper with his nose.

Stretched on the grass and tethered between two stakes, the calf watched her delicate pliant hands come at him with a pair of *chintas*, or tongs, and immediately began to thrash about, twisting his head out of her reach and bawling in simulated rage and pain. These were the sounds, accompanied by Putali's shrill laughter, that the cub had heard when he stood on the spur overlooking the valley and the stream which ran a little distance below and out of sight of Putali's home.

Putali's mother glanced up from her grinding and saw the two young creatures under the medlar tree, the calf milk-white, Putali's scarlet skirt spread around her on the grass where she squatted before the calf, her blue headcloth flung back, revealing the honey skin and dark gray eyes. A pretty child, the mother thought, with a catch in her breath. The prettiest child by far for miles in these lonely hills. And

Buddhu's son was said to have a weak chest and asthma, and even if his parents were well-to-do and seemed agreeable to this match, who was to say what manner of people they really were, or how they would treat this high-spirited bride once she was under their roof?

"I don't know," the woman murmured suddenly, bending over the mortar which she held between her feet. "I don't know."

"You don't need to know," her husband replied, shortly. "Everything is arranged. I have arranged it, and you should be glad. It isn't every family who can offer so much and who would be willing to take a girl with little for dowry except the clothes she stands in, a couple of brass cookpots, and a bull calf."

The woman was silent. She knew that there was no argument, that everything had been arranged, as he said, and that he and the boy's father had done the arranging, and that she should be glad. It wasn't every family who could offer as much as Buddhu had offered in exchange for a healthy and vigorous girl with a complexion the color of honey and the only pair of gray eyes, probably, in the entire district.

But the woman was not happy. Pulling her headcloth lower over her face she went on grinding spices while her husband sharpened his axe, frowning as he worked, casting an occasional angry glance at her, and beyond her at the figure of his daughter and the calf, a concentrated group of blue and scarlet and pure white under the leaning heat of the sun, under a single white cloud like a white rose in the chalk-blue sky.

The man said presently: "She won't have to go yet, anyway. There is plenty of time."

"She will go when she is ready," the woman answered from behind her veil. "She will go when she is ready, and that may be any time. You know how it is. Any time."

"There is no pleasing you," the man said bitterly. "What have our other children done for us? They don't even write."

"They never learned."

"They could send word, and a little money. They have more than we. Now here is this chance for our youngest to make a good marriage, and you sit there . . . you sit there . . ."

He sprang up suddenly, his face dark with anger, and carrying the axe made his way out of the hut and across the little clearing which was all he owned besides the hut and a buffalo and the bull calf, and without speaking to Putali, who looked up as he passed, he disappeared up the hillside to the tree-line to cut wood for the evening's requirements.

Putali, bored by her unsuccessful efforts to extract the leech from her pet's nose, untethered him and came slowly toward the hut as she heard her mother calling to her. The calf trotted after her, as he usually did when she was not trotting after him.

The woman watched them approach. They glowed in that strong light, all life and color, and she thought: "It is such a brief time!"

Putali stood on the grass outside the door and her mother said: "Take these cookpots down to the water and wash them. Wash them properly, using sand. How often do I have to tell you?"

Putali said: "I can't get the leech out. I can see it inside his nose, but he won't even let me try. Bawls, and even tries to butt me. Lucky he hasn't got horns, or I'd be dead." And she laughed, showing her shining teeth.

"When you've washed the pots thoroughly, rinse them so there is no sand left inside. You remember what happened to our teeth last time?"

"Crunch crunch!" Putali said, laughing. "Give me the pots and I'll make them shine like Pyaree's eyes."

SHE took the cookpots, stacking them on her head on one another, and the calf followed her as she made her way down the worn white thread of a path which led from her door to the edge of the stream. Putting the pots on the bank Putali gathered up her skirt and tucked the ends into her waist band and waded a little way into the water, which felt like ice around her legs. The calf came and stood on the water's edge and watched her as she gave the pots a preliminary rinsing, then poured sand into them and keeled them, standing with her feet inside and using her hard little heels as scouring pads, twisting this way and that, the water rushing noisily alongside.

When the pots were scoured and rinsed she turned them upside down to drain on the grass, and, duty done, waded farther upstream in search of the lavender orchids which grew there, and for the small mottled snakes which are harmless and quite easy to catch. Coming to the pool where the cub had drunk, she peered into it in hope of seeing the water ouzel, and there he was, walking about unconcernedly on the stones under the smooth flow of the stream, and Putali watched him, amused. She had once tried to catch him, but he'd vanished, and all she got for her pains was a noscful of icy water which made her sneeze.

The calf followed her along the path on the edge of the stream to where it ended at a rough bridge of flat stones, to continue on the other side, and in a sudden access of independence he went romping over the bridge to the opposite bank and along the farther path out of sight.

"Pyaree!" Putali shouted, and started across the bridge in pursuit. "Pyaree, come back!"

The cub, waking from his slumber, sprang up, then fell into a half-crouch in the shadows, his eyes catching the slanting rays of the sun as it filtered between the leaves. He saw the calf gamboling along the path below him, and, with the instinct of most young things to follow something else, leaped noiselessly from his hiding place and went in pursuit, his tail, like the calf's, high in the air, his round infantine feet soundless on the tightly packed earth.

"Py-ar-ee!" wailed Putali, flying after the calf, her scarlet skirt standing out like a sail behind her. "Pyaree, you devil! Come back!"

The calf paid no attention. The air was warm, a faint breeze blew down the valley toward him, bringing a scent of pearly everlasting and a promise of untouched grass. He kicked his heels as he heard Putali's voice, now fading, now gaining, coming up the path behind him.

Putali rounded the corner and saw the cub in full cry after the calf, and the sight brought her to an abrupt halt. Then picking up a stone she ran after them, not calling now, but furious and concentrated in face of the danger to her pet.

The calf came to a small washout where water from the hillside had gullied out the earth on its way to join the stream. Feckless and easily diverted, he whirled and almost bumped head-on into the cub, and for a second the pair stood nose to nose, staring at each other in amazement. Then the cub turned tail and came scampering down the path with the calf after him, and Putali saw them coming and sprang up the slope to let them pass.

The cub tore down the path, ears back, with the calf at his heels, and Putali, the stone gripped in her hand, dropped down on to the path again and raced after them, screaming. Her mother, boiling lentils for their evening meal, heard the noise and sighed, thinking: "Let her play. There is not much time. Let her enjoy life while she can still call it her own."

The cub in his turn came to an obstruction in the path where a large boulder juttied out from the hillside, and here he turned, fur on end, the tip of a pink tongue, wet, clean, infantile, showing between his black lips. The calf slowed to a

demure walk and again they faced each other, nose to nose, and there Putali came on them, her face crimson from running, the stone clutched in her hand.

"Pyaree!" she screamed, and flung the stone at the cub, missing him. "Pyaree!"

The cub spat, then growled, and Putali, half intimidated and half carried away in the game, turned and flew back up the path, the calf after her, the cub after the calf.

Putali ran with such speed that she missed the stone bridge and kept going, hearing the calf galloping behind her and the magpies screeching overhead. The meadow opened up white and level and full of a warm scent, and here calf and cub separated, one going right, the other left, leaving Putali standing alone, panting, the white flowers reaching halfway up her scarlet skirts and her blue headcloth trailing down her back.

"Pyaree," she called softly, seeing him at a little distance, negligently sampling the aromatic leaves. And then she went into that high-pitched, seductive cry of herdsmen in this part of the world, the "La la la!" echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding hills.



THE CUB had disappeared, and at first the calf pretended not to hear his mistress, but her voice was insistent and alluring; it spelled darkness, home coming, warmth; it spelled a handful of raw sugar mixed with chaff at his evening meal. It also spelled that if he didn't obey he was apt to get his tail well twisted and feel the impact of Putali's heel on his rump.

Slowly, taking his time, he moved toward her, when the cub, lying in wait among the everlasting, sprang up in front of him, and off they

went, round and round among the raspberry bushes, bounding through the white expanse of flowers which made a dry rustle like starched muslin against their bodies, under a cloud of little white moths which rose and fell and glittered like mica in the sun.

Putali armed herself with more stones and went after the calf, whose turn it now seemed to be to chase the cub, which she could hardly see because, more versatile than his playmate, he had once more hidden himself among the flowers and was waiting, head on paws, for the calf to find him.

"La!" cried Putali. "La la la!" And "Ah!" chorused the hills in answer. "Ah ah ah!"

The calf came stepping toward her through all that scented whiteness, and when he was within reach Putali sprang forward and seized him round the neck, holding him fast despite his kicking and bawling.

"I'll teach you," she gasped, and cuffed him soundly. "I'll teach you!"

She got hold of his tail and took a turn of its silky tassel round her wrist. The calf twisted and strained to get away, but she kept him headed back towards the path, and as they went the cub rose slowly out of his hiding place and gazed inquiringly after them, sneezing once from the dust of the flowers, which had got into his nose. He was rather tired from the game, but hated to have it end, and after a moment's hesitation he walked out of the meadow on to the path in time to see Putali and the calf as they crossed the bridge of stones and disappeared among the trees on the other side of the stream.

Disappointed, but not quite daring to follow, the cub went down to the stream and drank, then made his way back to the place where he had been resting earlier, and there he lay down and began to clean the fur on his chest and forearms, his tongue making a slight rasping sound, and the magpies came back and sat on a branch and watched him intently, their blue tail feathers hanging stiffly downward.

On her way back to the hut Putali picked up the cookpots and carried them to the door, then flung herself on the grass and began to laugh.

"A cat," she said. "A cat as big as this!" she gestured. "A big, big cat! It chased Pyaree and me and I had to throw stones . . ." She laughed helplessly, with only a faint, remembered disquiet. "I thought it might hurt Pyaree. As big as this, it was! In the meadow, with the white flowers."

"No doubt," said her mother. She was used to Putali's stories, for there was a new one every

day. "No doubt. But I am glad to see that you got the pots properly cleaned this time."

She looked at the child whose scarlet skirt spread on the grass like a flower fallen from some celestial tree. "You might as well get the habit of doing what you're told. You'll find it easier in the end."

"You should have seen it. Perhaps it was a dog. I'm not sure. It looked like a cat. A big cat."

"There is food if you are hungry," the mother told her. "You must be hungry after all that running about and screaming. Come inside and eat."

Putali was hungry. Growing fast, growing more beautiful every day, she could not remember a time when she was not hungry. Picking herself up she went into the hut, and the calf, kicking free of the straw rope with which she had carelessly hitched him, made his way back to the stream, crossed the stone bridge to the other side, and went vaguely in search of the cub.

The magpies saw him and were quiet. They knew the calf and were not in the least interested in his existence. Then the cub heard the neat little footsteps tapping along, and immediately forgot all about his toilet. Moving with infinite stealth, he crept to the edge of the rock and peered over. The calf was walking slowly, trailing his broken rope, and the cub waited with

ears pressed flat against his head, his eyes round and unwinking. All in a line on their branch, the magpies craned a little forward to watch.

A shudder ran down the cub's spine, starting at his shoulders and rippling to the end of his tail, which curled back on itself in a single convulsive spasm, then became still. The calf walked up the path and when he was directly below the rock where the cub was waiting the cub gave a leap and landed on the calf's back, knocking him to the ground and sinking his teeth into the silken white neck.

For a moment both lay there in the gently moving shadows while the magpies screamed and fluttered above them, then the cub let go his hold and stood up, and for a moment the calf lay still, his black eyes wide open, staring at nothing. The cub waited, wondering perhaps why the calf didn't want to play, and in a minute or two the calf moved and tried to rise, but the cub sprang on him and struck him with his paw, and the calf lay down and did not move again, a channel of blood the color of Putali's skirt running from the wound in his throat.

The cub growled, then bent his head and sniffed the blood. He stuck out his tongue and tasted it and a great shudder went through him and he growled on a different note, standing over the calf, and suddenly, for the first time, understanding what the game was about.

MARK VAN DOREN

DEPARTURE: SEPTEMBER

HE HAS driven away, and with him has gone
More even than summer, though that is as much
As I look for this morning; and see on the lawn—
Look, leaves fallen, and dry to the touch.

More than warm green, than lazy long growth,
Went down the cool hill with him only last night.
I am here, he is there: it is each, it is both
Things sicken me now with their secret delight;

As if it were good to devour an old heart;
As if it were pleasure to leave in its place
A dry, small mind whose meagerest art
Will be to remember his hands and his face:

How he did this, and how he said that,
And how he was angry for part of one day;
As if it were better to sit where he sat
Than to have him still here and deciding to stay.

ITALY'S GREATEST ACTRESS

An intimate portrait of Anna Magnani, whose new American film will soon be on the screen —what kind of “perfection” she hoped to find in this country . . . why Italians were slow to recognize her genius . . . and why many men don't like to act with her.

WHEN André Gide was asked who in his judgment was the greatest French poet, he replied: “Victor Hugo, *hélas!*” In like manner Italian experts admit with reluctance that Italy's greatest living actress is Anna Magnani. Anna has been around too much, speaks with the familiar *tu* to too many people, has got herself into too memorable brawls, for many Italians to accustom themselves to her new position. It was easier for foreigners, who never saw her before, to recognize her genius.

The old-fashioned Italian actors, who still secretly cling to the Edwardian ideal of the polite theater, consider Anna unladylike. They point out that she never had a great stage success, that her repertoire is limited, and that she could scarcely play the *grande dame*. No actress, according to their respectable and conservative point of view, can be considered really great unless she makes good in a queenly role. Adelaide Ristori (1822-1906) was famous for her private virtue, regal decorum, and the authority with which she played the heroine in many classic tragedies. Eleonora Duse (1859-1914) was an admirable innkeeper in Goldoni's “La Locandiera” and a memorable, heart-breaking Marguerite Gautier. Anna, say these actors, can play but one character—her own.

Anna is extremely sensitive to such charges. There is nothing she would like more than to

try her hand at Ibsen and Chekhov. But, she observes, nobody has ever asked her to play Nora or Irina. Why?

The younger Italian actors, the erudite, plodding, diligent students of English and French *avant-garde* techniques, who keep track of new developments, discoveries, and fashions, find Anna a freak, a child of nature, an uncontrolled force, but scarcely an actress. And Anna, for her part, loves to show contempt for the younger school. She does not try to be *au courant*. She boasts loudly that she has never heard of some of the holiest of contemporary authors and never seen the actors who are considered supreme by the *conoscenti*. (May an Italian use the correct spelling of an Italian word?) And her contempt is usually clothed in words that can scarcely be printed or sent through the mails in the United States.

She imitates nobody. Nobody imitates her. Her greatness and her international fame are due to a series of coincidences—and to talent. She personifies the Italian character to foreign observers—or, at least, what foreign observers want to believe the Italian character is. Naturally, Italians do not recognize themselves in foreigners' descriptions (nobody does) and have great difficulty seeing in Anna what Tennessee Williams, for instance, sees in her. “The Rose Tattoo”—the film for which she is best known in America—was not liked in Italy because, people said, “we are not like that.” They are partly right, for the character she has adopted late in life, which well-known foreign producers, writers, and directors love, verges on caricature and is saved only by her native genius.

As a result of both her greatness and the prejudices against her she has an incredibly hard time in Italy. Good actors are reluctant to act with her, for fear they will look bloodless

and artificial beside her river of molten lava. (This incidentally is also true abroad. Marlon Brando, who likes to play the same sort of primitive person, has twice refused to share honors with her, once in a movie and once in a Broadway production.) Her capacity to make everything around her seem *papier-mâché* also frightens Italian directors. Only old hacks who have nothing to lose and no hopes for a better future are willing to take her on. The good ones know that any picture with Anna in it will be identified with her and not with the director.

Most writers in Italy feel the same way. It is difficult to write something with the torrid emotions, the startlingly sincere dialogue necessary for her. And even if an author manages to do so (a few, like Cesare Zavattini, have succeeded and others, like Federico Fellini, could succeed), there is a question whether his name will be remembered or only Magnani's.

Anna is always begging for a good story. She reads old Italian classics. Verga is her favorite: "I never read *La Lupa* without feeling cold chills down my back," she says. (*La Lupa* was made into a movie, but with the Moroccan star, Kerima, as leading lady.) She pleads with friends in bars and cafés, "Why don't you stop being lazy and write something for me?"

She asked Vittorio De Sica to direct her.

"Cara," he said, "I have no feeling for the Roman dialect. I'm Neapolitan, you know." (This is like saying: "I have no feeling for Alabama dialect, I'm from Georgia.")

STAR IN THE JUNGLE

THERE are also Italian producers who are scared of her for entirely different, practical reasons. They say she is very difficult to please with stories. "I must feel the part inside here," she says, vaguely pointing to significant parts of her anatomy, "before I accept." Then, once the story is modified, tortured, and accepted, Anna wants her own crew of writers to see that she gets the kind of scenes and lines she feels underline her qualities. No script is ever final with her. She makes up her own lines while she is working, adds or drops chunks of dialogue and business as the inspiration takes her.

Her contract is always for fabulous sums, sometimes more than a third of the total cost of the picture. Her choice of a director is the product of prolonged and difficult negotiations. She trusts nobody but herself. Once the picture is under way, she relentlessly controls everything,



wants to see rushes, and stops work if she is not satisfied.

Not long ago, after watching the first scenes that had been shot of a new movie, she stood up in the projection room and said: "Gentlemen, there is nothing I can say. There are courts. You sue me. I'll sue you. Good-by." And swept out of the room. The picture was really bad. Anna had even been deceived on the name of the director. She was expecting a famous foreigner and got a lesser figure with the same or almost the same name.

The legend is that, besides all this, she is unpredictable, comes late to work, sulks, and is hard on people who try to work with her.

Anna says with contempt: "*Tutte bugie*, all lies." She admits there may be something in what people say, but she can explain everything. She is administering a very delicate thing, her reputation, which is obviously dearer to her than to anybody else. Only she knows exactly her limitations and possibilities.

"The things they always want me to do," she says, "the horrible ideas they get . . . the characters they want me to act . . . the dead clichés and puppet theater situations. They are usually wrong when they think their ancient tricks will make money. The box-office success, with me, goes to the great picture—the real, honest, serious, believable, human story, the sincere direction. Any attempt at anything else is a failure."

There is something in what she says. Movies, in Italy, are still in a primitive stage. Most Italian cinema people are speculators, fly-by-night gypsies, who go only for the jackpot and never for a steady output of high-level films.

The Italian movie world is a jungle where everybody must look out for himself. Anna does this very well. She will not be stepped on. She may overdo things, once in a while, but she cannot help it. She has always overdone everything in her life.

Among the horrible things "they" wanted her to do, she can quote some convincing examples. An Italian producer, in love with an American star, once planned a movie for his lady love. He asked Anna to play a secondary part.

"Could I accept?" she demands. "Of course, the man was offering any amount of money. He wanted to bring me chained to the feet of his sweetheart. Everybody can give diamonds. But who can deliver Anna Magnani?"

Anna, naturally, is unhappy and unemployed most of the time. Once she stopped working for three years. She is always hopeful, however. She wants a great, a very great character, with many unseen and unexplained facets, a contradictory and lovable human being who will strike the imagination of the audience and live on long after the words "The End" have been flashed on the screen—a character like the Honorable Angelina, a woman deputy she played a few years after the war, whose name is still remembered in Rome. Many people, when they see Anna, still cry: "Angelina, Angelina!"

Next she wants a dramatic situation which will move her to great, spontaneous, impromptu acting, and bring unwritten words to her lips and real tears to her eyes.

"Without a situation I am cold, I am powerless," she confesses.

After that she wants the greatest and most congenial director money can buy, somebody who sincerely loves and appreciates her and her work, who will be patient and understand that she is not a prima donna, but a fellow craftsman trying to work out the best results with the materials on hand, one of the materials being Anna herself. She hates directors who are unsure of themselves and try to show off—"You know those who keep an actress' face in darkness when she says her most important lines, with dim lights behind showing some ridiculous and preposterous details."

She also wants a great supporting cast. The cast—the word, besides actors, includes maid, hairdresser, make-up man, carpenters, electricians, assistants, all kinds of people who have to work with her—is important. They must all love her and look at her with sincere rapture. It is the only public she can impress on the set, and she does her best acting when she is warmed by

the uncritical eyes of adoring admirers. To top it all, there must be a magnanimous, patient, understanding, and authoritative producer who will listen to her, smooth out all difficulties, and never run out of money (Italian films stop too often for lack of funds).

All this, Anna admits, is perfection, and "perfection," she likes to say, "can be found only in Heaven and in the United States." She will put up with second best. She must work. So sometimes she accepts projects she does not fully believe in, despite the rumors to the contrary about her in Italy. The last picture she made there ("Suor Letizia," the story of a nun) was an example. Anna came to the studio on time every morning, never quarreled with anybody, did what she was told, listened to instructions. She permitted herself only a few observations. She told Mario Camerini, the director, what she thought of him: "an old friend, a good craftsman, but so slow to understand things"; told everybody the movie would be a failure, as her character was really two contradictory characters rolled into one. The picture was finished on schedule. It was shown at Venice, at the 1956 Festival. Her acting was praised by all critics. Charitably nobody mentioned the writing and the direction.

"You see?" she says, "I was right all the time. I feel these things inside here."

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL

ANNA Magnani's greatness is the product of her temperament and her life. There is a legend—which she denies—that she is the daughter of an unknown Egyptian father and a Roman mother. This probably started because mother and daughter lived together in Egypt when Anna was very young (her mother was a seamstress) and because Anna has a fiery, Oriental appearance which is not purely Italian. She was born in Rome, in the Porta Pia quarter, lived in Egypt only a few years, and came back to Rome where she was brought up by her grandmother—who had seven sons and daughters and an unknown number of grandchildren—in one of the city's ancient quarters, roughly equivalent to New York City's lower East Side.

At fifteen she enrolled in the Dramatic Academy: "I couldn't stand my life any more. I wanted to break out. I was stifling." She studied acting for one year, got a few inconspicuous jobs here and there, and finally, in the late 'twenties, when she was still in her teens, ended up in the most important dramatic company of

the time, directed by Dario Niccodemi. Niccodemi, an Italo-Argentinian and a glib and expert playwright of the Edwardian school, had started life in Paris as Réjane's secretary and confidant. With some talent and a great flair for the theater he assembled the best young actors he could find and made them into a miraculously fused unit. This was, at the time, a revolutionary idea. Usually Italian companies were built around a famous star with the secondary parts going to modest, incompetent, grateful, and inconspicuous actors.

Anna still remembers Niccodemi as a soft-spoken gentleman, always well dressed, with impeccable manners, who never raised his voice but frightened everybody with his majestic authority.

In the four or five years she spent with the company Anna played all the small parts available—the silent and devoted maids who were so plentiful in life and on the stage at the time, the young ladies dancing in the background, the practically speechless daughters of important and eloquent parents. She made twenty-five lire a day, or about a dollar and a half, on which she was supposed to feed and keep herself and buy dresses for contemporary plays (period costumes were provided for her). She always owned a dog ("A dog is a piece of an angel" she declares even now when she has shifted to cats—Burmese and Persian cats preferably). She lived in dingy boarding houses and ate very little to feed the dog. She was happy and beautiful—a lithe, dark-haired, sinuous girl, with a troubling walk, languorous gestures, and a figure that kept lonely young men awake at night. Her nose was perhaps a little too sharp, but her eyes were deep, dark, liquid, slow, fiery, and hypnotic.

She studied the leading lady of the company—Vera Vergani—and copied her mannerisms. Vera had grand manners, beautiful clothes, a personal maid, and diamonds. Anna spied on all her stage gestures, looking through holes in the flimsy scenery. As the plays were the same for months on end, she knew every role by heart.

Her big chance came in 1929. The company was returning from a South American tour without one of its young actresses, la Piumatti, who had fallen in love and abandoned the stage. On their landing in Genoa they were to open in a local theater with "La Sora Rose" by Sabatino Lopez. Who would take la Piumatti's role? Niccodemi curtly announced that Anna could do it without rehearsal. It was true, but Anna was paralyzed by fear.

"No, no," she sobbed. "I can't do it."

Niccodemi looked at her with gentlemanly and well-tailored contempt and said: "Nonsense. You will."

She did.

The difficult part was a very dramatic and important scene between Anna and Vera. Anna sailed through it in a frenzy of emotion, oblivious of everything. She ended, as she was supposed to, profusely weeping real tears and burying her head in the leading actress' ivory décolletage. The public broke into tempestuous applause. Anna thought it was for Vera. But Vera told her in a whisper: "*Brava*. It's you they are cheering. *Brava*."

Vera is now a grandmother, living in Genoa. Anna still worships her. The last time they met, not long ago, Vera reminded her: "You thought you couldn't do it, do you remember?"

Later Anna did intimate reviews and was a great hit. She sang with grace and feeling. The most important critic of the day, Renato Simoni of *Corriere della Sera*, dedicated a few lines of precious print to her praise: "The young Magnani," he wrote with awe-inspiring authority, "has the most beautiful navel in Italy." She probably had.

LOVE AND TEARS

IN 1936, she fell deeply in love with and married Goffredo Alessandrini, a moving-picture director of some reputation and a man of means.

Anna and Goffredo loved each other passionately and quarreled from the first. They fought as man and woman, and as director and actress. Anna had a secret desire for stability, for love until death, for the family she had never had. She admired Goffredo's sure knowledge of the world, contempt for money, rich boy's aplomb, and easy manners. She curled at his feet like a pet leopard. Goffredo, on the other hand, thought marriage was not an exclusive contract. His life—the life of an Italian motion-picture director—went on almost unchanged. He kindly accepted the homage of many hopeful starlets and the friendship of established stars. This Anna could not bear. She made violent scenes, threw furniture, smashed crockery, shouted until all the neighbors learned the intimate details of their lives. Goffredo patiently carried on, but never changed his habits.

Then there were the endless quarrels about work. Anna's dream was to star in a great picture directed by her husband. Goffredo, however, did not want her around the studios too. He pointed

out that she was not pretty, in the movie sense of the word. She agreed. He pointed out that she had talent, the particular talent that flourishes best on the stage. Twenty years ago Italian movies were dedicated to languorous and capricious beauties, with doll faces and empty heads, who wore dressing gowns and talked into white telephones. Anna thought movies should be made about ordinary people, about a woman with burning black eyes and a longish nose, for instance, who did not look like a star but could act. In fact, Anna, without knowing it, was trying to invent the neo-realistic school of Italian movies which was not born until ten years later—when she was first intelligently cast in “Open City” by Roberto Rossellini.

Anna and Goffredo parted, and Anna suffered like a wounded animal. She had been faithful to her husband. She desperately hoped he would understand her in the end and come back to her. Goffredo loved her almost as much, but he could not allow her to ruin his peace of mind, his work, and his health. They are still married. She never consented to one of those intricate international *ersatz* divorces that were current in Italy at one time. When she mentions him she still says: “Goffredo, my husband, a gentleman, a man of talent . . .” Tears come to her eyes. When a picture she was making a few years ago was left without a director, she asked for him to finish the job.

The break in her marriage transformed her into the Anna Magnani the public knows and loves. She started wearing odd clothes without regard to fashion, letting her hair grow in a picturesque and unkempt way, going about with curious young men, talking loud Roman dialect, as if she were trying to find refuge and consolation in a grotesque return to the life from which she had originally come. But it is more a literary impersonation than a sincere and genuine return. With old friends like Vera Vergani and people she respects, Anna still speaks the chaste and polished Italian of the stage, and when she must quote herself saying something unprintable, she is slightly embarrassed—you can hear the quotation marks and the change of voice from one Anna to another. By now it is difficult to tell which is the real woman, the old or the new. She has always been both at the same time in different degrees, and she is an accomplished actress.

Fourteen years ago, a child was born to her. His name is Luca. He represented a new start in life, and Anna was happy as she had never been. He was only a few years old when he

was struck with polio, another tragic blow for his mother. She now lives to see that he gets the best medical care money can buy, the latest medicines, the newest cures, and that his future is assured. He lives in Lausanne, where the doctors have had wide experience with polio patients—a moody, black-eyed boy, very sensitive and clever, who takes his imperfections with a wry smile. He is all she has, Anna says. For him she administers her money affairs with peasant caution, extracts the biggest sums possible for taking the lead in any movie, and invests her savings judiciously, preferably in land. She owns a villa at Monte Circeo, on the sea, and other pieces of choice real estate.

BIRTH OF AN ACTRESS

THE great actress was finally revealed, relatively late in life, after the war, when Roberto Rossellini decided to shoot a movie entitled “Open City” on a shoe string, a few days after the last Germans left Rome in the summer of 1944. The story was written by Sergio Amidei and the script adapted daily according to what and who was available. The first money was supplied by a black-market butcher, who got frightened halfway through and asked to be reimbursed, thus missing the biggest deal of his life.

The Rome studios at Cinecittà were filled with refugees. Rossellini and his crew worked in a big empty room where, in peacetime, bettors placed their wages on horse races. Shooting went on desultorily—when there was electricity, when there was money, when there was food. Scenery was improvised with whatever came handy. Even then, Anna almost missed her chance. Rossellini, who was not yet in love with her, thought she would not do and started working with Clara Calamai, a smooth expressionless movie star of the “white-telephone” era. He shifted to Anna only after a few days’ trial. Anna, of course, made the movie. She became famous overnight in Italy, and, as the picture reached the outside world, an international figure.

Rossellini was the best director she ever had or will probably have. She remembers the way the end of “Open City” was shot: “Roberto told me that I was to go out into the street, see a truck loaded with prisoners being driven away by German soldiers. There would be people around, he said. I was to run behind the truck, weeping and shouting, until I was shot down by machine-gun fire. All I asked was to hear the

real shots. I couldn't do it without the shots. There were no blanks to be found at the time, and the shots had to be real.

"I didn't know what I was facing. The moment I went out into the street I felt my heart tighten. The soldiers were real Germans Roberto had got out of a concentration camp that morning. Their weapons were their own—the slung machine guns, the hand grenades in their boots. Their faces were unmistakable.

"The crowd had been gathered from the street, a real Roman crowd. The people were pale and scared, looking wide-eyed at the SS, who had meant death or deportation to many of them until a few days before. I ran after the truck like mad, weeping as if my life were being taken away. And when Roberto had the men shoot their machine guns, I fell as if I had been killed. As a matter of fact, I thought I had been hit by mistake."

Anna also remembers another great moment of her life with Rossellini, when he directed her in Jean Cocteau's "*La Voix Humaine*," a famous monologue spoken by a woman to her silent lover on the other end of the telephone wire. It is a tour de force which lasts forty minutes, and probably Anna's greatest achievement. How did she do it? She loved him, he loved her, they both loved the script, they were in Paris where hostile critics were looking on, they were both great friends of Jean Cocteau who was present at the shooting. She was cast as a lady, for the first time.

Anna remembers: "At first, Roberto had a bad room-set built which I hated. It was vulgar, cheap, with frills, and pincushions, and laces, and ugly wallpaper. I asked him to change it. Jean Cocteau called Bébé Berard, the famous designer, and he built what I thought was my dream bedroom, a bedroom for a woman to dream of love in, a real room, not a fancy movie set. From then on I could do it."

Her later career is well known. Her name is world-famous. No foreigner comes to Rome without trying to get a glimpse of her. When she turns up, late at night, bored, sultry, ill-humored, at Rosati's, the café in Via Veneto, escorted by some obscure journalist or some obsequious actor, everybody stops talking to look at her. She lives in a comfortable apartment carved out of the attic in a princely palace, Palazzo Altieri, in old Rome—a fairy-story *palazzo* with many courtyards, entrances and exits, porches, and monumental stairways. She collects rubies, which she loves. She has lots of money and could make as much as she wished,

if she accepted all the offers made to her.

Tennessee Williams wrote to her: "I'll die before I get tired of writing stories with you as central character."

American studios make her new proposals each month. She loves working in the United States, where she says the movies are a serious business, people are competent, producers are generous and gentlemanly, directors stop shooting to allow her to reword her lines so that she can feel them a part of herself. There, they consider her greater than they do in Italy. There, she does not have to protect herself so strenuously.

And yet, with all this, she is not happy. The things a real Italian woman of the people considers essential she does not have—a good husband to love, protect, and forgive, a healthy child to watch grow. Her unhappiness, it is true, has helped make the character people think is Anna Magnani, the loud-mouthed, earthy, lusty woman of "Rose Tattoo." She knows that she will never be able to shake this public Anna Magnani. She does not try to. Still, she sometimes would like to be somebody else for a change, and play "*La Locandiera*" or "*Phèdre*" on the stage at least once—if anybody had the courage to ask her to prove that she is in truth Italy's greatest living actress.

ADRIENNE RICH

THE WISH

you are the Lago, the Lucerne
All afternoon I sit beside,
Sunshade and novel at my side,
And watch the dazzle swim and burn
On blues that I shall never dive,
Although they keep my thought alive.

You are the clever box of pills
That someone told me never fail.
I keep you, beautiful and stale,
Beside my bed to warn my ills;
And how in dream I taste and gloat
Your shape like muscat in my throat!

You are the telephone whose ring
I wait for now but will not move
To answer, although fortune, love,
The soul's salvation, anything
May crackle in that tireless thing.
I listen, till you cease to ring.



John Held, Jr.



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The Spirit of our Times

By LOVELL THOMPSON

What unexpected treasures we inherited from the Jazz Age . . . and why today's young people are wiser, quieter, deeper, and a lot better looking than the Lost Generation.

ON THE Saturday after Labor Day in September 1921, a young woman named Margaret Gorman became the first Miss America. She was very young, only sixteen, and small, only five foot one. Blonde and blue-eyed, she measured thirty inches around her chest, twenty-five at the waist, thirty-two at the hip, and weighed in at 108 pounds.

Thirty-three years later—just a generation as it is often counted—Miss America of 1954 stood seven inches taller, was four and a half inches bigger in the chest, one and a half inches smaller in the waist, and three and a half inches larger at the hip.

When you consider the fashions of the early 'twenties, these differences are precisely what you would expect. Dresses then hung straight from shoulder to hip; there was no need for Miss Gorman to have an hour-glass figure. Such is the taxidermy of custom: the outline of history.

Today in America there is a tremendous interest in the 'twenties—that glamorous decade that sometimes seems more remote from the down-to-earth present than the days of the covered wagon. Yet it was the 'twenties that—both literally and symbolically—gave birth to the

'fifties. We can truly understand our own time only if we understand the time that produced it, and the spirit which motivated it.

"The spirit of the times" is a useful phrase—it stands for the aims of history rather than the deeds. The search for the spirit of a time does not involve the examination of what actually happened so much as the consideration of what was intended, wanted, hoped, or feared. These are found in a period's taste and manners. Here our most serious misconceptions about the 'twenties seem to be taking root; yet here our own submerged but guiding convictions may be most clearly seen. And so there is an importance to history in Margaret Gorman and Evelyn Margaret Ay who might have been her daughter and who was Miss America a generation later.

Statistics like those cited might lead you to suppose that in the 'twenties flaming youth preferred a boyish woman. But perhaps the ideal of the Lost Generation is more truly expressed by Miss America of 1954. The parent tries to make his child the kind of person he aspired to be and was not. In that case we owe the figure of the 'fifties to the wistful longings of the flapper, poured unwilling into her boyish-form mold by the feminist age which preceded her. Let us therefore bring back and examine the Age of Jazz.

SPIRIT OF THE 'TWENTIES

IN THE 'twenties there was Harding—then Coolidge, and Hoover. There were the Briand-Kellogg anti-war pact, the League of Nations, woman's suffrage, prohibition, book-banning, the Klan, five thousand speakeasies in New York City, rum-runners, Teapot Dome, and Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna." There were "The

Sheik" and Sacco and Vanzetti and the contriving of Miss America and Mother's Day and *Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheehan* and Father Coughlin and also Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad," and Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." There was the Monkey Trial. There were Kous-sevitzky and Paul Whiteman and "The Emperor Jones" and J. Edgar Hoover and *Babbitt* and flappers everywhere, and *Companionate Marriage* and *Is Sex Necessary?* There were *The Age of Innocence*, *This Side of Paradise*, *Main Street*, *The Enormous Room*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *The Waste Land*, and *New Hampshire*—the one by Robert Frost—and the Lincoln Memorial and the Empire State Building and *An American Tragedy* and the long count.

There were *Archy and Mehitabel* and *The Sound and the Fury* and *John Brown's Body* and Capek's *R.U.R.* and "Yes We Have No Bananas" and *A Farewell to Arms*, *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Manhattan Transfer*, *Krazy Kat*, *What Price Glory*, and October 29, 1929.

Thousands of phrases from that time stand out in history's ledger with a metallic glitter; but who was present when the 'twenties were elevated to the rank of a golden age? Who set up the *Deux Magots* as twin symbols of immortality? Who turned the crummy "speak" into a Valhalla and the bar into a round table?

Old days are always good days. In spite of its wisdom, age is always deceived by its infirmity into seeing a virtue in the folly of its youth because that youth was associated with health. Does America make that mistake when it looks back at its 'twenties?

Maybe there is a blood-pressure group which is trying to bamboozle us about that decade. Anyhow the traveler with a student's visa for temporary residence in the Inferno now seems to be met at the border station of Avernus by an amiable commissar of conscientious mien called Scott Fitzgerald and christened Francis Scott Key after a famous relative.

The commissar offers a tour that becomes most strictly guided as the tourist approaches that portion of the Inferno labeled *This Side of Paradise*. Here in the jazz age the curious wanderer is allowed to gaze pensively at his reflection in a bathtub where gin lies more still and clear than water. He may pause where a Stutz Bearcat hums perpetually with one rear wheel jacked up. Such things as these may be seen in endless variety, but when he returns to the bright light of the present he has the impression of having somehow missed the natural landscape. What were the 'twenties, were they golden, or brass?

At least a partial answer to this big question lies in the consideration of one large, angelic, and forgotten figure that moved through the riot of words and events in that lost natural landscape. Even in his day, with a characteristic self-depreciation, he called himself an *old-fashioned liberal*. He was a great man, even greater for his influence on his surroundings than in himself, and of course he never really existed. The old-fashioned liberal was—perhaps you can still say he is—a mythical intellectual of intense good will with an absolutely open mind. In a sense he was a vacuum, and in that sense, too, he did not exist; he was also the eye of the hurricane, and in this sense he was a profound influence on his surroundings. He was a half-hour of ominous calm between changes of wind—a calm where many winged creatures took heart, and some were buzzards and some were bats.

Like many tender hearts his was courageous. He it was who undertook in the first quarter of this century to examine, and in the end to accept unflinchingly, the great and troublous ideas of our time. Limited by an Edwardian or perhaps Victorian background he was nonetheless required to assess and establish as household goods, even as high-school courses, revolutionary scientific concepts which are still today at variance with ordinary ethical understanding. Phrases like "the law of dissipation," "the decline of the West," "the survival of the fittest," the "ego," the "id," and the "libido" circled restlessly in the popular mind.

THE old-fashioned liberal sustained the impact of the shocking masterworks of the new age that grew from this maladjustment. He admired Joyce, Picasso, and Proust. He entertained ideas that meant the destruction of his world because they seemed to him more nearly true than the ideas he had been brought up on. In short, he provided the climate of enlightened tolerance in which the rich, rank 'twenties grew toward the harvest of October 1929. If we are to admit that this great non-existent figure of the old-fashioned liberal was, in fact, the genius of his age, the arbiter of its tastes, and the patron of its art, then it must follow that his age too was great.

If doubt remains about the brilliance of the Age of Jazz, then think again of its names and monuments from *Main Street* in 1920 to *The Sound and the Fury* in 1929. And it was more than an age of novelists and poets. The stage of that time was dominated by the still-towering Eugene O'Neill. The names of painters now familiar were made famous then. Bellows

painted Dempsey. There were Tom Benton, Grant Wood, and Charles Burchfield. It was the climactic moment of the second age of the skyscraper. In defiance of sense or gravity, buildings went up and up like the stock market. The New York skyline became in that time one of the wonders of the world.

The names of American composers in a "classic" or "modern" tradition are conspicuously absent from the record of the 'twenties, but those were the years that saw Tin Pan Alley ragtime become the world-wide craze of jazz. Among the song-makers there were such names as Rodgers, Hammerstein, both Gershwins, Cole Porter, and Irving Berlin. In 1925, George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was published. In 1927 Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern did the lyrics and music for "Showboat."

Energetic beyond measure, popular, full of sunshine and moonshine and genius, the Lost Generation is sometimes hard to take seriously. There are good reasons for that. A consideration of them will reveal something of the weakness in the greatness. One disquieting factor is the contemporary popularity of most of that generation's masterworks. Almost every well-known writer of the 'twenties succeeded too soon and was forced in later life to maintain a standard set by his unripened mind.

Because of that, the work of many of the writers of the Lost Generation has seemed repetitive, or has grown slighter with age, or gone cold and formal in the author's attempt to avoid too-gross revision of attitudes which later seemed to him callow but which had been accepted as final by a large, indiscriminating, and generous public. In the eyes of the critics at least, none much surpassed his early work. Each has been belatedly ranked among the petty great for work once called promising and now seen as fulfillment.

There is another reason for the callowness of the period. What was unmentioned by the Victorians became what was unnoticed by the Edwardians. The gap between life as it was politely understood to be lived and as it seemed logical to suppose that it actually was, yawned wider and wider. By the 'twenties it was a canyon too large to be ignored. There was a kind of touching innocence about the slaphappy rediscovery of the facts of life that was then undertaken by a number of our better writers to the sweet melancholy music of the new disillusionment, the blues. Much of the work of the 'twenties now seems obvious. Yet it was precisely that sense of discovery that gave the time its ebullience and its strength. It also enmeshed the

strength in a reaction against the old rather than in evaluation of the new.

The Lost Generation has been accused, with a measure of justice, of being expatriate, narrowly condemnatory, and broadly unconstructive. Its conspicuous work was aimed at the blindness, pretense, complaisance, or formality of its elders. During the 'twenties the levees of literary form were overwhelmed and washed away. When the Lost Generation got through, there was very little you couldn't say and no rules at all as to how you might say it. Punctuation began to disappear, capital letters got to look stuffy. Books had words that weren't in dictionaries, in living-rooms, or even in waterfront bars. There were books in the same words over and over, and there was *God's Man* that had no words at all.

It was indeed a great age of liberation. When the waters receded we had freedom from just about everything but freedom; but it was not, upon its noisy and chaotic surface, a constructive age.

THE FACES OF THE HERO

THE RE are other ways of divining the spirit of a time. For example, something of the dreams of a people is always epitomized in its heroes. It is not only the strength of the age that we find there, but also the weakness. A hero must subscribe to the essential error of his time—as well as to its visions—and by definition he must do so superlatively.

Who, then, were the popular heroes of the 'twenties? There was Lindbergh, of course, and Rudolph Valentino, and Babe Ruth, and on a somewhat controversial fringe you might find such names as Will Rogers, H. L. Mencken, or Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

Lindbergh showed us that we were technologically able to fly the Atlantic non-stop, but he did not offer us an idea of flight, only a display of courage. His was a lonely and uncalled-for gesture—an attempted escape from which he came back in triumph. Babe Ruth, the Dead End fat boy who made good as the Sultan of Swat, was a symbol of all that is meant by that word from the comics: "POW." Guilty or innocent, Vanzetti was an anarchist, a man of some nobility of spirit whose solution for the ills of his age was emotional rather than rational. Mencken was no anarchist, but he was in himself a one-man anarchy of conflicting opinion. Will Rogers did much to keep us right side up but little to urge us forward. Possibly Valentino stood for something more constructive. He used the old

approach on the new woman; but it was as a destroyer of Victorian convention that he seemed to do so. All of these men were masters of the poke-check and the intercepted pass, not carriers of the puck or ball.

But there is another hero—or rather heroine—of the 'twenties who can perhaps tell us something of her time. Let us compare her for a moment with her current counterpart. Both left or leave a daily record, both speak as true heroes must for the hearts of millions. Ladies and gentlemen, I present Krazy Kat and Pogo.

Those who could recite with Krazy:

My days is hazy and my ways is mazey
and I'm a krazy, Krazy Kat.

today read Pogo with a sense of old acquaintance; and younger Pogo *aficionados* will recognize in the couplet just quoted the voice of an old master; but the thing that interests us here is the contrast between the Kat and the Possum.

Pogo lives in a Florida swamp. Krazy lived on the Arizona desert beneath an unclouded sun, occasionally beneath a velvet sky where a moon shone bright as the sun and shapely as an old orange peel. Distant abstracted mesas were the solace of her soul, the daily brick hurled at her head by Ignatz Mouse was her mental stimulus. Ignatz was her Rhett Butler, Offissa Pup her Ashley Wilkes. Hers was an eternal triangle eternally in motion—Ignatz to Krazy to Pup on Monday, Krazy to Pup to Ignatz on Tuesday. There was a duck who served as chorus and occasionally there were important visitors from extra-mural space.

The element of motion in this tableau is the hoven brick, the symbol of symbols of its age. And Krazy's triangle is the geometry of the 'twenties; Krazy herself at its apex is the old-fashioned liberal. In 1930 she looked back on her life and reflected: "Me, I'm such a plain Ket. I got no figga, no face, no fortune—nor purse or position—oy—and yet—He's true by me—why should I complain L'il dahlink. POW."

Needless to say the report you heard indicates that Ignatz the dahlink has heaved the brick. The old-fashioned liberal felt much as Krazy did, and everybody hurled the brick—Lewis with *Babbitt*, T. S. Eliot with *The Waste Land*, Fitzgerald with *Gatsby*, Mencken with all he had, and even he whom Krazy would have called e e kuminks. And, like the Ket, the old-fashioned liberal admired it all.

Ignatz was the dahlink of the age as well as of Krazy. Even Offissa Pup reflects on him as follows: "Hm—He does spend a pile of pennies

for 'bricks'—that's courage in a way—tossing them is no weakling's job—um-m—glory of a sort does seem to gleam about him—a bit." Law then was inane, benign; rebellion, noble. What has happened to us today? The new generation is often reproached for lacking the spirit of adventure. We have heard it from such diverse typewriters as those of Malcolm Cowley and Oscar Handlin. What would you have in the age of the fissionable brick?

In Pogo's murky swamp—startling in its contrast to Krazy's desert—a Gothic profusion and confusion persists. The issues are unclear. The heroes are picaresque. But here in the jungle twilight, right is right and evil is truly evil, almost beyond imagining. Deacon Mushrat, the cowbird traitors, Mole McCarrony, Simple J. Malarky—these are not fallen Lucifers, but creatures born of good simple stinking Okefenokee slime. Pogo, Albert, Porky, Churchy, Owl, even the Noble Dog, weighed down by human weakness, awash in bathos, struggle imperishably toward the good life. "We shall meet the enemy," so ends a prologue to the *Pogo Papers*, "and not only may he be ours, he may be us. Forward."

If the Kat-Pup-Mouse triangle sums up the decade of the 'twenties, then may not this note of seriousness, hope, bitterness, perplexity, and cynicism sum up the new age?

THE 'TWENTIES AND THE 'FIFTIES

MORE than its adjacent decades, the decade of the 'twenties, because of its parental relationship, offers explanations for the mood of today. For example, a phenomenon conspicuous in the 'fifties is the inability of the Lost Generation to get lost. To conduct ourselves in the light of the past is progress; to do so in the sight of the past is inhibition. The older generation is inclined to expect history to repeat itself. It never quite does. The lathe of time is continuously modified by its product.

The flapper is the breastless, unmotherly mother-image of today's rising generation. She was the first woman to grow up in this country as a voter, the first to marry without a promise to obey. New responsibility and new freedom are always overjealously guarded. Anyone who follows in the cartoons of our century this end product of triumphant feminism will discover a comic ruthlessness in her relationships with both her spouse and her child. She had new duties, this young woman, and her child, the pioneer of the 'fifties, must often have felt himself, if not an

unwanted guest, then at least one who found his hosts unexpectedly distracted.

The 'twenties centered on women. Gatsby's enchantment and Dodsworth's disenchantment show how and why. In the moment of their metamorphosis, women seemed to have the best of both worlds—a situation which the world shortly set about correcting. That may be the reason that two of the great comic figures of the period were both female and both feline. One of these was, of course, our beloved Krazy, the other, Don Marquis' Mehitabel. She was a flapper supreme. She continually expressed the foibles of her sex and time, and hers was the armored paw that rocked the cradle of the 'fifties.

Mehitabel of Shinbone Alley was a Lady Macbeth among cats. Furious and impure, she sought divine destruction. Her rebellions, though sometimes without purpose, were never without nobility. In her incessant challenge to fate there was a foretaste of Churchillian defiance:

you can stuff your bellies with oyster and shrimp
you may have your ribbon and bell
for bill and me it is liberty
o wotthell bill whotthell*

Her view of the then-infant 'fifties is typical:

the life of a female
artist is continually
hampered what in hell
have i done to deserve
all these kittens*

A number of other portents also appeared over the delivery room where the present younger generation was brought to birth. Alone among our generations these children were suckled by a clock-watcher. Their hearts were unwarmed by the give and take of demand feeding, their buttocks were unwarmed by parental self-reproach. Under the influence of the old-fashioned liberal it was a spankless golden age of tolerance.

The child of *The Wild Party* and the little accident of *Companionate Marriage*, were also the first to grow in the shade of the income tax—the cutting edge of equal opportunity which had replaced the equalizing influence of limitless land. That fact forced independence and a kind of separateness on each family unit. In the 'twenties the grand old securities of the nineteenth century still stood about, offering a sort of leafless shelter to flaming youth and its progeny. The proportions of our national wealth and military power which became apparent at the end of the first world war gave hope of green

shelter for the future. Then Lindbergh flew to Paris and opened a bridge across the Atlantic. It was an event that marked the end of isolation and separated America's most secure generation from one of its least.

For those of the Lost Generation who felt the weight of the Victorian past and dwelt in the teetotal Indian summer drought—itsself a Victorian legacy—it was a duty to point beyond the security of our sacred borders to the anger of hungry masses in other hemispheres. But under that clear thirst-making sky there seemed to be time. Issues could be stated without being faced. The Monkey Trial of John Thomas Scopes was lost by Clarence Darrow and forgotten by the nation. "Day by day," people said, "in every way, we are getting better and better," but no integrated view rose up to guide the new generation through its unheard-of circumstances. Freedom was a sufficient end in itself, and freedom might mean a magnificent tolerance or a total abandonment of discrimination.

THE ROAD TO TODAY

YET the 'twenties nevertheless pointed a wavering finger forward; and now in retrospect that becomes apparent.

The middle-aged American is apt to find that he has achieved a certain notoriety simply by having been alive between 1919 and 1930. For example, he may find some morning a new look of calculation in the eye of a member of the younger generation seated beside him at the breakfast table. His child has just discovered in some paperback—maybe it was *The Big Money* or *The Great Gatsby*—a vista that seemed to disclose his parents' youth.

"Was it really like that?" he asks.

At this point it is likely that the spirit of the old-fashioned liberal, stirred by the effort of memory, will rise to face the grim truth and to make honest answer: "Well, child, no, it wasn't."

The squeaking wheels always get the most attention, but they are also the ones that are out of line. The big wheels of the 'twenties that did the squeaking for the most part complained of vestigial conventions. Now it is not true that you have to fight an idea with an idea. By and large the simple negative is the strongest position you can take. Nobody hears a tree grow; everybody hears it fall. All of us remember what Sinclair Lewis said about Main Street. Who remembers the words of a song that was commonly heard in the early 'twenties, "My Home Town is a One-horse Town But It's Good Enough for Me"? In

* From *Archie and Mehitabel*, by Don Marquis (copyright 1927, 1930, by Doubleday & Co., Inc.).

1920 the men and women who grew up with the century were singing about love nests with roses over the door and cozy kitchens just for two. That was the call for Levittown, but few have remembered.

The Lost Generation also saw the creation of the League of Nations, the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact, and Disarmament—the dress rehearsals for the United Nations and the drama at the Summit. Hoover, whatever his performance, was elected not only as a symbol of efficiency but as a symbol of generosity. The trial of Sacco and Vanzetti taught us something about the search for justice. The whisper of affirmation that comes from the 'twenties is quite as perplexing to the new generation as the shriek of negation.

If the Lost Generation, tired and afraid and mindful only of its own more secure youth, has been inclined to pass responsibility on too soon, give too much, and ask too much; nonetheless, it set up the backdrop for a new Eden. Yet the Eden is not quite what its planners dreamed.

Today Smoldering Age looks on the present with a congested eye, failing to find the meaning in its new prophets and its unfamiliar detail—in Liberace's curls, in that look in Arthur Godfrey's eye that makes you think of the third little pig, in Harry Truman and Truman Capote, in Fulton Lewis, Jr. and Fulton Sheen and Fulton Oursler, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and hi-fi and FM, in science fiction and sex thrillers, in Bikini bathing suits and the incidence of juvenile delinquency and crazy mixed-up kids and baby-sitters in sawed-off dungarees, in one-story houses and the Man Upstairs, in the fact that men are inclined to wear neither hats nor pajamas and that while the girls of *Main Street* looked like boys dressed as women, the girls of Levittown look like women dressed as boys. Can this cowbird's clutch be what the great decade heralded, age asks itself. Are we the parents of this checkered time?

The answer is: Yes. It was. You are. But the answer will not ease the task of youth, trained to live in a world already vanishing.

In 1950 the hope of the future was singing with ungrammatical conviction, "If I Knew You Were Comin' I'd've Baked a Cake." It was an emergency transfusion of sentiment from across the Atlantic. If there had been time to adapt it, it would have read for many who sang it "I'd've *Learned* to Bake a Cake." In the 'twenties no one had worried about who brewed the tea for two.

As the member of the Lost Generation looked back on the reticence of his parents about the

joys of love, he shyly determined that, one way or another, his children should not suffer from the old confusions and hypocrisies. He wanted an open honest resolution of the sexual yearnings of the young adults of the next generation. However, conditions changed. When the parent who grew up in Judge Lindsey's era undertook to say to his child the things that he wished had been said to him, he found the child was a reader of Kinsey. The new generation had no need of a judge, it had access to one who seemed to have kept the books in the office of the recording angel. The tactics of love had been worked out. The new generation had something else on its mind. It was looking at "I Love Lucy" and worrying about the strategy of marriage.

Though Judge Lindsey was shouted down as immoral, which he wasn't, he described the standard by which today's young people were brought up. Blindly and dutifully the parents of the 'twenties have given their children what they themselves had so wanted. College rules have been relaxed. Presidents said, "They are grown now; let them decide." Boys and girls ski together over weekends, study together in each other's rooms all day if they want to and half the night. There could be only one real answer and it isn't a bad one; but it isn't easy and there are no directions. Crazy? Mixed-up?

So the search for the good way spreads out—in the absence of instruction. The laboratory and the church and all that lies between—the humanities and the inhumanities, the sonnets and the sex-murders—are narrowly surveyed. The old keys no longer unlock the same doors, or rather they unlock the same doors but we are not going through the doorways in the same direction. Magic incantations like tolerance, truth, and freedom, evoke new and sinister genii. In the laboratory, where scientific truth once seemed a sufficient goal, a single unnerving discovery has been made. Scientific fact is no more than the raw material of truth, and the current stockpile may putrefy before processing.

It is at least still proper to invite skepticism in the approach to science and iconoclasm in the approach to the humanities. In the field of religion today such negative tests have a positive diabolism. So the old skeptics, agnostics, pessimists, and freethinkers have kept their thoughts pretty much to themselves—afraid perhaps to suggest how bad things look. Among the songs most sung in the 'twenties were the "St. Louis Blues" and "Ol' Man River" with its significant line, "Tired of livin' and skeerd of dyin'." Most sung by the next generation—ac-

cording to the musical statisticians—are "God Bless America" (written for the first world war but not thought suitable for publication until the second) and "White Christmas" with its "May your days be happy and bright." The pathos of that change of tune cannot be over-emphasized. The first two songs express a sadness that can exist only in a frame of hope, the second two, trivial and inferior though they may be, bespeak a hope that is rooted in desperation.

Thus it has happened that, shrinking in trunks or trunks and bra, in the cold beclouded dawn of what has been arbitrarily declared to be a new day, with the path of duty faint but steep ahead, youth seeks according to its individual nature sunlight or shelter in which to begin the construction of the golden age.

SPIRIT OF THE 'FIFTIES

NATURALLY the most superficial solutions come first. In the light of the destructive 'twenties wouldn't you expect to find during recent years a title like *The Power of Positive Thinking* dominating the best-seller lists? (The intervening decades had learned how to win friends and influence people. The new generation at least began with the problem of the idea rather than the technique of putting nothing in particular over.) For another and a smaller audience there was *God and Man at Yale*, a sort of accusatory cry for help. There has also been Gayelord Hauser's how to *Live Longer, Look Younger* which seems to appeal as a postponement of the day of judgment. These things are the first easy answers and at best do no more than misstate a real problem.

The real problems, like all real problems, are simple and obvious. Above us all hangs the ancestral command which we call the American Dream. It has come here in the hold of every westward-bound ship since the *Mayflower* and before. The image in the dream may have been a city of gold or a city of God, but always it was perfect and always it was here. It had to be found or it had to be founded. It has made us rich, beneficent, idealistic, and democratic, and also blind, bigoted, and cruel. The effort to create a civilized Utopian republic from the primitive ingredients that made up the American people created a half-century of Victorianism narrow, hypocritical, and smug-ugly far beyond the good Queen's dreams. But the purple of pretension had faded to mauve by the end of the nineteenth century. Its sibling, reaction, ripened in the 'twenties and wilted on for a decade.

The old-fashioned liberal, in keeping with the demands of the Dream, believed that he who governs least governs best, and to that extent he was a sentimental anarchist. He also believed that laissez-faire was a lion's law, and this led him occasionally, but too often, into the Communist fallacy. It is a sweet land of liberty, and some of us think it is the land that is sweet and some of us think it is the liberty. The old-fashioned liberal thought it was both, and in his noble paradox lies the problem of the 'fifties. It may be called the Garden-of-Eden state.

Egalitaria, the Garden-of-Eden state—the awakening from the American Dream, or the beginning of a new epic in the great Dream Sequence! These are names for the condition of our history, for the message of the 'twenties and the burden of the 'fifties. The building of the American Republic which began in the dawn's early light as Francis Scott Key watched for the flag over Fort McHenry was completed at the Peace of Versailles.

At the close of the first world war, the United States became the world's greatest power. It was so politically stable that almost anybody could be in the driver's seat without serious mishap, and during the 'twenties almost anybody was. A re-examination of our purposes was inevitably the next item on history's agenda. By the end of the decade, the findings were clear.

"Tomorrow," says Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald in a new dawn's early light, "we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning—" That was the summing-up. Well, we have seen the morning now, and its name is Egalitaria.

The building of a Garden-of-Eden state brings round again the problem of Eden. There is a familiar question which sums it up: "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" The answer, if answer there can be, is being lived out in Garden Town over the tea sets of blue in the love-nests for two now somehow expanded to hold five.

The birth rate is higher today; and marriage age is younger. And money? After taxes less than 10 per cent of our wage-earners make over \$6,000 a year. It costs \$2,000 or more to maintain a child in college. At present over 20 per cent of the available young people go on to institutions of higher education. Most families now have three children. How will these figures be balanced?

Meanwhile, the return to the cabin (ranch type) has been accompanied naturally enough by the return of some of the simplicities that went

with its prototype. Though in the cabin we will find automatic washing and drying, freezing and heating, a picture window, and TV, FM, and hi-fi, these things must not deceive us. They are not symbols of luxury, they are the foundation of Egalitaria where everyone must do his own work. They are the workers of the new world, and they enable Adam and Eve to play occasionally at being gentleman and lady. The pig is in the parlor all the same. Don't be fooled by the fact that he is electric.

In the new cabin on the frontiers of tomorrow, the old round of kids, kitchen, and catechism is again in evidence. Here the age of the specialist has produced the book on how to do it yourself. You may also find a small library of very serious reading in the paperback format, a well-selected collection of classical records, and some hard-bound books that show an interest in nature; maybe you will find an old best seller about survival on a raft—which may seem a sort of parable to this new age—*Kon-Tiki*.

There will also be among the books a few volumes of science-fiction which satirize the world that went up in dust on the White Sands proving ground, and among the records a few songs sung by Tom Lehrer that are the bitter picture of the problem the Lost Generation presented to the 'fifties. PTA or some civic activity or an adult-education course in foreign affairs is likely to complete the round of indicated activities.

Perhaps the cabin is only a temporary stopping place near where the man of the household is fulfilling the requirements of military service. Perhaps he is combining housework and homework, studying for a doctorate while his wife earns his tuition in the nearby city. Though this may not be an average household, it is certainly not an unusual one.

Now consider how much of what it tells you was unthought-of even a decade ago. Many of the books, if in print at all, could not have been bought for ten times the price. Many of the mechanical contrivances have become standard equipment only since the war. The enfranchising effect of television is particularly worth a thought. The first election conducted over the radio brought out the highest proportion of voters since the days of free silver. Television has apparently brought out the highest proportion ever. Contrast this world with the world of *Main Street* or *Manhattan Transfer*, and you will begin to sense the proportion of the effort that is being made to obey the whispered command of the Lost Generation and to meet the demands

of the Dream on ground cleared a little too completely in the impetuous 'twenties.

There are crackings in the fresh-built walls of Egalitaria. Their causes can more easily be seen if the form of the proverbial question is changed to: "Who will delve and who will span if Adam is a gentleman?"

THE PANZER HOUSEHOLD

THE question has been answered in many ways, the most obvious, as we have seen, being mechanization of the household. The machine did more than ease the work, it improved the social status of household drudgery. In a society which has regularly deserted the hay field for the loom and the shuttle, the change from the washtub and broom to the electric switch seemed an improvement of status as well as relief from hard work. Since hunter and pioneer have always been honored titles in America, the campfire was domesticated and became the backyard grill. A new informality banished such things as linen napkins. Under the pressure of new necessities old ones disappeared. The washing of diapers is today a matter of contract with a corporation—an affair of business, not a badge of servitude.

These are good new ways to meet the demands implicit in the old ideal. But there is danger too. Fifteen million mutually dependent uniform families built on ever-less-easy monthly payments with ever-growing obligations. If one family fails to meet an installment on the new freezer, must not the failure spiral through the whole economy? What happens when the children of the new generation go to college? A higher education has become the birthright of the nation, but how many of the youngest and strongest can we afford to keep out of the production cycle and in the lecture room and the library? Will we buy them the books? We have not yet even bought them the classrooms. The number of books per elementary schoolchild has declined by more than 20 per cent in the past ten years. If the books go, higher education must go with them. Is it possible that America 1980 will simply not know as much as America 1950?

Moreover the panzer household has its limitations. Not every service can lie at the other end of an electric switch. In our increasingly egalitarian society, there has been a tendency to exploit youth as a working class, first as errand-boy and baby-sitter, then bus-boy and waitress, and finally the draft board reaches out for the young man.

The dignity of labor, the glory of the first-

earned buck, the whole idea of education in combination with work rather than education which precedes work and is therefore a kind of prolongation of childhood, are all pre-eminently good. But when work is offered to a youth as a kind of revenge for the trouble he has caused by having been a child, or when he is uprooted, moved too far, and kept too long from the world whose opinion he has learned to value, then he becomes a working class and a military caste. The result is a sense of youth against age that is no good to anyone and in its extreme forms produces the teen-age gang and the college riot. Moreover such an arduous schedule if carelessly administered forces the weak out of society while they are still soft in the mold. So juvenile delinquency increases.

As youth seems in danger of becoming a working class, so age begins to look like a leisure class. The pension was built into the logic of the 'twenties, and the new age is in danger of accepting the idea too blindly. It is surprising how many of the elderly we are willing to keep living on milk and honey, cortisone and insulin, in the palm-shaded concentration camps for the retired in Florida and California.

If Egalitaria is to support the college youth in industrious learning for four or six productive years, can it also support his grandparents in idleness without regard to the degree of their health and appetite? The virtue of Grandma as a baby-sitter is already beginning to be apparent; and as a stabilizing element perhaps the new world requires the old, if not as a guide then as a warning that terrestrial life is long but not eternal, and the revenges of time are various and occasionally just.

In society as in cloth the strongest threads must run vertically. Whether it is a question of the family, the institution, or the race, the warp must be stronger than the weft; otherwise the fabric of cloth or of society falls apart.

LOSING THE LOST GENERATION

THESE are some of the strains and hazards of life in Egalitaria, but the greatest danger of all is that Egalitaria may not remain egalitarian. The reappearance of big money with the turn of the century is sinister indeed. It appears to result from the failure of tax laws to bear evenly and the tendency of such big money to support the worst in government, and particularly that government which further increases these inequalities in the interests of those who have already profited by them.

Let us now return to Pogo as the symbol of the new dilemma or of youth facing the dilemma. Puzzled, picaresque, and sane, accompanied by his faithful little band of friends, puzzled, picaresque, and not so sane, he wanders in the nightmare Okefenokee of the modern world. The wide cold monomaniac eye of self-interest, the black bright reasonless eye of self-righteousness look out and mark the progress of our little band with predatory glances. Remember Ignatz Mouse or Ernest Hemingway, happily calculating the trajectory of the poised brick in a world where Offissa Pup and his lockless jail threatened nothing more serious than a good night's rest, and you begin to measure the pace of time. The first world war forced us to question the past, but the second demands that we question the future.

Still in the gray light of this late mid-century dawn something is being built of all those bricks that Ignatz paid his hard-earned pennies to throw. Those who argue that the new generation lacks the spirit of the old are giving frivolous and vestigial advice indeed, and when we hear it we must listen reverently. It is the dying sigh of the Lost Generation—lost at last.

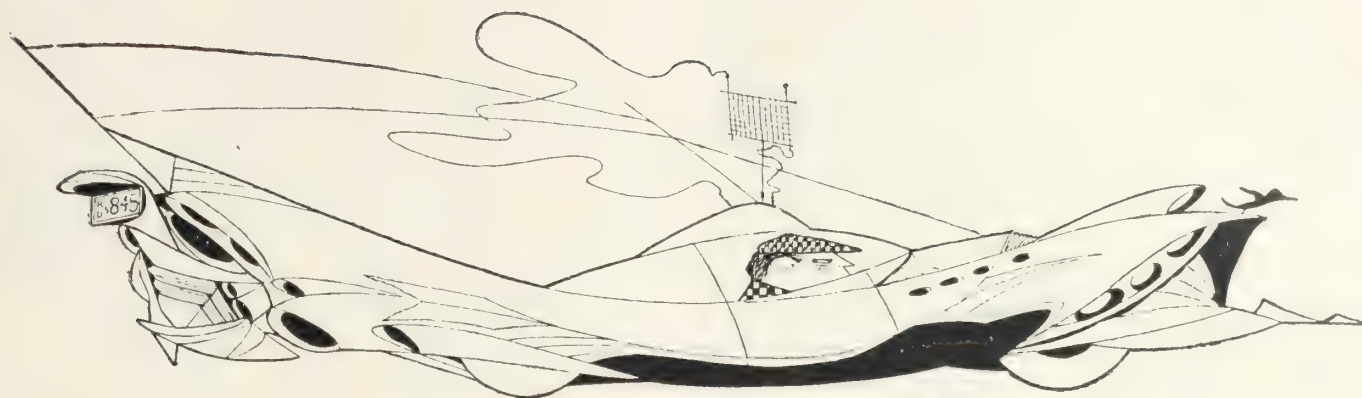
Taller, broader, leaner, darker, older, Miss America of the 'fifties, strapping and strapless, is the girl in the steel station wagon with safety belts. Miss America of the 'twenties was the honey-pot of the merry Oldsmobile. Miss America of the 'fifties is beautifully built for a stern purpose. That hour-glass records the passage of a generation of trial and change.

For those who have grown poorer in goods and service—and they are most who had such things—there are the old standards to maintain without the assistance that made them possible. For those whom the years have left richer there are new and rigorous responsibilities of education and community service. Life behind the picture window on the frontiers of Egalitaria is no cinch. It calls for a decade of devotion, for children who will hardly ever be out of earshot till the youngest is off to school—nursing, washing, shopping, cooking, building, earning—even a small illness a disaster; only love simple, straight, and unselfish will get you through unscathed while the kids grow up in rooms that you built in the attic on Sunday.

Perhaps the Jazz Age was a great age after all, but if it was we have lost sight of its greatest accomplishment. It was the age that has given us the new generation of today—wiser, quieter, deeper, perhaps stronger, and certainly a lot handsomer than the old Lost Generation.

By ERIC LARRABEE

Drawings by Reese Brandt



the EDSEL *and how it got that way*

When Ford made its plans to introduce a new car, it did not worry about anything so old-fashioned as engineering or design . . .

Instead, it found out what kind of "auto personality" would appeal most to a particular market—and then looked for ways to tap it.

THE brand-new automobile that Ford will unveil this month, the Edsel, is the first new line of cars in many years to be started by a major manufacturer from absolute scratch. The public has virtually no idea what it will look like, what sort of people it will appeal to, or what will be—in the language of consumer research—its market "personality." The Ford staff, however, has given much thought to these questions, inasmuch as the Edsel is going to be a 250-million-dollar experiment in finding out whether or not they know the answers, and an almost perfect example of how the auto industry—in an era of depth interviews, motivation departments, and "hidden persuaders"—goes about its business.

For such a vehicle the name "Edsel" is poetically and perhaps painfully appropriate. Edsel Ford, named for a childhood friend of his father's, was the son of old Henry and the father

of young Henry II. He was president of the Ford Motor Company for twenty-four years, from 1919 until his death in 1943, but for the most part in name only. It was his persistent effort during this period to keep the company in touch with the modern world. He was a new-age man, consumer-minded where his father was production-minded, and he wanted to be more considerate of the public, to have better labor relations and make cars that would be more convenient and attractive. Yet he fought a losing battle with Henry Ford.

Though both were strong-willed, Edsel was also sensitive and considerate, while the old man just didn't give a damn and brutally frustrated his son's desires. Time has shown Edsel right, and for the company under his own son Henry II to say so—by giving his name to such a new-age automobile—is a gesture both sentimental and symbolical.

And ironic. The Edsel is no Lincoln Continental, that design of classic elegance and simplicity on which Edsel Ford lavished his greatest care. Nor is it, for those who look to the automotive industry for images of the American future, any departure from the present pattern—the trend toward the bigger, the gaudier, and the more powerful manifested by what Lewis Mumford has called "those fantastic and insolent chariots with which American motor-car manu-

facturers now burden our streets and parking lots."

It is, rather, the logical result of trying to give the consumer what he thinks he wants instead of, as the original Henry gave him, the best car at the cheapest price and no nonsense. Now that Edsel's principles are everywhere triumphant, and he has received this well-earned memorial, it is oddly enough to his cantankerous and phenomenally gifted father that we turn with a twinge of rueful nostalgia.

HENRY FORD, like any true hero of tragedy, was betrayed by his own success. More than any other individual, he is responsible for the quality and pattern of modern American life—with its landscape and living habits shaped by the automobile, its economy geared to an expanding mass market, and the majority of its people determined to enjoy the perquisites of middle-class contentment.

Ford liberated the genie of mass production. He saw in the automobile an object of universal desire, susceptible to manufacture in quantity, with which he could unlock the door to trade in enormous volume, constantly lowering prices and raising wages in defiance of the rules of "sound business practice" as then understood. By showing that this could be done with a piece of heavy, complicated, and expensive machinery he led the way for other industries into what has been called the Second Industrial Revolution and what increasingly appears, with the passage of time, to have been a decisive historical event. In doing all this, however, he released precisely those consumer cravings which he himself could not satisfy—and he created a world in which he himself was not at home.

Just as there were kings before Agamemnon, there was (as Allan Nevins has said) mass production before Henry Ford. His role was no more or less than that of the fanatical, unforeseeable, and essential genius who converts what had been obvious into what had been unimaginable. All the constituent elements of mass production (the assembly line, interchangeable parts, repetitive skills, mechanical handling of materials) had been discovered long before Ford applied them to his epoch-making Model T. Even the assembly line, which is so closely identified with him, can be found as far back as medieval Venice; and there is some doubt whether Ford himself was responsible for the first, true, continuously moving line, which was set up in his own Highland Park plant in 1912-13. Certainly there were other men in the com-

pany, notably James Couzens, who were as necessary to its success. But always, and throughout, there was Henry Ford: the one man demoniacally possessed by the simple, incredible fantasy—a cheap car for the masses—that set all else in motion.

FATHER AND SON

FORD was a farm boy who hated farming, who sought to escape the loneliness and drudgery of the farmer's life by learning to repair machines. With the Model T he did for rural America what he had done for himself, lifting the farmer up out of manual labor and isolation. Model T was the first personal power-plant that everyone could buy. The stream of flivvers seemed endless, more than fifteen million in all, and the price came down and down (in 1924 you could buy a new Model T for \$290).

At the same time, to make customers among his urban workers, Ford's wages went up and up—until finally, with a devastating disregard of precedent and public opinion, he announced a five-dollar-a-day minimum wage in 1914. For this he was damned as irresponsible by the best authorities, but that made no impression. To an innovator like Ford, history is "mostly bunk." He had done the impossible too often to take anyone else's word for it. Did "they" say that concrete railroad ties would make the engine jump the track? Well, he would find out for himself—and three times the engine jumped the track until Ford was satisfied.

But history caught up with him in the end. By unleashing the productive giant, he had brought into existence an economy far too bounteous to be satisfied with the Model T, with its absence of accessories and decoration, with (in Ford's famous phrase) "any color so long as it's black." As soon as the customers could see that the supply of cars was infinite they began to want the style and variety that Ford, by temperament and principle, had denied them. And, before long, other companies arose to meet these demands.

Other men—with the organizational flair of a promotor like William C. Durant, or the sympathy to design of an engineer like Alfred P. Sloan—challenged Ford's leadership. His pre-eminence gave way to that of General Motors, as the Ford car lost first place to the Chevrolet and later, in the 'thirties, lost second place to Walter Chrysler's Plymouth. (Ford has since regained the lead in the low-price field although GM, with half the market, is otherwise top dog.)

Henry Ford could never make his peace with these changes in the national temper. He was at heart a populist and a puritan, and in so many respects he remained—in spite of becoming unimaginably rich—a yokel. Lacking the appetites and emulative envy of a Morgan or a Vanderbilt, he could not really visualize these qualities in others; he was totally lacking in talent as a consumer, and he had little regard for those who serviced the consumer or catered to his longings. Ford disliked white-collar workers almost as much as bookkeepers and banks, or any form of methodical management; and it is scarcely possible to imagine the incredulous fury he would have vented on the present generation of industrial designers, market researchers, and other specialists in public whimsy.

He was the last of the old-style industrialists who had both the conviction and the power to restrain their proliferating bureaucracies; the story is told that one day, when he happened on a roomful of people with charts and comptometers, and was informed that this was the Statistical Department, he called over to the plant for his production boss Charlie Sorensen and a crew of men with crowbars—and wiped it out, root and branch, in a single afternoon.

As the world went against him, however, Ford's country-boy caninness turned sour. He came more and more to resemble the crabbed and suspicious crank of his worst caricatures, and increasingly he solaced himself with assembling his museum, that fantastic repository of the slow-moving, handicraft past which he had done more than anyone else to destroy. His hatreds became obsessive—hatred of Wall Street, hatred of the New Deal, hatred of imaginary enemies.

He hired thugs, and relished their company; eventually he carried a gun. Harry Bennett tells how he and Mr. Ford, in a fit of pure spitefulness, went out to Willow Run one evening in World War II and tore up the surveyors' stakes of a federal housing project for workers. He would show them a thing or two—that was what mattered—and the person he wanted most to show, who mattered most, was his own son.

EDSEL FORD grew up with the company. Instead of going to college he went to work in the Highland Park office. His father had great hopes for him, too great: he wanted Edsel to do as he did, be as he was, think as he thought. Edsel was a dutiful son; he became secretary-treasurer, and then president. But he did not become his father's echo. He had a mind of his own, and

the courage to back it up. He fought to put some curves and smoother surfaces into Model T, and for variety in color. He fought to have Ford cars equipped with hydraulic brakes and safety glass.

For thirteen years Edsel tried to get his father to bring out a six-cylinder model to compete with those of Chevrolet and Plymouth. He urged the company into the aircraft business, and the Lincoln and Mercury lines. He long foresaw the coming changes in buying habits; as early as 1924 he was pointing out to the *New York Times* the importance of women in determining the family choice of automobile, and he appreciated the desire of middle-class customers for "something more impressive. . . ." In the effort to make up for his father's aesthetic illiteracy and his own incomplete education, he and his wife had attended classes twice a week at the Detroit Institute of Art and taken a trip to Europe with its director.

All to little avail. Henry Ford wanted his son never to leave home, yet also to be hardened by experience—to be, as Sorensen later put it, "both steeplechaser and harness horse." Any difference that arose he blamed on Edsel's friends, or his diet, or his modest liking for Grosse Pointe luxuries. Yet the contrast was enormous, an expression through father and son of the oldest of American polarities, that between the Jeffersonian and the Hamiltonian, the rustic tinkerer and the financial sophisticate. It tore and tormented them; only Edsel's dislike of discord and hurt feelings prevented an open break. "But Henry Ford's idea of harmony," Sorensen again, "was constant turmoil."

Orders given by Edsel were countermanded. People fired by Edsel did not stay fired; while people Edsel liked, or who liked him, had a way of mysteriously losing their jobs. When Edsel and Sorensen, with the elder Ford's prior approval, signed a contract in Washington in 1940 to make Spitfire engines for the government, old Henry suddenly and angrily canceled it. Once he told Sorensen to send Edsel to California and not let him come back until asked. Ten years later he gave Edsel the same order for his two grandsons (it was not relayed). He insisted, virtually until the eve of his son's death, that Edsel needed only to "mend his ways" and all would be well again.

Father survived son, but not for long. Henry Ford's memory was lapsing and, though he tried to take over the reins of company control, he could no longer wield them effectively. Toward the end, according to Harry Bennett, he got



Bennett on the telephone and asked him to shut down the great integrated plant at River Rouge. "Then he began weeping," writes Bennett, "and became incoherent."

The Ford Motor Company was no longer the instrument of a single will; it had become an institution, a living organism, and even its creator could not kill it. It had, almost in spite of him, transformed itself and survived. One final irony: his house, Fair Lane, took its electricity from River Rouge. The night of April 7, 1947, there was a power failure, and Henry Ford died by oil lamp and candlelight.

THE NEW ERA

I SUPPOSE it's better to be real organized, the way we are now," a Ford man said to me not long ago, "but I kind of liked the old days." The two eras exist side by side. There is an elaborate machinery of management, but sometimes it may unexpectedly be cut through with the old-time, arbitrary decisiveness. If you ask how a policy was determined, like the choice of green as the Edsel's color, you may still be told: "Well, So-and-so liked it and he has the power. That's the way it is."

Detroit, though theoretically attuned to the consumer's slightest fancy, is in many ways oblivious and indifferent to anything outside itself. Though an international capital of productivity, it is oddly parochial. Conversations are 75 per cent about automobiles, 15 per cent about sports, and the rest about last night's TV. Were it not for this, the selection of a name like Edsel, for a

multi-million-dollar investment, would have been impossible; for the modern wizards of market research, left to their own devices, would never have come up with such an answer.

"Just look at the associations," says one of them, commenting on Ford's choice. "Edsel, diesel, pretzel—Good Lord! It's a wonderful name for a plow or a tractor, but a car? They can make it elegant, but it will take them two or three years and fifty million dollars to do it."

This is the world that General Motors made. It is a world of strenuous competition for the attentions of the American buyer, for the key to his heart. Automobiles are *the* American industry—with a ravenous consumption of "heavy" materials like steel, light metals, and glass—yet they are sold on a basis of fashion and frivolity, almost as though they were dresses, jewelry, or perfume. "Most glamorous car in a generation," says a Chrysler ad which shows a couple embracing in the moonlight. "It goes to your head like champagne."

Automobiles, long since abandoning the unrelieved functionalism of Model T, have become heavily ornamented symbols for the motives of their owners—symbols of power, sex, status, freedom, taste, expense, temperament, aspiration, and doubtless many other hidden and half-conscious categories. Great care goes into car design; the angle of a fender may make the difference between beating the competition or being beaten. Much is invested in advertising; out of the four American companies to spend the most on advertising in 1955, three make automobiles (the other makes soap). And much research is de-

voted to reading the consumer's pulse, plumbing his psyche, and guessing which way he will jump.

The result has been the postwar American car—each year longer, lower, more powerful, and less sensible in shape—which so offends the purists like Lewis Mumford. (And me, I may as well add.) Clearly it responds to something profound and persuasive in the national mood, something which it has been General Motors' particular ability to serve.

With half the cars on the road its own, GM sets the norm; it can do nothing too radical but it must also maintain the initiative. The knack its president Harlow Curtice is much admired for is that of picking the new design features which go just far enough, but not too far—the two-tone in 1940, the hard-top in 1948, the wrap-around windshield in 1954. Ford people have no illusions about this. "There's hardly anything we're doing that GM hasn't done," says J. Emmet Judge, head of the Edsel division's merchandising and product planning office. "They know their business, and a sweet-running business it is. We're just trying to catch up."

The Edsel grew directly from Ford's attempt to compete with General Motors in the section of the market where GM is strongest and Ford is weakest—the medium-price range, which accounts for more than half of the cars sold each year. In this field GM has three makes: Buick, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac; Chrysler has two, Dodge and DeSoto; but Ford had only one, the Mercury. This was a special disadvantage in terms of annual trading, since many customers tend to be "family loyal" and "trade up" within the makes of a single major manufacturer.

Actually, the so-called "low price" cars now have souped-up models—like Ford's Fairlane—which are in effect medium-price cars, and so regarded. But it is still true that the more names a manufacturer offers, generally speaking, the greater his customers' loyalty. David Wallace, manager of the Edsel marketing research department, has demonstrated to Ford executives what they must have long suspected—that much of their effort is being wasted on future buyers of Buicks and Oldsmobiles.

Ford is also wagering on abundance. They have looked at the projected population statistics and they see row on row of potential car-owners—young, prosperous, and on the make. The general manager of the Edsel division, Richard E. Krafve, was thoroughly in tune with the modern temper when he opened a speech—to the Portland, Oregon, Chamber of Commerce in April 1956—with learned references from Sumner

Slichter, Peter Drucker, and the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report, in support of the view that "our national standard of living will double in the next twenty years."

When family income rises above \$5,000 a year, the readiness to buy a new car annually seems to show a sharp increase. "We believe," Mr. Krafve went on, "that by 1965 at least half of all American families will be in the \$5,000-and-up bracket." If the roads have room on them for twenty million more cars in 1965 than they carry now, there will be business enough for everybody. The Edsel people figure that if they can get hold of 3½ per cent of it to start with, they can eventually count on selling as many as 400,000 Edsels a year. "That's one beautiful thing about population," as David Wallace says. "You can watch it happening, like a python swallowing a goat."

THE IMAGE MAKERS

WALLACE'S work for Ford, which he circulates within the company in periodic research reports, offers an extraordinary illustration of the thoughts that now pass through the minds of auto manufacturers. Wallace himself is not typical. Readers of the *New Yorker* may recognize his name as that of the man who conducted a thirteen-month correspondence about naming the Edsel with Marianne Moore, subsequently published by that magazine, in which the poet offered such magnificently unusable suggestions as *Mongoose Civique*, *Pastelogram*, *Pluma Piluma*, and *Utopian Turtletop*.

Asking a poet to add to the 18,000 possibilities then under consideration is not an idea that would have occurred to the average Detroit executive. Yet Wallace's job with the Edsel division is simply to handle, with the tools of academic social science, the questions that auto men have long dealt with intuitively—and his assistance is appreciated. When he first showed some of his charts to the company brass they were practically snatched out of his hands. "I couldn't get them back for eight weeks," he said.

Wallace's special interest is the "personality" of different automobiles, and what he has done for the Edsel is to help define precisely—in advance of the car's introduction—the "personality" it should seek to achieve. This is nothing new. The idea that a car could be typified by a kind of person was already a familiar one in the 'twenties (Buick was "the doctors' car") and dealers earnestly solicited the prominent people

of their community in the hopes of establishing such identities. But it was, as Wallace says, "a seat-of-the-pants kind of thing."

One of the first comprehensive and methodical studies was in fact indirectly responsible for his coming to Edsel. J. Emmet Judge, his boss, had read a report prepared in 1953 by Pierre Martineau (with Lloyd Warner and Burleigh Gardner) for the Chicago *Tribune's* advertising department, and had not forgotten it. When Wallace proposed doing something similar for the Edsel, Judge urged him on.

The *Tribune's* investigation used depth interviews, thematic apperception tests, and projective techniques like role-playing and sentence completion—in short, the works—on a sample of 350 people, most of them car-owners. The results included a series of thumbnail sketches of the various makes, plus a grouping of makes under different character traits and a set of suggestions to auto advertisers ("DON'T—put modest cars in upper-class settings . . . DO—find the best combination of realism and fantasy").

Not surprisingly, the cars revealed "personalities" that would be recognizable to most Americans. "Most luxurious, flashiest, resented by some, increasingly appeals to new rich of deprived origins"—could only be Cadillac. "Sales leader, stable and responsible, with high trade-in value and universal service facilities"—would of course be Chevrolet, just as "small but neat, most conservative of the low-price range, sensible car for average people"—had to be Plymouth (remember, this was 1953, before Plymouth grew fins and went the way of all the rest).

Not only do people have vivid impressions of the character of cars, they have impressions so strong as to take precedence over the facts. I am told by Myron B. Rusk, consumer research co-ordinator of Ford's Lincoln division, that when their merchandising plans department interviewed over 300 visitors to the Chicago Auto Show in 1956 they found startling discrepancies between opinion and reality.

Most of the respondents, who were shown pictures of the three highest-price cars they had just seen, thought that the Lincoln was the longest though in fact the Chrysler Imperial is. They thought that Lincoln was the lowest though in fact Cadillac is. And they thought that Lincoln had the least horsepower though in fact it has the most. In view of such a situation it is no wonder that the manufacturers are almost as interested in what people think of their cars as in the cars themselves.

Wallace's first study for Edsel, which was con-

ducted in 1955 by the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University, was based on a sampling of approximately 1,600 recent car-buyers in Peoria, Illinois, and San Bernardino, California. They were fairly evenly spread (about 200 each) among owners of Fords, Chevrolets, Plymouths, Dodges, Mercurys, Pontiacs, Buicks, and Oldsmobiles; and they were asked a whole battery of questions, mostly about the attributes of the different makes and the suitability of a given make to different types of owner.

AGE, SEX, CLASS

THEIR images of cars could then be compared with their image of themselves, to give a measure of image intensity or the degree to which they were able to "find" themselves in their own cars. The results were then used to construct an image for the Edsel that would seem to promise the greatest potential market.

The measurements of image were made on three scales: age, sex, and social class—that is, respondents were asked whether they thought of a particular car as more likely to be bought by a young person or an old person, by a man or by a woman, by a workingman or by someone who was well-to-do. The different makes could then be located and compared to one another on scales of youthfulness, masculinity, and social prestige; and, in the process, one of the Ford company's dilemmas was quite clearly revealed.

Mercury, instead of being regarded as an appropriate car to move up to, was lower on the age and status scales than Ford itself. It seemed to appeal to a sort of flaming-youth trade. When the question was asked what occupation a Mercury owner might have, the answer was often "racing driver" or "dance-band leader"—indicating how unlikely it was that a rising, respectable, middle-class Ford owner would "trade up" to a Mercury, the way a Chevrolet owner might "trade up" to a Buick Special.

The next step was simply to capitalize on weaknesses in the competition, especially the rather feeble and diffuse imagery of Pontiac and Dodge, by placing oneself in the gaps—near Buick and Oldsmobile, which had clear and powerful images, but not too close. In male-female imagery, which was apparently the most significant, Mercury was seen as highly masculine while Dodge and Pontiac were most feminine. The place for Edsel was thus in between them, a "family" car rather than predominantly for one sex. In social class, Pontiac, Dodge, and Mer-

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cury were at the workingman extreme, Buick and Oldsmobile at the well-to-do; and the place for Edsel was therefore just below the latter two. On the age scale, Mercury was for the very young and Pontiac, Buick, and Dodge for the old; Edsel would aim for the young, but not too young—the “young married.” Putting all this together, Wallace summed up the personality of the Edsel in a single phrase:

“The smart car for the younger executive or professional family on its way up.”

And there you had it.

BEFORE AND AFTER

THE shape of the first Edsel had been agreed on before Wallace began his investigations. Fortunately, he and the design studio (under chief stylist Roy A. Brown) were not thinking at cross-purposes. If advance impressions are correct—and there is reason to believe that some of the published “will-it-look-like-this?” sketches are accurate—then the Edsel will have an appearance well suited to its personality: brash, ambitious, and highly visible.

“You can tell what it is a block away,” Wallace says. “In Ford’s case that would be disastrous, but we have to be conspicuous.” There will be eighteen models in all, grouped in four series bearing some of the names that lost out to “Edsel” as the over-all title in the final vote—Ranger, Pacer, Corsair, and Citation. Ten million dollars will be spent on advertising (a staff of thirty-five at Foote, Cone & Belding has put in over a year planning the campaign) to be sure that the Edsel does not arrive unnoticed.

Whatever happens to sales, win or lose, David Wallace will have the makings of a study that interests him even more than those he has completed. He is already engaged in a before-and-after questionnaire that will offer opportunities

never before available—to find out what people’s impression of a totally new car is before they have seen it, then what impression it makes on them when it does appear, and finally to what extent that impression can be changed.

Wallace does not believe that market research is the answer to all his company’s problems, or that it should get in the way of the designer, for example. “All the companies have each other’s designs as far ahead as 1959, but nobody can really know what the context will be three years from now. All we can do is advise them how to merchandise the car; we can’t tell them how to create it.”

Which is where management can still be an art. Automobiles have become articles of fashion, but they have not been fashionable long enough to demonstrate how abruptly fashions can change; design does not go on forever in the same direction. Just as dresses can only go up or down so far, automobiles cannot indefinitely be lower, longer, and faster. Sooner or later there will be a reversal.

For two generations the Ford family produced men who could foresee such turns, who were in touch with their times, and sooner or later the opportunity is coming for the third generation, not merely to emulate General Motors but to take the lead in satisfying desires the consumer hardly knows he has. The modern American automobile, as the increasing popularity of European models testifies, is not the object of unmixed admiration. Many Americans are made vaguely uneasy by its murderous speed, its vulgar ostentation, its superfluous size and power; and some of them will some day be ready to buy a car not because its image is dashing and ambitious but because it is practical, cleanly designed, safe, and less expensive. This is an opportunity that Edsel Ford, and his father, would both have understood.



By BEIRNE LAY, JR.

Veteran flyer, film producer,
and author of "Twelve O'Clock High"



Gil Walker

THE JET

that crashed before take-off

A fictional account—based on the record of many military flying accidents—of the tiny mishaps which can lead a pilot into disaster.

JET fighter Number 313 taxied onto the end of the runway, cleared for take-off. The Pilot, a young major, fastened his safety belt, set his brakes, and ran up 100 per cent rpm on his engine—a huge, long corncob that made up nearly all of his airplane. Then he released his toe brakes. The wheels rolled the first inch. And in that first inch, the Pilot of Number 313 was doomed. In effect, he was already dead.

A mile and a half of smooth, white concrete runway narrowed into the distance in front of the nose of the gleaming, javelin-sleek, swept-wing fighter—8,000 feet of it, more than ample for the 6,700-foot take-off distance calculated in the flight plan.

The weather was good, a clear bright morning with a hot sun beating down on the shimmering California desert. Surface winds were nearly dead calm. The J-79 engine was in perfect condition and turning up normal thrust. No mechanical defect lurked anywhere within the complex innards of the aircraft. The Pilot was highly experienced and could point to a spotless

safety record and superior past performance. The mission, like every mission in the Air Force, had been minutely planned: gross weight at take-off figured to the pound; runway temperature, surface-wind velocity, and every other factor to insure the mathematical certainty that the wheels of Number 313 would unstick from the runway after a roll of 6,700 feet. No one connected with the planning or preparation for the mission was guilty of a fatal blunder.

Only one thing was wrong. A series of minor errors, already irrevocably committed, not one of which was fatal in itself, when added together spelled out a stark fact: Number 313 could not possibly get off the 8,000-foot runway safely.

She needed 8,100 feet, instead of 6,700 feet. Why?

How could this happen in a precision organization like the United States Air Force, where hundreds of heavily loaded jet aircraft take off every day without incident? The Air Force emphasizes "flying safety" second only to accomplishment of its primary mission and has achieved a consistently lower accident rate each year since World War II.

Part of the answer is that each "routine" take-off is not really routine. Rather, it is a kind of triumph, endlessly repeated, over an unseen enemy always lying in wait to prove that an accident is "no accident." It is a triumph, illus-

trated in reverse, so to speak, by the case of Number 313, which highlights one of the new facts of life in the jet age: a jet take-off is more critical than the familiar take-off in a propeller-driven aircraft. Far more so.

Perhaps the simplest way to visualize the situation that confronted Number 313 is to think of the Pilot's safety margin—that 1,300-foot surplus between his estimated 6,700-foot take-off distance and the 8,000-foot runway—as money in the bank. As long as he had any or all of those 1,300 feet, he was in the black. But a series of petty thefts could conceivably put him in the red. Number 313 was the victim of four such thefts, plus two other contributing factors.

Theft number one: As the fighter was taxiing out, the control tower reported practically a dead calm, a zero wind, as forecast in the flight plan. However, by the time Number 313 actually started her take-off, she had a four-knot tailwind. This was so small a change that the tower operator either did not notice it or did not consider it important enough to relay it to the Pilot. Certainly this was no drastic windshift. But it cost the Pilot 310 feet of added take-off distance required. Unknown to him, it brought his bank balance down to 990 feet. Still plenty of margin.

Theft number two: Take-off had been planned for 11:15 A.M., at which time the runway temperature was forecast to be, and actually was 97 degrees. But Number 313 had taxied out half an hour late because of a valid delay while the crew chief double-checked a malfunctioning fire-warning light and replaced a bulb. During this delay and later, while the fighter was taxiing for over a mile from the parking ramp to the end of the runway, the temperature rose slightly to 101 degrees. A prolonged delay, say of an hour, would have automatically necessitated a revised flight plan, but the Pilot followed common procedure, in view of the shorter delay, when he followed his original flight plan. This unforeseen and seemingly negligible rise of four degrees of temperature robbed him of another 190 feet, since hotter air adds to the take-off roll of a jet in two ways. The engine develops less thrust, and the wings need a higher take-off speed in the thinner air. As he released his toe brakes, the Pilot did not know that his bank balance was now down to 800 feet.

Theft number three: The Pilot was executing his first take-off from an unfamiliar air base, having arrived the previous day as a transient. Therefore he was unaware of an optical illusion that confronted him as he stared down the run-

way at the desert floor, rising gradually from the far end of the runway toward a distant mountain range. To his eyes, the runway appeared to slope slightly downhill in contrast with the rising ground beyond. Actually, there was an imperceptible uphill grade, placing the far end of the runway 260 feet higher than where he sat, and requiring a take-off roll—under existing conditions of a tailwind and high temperature—of an additional 550 feet. Now, unknown to the pilot, his bank balance had shrunk to 250 feet. It was still enough, but it was getting close to bankruptcy.

Theft number four: Lack of sleep for the pilot, as a result of an unexpected change in the weather during the previous night, became a pertinent factor. Confident he would be weathered in for a couple of days until a cold front passed, he had left the base on the evening before to enjoy a night on the town with a clear conscience.

A SHORT SLEEP

HIS family and his girl lived not far from the air base, and their convivial reunion lasted into the small hours. He was awakened after three and a half hours of sleep by a call from the base notifying him of a break in the weather. Since he was under orders to return to his home base as soon as possible, there was nothing for it but to bolt a cup of black coffee, hustle on out to the base, and start wheeling and dealing.

You don't just leap into the cockpit of a supersonic jet fighter and take off, unless you are an interceptor pilot on twenty-four-hour alert duty. This was an extended navigational mission requiring careful planning, preflight inspections, and attention to the check lists. And there is where the lack of sufficient rest led to the final withdrawal from the already slim bank account of Number 313.

The Pilot arrived to find that the Assistant Operations Officer, an old pal, had lent a hand and figured the weight of fuel in the main tanks and the auxiliary wing-tip tanks, based on servicing performed the night before. It had been a cold night—an important factor. In arriving at the correct weight, it is necessary to apply a correction for temperature. This his friend had done, but inadvertently he had applied the correction the wrong way, subtracting it instead of adding it. A gallon of fuel will weigh more when it is cold and dense than when it is warm and expanded—just a fraction of a pound more,

but it adds up when you're dealing with thousands of pounds of fuel.

The Pilot checked over his friend's figures. Partly because of confidence, based on past experience, in the other man's accuracy and conscientiousness, and partly because lack of rest had affected his alertness, the Pilot failed to spot his friend's slip-up. Thus, when the wheels of Number 313 rolled that first inch, the aircraft weighed slightly more than the Pilot thought she did. Under any other circumstances, it might not have been a costly error, but it was enough in this case to add a disastrous 350 feet to the distance Number 313 must travel before she could become airborne, thereby chipping away the remaining 250 feet still left in the bank—and then some.

Now the Pilot was in the red. By one hundred feet. Number 313 was bankrupt and prepared to drag down with her a million-dollar fighter and the life of an invaluable combat pilot.

Only two hopes of reprieve for this Pilot still lived. First, if it became apparent in the final stage of take-off that he'd never make it, he could jettison his tip tanks and lighten his load by approximately one ton of the extra fuel. Secondly, at a given point down the runway, he would have an opportunity of recognizing that he had not reached a predicted airspeed. Then he could yank the throttles back and abort the take-off in time for a safe stop. But this second safeguard had already been taken out of his hands through an error of omission, committed by someone now far removed from the scene.

The runway, originally, had been 7,600 feet long. Recently, 400 feet had been added to the end from which Number 313 took off. But the runway markers—large signs placed at 1,000-foot intervals alongside the runway to enable the pilot to see at a glance during take-off how much runway he still has left—were in their original locations. The fact that they were

scheduled to be moved back 400 feet the next day was just twenty-four hours too late.

Black smoke pouring from her tail pipe, Number 313 rolled forward, gathering momentum slowly, the thunder of her departure ricocheting off the buildings along the flight line. When the Pilot passed the first 1,000-foot marker, he was really 1,400 feet down the runway. The same misinformation was waiting to mislead him at the 2,000-foot and the 3,000-foot markers, depriving him of his last chance to judge whether or not his take-off was proceeding according to plan.

He reached his maximum refusal speed of 106 knots at the 4,000-foot marker. Had his airspeed been appreciably below the briefed speed at this juncture, here is where he could—and undoubtedly would—have refused take-off. But he saw that his airspeed was indicating within two knots of the desired speed. He continued. What he didn't know, because of the hidden extra 400 feet he had covered, was that he should have been going eight knots faster at the critical moment of decision.

NOW the end of that once endless-looking ribbon of white concrete began to unreel alarmingly fast. It was too late to stop. The Pilot pressed the release button to jettison his tip tanks. Nothing happened. Malfunction in the circuit. Consuming precious seconds, he resorted to hand operation of the manual release. The tanks dropped clear.

But Number 313 was still solidly on the runway, still below the minimum take-off speed of her stubby, razor-blade wings as the last foot of the concrete blurred in under the nose. Reacting out of automatic desperation, the Pilot pulled back on the controls. Number 313 staggered a few feet into the air. Instantly he retracted the landing gear, fighting to reduce the drag and gain that two or three knots of airspeed that might still spell the difference. Quivering right at her stalling speed, the heavy fighter squashed back onto the rough, rising terrain beyond the runway, plowing ahead at 140 knots. Seconds later came the explosion.

For Number 313, time and distance had run out. And for her Pilot, in that master ledger where no mistakes in the ultimate arithmetic of cause and effect are permitted to occur, the account was now forever closed.



Louis L. Jaffe

Byrne Professor of Administrative Law
Harvard Law School

The Scandal in TV licensing

How seven men in Washington are giving away
broadcasting channels worth millions of
dollars—apparently with no clear guide except
their personal whims and political pressure.

IN RECENT months the air in Washington, New York, and Boston has been thick with rumors of political favoritism in the Federal Communications Commission. Some of them have been circulated by disgruntled losers, but the case against the FCC does not rest on these. It rests on the record of the Commission's decisions in licensing television stations, and the reaction of the bench and bar. And on the basis of this record it seems clear that the FCC is dealing a heavy blow to good government.

Congress is becoming aware of this threat. Recently a House Anti-trust Committee condemned behind-doors discussion of pending cases between representatives of the industry and members of the Commission. "This practice," says the Committee, "is repugnant to fundamental principles of quasi-judicial procedure." But the Committee neglects to mention that Congressmen themselves set the example by intervening on behalf of favored constituents.

Not long ago a TV license was sold for over nine million dollars. It is shocking to realize that a legally protected monopoly of such value can be awarded on the basis of bureaucratic caprice. But this is not the most serious aspect of the phenomenon. Doubt as to the rationality and integrity of administrative action poisons the well-springs of government. Our democra-

tic virtues of mutual respect, regard for the attitudes of our neighbors, and resort to persuasion and compromise can in such a situation become vices.

It has been a stereotype of political wisdom that the bureaucrat is ever ready to exercise authority arbitrarily. But there is the far greater danger that the second-rate, insecure personality who often finds his way into bureaucracy will become uncomfortable at having to exercise authority and will anxiously seek to placate as many interests as possible. This fear to offend, complaisance, and readiness to listen and be "fair" and "reasonable" clog the muscles of the will, and what begins in amiability can end in corruption. Undeniably there are great values in the widespread consent to government which our democracy produces. Nowhere in the world has government regulation made more brilliant creative contributions to society. But if the administrator is not disinterested, government will surely lose the credit which is a necessary condition for its moral leadership and creative initiative.

The trouble with the Communications Commission begins with the statute under which it operates. Originally it was passed to take care of a crisis: the courts had decided that the Secretary of Commerce was without authority to limit the number of broadcasters. As a result many programs could be broadcast at the same time on the same wave length, and their chaotic interference with each other threatened to destroy the usefulness of radio. Consequently, in 1927 power was conferred on the Radio Commission (later the FCC) to limit the number of broadcasters. But Congress gave the Commission no guides whatever to enable it to

choose among rival applicants, or to regulate the performance of those who were licensed. The statute simply provided that a license should be granted to an applicant if "public convenience, interest, or necessity will be served thereby," and, very generally, that the Commission should "study new uses for radio, provide for experimental uses of frequencies, and generally encourage the larger and more effective use of radio in the public interests."

Perhaps Congress failed to see the difficult problems that were to arise in licensing and regulating broadcasting—a not unlikely assumption since the legislation was first adopted in 1927 and re-enacted in 1934. But the problems have since become glaringly acute, and though Congress has unceasingly criticized and investigated the Commission, it has not in all these years made a single contribution to policy, except through threats of committees and pressure exerted over the telephone.

A broad delegation of power to an administrative agency is not unusual. Both our railroad and public-utility commissions are authorized to fix the rates for services and otherwise regulate utilities. But when the utility legislation was passed, there was a precisely isolated problem, and the legislative attitudes for dealing with it were well understood, if not explicitly expressed. The Communications Commission, however, began life in a legislative vacuum.

WHO GETS THE PLUMS?

WHEN faced with two applicants for the same broadcasting facility, therefore, the Commission had to devise some technique for determining which one should get the license. Furthermore, since by statute the license is good only for three years, each time its renewal is in question, the Commission is once again faced with the question of whether the licensee or some other entrepreneur should have the frequency.

The Commission decided that the choice should be made on grounds which were relevant to the effective use of the broadcast medium. Gradually it developed criteria which purported to enable it to choose, in the first instance, from among two or more applicants, and then to decide, at the end of three years, whether the licensee was entitled to a renewal.

In devising these criteria it was treading on treacherous ground. What, indeed, are good radio and good TV? If the people want cakes

and ale, does it lie in the mouth of a public authority to state that they shall have only so much cakes and ale and the rest physic? And if good radio can be defined, what kind of organizations and persons are best fitted to provide it? It takes little imagination to sympathize with the predicament of an agency which is called upon to answer such touchy and unprecedented questions without any guidance whatever from Congress, the authorized voice of the people.

Yet, up to a point, the Commission did not hesitate to grasp this thorny nettle. It started with the large concept that radio has public functions—of both entertaining and educating the citizenry; of providing a platform for the dissemination of the arts, the discussion of public questions, the propagation of news, and—somewhat more delicate—for religious observation and worship.

The Commission has not dictated precisely what the balance should be among the desirable and inevitable uses. It has done no more than announce that some balance there must be; and it has been persistently attacked for its hesitant timidity in enforcing this policy. But it must be recalled in its defense that it has no express statutory warrant for *any* policy in these areas; that in this country—as opposed to Britain with its governmentally produced radio—there is little or no tradition for controlling communications or for administering authoritative cultural or moral dispensations.

A more controversial and difficult task was the formulation of criteria for choosing among applicants. It is elementary and basic that the applicant must be decent and law-abiding, with sufficient intelligence and integrity to fulfill the public responsibility placed upon the broadcaster. He must also be required to make a tolerably concrete demonstration that his proposed program will have the necessary variety and interest, and that he has the means for delivering what he promises. The Commission has further indicated that an applicant whose management and proposed personnel are ultimately connected with the community and prepared to devote most of their time to a study of the community's needs will be preferred to an absentee owner.

Most controversial of all the Commission's criteria—and the one in which it is today foundering most dangerously—is the so-called diversification policy. It is a commonplace that the current trend is toward fewer and fewer newspapers and other outlets of communication.

Many American cities are already one-newspaper towns. Newspapers were quite understandably interested in radio in its earliest beginnings, and have been successful in securing an important number of the most valuable AM and TV licenses. Furthermore, a newspaper licensee may own a number of newspapers, sometimes within a well-defined region, as well as a number of AM and TV stations—since the rules of the Commission which prohibit the ownership of more than seven AM and seven TV stations say nothing about other media.

The dangers of this concentration of communication facilities are obvious. A monopoly of channels of communication is a monopoly of the approaches to the mind of the citizenry. The lack of competition may produce a deterioration in the tone and extent of the service provided, and so ultimately of the cultural level of the community. And in those communities in which there are still two or more newspapers, a grant of a TV license to one may spell the doom of the other. Because a TV license is by its nature a monopoly, the profit is out of all proportion to the investment. The favored newspaper may offer special advantages to advertisers and readers below cost, and retrench its losses from its TV earnings. Ultimately its rival will be compelled to withdraw.

Because of these various considerations the Communications Commission has formulated a so-called policy of diversification. Thus, if two applicants are equal in other respects, the applicant who is not affiliated with other newspaper or communications media will be preferred. Some think the Commission should have a firm rule against ever granting a license to a newspaper. But whenever it has been suggested that the Commission was pursuing such a policy, there has been such strong protest in Congress that the Commission has been compelled to disavow the action.

These, then, are the purported criteria for making choices among competing applicants. They are, in my opinion, relevant criteria. They further important social and economic interests. They have secured the approval of the courts.

But they are unfortunately extremely imprecise, and they are capable of infinite manipulation. They can become—and, in my opinion, the record shows that they have become—spurious criteria, used to justify results otherwise arrived at.

It is, of course, obvious that a charge of this sort cannot be demonstrated with the kind of certainty that would be necessary to

hang a man. But two cases decided by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia in the last year must cause any thinking man, any man who looks hopefully to government, acute discomfort.

THE CLARKSBURG AND MCCLATCHY CASES

THE first is *Clarksburg Publishing Company v. Federal Communications Commission*. In this case, the Clarksburg Publishing Company, a publisher of a newspaper in Clarksburg, West Virginia, protested the grant of a TV license to the Ohio Valley Broadcasting Corporation. If Ohio Valley's application were granted it would have direct or indirect ownership interests in two television stations serving Clarksburg. It already had similar interests in nearby radio stations. News Publishing Company, an affiliate, published morning, evening, and Sunday newspapers in Wheeling, fifty-eight miles away, and papers in eight other cities in West Virginia. Nine communities in West Virginia, including Wheeling, Parkersburg, and Fairmont—the third, fifth, and sixth largest cities, respectively—were completely dependent on Ohio Valley for their local daily newspapers.

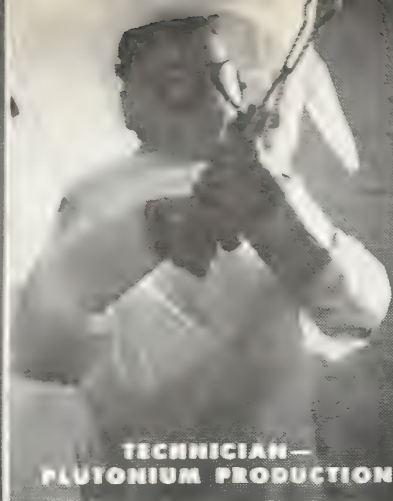
Out of only nine cities in the state which have both morning and evening daily papers, Ohio Valley controlled both papers in three: Fairmont, Parkersburg and Wheeling. It also controlled six of the twelve single daily newspapers published in the state. The combined circulation of all daily newspapers published in the northern, north central, and eastern portions of West Virginia—where Ohio Valley Broadcasting Corporation interests predominated—was 191,922. Of this figure 121,005 represented the daily circulation of newspapers published or controlled by News Publishing Company.

Originally there had been a rival applicant for the TV license, and the two applications had been set down for a comparative hearing. Then the rival withdrew, after being paid \$14,390 by Ohio—purportedly its out-of-pocket expenses in pressing the application. The next day an award was made to Ohio, without reference to the Commission's policy of diversification and without investigation of whether or not the payment to the rival applicant covered merely bona fide expense.

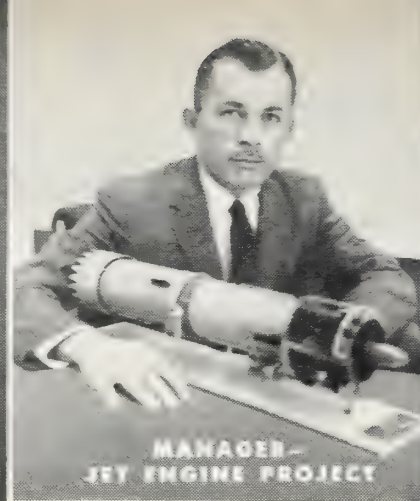
Clarksburg Publishing Company protested the grant of a TV license to so formidable a rival in the communications field, and asked for a hearing. This request was denied by the Commis-



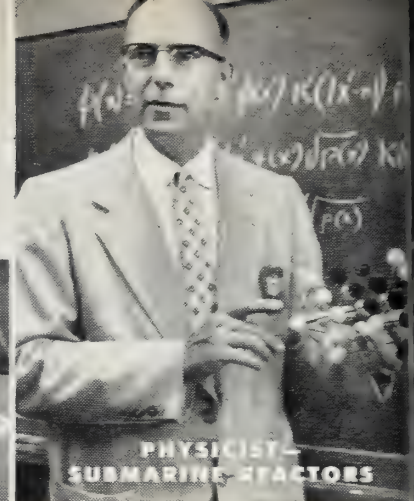
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The resources of the nation are not limitless. Maintaining security with solvency presents a challenge to business and government to make sure that every citizen is getting the most for his defense dollar.

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of the company's scientists, engineers, and technicians to defense activity.

- Bringing to bear its large-scale resources to pioneer vast and complicated defense projects . . . and then breaking down the big jobs into tasks to which thousands of other businesses contribute their specialized skills.

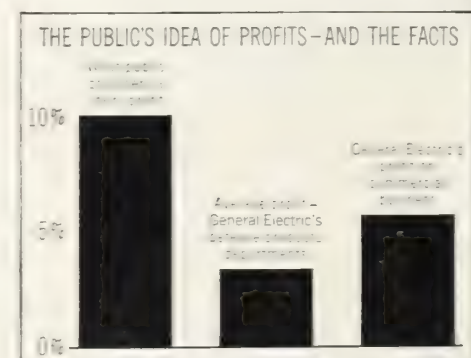
- Trying to conduct defense work as a business instead of an interruption of business.

Toward greater defense values

Meeting defense requirements is a continuing duty of responsible business. General Electric believes, however, that even fuller value from industry participation can be gained by infusing into defense work the same free-enterprise incentives that keep the civilian economy vigorous and able to supply good values to customers.

One way is to encourage maximum

incentives for cost reduction in which both the taxpayer and the producer share in savings; another is to stimulate risk taking by making possible returns on defense accomplishments that warrant greater private investment.

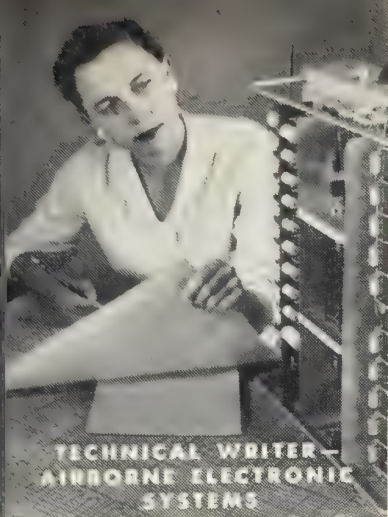


As General Electric sees it, fully utilizing the incentives of a free society will deliver to every citizen greater defense value for his tax dollars . . . and at the same time continue to provide Americans with the highest living levels anywhere in the world.

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APPLICATIONS ENGINEER—
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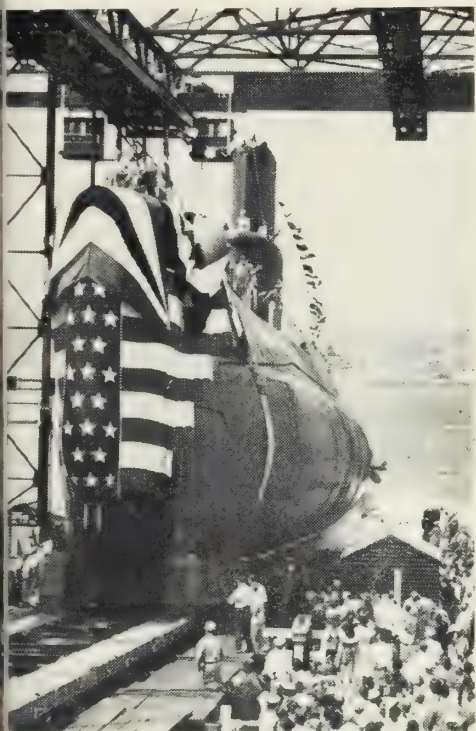


METALLURGIST—METALS
AND CERAMICS RESEARCH



MECHANICAL ENGINEER—
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early half of G.E.'s technical personnel is assigned to defense work, even though it is only about 20% of the company's total business.



ing to bear large-scale resources. Typ-
of complex jobs undertaken by General
etric is development of atomic reactors
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defense projects, and breaking them down into jobs smaller firms can handle, General
Electric brings together the specialized talents of many businesses. Here are a few repre-
sentatives of more than 800 firms which help General Electric produce large radar units.



The revolutionary J79 jet engines powering the new B-58 supersonic bomber and F-104A fighter-interceptor
were developed by General Electric. The J79 is the most powerful jet engine for its weight yet built.

sion. The Court, reversing the action of the Commission, found nothing in the record to justify the Commission's disregard of its own announced policy: "Nothing in the . . . record dispels the strong impression that, on the concentration of control issue alone, the grant would not be in the public interest." The matter was returned to the Commission for, at the very least, a hearing and a statement by the Commission justifying its departure from its announced standards.

COMPARE this with the actions of the Commission in the *McClatchy Broadcasting Case*. McClatchy was the owner of a chain of newspapers and radio stations in the Central Valley of California. It applied for a TV station in Sacramento. Another company, Telecasters, made a rival application. Initially Telecasters was permitted to amend its application to increase the height of its antenna so that its coverage might be equal to that proposed by McClatchy.

Following the usual Commission procedure, the hearing was conducted by a so-called trial examiner. The examiner found that McClatchy was superior to Telecasters in all respects except "diversification of control of the media of mass communication." He discovered, however, that McClatchy had never engaged in the practices frequently associated with monopolistic conduct in the public-information field, *e.g.*, cutthroat rate-slashing or personnel pirating. He noted also that there was a multiplicity of mass-communication media in the area to be served. He awarded the license to McClatchy. The Commission, reversing him, disagreed as to the relative superiority of McClatchy and Telecasters and then rejected McClatchy almost solely on the diversification issue.

McClatchy appealed to the Court of Appeals, which, holding that the Commission had acted within the legitimate area of its discretion, upheld the decision. But during the appeal curious things were happening. Immediately upon receiving its construction license, Telecasters petitioned the Commission to permit it to reduce the height of its antenna, and the Commission forthwith agreed. McClatchy protested and asked for a reopening of the comparative hearing. This the Commission denied. And all this time the case was on appeal! McClatchy appealed a second time, and the Court stated indignantly that it was "unseemly for the Commission without the knowledge or permission of the court to substitute another grant for that

which is being judicially examined on appeal." It ordered the Commission to reopen the hearing.

Thus, in the *Clarksburg* case the Commission refused even to consider diversification; in the *McClatchy* case diversification became the controlling consideration.

A more recent decision awarding the immensely valuable TV Channel 5 in Boston adds to this picture of contradiction. There were originally six applicants, four of whom held the course to the end. The winner was the *Boston Herald*, already the owner of a morning, evening, and Sunday newspaper, and licensee of an AM and TV radio station. The Commission, duly noting its diversification policy, nevertheless awarded the license to the *Herald*.

How did the Commission rationalize its action? The reason given was that the *Herald's* experience in operating its radio station assured a good TV performance. Is this not the very heart of contradiction? If, on the basis of its past performance, one already in the communications business is to be preferred, what room is there for the diversification policy?

A further feature of the case underlines the doubts raised by the decision. The *Herald's* chief newspaper rival, the *Globe*, after the close of the hearing, offered affidavits of its officers showing that the *Herald* had put constant pressure on it to merge the two newspapers, and when the proposals were refused said: "Wait until we get the television station and see what happens."

The *Globe* asked for a reopening of the hearing to present this evidence. The *Globe's* move came very late, it is true, but the information was quite unknown to the other applicants until the affidavits were filed. The Commission rejected the motions to reopen, partly because of their lateness, but also because the alleged behavior of the *Herald* was "magnified out of proportion" and its threats should be attributed to "pique"—thus cavalierly disposing of these serious charges without giving the parties even a chance either to prove them or to explore their relevance.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

THESE are not isolated instances. But by their striking character they cast a strong light on much that has been ambiguous, and bring into focus a pattern of administration which has been growing steadily more disturbing over the past few years. There is not space

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here to evaluate the whole performance, but enough has been shown, I think, to cause alarm. Standards are announced only to be ignored, ingeniously explained away, or so occasionally applied that their very application seems a mockery of justice.

There are, unfortunately, no immediate or easy remedies for the situation. The present modes of regulation and the existing structure of broadcasting are powerfully entrenched. It might have been possible at an earlier time to have taxed the monopoly profits of broadcasting; to have levied, for example, an annual license fee proportional to profit, and thus to have reduced the pressures for administrative irregularity. But the enormous investments which have been made preclude such a drastic revision of the legal structure.

Congress might, to be sure, clarify and reinforce the already developed licensing criteria, most of which are in themselves quite sound. Statutory enactment would somewhat strengthen the hand of the courts in reviewing and controlling wayward administrative activity. But it must be confessed that such legislation would not substantially narrow the range of administrative discretion. We must face the fact that the nature of the broadcasting problem does not lend itself to solution by formulas which would eliminate the need for official judgment.

In this it is like most government regulation today. Regulation assumes legislative determination only of the major policy conflicts, with a resulting firm declaration of the regulatory

principles to be applied; a grant of sufficient discretion to find the best ways and means to adapt these policies to a constantly developing situation; and a well-informed, imaginative, *disinterested* bureaucracy operating in a *judicial* spirit.

Though Congress has been notably weak during the past few years in providing policy guides, strong administration would have in some measure filled the void. But in our administrative, as in our legislative, life, compromise, camaraderie, and trafficking are eating away at the fabric of the legal structure. This is a massive trend and can be fought only if there is a public opinion aware of this threat to effective government.

The challenge is a tremendous one. In our present context it will require an unwonted discipline and restraint in many quarters. We must re-establish the notion that commissioners when they have a case before them are quasi-judicial officers. Congressmen, high officials of the Administration, and party politicians must refuse to approach commissioners. The commissioners in their turn must close their doors and ears to everything except the record made openly before them. A litigant would not dare procure his Congressman to intercede with a judge. We must establish a tradition which makes the show of influence equally unthinkable in an administrative proceeding. It would be an important step in the building of such a tradition for Congress by statute to give authoritative expression to these principles.

THE ORIGINAL FORMULA FOR SITUATION COMEDY

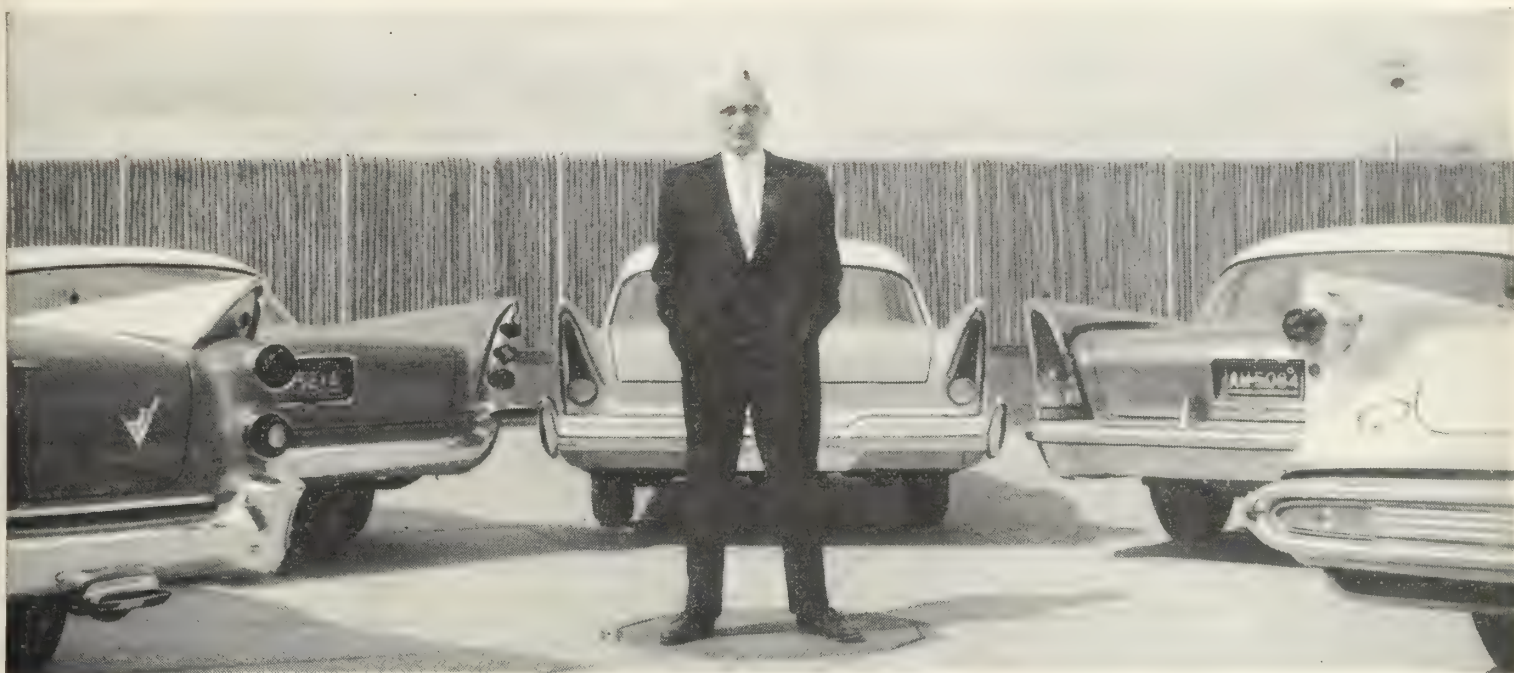
(I could not love thee half so much loved I not Lucy more.)

A NEW species of Dramatic Composition has been introduced, under the name of *Sentimental Comedy*, in which the virtues of Private Life are exhibited, rather than the Vices exposed; and the Distresses rather than the Faults of Mankind, make our interest in the piece. . . . In these Plays almost all the Characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their *Tin Money* on the stage, and though they want Humour, have abundance of Sentiment and Feeling. If they happen to have Faults or Foibles, the Spectator is taught not only to pardon, but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts, so that Folly, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the Comedy aims at touching our Passions without the power of being truly pathetic.

—Oliver Goldsmith, in *Westminster Magazine*, 1772.

CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM THAT WON—IN STYLE

(AND WON CHEERS FROM THE BOARD OF PUBLIC OPINION)



Contrary to what *some* people in Detroit think, the stylists at Chrysler Corporation do *not* have a crystal ball.

It's simply that the forward-looking men who shape our cars know design and they know people—a combination that puts styling prediction on pretty solid ground.

Awhile back, Virgil Max Exner, above, head man of the team, predicted that people would go for a dart or wedge design in cars because it's *the* motion shape. It's *functional*. Jet planes use it—so do missiles and racing boats.

Last October, the five cars that bore the stamp of this conviction—having been exhaustively tested, probed and proved at the company—went before the highest tribunal, you, the Board of Public Opinion.

And then? And then *history* was made. People took in the look, lift and grace of this new shape of motion and loved it. They saw that the shape was built *in*, not added on. And

they discovered that the engineering was every bit as daring, different and triumphant as the appearance. Torsion-Aire Ride . . . Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission . . . Total-Contact brakes . . . were *real* news, *big* news! And so, shortly, were the sales figures.

Today, it is clear that *the switch is on* to the cars of The *Forward Look*. One out of every five cars purchased is a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial!

How did it all come about? Virgil Exner would be the first to tell you: there's a climate of vigorous thinking at Chrysler Corporation. It includes vastly expanding research, engineering and production facilities—a regrouping of manufacturing operations for more efficiency and cost control—as well as an aggressive marketing outlook.

In short, it's The *Forward Look*—and it points to progress that we hope will continue to win growing enthusiasm from you—the Board of Public Opinion.

Mr. Exner and his team of stylists were recently awarded the Industrial Designers' Institute gold medal for establishing continuity of design in the five lines of 1957 cars while maintaining separate design identity for each line.



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PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL • DODGE TRUCKS



After Hours

BARD IN BOSTON

ACCORDING to the newspapers, the Boston Arts Festival will have to find a new home for itself next year. For six seasons this cultural jamboree of tents and folding chairs has occupied that section of the Public Garden—twenty acres of flower beds, lagoon, and well-placarded specimens of *Ulmus americana*—which runs along Boylston Street approximately from the statue of Wendell Phillips to that of Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Bostonians and their children attending the open-air theater and under-canvas art exhibits (“YOU could paint as well as *that*!”) have apparently flattened the turf with so many feet, picnic baskets, and outspread blankets that Frank R. Kelly, the Park Commissioner, had to call a halt. This seems to me a great pity, especially after the very warm but rewarding evening that I spent there late in June, in the company of about seven thousand other people, listening to a poet read his poems.

Edward Estlin Cummings is a local boy (his father taught at Harvard and then became a Boston clergyman), so that in a sense this was a homecoming. It was in any event a respectful salute from Boston to one of her sons—a Festival medal and a \$500 prize. She had even found a Yale man to make the award, Archibald MacLeish, last year’s winner and a Harvard professor too, who introduced Cummings and launched him on the task of filling (as MacLeish called it) “the enormous room” of the Public Garden.

The audience leaned somewhat to the cultivated (or student) side, about two-thirds women to one-third men (though the men did not look as though they had been dragged there). With that Bostonian tact which reconciles free access to the public with comfort for those who can afford it, a pie-shaped quarter of the area had been roped off for those who preferred to sit on the grass for free. The rest of us paid twenty-five cents apiece for our chairs. It occurred to me, looking at such a turn-out for poetry, that this was the week in Boston when three department stores went out of business. Off to the left the swan-boats, beloved by generations of Bostonians, maintained their slow and majestic attempt to imitate a pair of real-life swans.

MacLeish paid tribute to Cummings as one of the “few pure lyric voices” in the world at present, and he went on to say that, while the two of them had sometimes differed about poetry, he had boundless respect for his colleague’s accomplishment. In passing, he tried to correct two false impressions: one, that Cummings’ sole contribution to the craft was eccentric typography; and two, that he was “some kind of Communist.” On that latter point, MacLeish observed that “Estlin” had been against totalitarianism for decades longer than some recent converts to the cause. And those bean-eaters, bless their hearts, applauded.

The two men were quite evidently more interested in getting on with the main poetic business of the evening than in giving speeches. Cummings himself said little more than

that he had been writing poetry for forty years “without, in that period, making a single atom bomb,” and that he did not go in for comments, descriptions, and interpretations—*i.e.* that poems should exist as poems and speak for themselves. Even the prize, the occasion for which everyone was presumably there, was played down to a pianissimo, MacLeish casually slipping the envelope to Cummings as though to get *that* over with as quickly as possible.

And then Cummings simply began to read—for about a half-hour, sixteen or seventeen poems, of different kinds and out of different periods, from the recent “complete” edition of his work.

PERHAPS this is one of the last romantic individuals to spring from the Concord-and-vicinity breed; a plain, outspoken personality; cantankerous, unorthodox, patriotic in the old set-my-country-right-when-wrong sense of the word. But the big crowd loved him. He read slowly, meaningfully, lovingly—lingering on each syllable without losing for an instant the drive and surge of his poems. With something of the ancient magic that puts the “right” spell in the right place, he took ordinary sounds and made them sing. And his slow, clear gift of full value to every word unfolded to the ear the rhyme and rhythm that his verses may not convey so easily to the eye. Though it is banal to say over and over that poetry is something to be *heard*, one must say it—and say it again—to describe Cummings’ impact on his listeners.

They clapped each poem, and

AFTER HOURS

they would not let him go without an encore. Even the tough items—like “Thanksgiving, 1956,” apropos of Hungary and what MacLeish called our “un-State Department”—they took in stride. One of Cummings’ several satires, a take-off on phony Fourth-of-July orations, he read in a voice wholly unlike his normal tone; and a woman next to me said to her companion, “Why, that sounds *just* like Jim Curley!”

After forty years of waiting, a bard had been discovered by his townspeople. I hope Mr. Kelly will therefore not be too hard on the Boston Arts Festival, which made this possible. “For a tune is more lasting than the song of the birds,” as the Irish say, “and a word more lasting than the wealth of the world.”



SHE ROLLS

ARE you telling me or asking me?” Captain Alan Villiers finally said with an amiable smile to a woman who was trying to pin him down about the size and shape of the portholes of the Captain’s cabin of *Mayflower II*. She wanted to know if it was an exact replica of the original *Mayflower*. She went at her question in an all-I-want-is-the-facts tone of voice, indicating which facts she wanted. The upshot was rather deflating to her, I’m afraid, but the rest of us who stood around the Captain (in blue mufti) were pleased. We were on the deck just outside his cabin.

“Do you suppose the original crew made drawings of her? All they wanted was to get off her and forget her. Nobody knows what the origi-

Does The Bible CONTRADICT Itself?

You might think so, from the variety of meanings people take from it today.

Divorce and remarriage, for example, is widely prevalent among Christians. And some try to justify it by Holy Scripture. Yet Jesus said: “What God has joined together let no man put asunder” (Mark 10:2-12). And St. Paul tells us: “For the married woman is bound by law while her husband is alive ... that a wife is not to depart from her husband; and if she departs she is to remain unmarried...” (Romans 7: 2-3).

Confession to a priest is scoffed at by many Christians. “We confess our sins to God,” they say. But if Jesus wanted us to confess directly and privately to God, why did He say to the Apostles: “Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose sins ye retain they are retained” (John 20: 21-23)?

The Bible says that Christ did establish a church. For He told his Apostle Simon: “... thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” But what church is it? Did Christ mean that just any church was His Church? Or did He give His Church marks by which men might recognize it?

All Christians agree that faith in Christ is absolutely essential to salvation. But some believe that faith is the *only* essential. Catholics believe the words of St. Paul that God “...will render to every man according to his deeds” (Romans 2:6) ... and the words of Jesus: “Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father” (Matthew 7:21).

Christians also take from the same words in the Bible, varied and often conflicting opinions on many things—for example: on the need for and effects of Baptism, and the real or symbolic



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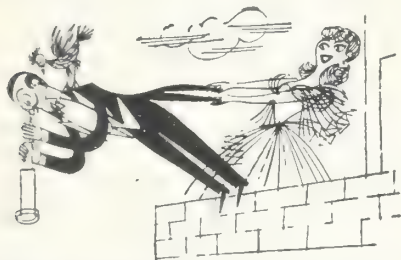
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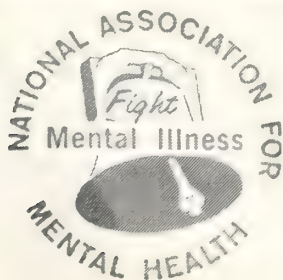
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AFTER HOURS

nal *Mayflower* looked like. There were a lot of ships named *Mayflower*. There's evidence that the one the pilgrims came on weighed 180 tons, but we don't know what kind of tons. Because someone was washed overboard and this line [he patted a coil of rope that hung next to him] was hanging over the side and he grabbed it and was saved, we knew that it had that [he pointed] kind of sail. One account named the hal-yard."

The woman was quiet by this time.

"All we know is that it is like a Renaissance ship in every detail, except that we have headroom below and they didn't. This ship was built for people to look at and nobody likes to bang his head when he walks through."

This was no ordinary sight-seeing tour; it was a publisher's cocktail party given by McGraw-Hill to celebrate Captain Villiers' book, *Wild Ocean: the Story of the North Atlantic and the Men Who Sailed It* (\$5.00).

The invitation said that the party would be in the "Captain's Cabin" not of the *Mayflower* but of the Day Line pier at the Hudson River end of 41st Street. It was attended by a miscellaneous lot of editors, book reviewers, literary agents, lecture agents, and other members of the literary scrub team. We stood out on the upper deck of the pier with the harbor smells and breezes in our nostrils and drank gin and tonic served by young ladies in Pilgrim costumes. A lecture agent said to me, "All anybody wants to listen to these days is inspiration and travel." It seemed appropriate to the occasion.

It took a while to get the public cleared off the *Mayflower*, which was tied up to the side of the pier (looking like a child's toy), so that we littérateurs could get on. I managed to get in the first group, right next to Captain Villiers. We strode down the pier past exhibits of Coca-Cola (a bottle the size of an eight-year-old with a fountain playing on it), a Plymouth convertible, a sort of stockade with blow-ups of pictures of the *Mayflower* in the process of being built hung on it. Villiers had a robust comment to make about each. The place had the look of a

country fair midway and one of the men who was responsible for it said he was disappointed because, as he put it, "it doesn't have enough soul." It didn't have much rhyme or reason either.

As we got out from under cover of the pier and next to the *Mayflower*, Villiers said there were problems about turning her over to the Plymouth Plantation, Inc. "There's a British law," he said, "against giving a ship away to a foreign country but who would want to pay duty on her?"

It was not a real problem, but it had the kind of ridiculous overtones he obviously enjoyed.

A little later when we were sitting in the "great cabin" which was aft and about the size of a housing development bathroom, I asked him how many typewriters had been on board.

"Only five or six," he said, and added with a smile, "As a writer of course I made a point of hiring illiterates."

There were about thirty people in the first wave of visitors, and we had the ship pretty well clogged up. If Captain Villiers was as bored with us as I suspect he was, he certainly didn't show it. He is a man who inspires confidence, drops his aitches, and has a forthright wit that betrays without any ostentation a tremendous knowledge of the sea, and a distinct lack of sentimentality about the good old days.

"Everybody was sick part of the time," he said. "She rolls."

Someone asked him how he had trained his crew.

"Train them? None of us know anything about sailing this kind of ship. How could we? We all had to learn together."

Below decks there was evidence that his was a happy ship. Where the crew slept the men had passed the time printing signs on the cardboard walls that isolated a few small cabins just big enough for two-decker bunks. Most of them were private jokes which must have been hilarious to the crew, but one of them read:

GENTLEMEN

in case of fire yell

FIRE!

AFTER HOURS



NEW HALL IN TOWN

DOWN the street a piece, a few blocks from my office, a pair of New York theatrical producers are trying an experiment. They have bought the building originally designed for the Colony Club by Stanford White, fifty years ago, and are converting it into a—what? Perhaps “club theater” is the best description. The name they are giving it is the Seven Arts Center.

Actually the building will contain three theaters, with a capacity of several hundred each, to which the public will be welcomed in the normal fashion. Under the same roof, when the new owners get through remodeling, there will also be office and rehearsal space, art galleries, rooms for dance and drama schools, a restaurant, and a swimming pool. By becoming a member of the Center (for a mere three hundred bucks a year), you get to eat and swim—and see what goes on in the three theaters at a discount.

Oscar Lerman and Martin Cohen, who are behind all this, were looking for an off-Broadway theater for a production of their own when they learned that the old Colony Club was free and, along with Walter Cohen, a real estate man, acquired it. Their ideas for the Center grew to fill the space, once they had seen how much the building offered. Now they are running out of space for the ideas.

The Center will provide them (and other producers who want to use it) with what they were first looking for—a place to try out new plays and new talent. At the same time it will be more convenient, and less down-at-the-heels, than the facilities normally available outside the regular Broadway theaters. Mr. Martin

Cohen also hopes that the Center will have a sufficiently various and constant appeal to draw a steady audience no matter what is playing. He would like to include concerts, readings, experimental movies of the Cinema 16 variety, and a children's theater on Saturdays—the latter with some sort of arrangement that would let Mother park the tots for the day and take off for Altman's.

But of course the main lure is to producers. The Center will enable them to put on a play at a cost something like a twenty-fifth of Broadway's—and, then, there is always the swimming pool. Mr. Cohen's thought was that many impresarios would jump at the chance to carry on most of their business, including lunch and getting a suntan, without having to step outdoors.

THE Center is scheduled to open toward the middle of this month, with appropriate civic ceremonies and a week named after it by the Mayor. By that time the clutter of redecorating will have been swept away, the club's gymnasium will have become a theater-in-the-round, and the interiors will have been generally smothered in drapes and canelabra. As of this writing, the opening production had not been announced, but Mr. Cohen was happy to say that the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo would handle the Center's classes in the dance, and that he already had more applications for the remaining classrooms than he could take.

The venture seems promising. While the Lincoln Square project for a New York arts center uptown remains vague, Messrs. Cohen and Lerman have gone ahead on their own with a plan (as they describe it) that sounds flexible, enterprising, and economic. It may even be that the Murray Hill neighborhood itself, which the Center sits near the edge of, has unexploited possibilities. Not only do many people live there, and not only are the railroad stations close by, but there is relatively little theater-hour traffic. When I asked Mr. Cohen if he anticipated any special benefit from being in the locality, he said: “Did you ever see a place with less of a parking problem?”

—Mr. Harper

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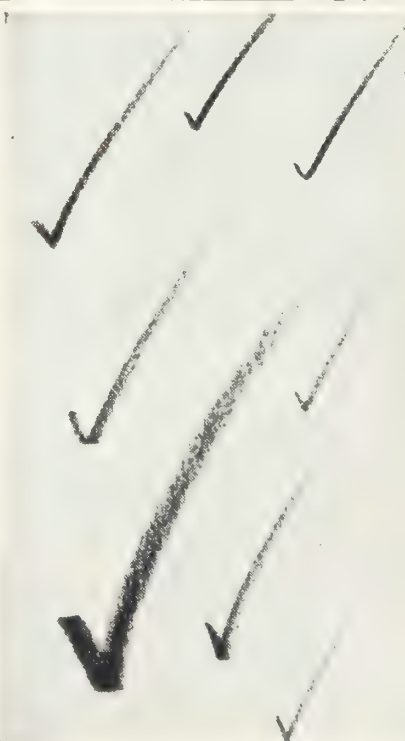
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the new BOOKS

HARVEY BREIT

Weight & Measure in the Paperbacks

During the month of Paul Pickrel's vacation, Harvey Breit, an editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, takes over "The New Books."

WHEN I think of paperback books, my entire middle-life draws a blank. My early years are related to them because I read the Frank Merriwells over and over again. I was also dimly aware, through visits to new friends in strange homes, of paper-covered books that felt cool and friendly in the hand but whose print I couldn't read because the language was foreign.

Then, for twenty-odd years there was no paper. I had given up the Merriwells and the dreadfuls (though they were more magazine than book) and all the good books I'd taken a fancy to or thought I should read were heavy and hard. And now, in these latter years, I am back to the paperback books again. Today, the paperback is the most revolutionary force in publishing—the one new element in it—and constitutes its biggest challenge.

The "quality" paperback, as it appears to us today with its approximately 3,000 titles in print, had only a rudimentary existence five years ago. Then, with the exception of the Penguins and Pelicans, the Signets and Mentors, and isolated titles from the standard reprint houses, paperbacks for the most part were an unsavory lot, largely consisting of porno-erotic fiction and classics cut down to size for the small palate. The one time in my mature life that I was ready to give up on democracy was during a visit to India five years ago when I beheld in bookstall after bookstall the vicious assortment of paperbacks we had exported to this dark but friendly region. Next to them were the handsome and inexpensive editions of Lenin, Stalin, Gorky that the Soviet Union had exported to the Indian market.

Outraged, I planned a one-man campaign among the publishers. I would demand from them an export code, a code of values, a self-

censoring body. Six months later, when I was ready to return, the picture was already changing. Superior American paperbacks had begun to penetrate India, the valuable books to overwhelm the valueless. There had been no ukases from above.

How had it happened? It was a good lesson in democratic procedures; it brought home the fact that the mills of a free competitive economy grind slowly yet beneficially.

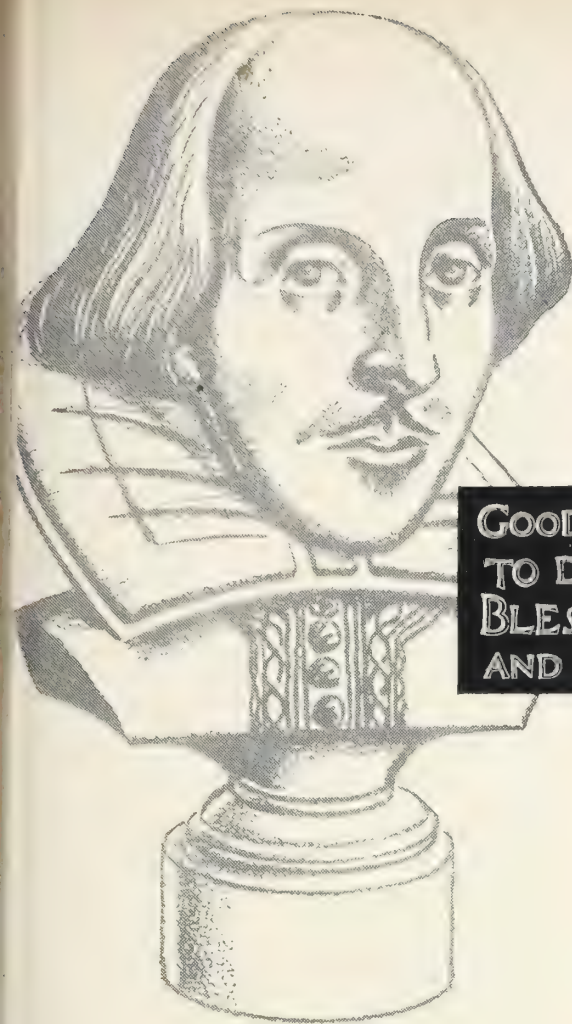
Of course, this infiltration of serious literature into foreign markets was a reflection of the publishing spirit in paperbacks at home. Not only were the Penguins and Signets and Mentors attempting to prove that serious literature could show a profit; Pocket Books, Bantam Books, Dell, and the others manifestly felt the need to publish superior books as well as to explore a vast potential market. This market proved lively. By 1950 it was a proven fact that a novel by D. H. Lawrence or William Faulkner could find at least 100,000 readers at twenty-five cents a copy.

So far I have been talking about the "mass-market" paperback, priced at from twenty-five to fifty cents. Its achievements lead directly to the "quality" paperback. If a publisher could find 100,000 readers willing to spend twenty-five cents for a serious book, and 75,000 readers willing to spend fifty cents, maybe he could find 25,000 readers willing to spend \$1.25.

IT BEGAN WITH ANCHOR

IT WASN'T therefore a giant step from the mass-market paperback to the quality book. Certain facts and conditions presaged a favorable outcome: the success of the serious twenty-five-cent book, the existence of a higher-priced quality book (Rinehart Editions, Modern Library Paperbacks, Dover Reprints) that was popular at the college level; a whole, new, eager a-political generation who had never heard of, let alone read, Laforgue, Huneker, Croce, and Kazin.

It remained for a young man, knowing enough and innocent enough, who was very



SHAKESPEARE'S CURSE

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE!
BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

There is much to be read between these lines carved on the headstone at the bard's final resting place. What appears to be an epitaph is actually an ingenious device employed by Shakespeare to prevent the disturbing of his grave.

In English churches, where people were buried under the floor year after year, interment space would eventually fill up. The sexton would then remove the remains of those long forgotten to make room for new arrivals.

To forestall this eventuality, Shakespeare resorted to a dramatic device which equaled his most imaginative playwriting. His self-penned inscription kept generations of superstitious sextons from moving his remains and preserved his original grave for posterity.

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bright and had an original slant on things, to convince the very knowing chief at Doubleday that they should go into business together. They did, creating Anchor Books, an imprint that gave the initial impulse to what is now thought of as the quality paperback phenomenon. The fact that one can walk into any enlightened bookshop today and find inexpensive paper editions of works by Edmund Wilson, André Gide, De Tocqueville, Paul Tillich, Santayana, R. P. Blackmur, André Malraux, Mariano Azuela, E. M. Forster, Henry Green, and John Crowe Ransom is, I believe, the direct result of the collaboration between Anchor Editor Jason Epstein and Doubleday President Douglas Black. Between them they crystalized the spongy mass of problems, swept away the doubts, and found the solutions.

Outside proof of their discovery and success was not long in coming; the ranks of the quality paperback publishers swelled. Knopf initiated a Vintage imprint, Viking founded Compass (and followed with Viking paperback portables), Harcourt, Brace followed with Harvest, Harper & Brothers with Torchbooks, Regnery with Gateway, Beacon with Beacons, Oxford with Galaxy, Doubleday once again with Image, not to mention the university presses that took up the cause and the non-existent firms that came into being solely on the basis of printing paperbacks of quality (Sagamore, for example).

Has it been a case of too much too soon? Are there too many titles for the consumer to consume? Too many titles to keep track of? I think so.

Without a doubt, there are too many titles for the bookshops to carry and too many books to keep in stock. Especially there are too few quality titles for the too-many publishers, since the traditional classics (the Platos and Aristotles, the Austens and Hardys) were made available in cheap editions by the Modern Library, Rinehart, Dover, and others. Consequently a search is on, a book-hunt as it were, and even those publishers who had planned to print in paper only what was on their own backlist are now part of the legion of hungry hunters.

These are inevitable dilemmas that arise out of a free economy. How simple, sedate, and pastoral life would be if one firm published thirty titles during the year; or thirty firms published one title each. But as it is, planning is called for, the use of a rationalized production set-up is probably urgent; but I have learned my democratic lesson well and refuse to be tempted. Left alone, this over-production will somehow work out. The bookshops will expand and adjust; or certain firms will fall away; or readership will increase at a more rapid rate than it has.

The publishers themselves fail to throw light on the problem and the promise of quality paper books. I have heard several editors and pub-

lishers prophesy its doom and hint at its destructive nature. It does, after all, create a backlist problem: what books from one's backlist to publish in paper and therefore remove from the regular hard-board market? The whole royalty question is brought into review. Like any new force, the paperback bangs about the staid labyrinths of publisher's row and disrupts the routines. "I would not take it if they gave it to me," I heard a publisher remark. Just what anyone could give him was not clear, but his attitude was.

ANGEL OR HOLY TERROR?

BUT I have heard the paperback lauded, its praises sung as though it were an angel of mercy. And in the steady, unflagging humdrum of book business, this is a kind of *enfant terrible*, charged with possibility, that will bring high adventure and eventual succor to an uninventive enterprise.

"It is everything," I heard a working editor exclaim, "and the bookshops know it. The re-conversion in the bookshops all over America is already under way."

As E. M. Forster once remarked when he was offered a special tea instead of Scotch, "One needn't go *that* far." But I am inclined to go along with the spirit of it if one discards the propaganda. In general, the books are attractive and beckoning; and many of them are rewarding. Specifically, they have made a direct hit on the university curriculum. Many of the paperbacks, now in use by students and teachers, are at the heart of some of the programs. For example, the Dudley Fitts-Robert Fitzgerald translations of the three Oedipus plays by Sophocles, titled *The Oedipus Cycle*, are used as standard texts in Greek and Latin humanities courses. Cultural histories and history of art programs are employing Wylie Sypher's *Four Stages of Renaissance Style: Transformations in Art and Literature* as an essential text, though it was hardly conceived as such.

Obliquely, in terms of supplementary reading, these books have improved the students' lot. In a course on nineteenth-century criticism, I could not think of a better book to read than Lionel Trilling's *Matthew Arnold*. Or, in a music appreciation course, what better than W. J. Turner's *Mozart: The Man and His Works*. Or, in a discussion of fiction, E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*. I would have my students read, either for balance or counter-balance, Leslie Fiedler's *An End to Innocence*, in supplement to any contemporary course.

All these titles are priced around the dollar range and are well within an average student's income. And something else is happening, not to be minimized. The student is probably putting together his own private library. In many in-

THE NEW BOOKS

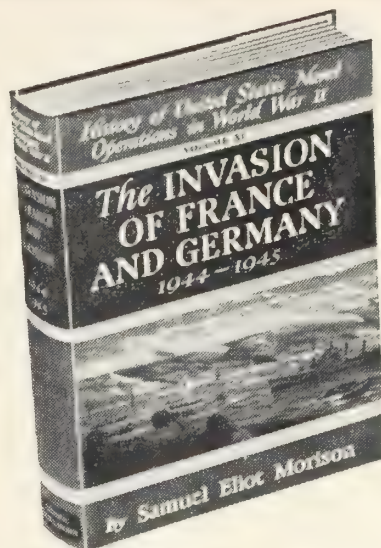
ances he will choose to circumvent the college library and invest \$1.25. In many instances, students have bought a book a week. The accumulation over several years can be both select and voluminous.

One of the special virtues of quality paperback publishing is its inherent capacity to bring a book back into print that has failed to make its way over a period of years in hard covers. An instance has just occurred and is an excellent example of what I mean. Ten years ago, a remarkable novel, *Under the Volcano*, was published. Its acclaim was unanimous—among the more intellectual critics and reviewers. The book dwindled in selling power and finally went out of print. Now the Vintage editors promise it for the fall. Perhaps it required the death of its brilliant and tragic author, Malcolm Lowry, for a publisher to think of *Under the Volcano*; nevertheless, priced at \$1.25, the novel has a first-class chance of reaching far more than the 20,000 readers required to keep the title in health. At so small a sum, a novel of quality may gain a considerable number of readers who balk at laying out \$3.95 for any work of fiction.

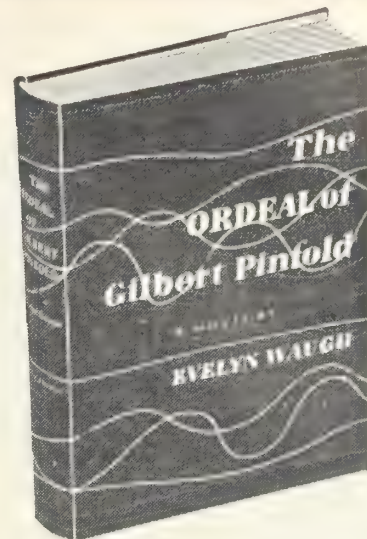
FROM SO MANY, ENOUGH

THERE are many titles to tempt the "balkers." I have been looking over the fall and winter lists and I find myself swimming with pleasure before so much good for so little (from 75 cents to \$1.95). In the coming season I will be able to buy Herman Melville's autobiographical novel, *Redburn: His First Voyage* and Denis de Rougemont's *Love in the Western World* (both Anchor Books). Grove Press, under its Evergreen imprint, attracts me with Edwin Muir's *Collected Poems* and William J. Smith's translation of the *Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue*.

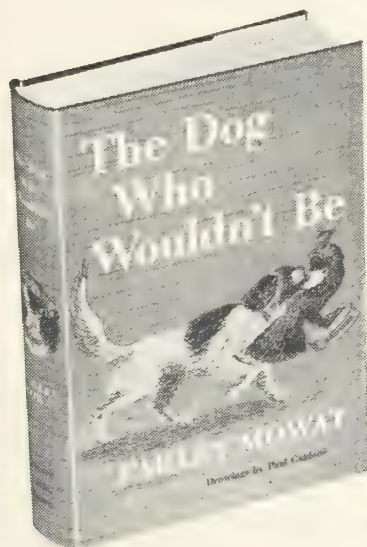
To Image Books I guarantee at least a one-copy purchase of *A Gilson Reader: Selections From the Writings of Etienne Gilson*, edited by Anton C. Pegis. Vintage will find me at least twice; they will publish *The Selected Letters of Gustave Flaubert*, edited by Francis Steegmuller and *Thomas Mann's Essays*, a volume that I hope includes the superb essay, "Goethe and Tolstoy."



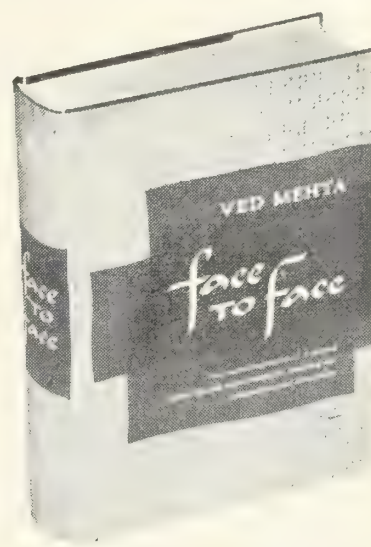
***THE INVASION OF FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1944-45 by Samuel Eliot Morison.** VOLUME XI — HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II. In this tremendous book Admiral Morison "tells with feeling and with skill how the United States Navy shared in winning the greatest victories in the greatest war ever fought." —HANSON BALDWIN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. With maps, photographs and charts. \$6.50



THE ORDEAL OF GILBERT PINFOLD by Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Waugh "does not deny that Mr. Pinfold is based largely on himself," or that the strange experience he describes in this new novel is very much like his own "brief bout of hallucination." The extraordinary adventures that befall Gilbert Pinfold, a famous, somewhat testy middle-aged English novelist, are both bizarre and hilarious, although Mr. Pinfold himself was far from amused. \$3.75



***THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE by Farley Mowat.** You have never read a boy-and-dog story that equals this biography of Mutt, the dog that was born to surpass his kind, by the author of *PEOPLE OF THE DEER*. Mutt's family, which included Farley's parents as well as the author, were almost as interesting as he was. A heartwarming story of outdoor life on the Canadian plains, a delightful family chronicle. Don't miss it. Illustrated. \$3.95



***FACE TO FACE by Ved Mehta.** A story of courage and of inspiration — the true story of a young Hindu who found his chance in America. Ved Mehta was only fifteen, alone and blind when he stepped off a plane in New York. How a school in Arkansas opened the world to him makes a remarkable book — a vivid, colorful, warm, sensitive and modest odyssey, filled with perceptive humor. \$4.50

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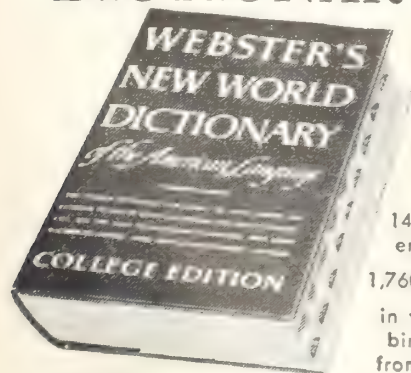
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THE NEW BOOKS

And here are still more "possible" titles: Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *The Ox-Bow Incident* (Modern Library Paperback), a novel I no longer own; Herbert J. Muller's *The Uses of the Past: Profiles of Former Societies* (Galaxy); Eric Bentley's *A Century of Hero Worship*, a stimulating study of the idea of heroism in Carlyle and Nietzsche and other related writers (Beacon). And this title, from Beacon as well, that I once read with pleasure and pain and have not seen for more than ten years, Wyndham Lewis' *Time and Western Man*.

For the dream we all have of leisure years to come, Harper's Torchbooks will publish two books I will want to have to shore against my ruins: Johan Huizinga's *Erasmus and the Age of Reformation* and Santayana's *Winds of Doctrine and Platonism and the Spiritual Life*, a one-volume reprint of two books. Rinehart Editions force me to become a buyer with *Masterpieces of the Spanish Golden Age* edited by A. Flores, this perhaps to be read in conjunction with Gerald Brenan's *Literature of the Spanish People* (Meridian). Compass will return to print, not a moment too soon, Percy Lubbock's *Craft of Fiction*. And from New Directions Paperbacks, Philip Rahv's *Image and Idea* and Rimbaud's *Illuminations and Other Prose Poems*. Even Dutton's Everyman has a paperback: Walter Allen's *The English Novel*.

MIND you, this is a selection, a scattering of shot. I have not mentioned the quality books among the mass-market paperbacks. I have not mentioned the quality paperback "originals." There will be more and more of the originals, a normal consequence of the search for new and better and hidden titles. For example, in October Anchor will publish five of these originals: *A General Selection from the Works of Sigmund Freud*, edited by John Rickman, *The American Novel and its Tradition*, by Richard Chase, *The Transcendentalists: Their Prose and Poetry*, by Perry Miller, *Tales of Good and Evil*, by Gogol, translated by David Magarshack, and, finally, *The Human Image in Dramatic Literature*, by Francis Fergusson.

As there have been in the im-

mediate past, there will be forthcoming some original novels in paperback from Knopf as well as from Ballantine. And I have deliberately fled from the dozens of special and scholarly and commendable paperbackbacks that will issue from dozens of university presses.

AN ASIDE

SOME of the titles I have listed—and they are some of the simpler ones—may be intimidating. One of the dangers in the drive for untapped titles is that the highbrow books will keep getting higher and ever more rarified. Even if there were to find their minimum 20,000 readers, there are moments when wonder, if not worry, about the youthful reader brought up on such fare. Is it not possible that he may come away reading nothing but paperback books, that he will have become attuned to never spending \$4.50 on a hardback? And, as a relentless and steadfast consumer of the often lofty esoterica, will he not descend with a somewhat distorted view of his subject? Should he not know Taine (unavailable in paperback) before he knows Tate (available)?

But this is a mere aside, a footnote, a passing, hardly-gnawing concern, overwhelmed by my delight in once again being the possessor of such volumes as Turgenev's *Sportman's Sketches*, Ford's *The Good Soldier*, Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*. Or in being the carefree owner of several copies in several editions of Melville's *Moby Dick*.

Once, before the riches that paperback books brought to me, I was a more careful and oppressed owner of an unwieldy copy of *Moby Dick*. Because I loved the book more than any other and because years before my copy had disappeared, I found myself alarmingly alert and suspicious when friends happened innocently to pause before the novel on my bookshelf. Is it absurd? Psychologically, the paperbacks are a liberating force, permitting an ease, gracefulness, a light-heartedness about possession, and though I know this is an uncalculated by-product, it affords me nearly as much pleasure as the books themselves.

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thrilling chase and tense capture and you have the kind of high excitement and suspense typical of an Ellis Dillon story. \$2.95

AIR EXCHANGE

by Jean Nielsen. When three high-school girls from the prairie country visit the West Coast, they find the trip far more exciting and meaningful than they had expected—romance, independence, and understanding are the results of this memorable experience. \$2.95



SWIMMER

by Richard Mullins Harry Williams was a crackerjack in the 440 and he was sure he could set a world's record for that distance. When Coach Barnes made it plain

that Harry had to forget about records and swim for the sake of the college team, Harry rebelled. What finally happened on the lake at Camp Skylark will make every sports lover cheer Harry's decision. \$2.95

STRANGERS AMONG US

by Lois Hobart. Be-friending Esther, a new girl in the senior class, Alison Keith finds herself ostracized by her classmates. In the trying period which follows



—at school and at home—Alison's friend, Mark, helps her to maturity. One of the most warm-hearted stories of the season. \$2.95

CURTAIN OF MIST

by M. Pardoe. This engrossing adventure story uses an historical background in an original way: through a space-time experience, Martin and his elder brother and sister find themselves actually living in Celtic Britain while still retaining their modern bodies, minds, and memories. \$2.95



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BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Holy Terrors, by Jean Cocteau. Translated by Rosamond Lehmann. Illustrated by the author.

It is pleasant to have a new translation of a book that caused a small furor when it was first published here in 1929. It isn't likely to startle our Freud-Kinsey-soaked world, but it is still a remarkable book which Miss Lehmann has translated with great sensitivity. The key word to describe its aura is "emanations." If you don't hold with them you'd better let it alone. Through the improbable story of a brother and sister, orphaned young and never separated, even sharing the same room, M. Cocteau seems to be saying that there is nothing capable of so much evil as innocence suddenly become aware. From earliest childhood this brother and sister have been able to will their own world and escape to it, oblivious to the world of reality. The power of their self-concentration can work miracles of astounding proportions. Though never credible in the real sense, the power and poetry of the writing give the story an awful credibility of its own. In a recent review in the *New York Times* M. Cocteau writes of Baudelaire and Rimbaud: "These men were poets without knowing it and yet knowing it, verifiers of the unconscious and sculptors of an amorphous emission of ectoplasm." His own book could be described in much the same terms. The drawings take on the exact mood and feel of the text, emanations themselves.

New Directions, \$3

Coup de Grâce, by Marguerite Yourcenar.

This story of the physical and emotional ravages which war inflicts on young people takes place on an old Baltic feudal estate after World War I. The estate is held against the Bolsheviks by White Russians and German volunteer officers. This novel, too, like M. Cocteau's, centers around a brother and sister (Letts), once owners of the castle, and a third childhood friend, a German, in-



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

volved in what outside of war one would call fairly "unconventional" relationships. But it is war, and in spite of a violent background and a sharp but elliptical style, and a plot unfolding through suggestion and indirection rather than simple narrative, it too, like *The Holy Terror*, is credible and full of unforgettable scenes. It is brilliant, tragic, and cynical—full of meaning for our times. By the author of *Memoirs of Hadrian*.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3

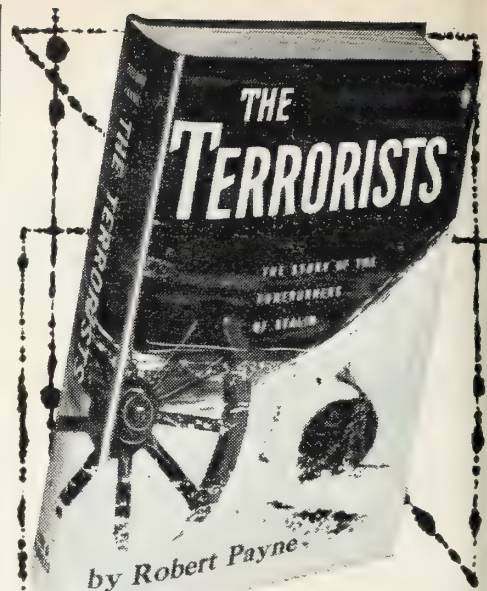
* * *

Voss, by Patrick White.

This novel tells the story of a stranger in an alien land. The main character, the Voss of the title, is a German explorer who attempted to cross the continent of Australia a hundred years ago.

The account of his travels is only half of White's narrative; the other half concerns the family of a prosperous merchant in Sydney. Links between the two stories are provided by the fact that the merchant's niece, Laura, falls in love with Voss (and he with her) during the brief time he is in Sydney making preparations for the trip. White combines the two stories on the principle of the club sandwich, first a slice of one and then a slice of the other; he attempts to bring them together in a less arbitrary way by having Voss and Laura dream of one another from time to time, but that turns out to be a way of conducting a love affair as unsatisfactory in fiction as it would be in life. The two stories do not go together very well and tend to diminish each other.

By far the better and more unusual part of the book is the account of Voss' doomed expedition. White draws a good picture of the empty, indifferent Australian landscape and of the characters of the men in Voss' party as they are exposed by the sufferings they undergo. Voss himself is a man obsessed by the need of finding his fate through naked conflict with the universe, outside society and the accumulated experience of history. This makes his relationship with Laura irrelevant if not contradictory to the main drive of his character; it also gives him a certain kinship with a kind of character that recurs in American fic-



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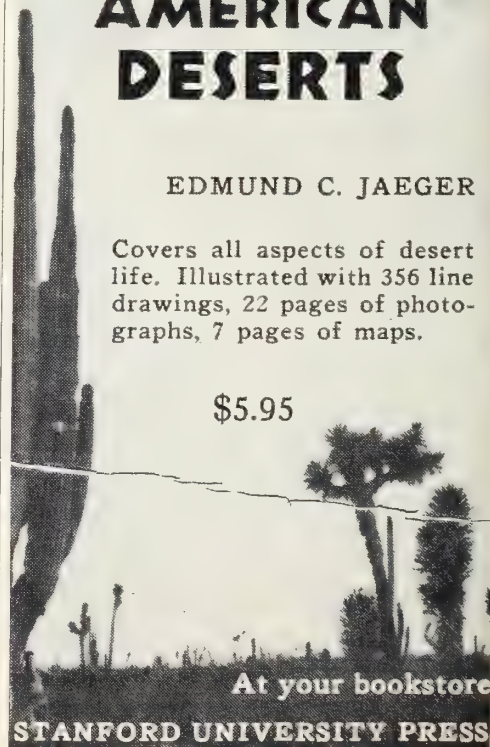
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

on, from Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick* to Crofts in *The Naked and the Dead*.

White has very largely recovered from the influence of D. H. Lawrence that was too apparent in his last novel, *The Tree of Man*. He is still be annoyingly mannered, and he tends to use too many words. Yet at his best he is a very good writer, and he is probably the best novelist so far to come out of Australia. (A. Book-of-the-Month Club selection.) P.P. Viking, \$5

An Air That Kills, by Margaret Hillar.

The air that kills blows from Fousman's "land of lost content" and in this well-plotted novel "of death and deception" it is what the weather men call the prevailing wind. The story deals with a group of friends in and near Toronto, and the sudden death of one of the men on the way to meet his friends at a lodge on Georgian Bay. It is full of excitement and the suspense lasts till the very last reverse twist. But the people are cheap and detestable and absolutely humorless and it's very hard to care what happens to them. There's plot here but no fun. By the author of *Beast in View*.

Random House, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

Children of the Shadows, by Morris L. West.

Mr. West is an Australian journalist writing about the almost unbelievable conditions under which the homeless children of Naples live and steal and pimp and do—or don't—survive. But especially he is writing about Padre Mario Borelli who lived among them, managed to start a shelter for them—"The House of Urchins"—and by selling junk and by a few private gifts has been able, just barely, to keep it going. The book is a burning indictment of Italian irresponsibility—especially that of the rich Italians—and a frank criticism, too, of the Catholic Church in Italy (the author is a devout Catholic himself). But whatever else it is, it is a clear and moving plea to the world's compassion to save these children for the world's sake. . . . If anyone asks: "Why should an Australian concern himself so deeply

about Neapolitan urchins?" the answer is there in the book, forceful and convincing. Doubleday, \$3

To an Unknown Lady, by André Maurois.

A little book of little essays—what Maurois himself calls "sentimental moralizing." In these letters to a beautiful woman whom he saw at the theater but never met, he writes of men, women, love, marriage, coquetry, bores, fashion, lecturing, theater, and—one of the best—of Montherlant's "chronophage" (the time-consumer). Very charming, very French, very Maurois. Dutton, \$2.95

American Tennis: The Story of a Game and Its People, by Parke Cummings.

An informative and beguiling history of the American game of tennis from the time (1874) when an enterprising young lady, Miss Mary Outerbridge, brought tennis equipment from Bermuda through the startled American customs. It really is history; how the game got started; where it is played; who plays it; what it is played with and on; the chronology of clothes, rackets, etc. All this information is interspersed with, on the one hand, those most charmingly ludicrous old-fashioned pictures of the game, and, on the other, most beautiful action shots, some nostalgic (Tilden, Richards, Bjurstedt, Moody) and some new ones of more recent champions. Even Gussie Moran's lace panties are here. Mr. Cummings, whose enthusiasm for and understanding of tennis are evident on every page, must regret that although he has included a picture of Althea Gibson and a discussion of her game he hasn't that final photograph of the first Negro Wimbledon champion to cap his story. A delightful book for any aficionado.

Little, Brown, \$6

FORECAST

Prisoners and Prisons

It is odd to find that the fall and winter lists show an exceptionally large number of books about prisoners and prisons. But they are by no means just lugubrious tales. For instance, Colonel Kenneth K. Hansen, U. S. A., has written the story of the 88,000 Chinese and Korean prisoners

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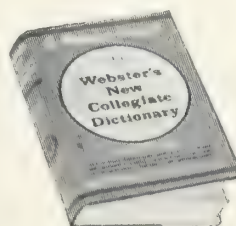
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

of the UN Command who refused repatriation in *Heroes Behind Barbed Wire*, which Van Nostrand has scheduled for September.

In October Random House will publish *As Far As My Feet Will Carry Me*, by Josef M. Bauer, the story of Clemens Forell's (not his real name) life in, and escape from, a Soviet prison camp. October brings *The Offenders: The Case Against Legal Vengeance*, by Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington, attempting to show, through specific cases, "the responsibility of society in clinging to capital punishment for its vengeance." From Simon & Schuster.

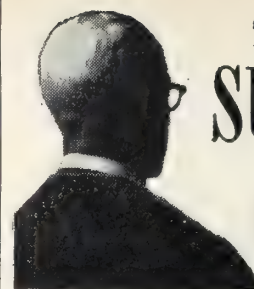
Also in October comes what Holt describes as "a major novel of World War II," *The Prisoners of Combine D*, by Len Giovannitti, about six men in a German prison camp, by an airman who himself was shot down and imprisoned after flying forty-nine missions in the U.S.A.A.F.

In November Harcourt, Brace will publish the autobiography of an astonishing Hungarian woman, Edith Bone, who was imprisoned in Hungary for six years and fifty-nine days. While she was in prison, she taught herself higher mathematics on a home-made abacus, and was able to swear at her Communist guards in seven languages. (She was sixty-eight when released.) Her book is called *Prisoner in Hungary* and is illustrated with drawings by the author.

In November, too, comes (from Simon & Schuster) *Attorney for the Damned: Clarence Darrow in His Own Words*, edited by Arthur Weinberg, with an introduction by Justice William O. Douglas. It is a collection of his brilliant pleas in the defense of "the doomed, the hated, the hopeless, the underdogs." And notorious, even among these, of course, were Leopold and Loeb, convicted thirty-three years ago for the slaying of Bobby Franks. They escaped a death sentence because of Clarence Darrow, but were sentenced to prison for ninety-nine years. Some-time in 1958 Doubleday will publish *Life Plus 99 Years* by Nathan Leopold, an "autobiographical account of his experiences from the time of his crime through his prison years."

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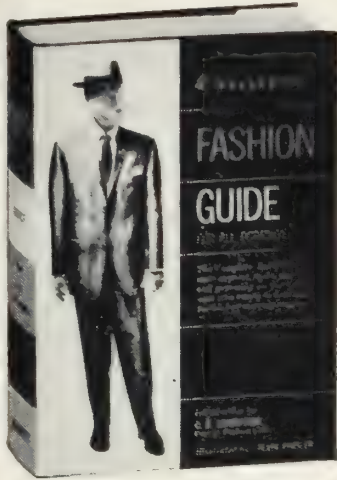
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

moderate passions—books to enlarge life's quiet satisfactions. Random House is publishing in September a guide for hunting North American game, with suggestions for hunting lodges, guides, and outfitters, *Hunting Annual*, by Larry Koller. Barrows is scheduling for September 4 a book called *Be Your Own Nurseryman* in which Robert Scharf tells where to order plants and tools and how to make your hobby pay.

Harcourt, Brace, in September will launch Dillon Ripley's *A Paddling of Ducks*, the story of twenty-five years of observing, collecting, and protecting ducks, geese, and swans, and telling how to hatch, raise, and feed them. October promises another book vaguely in the same field, or swamp: *Of Men and Marshes* by Paul L. Errington which Macmillan will bring out—the story of the effect of men on the world of minks, ducks, geese, fish, rabbits, heron, hawks, and mice.

Roger Tory Peterson has written for Harcourt (October, too) *The Bird Watcher's Anthology*; and Ives Washburn brings out in the same month—for those dedicated readers (whether their pleasure is sedentary or otherwise) of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*—a large selection of its best material over the last 150 years—*The Old Farmer's Almanac Sampler*, edited by Robb Sagendorph.

Two books by people very active in their pursuit of pleasure are to be published by Lippincott in October: *Desert Happy*, in which the author, Douglas Rigby, "discovers and shares the fascination of the desert," and *Into the Wind*—"family fun and fellowship on the high seas"—by Mary F. van Nes.

If this kind of adventuring exhausts you, there is Bennett Cerf's *Reading for Pleasure*—832 pages of selections—which Harper is publishing on October 2. And there is still, in November, *The Encyclopedia of Flower Arrangement* by J. Gregory Conway, from Knopf, and *The Complete Family Fun Book*, by Phyllis Cerf and Edith Young from Random House.

To sum it all up, you could do a lot worse than to look at and read Robert Osborn's wise comments, in prose and line, *On Leisure*, which Simon & Schuster will publish in September.

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TWO VOCAL EPOCHS

Flagstad

Kirsten Flagstad Lieder Recital. (Schubert, Schumann). Edwin McArthur, pf. London LL 1546.

Kirsten Flagstad Wagner Recital. Vienna Philharmonic. Knappertsbusch. London LL 1533.

Careful is the best word for the splendid decline into retirement of this old-famous voice and superb musician. She is still fine singing—she could not sing badly—and for young performers and those in their prime it should be a ringing illustration of the durability of the instrument both well trained and well cared for during years of full-time performance, a mind that backs the voice with musical intelligence and perfection. We heard her first over here here quarter-century ago but Flagstad's unofficial debut was just forty years back and her first public appearance on the professional stage even earlier, in 1913!

The range is now restricted—but no matter, for top tones aren't necessary to good music. The quality is still superb, the sense of pitch is as accurate and understanding as ever. Only a certain eggishness, a reluctance for the pipes to open up, so to speak, shows the care

with which the voice must now be directed by the never-aging inner mind. An old Flagstad mannerism, the sliding up to a note from below, is inevitably more pronounced and is in fact the chief deterrent to listening pleasure, for you must resolutely put it out of mind in order to hear the purity of the musical expression itself. It is least objectionable in the fast songs and the very slow ones.

Flagstad chooses her program carefully, singing the more sustained and dramatic Schubert where the big voice can let out—"Erlkönig," "Dem Unendlichen," "Am Grabe Anselmos"—avoiding the miniatures. Schumann's more rounded melody is especially suited to her. The engineers have been carefully directed too, for she sings here in a large, resonant space at a good distance—Flagstad's tone is not one for small spaces and intimacy. The RCA Victor Flagstads of a few years ago (Grieg's "Haugtussa" songs, LM 1904) were recorded close-to in a very dead studio.

The Wagner disc seems to me unaccountably more tired, less exuberant than the record of songs with piano. Not by much—for her brief samplings from "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," and "Walküre" are still models for those future sopranos who may be inspired to mount the fading Wagnerian heights.

The five "Wesendonck" songs are sung in their orchestral versions; the instru-

mental playing is flaccid compared with Stokowski's in his ancient 78-rpm recording with Traubel (RCA Victor M 872). It takes more than a great voice to recreate Wagner.

Kirsten Flagstad Grieg Recital. Edwin McArthur, pf. London LL 1547.

Flagstad is especially lively in Grieg, who composed to her own language—the Norwegian seems to come through with the clearest diction she displays in any of her singing. This disc offers more than a dozen from the more than a hundred songs by Grieg, ranges from early to late, does not include any of the "Haugtussa" songs on the RCA disc (above), has the same big, resonant sound heard on the other new records, in contrast to the close, tight acoustics of the older RCA offering. The music ranges fairly high and so there are a number of pinched tones here, but the spirit is lively as ever.

Edwin McArthur, incidentally, has for many years been Flagstad's chosen accompaniment on records. I remember an early Wagner album where he conducted an orchestra insipidly; but his piano work is excellent throughout.

Wagner: *Die Götterdämmerung*. Flagstad, Svanholm *et al.* Oslo Philharmonic and Norwegian State Radio Orchs. and Chorus, Fjeldstad. London XLLA 48 (6).

... And here is the great lady in her final non-staged complete Wagner opera (she did this last on the stage in 1951), the recording reworked from a notable broadcast early in 1956. In addition to the usual editing, a number of below-par passages in the original were reperformed at a later date and incorporated here, as befits the greater permanence of the recorded medium.

Why make comparisons? Better a description, for this enormous masterpiece will never have a "definitive" performance or recording—nor should it. First, this is a beautifully unified production, the voices (and instruments) all Scandinavian and noticeably alike in style and timbre, complementing that of Flagstad herself in an unexpected way. (We forget that she is the product of a Northern school of singing that is as well defined, say, as the school of France.)

Secondly, in spite of relatively little-known names, the combined orchestra and its conductor turn out a glowing, lively, powerful Wagner that sweeps along with splendid intensity, sustaining
(Continued on page 104)

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Stravinsky: *The Four Temperaments*; *Five Pieces Op. 44, #4* (Educ. Music); *Funeral Music for George V.* Leon Kozelish, pf., Paul Godwin, vla., Szymon Goldberg, vl., Neth. Ch. Orch. Epic LC 56.

Scriabin: *Piano Concerto #3*; *Violin Concerto #1*. Gilels, Oistrakh, State Radio Orch. USSR. Kondrashin. Westm. XWN 18178. (Some copies are impressed on one side—wrong piece.)

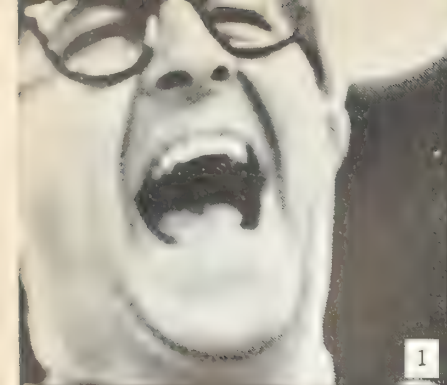
Clara Schumann: *Bartok at the Piano*. (Scarlati, Liszt, Bartok. From assorted prewar recordings, private or unpublished.) Bartok 903.

Bartok: *Concerto for Orchestra*. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ansermet, London LL 1632.

Bartok: *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*; *Contrasts* (Clar. & pf.). W. Parry, Iris Loveridge, pfs., F. Grinke, vl., J. Brymer, cl., J. Lees, G. Webster, percussion. Westm. XWN 18425.

Shostakovich: *Symphony #10* (1953). Philharmonia Orch. Kurtz. RCA Victor LM 2081.

Panorama of *Musique Concrète, No. 2* (Schaeffer, Philippot). London DTL 93121.



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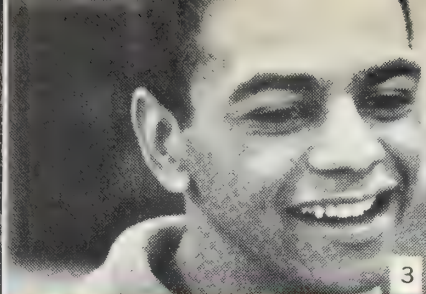
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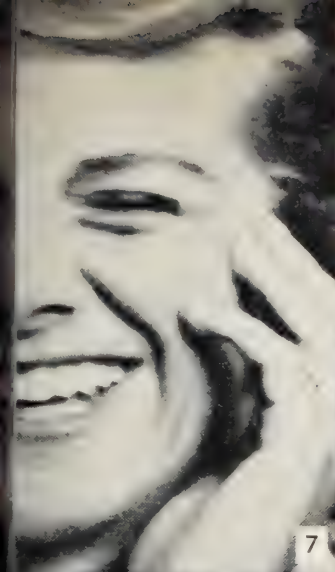
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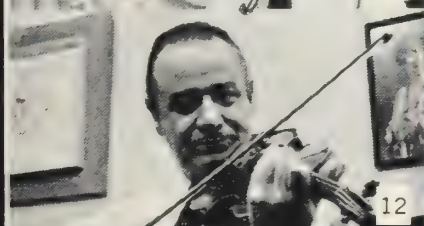
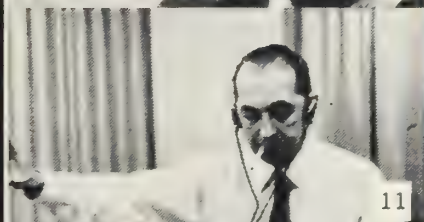
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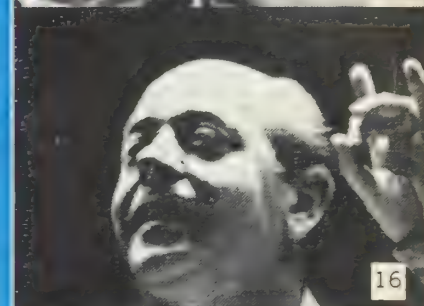
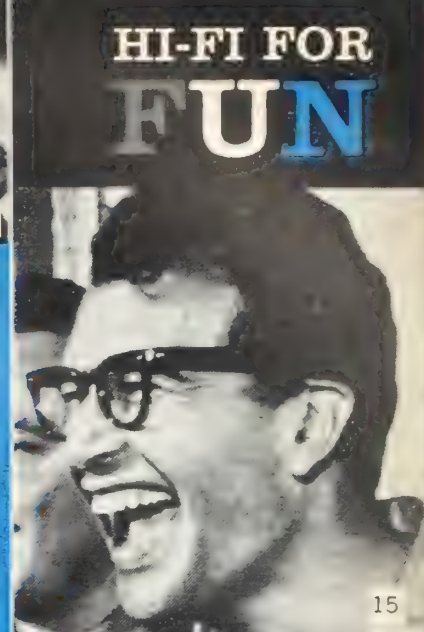
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the long valleys of subdued expression between the dramatic peaks of furor. Not easy for today's instrumentalists and especially difficult via the microphone, minus that opera-house hypnotism that binds the Wagnerian audience to the music—asleep or awake—until it overwhelms.

Given this much, the battle is already half won, and Flagstad, singing with her usual aliveness, carries it on to success. Her willing associates fit easily into the great scheme in spite of lesser talents all around. The whole, here, is surely greater than its parts, which is a blessing in such a one-star production.

The recording is superbly hi in the fi with big orchestral sound and good vocal balance. (Is Flagstad miked a shade louder than all the rest, or is she just naturally more powerful?) An exhaustive brochure with a study of the whole "Ring," of Flagstad, of the four-opera plot, plus a word-for-word libretto in German and English and a blow-by-blow listing of all the *Leitmotif* names as they occur (they are given in notation, act by act, in several inserts) will keep you busy for weeks. Was Wagner ever so minutely accessible as this during an actual performance?

2. Italian Monody

Italian Songs for Solo Voice. Alfred Deller, counter-tenor; D. Dupre, lute and gamba; Geo. Malcolm, harps. Vanguard BG 565.

Songs for Courtiers and Cavaliers. (a) Italian Monodists. (b) Henry Lawes. Helen Watts, contralto; Thurston Dart, harps. and organ. London OL 50128.

The seventeenth century, transitional like our own, continues to grow more fascinating on records. These two discs widen our perspective upon an area of early song that has been particularly maltreated in "transcriptions" for voice and piano. (However beloved in the singer's study repertory, such versions are inexcusably false to the style and spirit of the originals with their alternatively elaborate Romantic harmonizations or—equally wrong—unvarnished plain piano chords that barely eke out the sketchy shape of the original notation.)

In both of these records, first, the accompaniments are realized on the right instruments and in the quasi-improvised ornamental style—arpeggiated, with bits of imitative figuration—that is known to have been used. Under such brilliantly colored treatment the "plain" original harmonies are entirely adequate.

The vocal style here is similarly revealing. Alfred Deller's unique voice is clearly suited to the music—singers who have tried this early recitative and quasi-aria material will be awed by the extent of the difference between conventional vocal sound of today and the techniques properly suited to the older music. A light, easy, expressive voice, pure in tone, almost without vibrato, and able to soar through rapid sixteenth-note passages and trills like a violin, a highly emotional delivery that does not depend on loudness, or on violence of diction, but on accurate pathos of phrasing, and utter simplicity and directness of appeal—these are the Deller qualities. And how many singers can produce the oddly expressive "ha, ha, ha-ha-ha-ha" cadence figure that is specifically described by Caccini for his own declamatory music? Monteverdi, as well as the lesser Italians, abounds in such now-strange mannerisms, no more strange, however, than plenty of our own eccentricities today.

If Deller's Italian monody seems hopelessly beyond the average singer, Helen Watts, on the London L'Oiseau-Lyre disc, shows how the style can be approximated by a more conventional voice, with intelligence to aid it. Her recitative and aria are wonderfully expressive, she even manages the "ha-ha" without ungainliness, and it is obvious that any sensible and musical present-day singer should be able to do the same for the vocal part, given a proper accompaniment.

Deller varies the earlier music with several fully developed opera-style arias by Scarlatti, already quite conventionally metrical where the earlier music is largely asymmetric in its rhythms and phrases, like Shakespeare compared to Dryden. Helen Watts sings a remarkable later composer, Henry Lawes, who bridges the British gap between Byrd and Gibbons and the later Purcell, and sounds exactly so, with surprising musical strength and originality. More Lawes is in order.

Monteverdi: *Il ballo delle ingrate* (1608)

Alfred Deller, April Cantelo, Eileen McLoughlin, David Ward *et al.*, Julian Breem, lute, D. Dupre, gamba, D. Vaughan, harps., Ambrosian Singers, London Chamber Players. Vanguard BG 567.

... And here is a more extended application of the same newly authentic techniques, applied to a complete "musical"—a ballet-opera by the greatest of Italian monodists, Monteverdi.

The original production was a sumptuous pageant. Extensive notes from con-

temporary descriptions help us to imagine the splendid scene, where Pluto at the behest of Venus and her son Cupid (Amor), summons back the shades of several doomed ladies of heartless sort straight out of a flaming Hell, portrayed on the stage; they serve as horrible examples for similarly hardened living ladies who were, apparently well known to those in the audience. Piquancy added to pageantry—but the music is on the highest plane of serious expression as it elaborates on a the favorite theme, dead souls recalled from the Underworld (Cf. the story of Orpheus and Euridice).

Oddly, Venus is sung by Deller, male, whereas Cupid is a female soprano, but such turnabouts were common in the cause of art. David Ward's sepulchral Pluto is the lowest basso outside of Russia, ranging about the bottom of the bass clef to a low C, whereas Deller's Venus rises remarkably high, a full mezzo-soprano role. The contrast was clearly intended.

The varied instrumental accompaniment and the chosen tempi, as well as the vocal ornamentation, have been worked up from the sparse original as always necessary: the effect here is surely a reasonable evocation of a possible original sound. The whole is highly musical, the ornamentation studiously applied, and, I should add, intelligently absorbed into the musical expression by both singers and instrumentalists. Julia Breem's lute rollicks through much of the music in fluent improvisation upon the given harmonies, as doubtless a lutanist of the time would have enjoyed himself. (Jazz fans please note.)

The bulk of the music is in a semi-recitative style with, however, an expressive instrumental accompanying fabric, plus numerous short instrumental ritornellos of great charm for the dancing. If we weren't such jaded spectacle-viewers, a full-color visual production of the work could be marvelously attractive.

An interesting comparison is the Italian recording of the work on Vox Populi 8090, where the instrumental part is set for conventional chamber orchestra in a somewhat Handelian style, the music sung in a more operatic manner without the added ornamentation. The sense of the work is well conveyed, I'll have to admit. But, after hearing this newer version, I can't help being bothered by the anachronisms—especially the place where Monteverdi's dissonances are deliberately altered to a Bach-like conventionalism, to match the orchestration.

In the end, given the all-important musical understanding, the more authentic performance is bound to be the better one, however strange on first hearing.



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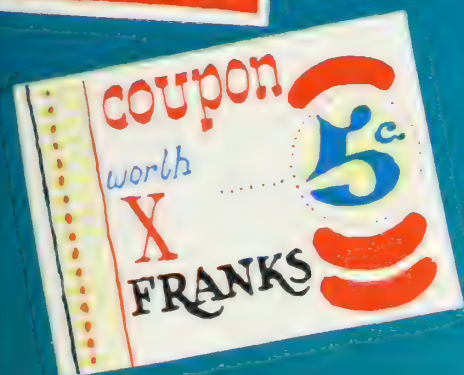
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She's a Voice of Experience behind the Voice with a Smile.

"I love this work," says Jean, "because I get a real feeling that I'm helping people in a very personal way. I know how important their telephone messages are and I'm proud to have a hand in keeping my neighbors in touch with family and friends here in Garden Grove and out of town."



JEAN BULLENE LENDS AN ASSIST. As a supervisor in the Garden Grove, Calif., telephone office, Jean conducts training and works with her group of operators in providing the best possible service.

Jean combines her telephone company work with a neighborly role in the life of her community. She has often observed that the spirit of service in the telephone company is contagious. And her many off-duty activities bear this out. When she's not busy with music, gardening and remodeling her attractive home, she pitches in on Cub Scout work.

As you can well imagine, Jean never has time to be lonely. But on the subject of loneliness she has this to say: "No one ever needs to be alone when there's a telephone handy. It's so easy to keep in touch with your neighbors or friends who are miles away."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS



JEAN APPLIES WAR PAINT to her son as his Cub Scout den embarks on an Indian lore project. She has also worked with the Girl Scouts.



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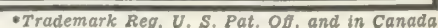
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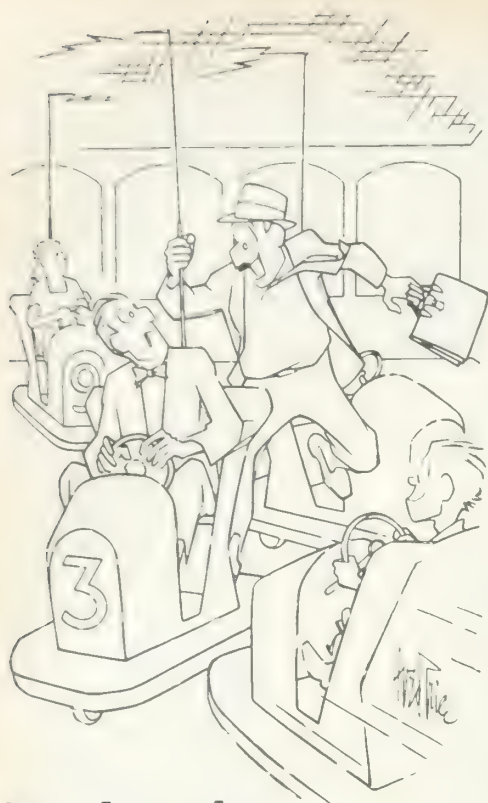
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LETTERS

Superior People

TO THE EDITORS:

In his review of the Villiers' genealogy ["The Editor's Easy Chair," August] the editor comes to the conclusion that talent is hereditary and that an aristocracy of fine old families may, therefore, be a good institution.

This is logical only if "hereditary" is taken to mean "running in families." Talent may indeed be hereditary, but that does not mean that the fine old families will have a monopoly of it. Any trait which is due to a recessive gene or to a combination of genes will usually appear sporadically, rather than being concentrated in certain family lines. An example is albinism which is known to be hereditary and due to a recessive gene. An albino, however, rarely has any known albino ancestors or offspring. Many geniuses likewise appear in otherwise undistinguished families.

Mr. Fischer's mutation theory of the origin of superior families is also unsatisfactory from the standpoint of genetics, and the notion that the Santa Gertrudis breed of cattle arose in this fashion is in error. It was started by intercrossing other breeds of cattle. . . .

RICHARD F. SHAW
Ass't. Professor of Genetics
University of Virginia

. . . What Mr. Fischer suggests is a subtle form of eugenics. The common man need not be repressed or discouraged from breeding; but instead the uncommon man shall be afforded greater opportunities for growth and reproduction. Nevertheless a question of great importance is left unanswered: what reason is there to encourage a great number of uncommon people? Will this per se result in the fulfillment of the utilitarian ideal "the greatest good for the greatest number"?

PAUL L. MCKASKLE
San Francisco, Calif.

It is no doubt true that the sturdy figures of public life in England have been members of the ruling "wealthy and well-born" families. Others, even when they had the talent, were simply not admitted to public offices. . . .

However there exists a statistical study of genius in England by Havelock Ellis in which he proves that by

far the greater number of men of genius . . . came from underprivileged families. . . .

Ellis admits that in later years the tendency has been for the upper classes to produce a larger share of men of talent, and he ascribes this to the fact that the modern necessity for specialized knowledge and training has become so severe that talented people who are unable to acquire this knowledge and training are stunted in their development.

MRS. H. B. MACFARLAND
Austin, Tex.

Re "George Villiers and Other Studs," I would like to suggest that Mrs. Villiers may have had something to do with it all.

MRS. CARL R. JOHNSON
New Canaan, Conn.

. . . Ruling classes are mostly overrated. They would be helpless without the background of a thousand years of developing mass culture which supports them, which indeed produced them. . . .

MORRIS HORTON
Houston, Tex.

May I suggest that Mr. Fischer's idea that we do not pay superior people enough to enter public service is the wrong way to facilitate the result he desires. Instead, would it not be better to pay them nothing . . . but allow all people with an I.Q. of 120 or better to be tax exempt? Under such a system they would have greater incentive to use their energy, charm, and ruthlessness to amass fortunes so that they might indulge in "solicitude either for the common people, or for the decent and efficient conduct of public business, or both."

ROBERT E. HENNINGS
El Cerrito, Calif.

White Collar Workers

TO THE EDITORS:

After I had read and thought about "Why White Collar Workers Can't Be Organized" [Anonymous, August], I was forced to the conclusion: "Why, this man (or is it a woman?) hasn't been organized himself. How can he organize anyone else?"

I have been active in union work in the white-collar field for twenty years and for the past ten a full-time officer of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union,

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
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
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
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
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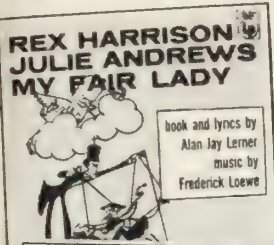
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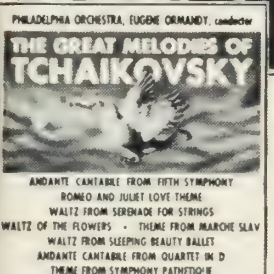
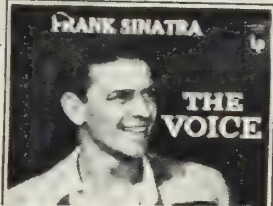
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Original Broadway Cast recording with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews. The complete score including *The Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night*—14 more.
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Here's mood music in Hi-Fi—Paul Weston and his Music from Hollywood. 12 songs.
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Duke Ellington and Orchestra perform *Skin Deep, The Mooche, Perdido*—2 more.
8. Levant Plays Gershwin
3 works—*Rhapsody in Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris*.
9. Day By Day
Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including *The Song Is You, Autumn Leaves*, etc.
10. Rimsky-Korsakov:
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Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.
11. Music of Jerome Kern
Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.
12. Concert by the Sea
Erroll Garner in an actual jazz performance at Carmel, Calif. *Teach Me Tonight, Where or When, I'll Remember April*—8 more.

PA-1



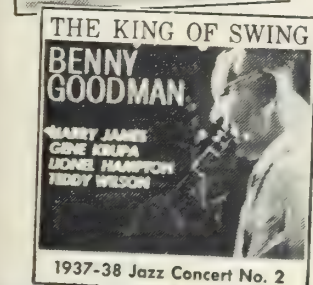
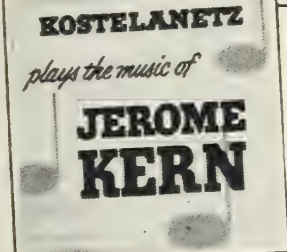
book and lyrics by
Alan Jay Lerner
music by
Frederick Loewe



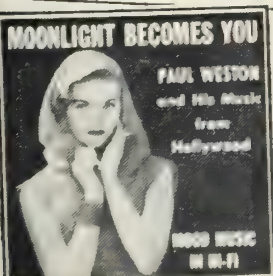
ANDANTE CANTABILE FROM FIFTH SYMPHONY
ROMEO AND JULIET LOVE THEME
WALTZ FROM SERENADE FOR STRINGS
WALTZ OF THE FLOWERS • THEME FROM MARCH SLAY
WALTZ FROM SLEEPING BEAUTY BALLET
ANDANTE CANTABILE FROM QUARTET IN D
THEME FROM SYMPHONY PATHETIQUE



CONCERTO IN F
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS






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It is ridiculous to say that white collar workers can't be organized when labor history shows that it has been done repeatedly in different industries on a nation-wide basis. . . .

I don't say it will be easy. I don't know of an easy way to organize any group of voluntary workers, whether they are white collar, blue collar, or professional workers. Anonymous has the idea it was easy to organize the industrial workers during the 'thirties. Perhaps it was in certain industries, but . . . I knew men who worked full-time as organizers . . . and had many of the same problems and arguments from those opposed to unions that we had to overcome in the white collar field. . . .

There is one implication in the article I resent greatly—that white collar workers won't fight and are afraid of militancy. . . . White collar workers can be the most tenacious fighters in the labor movement. They don't like strikes—no more than the overwhelming majority of union officers and members—but they will fight long and hard and endure serious hardship if they are fighting for a principle. I know from experience. We were on strike for fifty-three days to win the forty-hour, five-day week with forty-eight hours' pay. . . .

E. L. HAGEMAN, Nat'l. Pres.
Western Union Div., Commercial
Telegraphers' Union, AFL-CIO
Washington, D. C.

. . . Organizing white collar workers is different from organizing industrial production workers. But the difference is less great than the difference between organizing today as compared to the New Deal period in any field. . . . As education director for two unions in the textile field, I have watched Southern organizing since 1937 and until last January spent three years at it. The techniques that were successful years ago are not successful now. . . .

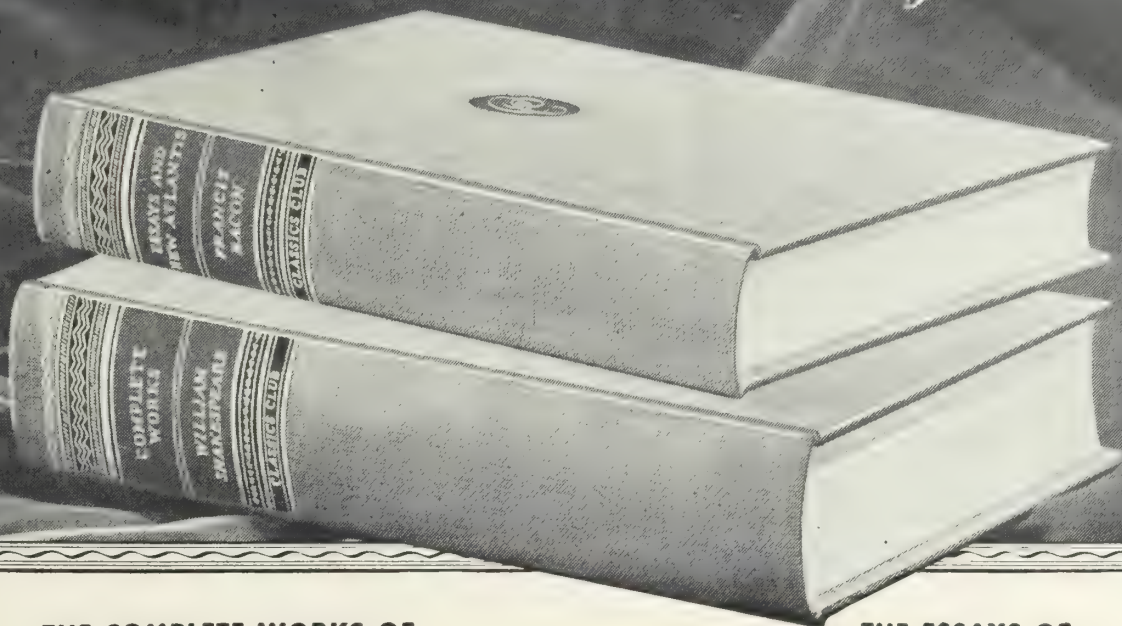
The difficulties are magnified greatly by the anti-union tools given the employer by the Taft-Hartley Act. Workers wanting to organize have no real protection against discharge or other forms of discrimination. . . .

Some twenty-five years on union payrolls have convinced me also that your author has a romantic notion of what is regarded as "treason" to unions. The trade unionists with whom I have dealt, interested in spreading unionism, would

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LETTERS

be happy that an organizer was concerned and would complain only that they don't get enough help from the article.

LAURENCE ROGIN

Dir., Labor Education & Services
Institute of Labor & Industrial Relations
Ann Arbor, Mich.

... Would not your author agree that employers have learned a great deal about how to combat union organizing strategy? ... More important, the unions are still bucking an accumulated backlog of unconscious prejudice against unions [which] has been exploited and intensified by recent front-page publicity about the wrongdoings of exceptional trade union leaders.

The roots of this ignorance and prejudice go back to the neglect of and misinformation about industrial relations in our high schools and colleges. ... The teachers themselves are often misinformed and know only what is wrong with unions. ...

In contrast with the neglect of material issued by the unions, the schools receive huge quantities of free booklets, pamphlets, and films issued by individual firms and employers' associations. ...

The failure of the school is made more dangerous by the general neglect of the trade unions in all forms of mass media. Only very rarely do the mass-circulation popular magazines mention a union in a popular light. Hollywood has produced only one movie in recent years which treats the trade union as a hero. On TV labor participates only upon invitation. This neglect is, of course, in part the failure of organized labor to do a more effective public-relations job. ...

The growth of big business and its impersonal treatment of employees, the displacement of clerical workers by automation, and the continuing drop in real wages will be factors in organizing the white collar workers.

MARK STARR

ILGWU, AFL-CIO
New York, N. Y.

... In our insurance office there are thirty adjusters. One may be incompetent and retained on sufferance. The others are all qualified and competent. All aspire for managership. Your author would disqualify the one incompetent and promote the others according to seniority. I would prefer to compete with them on the basis of ability and skill. ...

This is the essence of our competitive system—the means by which industry and business acquire leadership from the top echelon down through all the departments and channels. It is also the way by which union leaders rise

from the rank and file of their membership to positions of prominence within their unions.

M. L. VONDRA
Drexel Hill, Pa.

A number of years ago the telephone operators went on strike in our small community. One operator did not believe in unions and continued to work. After hearing her fellow-workers in the picket line as she crossed it, she walked past without speaking to anyone in it. ... Puerile and futile as it was, it was the only protest I could think of. ...

Count me among the blind, willful, and deluded who would not enter this Beulah land for twice the money I now make. The hell-fire of insecurity leaves me unmoved. ... I will continue to insist upon my right to decide for myself where my salvation lies. ...

MARGARET STILLWELL
Hobart, Okla.

In my opinion white collar workers do want to be organized, but they have an entirely different set of values. ... If your author feels it is almost impossible to organize them at this time, it is simply because he is not yet ready or willing to meet them on their own ground.

MRS. HOWARD B. SKELTON
Saginaw, Mich.

Philosophy and Jargon

TO THE EDITORS:

Peter Drucker ["The New Philosophy Comes to Life," August] sees the walls of the Cartesian edifice crumbling beneath the jackhammers of modern thought. He is inclined to think it's a demolition job, but it looks to me more like alterations to suit the tenant. Indeed when he says, near the end of his article, "we need ... ways of measuring qualitative change," he is being pretty damned Cartesian himself: for what does *measurable* mean if not *quantitative*? ...

In the revolution Mr. Drucker describes, surely we are not getting away from quantitative thinking; rather we are learning to extend it to whole new fields where hitherto we have been compelled to grope in qualitative darkness.

STUART R. SHEEDY
Jericho, N. Y.

... The good intentions are there, but Mr. Drucker's "big order" is so big that no honest philosopher can possibly accept it. Let's be a little more specific, please.

F. LICHTENBERG, M. D.
San Juan, P. R.

Ah ha! The thinnest thinkers of the ages—to wit, the social scientists—have



El Morro Castle at sunset. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Entrance to Puerto Rico—no passport needed

THIS is El Morro Castle in old San Juan. The Conquistadores built it to protect one of the loveliest harbors in the world.

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Puerto Rico is now a free Commonwealth *within* the American Union.

Though self-governing, it shares a common citizenship and forms part of the U.S. economic system. Hence, the dollar is currency and you can move goods to and fro *without tariffs*.

Many U.S. manufacturers with new plants in Puerto Rico also stress another important point. Their interests are *doubly* protected. First, by Puerto Rico's own Constitution. Second, by

the Constitution of the United States.

What would Puerto Rico be like for the *family*? Here are some facts. Medical care is excellent. The sun shines 360 days a year. There are country clubs and supermarkets, English schools and scout clubs. Ever see a land in renaissance? Now is your chance.

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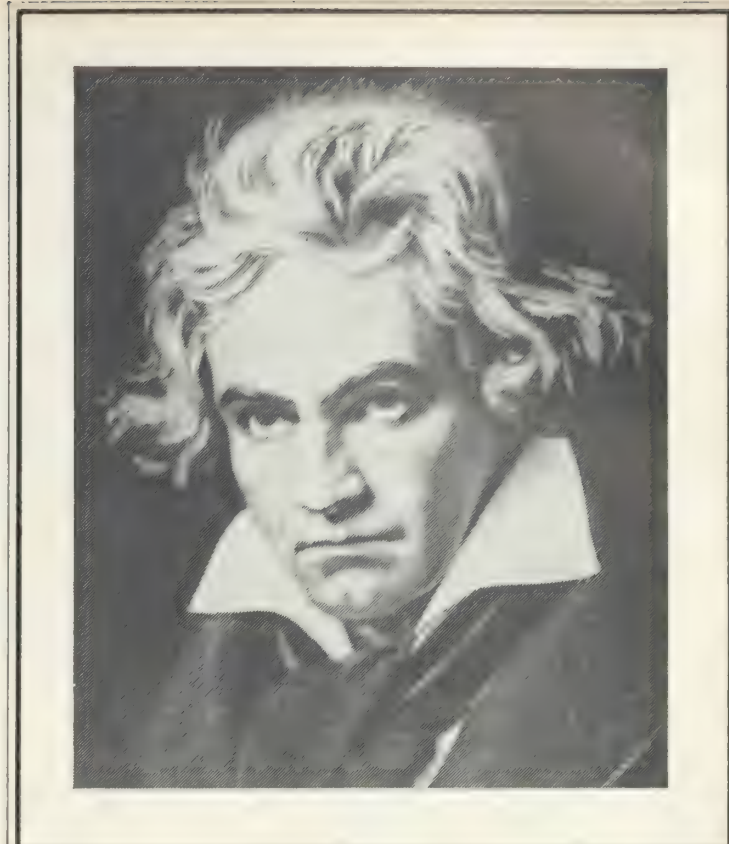
What was his philosophy?

"**B**EETHOVEN never failed to say Yes to life," wrote Howard Taubman, music critic of *The New York Times*, "and the Ninth Symphony is his most glorious affirmation. He had walked through the dark valley of despair from the time in his early thirties when he knew that he, of all people, a musician, was beginning to lose his hearing. He had put his agony into words in 1802, when he wrote a testament...in which he spoke of suicide and said farewell to his relatives and friends. But the deepest source of his nature had been a will to live and a determination to 'seize fate by the throat,' and from that source came his music."

THE CONSENSUS among musicians is that the Ninth Symphony represents Beethoven's "final passionate testament of faith." What was - what is - that testament? Just how did he go about presenting it in musical terms?

A RECENT RELEASE of Music-Appreciation Records gives a moving explanation of this glorious work. It is done by Thomas Scherman, distinguished young conductor who is the musical director of Music-Appreciation Records. He shows how the first movement presents and develops "the sense of doom and despair, inspired by Man's helplessness before a vast and blind fate," and then how Beethoven wins through ultimately to a joyous, even ecstatic, acceptance of life. In the last movement, most interestingly, he unmistakably rejects all other philosophies. No matter how much one is stirred emotionally by this great music, plainly Beethoven's message is lost without basic guidance such as this.

THIS SORT of illumination about the great musical works in our heritage is the sensible idea behind Music-Appreciation Records. On one record there is a full uninterrupted performance; then on another (available



when the subscriber wants it) are what amount to "musically illustrated program notes," which make clear all the salient aspects of the composition.

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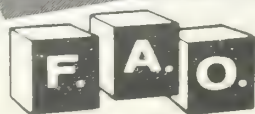
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a "new" philosophy for us. Fear not though, good old *Harper's* has come to the rescue. We old Cartesians can "go modern" by creating an "infinite" number of "new" philosophies by appropriate combinations and permutations of the words in [Professor Lafore's] Jargon Control Program (same issue).

Stick to it, Professor Lafore!

HOWARD J. O'CONNOR
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Of course the word *meaningful* exists [Jargon Control Program]. It was used at least twice in the same issue of *Harper's*—once expanded to *meaningfulness*. It's just that people like Professor Lafore—and me—who have been through the pedagogical mill have developed a distaste for it. We have absolutely no objections to its cognate antonym. In fact we often say that an expression like "meaningful experience" is meaningless jargon.

ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS
Springfield, Mo.

Congratulations to Laurence Lafore for his list of prohibited jargon. Such a list might be helpful in other realms of endeavor as well, with appropriate deletions or additions. Most important for the church worker to avoid might be "fellowship"; for English departments, "symbolism." . . .

If Mr. Lafore applies the control list to his own lectures, papers, and conversation, he is nothing short of miraculous. At any rate, he has courage. An institutional (pardon me) revolution is at hand.

MARTHA E. GREGG
Haines, Alaska

The Flu Epidemic

TO THE EDITORS:

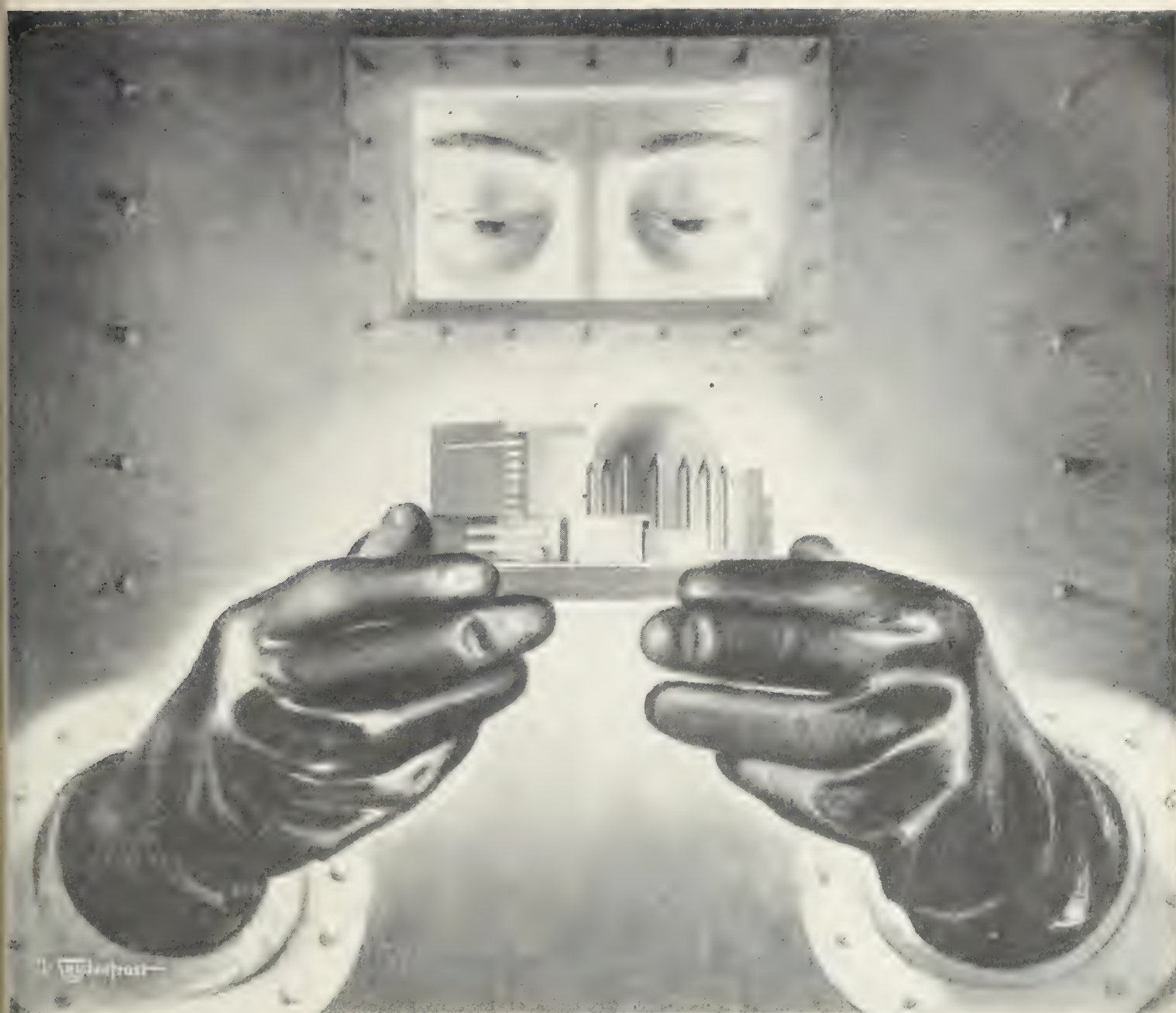
Dr. Rutstein's article on "The Influenza Epidemic" [August] is in many ways interesting and timely. Frankly, however, I feel that its tone is unduly alarming, and I also believe that certain available information could be given more emphasis:

(1) The very small number of deaths from Far East Influenza in the Far East were almost exclusively very young children and some old people. This is typical of all influenza epidemics for the past several hundred years except the one in 1918.

(2) The odds are strongly against the Far East Influenza causing a high degree of severe illness and death, although it is, of course, *possible*. . . .

(3) Vaccine may be valuable, but it will most certainly be no panacea; Dr. Rutstein correctly pointed out that supplies will be very limited.

(4) If an epidemic of major signifi-



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Although man released the formidable energy at the heart of the atom in the extremity of war, exciting peacetime developments are presently

underway in medicine, agriculture, industrial processing, food preservation, ship propulsion. Ten widely varied U. S. industries are joined in developing the first privately-owned atomic reactor to be built for co-operative research.

These diverse activities, working to advance the time when nuclear power

will be more widely used, are typical of America's free enterprise system.

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LETTERS

cance *does* by any chance get going, the best thing the individual can do to slow it down is to avoid crowds and in other ways minimize close contact with other people. The only real outbreaks of Far East Flu observed to date have been where crowding existed.

GEOFFREY EDSALL, M.D.
Dir., Div. Communicable Diseases
Walter Reed Army Inst. of Research
Washington, D.C.

The Horse's Mouth

TO THE EDITORS:

Dr. Ian Stevenson is to be congratulated for his article dealing with the complex problem of schizophrenia [August]. It is an excellent, up-to-date summary, far superior to what one might find in the latest text books.

ROBERT E. SILVERMAN
Dept. of Psychology
N. Y. University, N. Y.

Bowles' India

TO THE EDITORS:

Paul Bowles' "Notes on a Visit to India" [July] are a disappointment. India is a cliché-writer's paradise and Bowles has not risen above the surface. . . . Scorching heat, holy cows, pidgin English, and the cursed caste system—mix them together, put them in a shaker, add a dash of personal anecdote, and you have an "illuminating" article for the American press.

There is much in India that is crassly inhumane, sordidly brutal, and craven; but alongside . . . you have a people with the human qualities of serenity and tolerance.

India is a new nation on the march. A prisoner of the past, it is the giant of the future. As an Indian, I wish Bowles had shown an iota of sympathy and understanding and wandered off the cliché-studded beaten track.

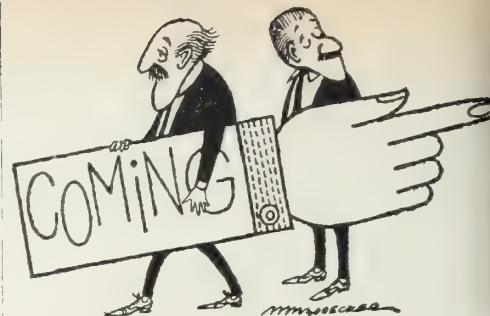
G. J. ADVANI
New York, N. Y.

It was with surprise and disappointment that I read the article on India by Paul Bowles who, I may add, is not related to my family.

Seldom have I seen such insensitivity and indeed such arrogance in a description of a foreign country and its people.

Because the sweep and promise of the new India is now so . . . clearly evident in every Indian city and village, it is distressing to those who know and respect India and Asia to read this latest expression of Western arrogance and racial intolerance in (of all places) *Harper's*.

MRS. CHESTER BOWLES
Essex, Conn.



THE CIVIL DEFENSE FIASCO

Throw out the Civil Defense Administration, says New York's Park Commissioner. It's wasteful and inefficient. What we need, he contends, is a system that helps cities produce not only protection in case of war, but something useful now.

by Robert Moses

WHERE'S EVERYBODY?

Have we already missed some visitors to Earth from outer space?

Possibly, says a scientist who considers the real possibilities of junketing about the universe.

by Arthur C. Clarke

THE POWER ON THE BORDER

Can we afford to waste 5,653,500 kilowatts of water power—nearly twice the capacity of the TVA—just because we can't seem to agree with Canada on how to use the tremendous resources of the Yukon, Columbia, and St. John Rivers?

by Richard L. Neuberger

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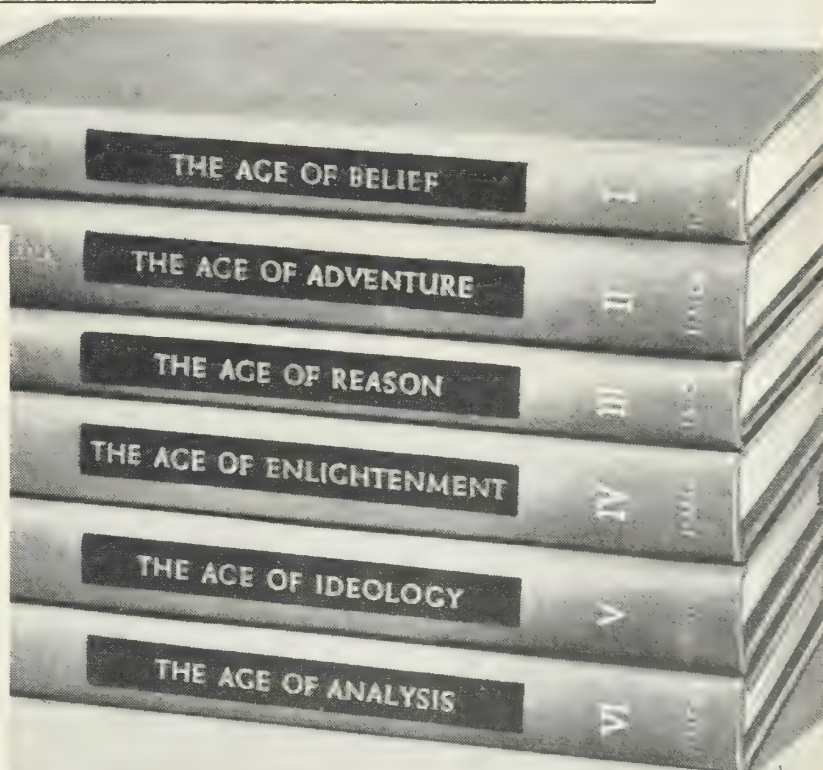
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How General Electric tries to do its part

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But businesses, too, are developing increasingly effective ways to help people further their education. At General Electric, for example, one person out of every eight is taking additional education or training. On these pages are some of the ways the company is trying to help young people set high educational goals—and to encourage all employees to achieve their full capabilities with increased personal satisfaction.

Education must be a lifelong pursuit for every citizen. The more individuals recognize this, the more they will seek to develop themselves to take advantage of America's expanding opportunities.

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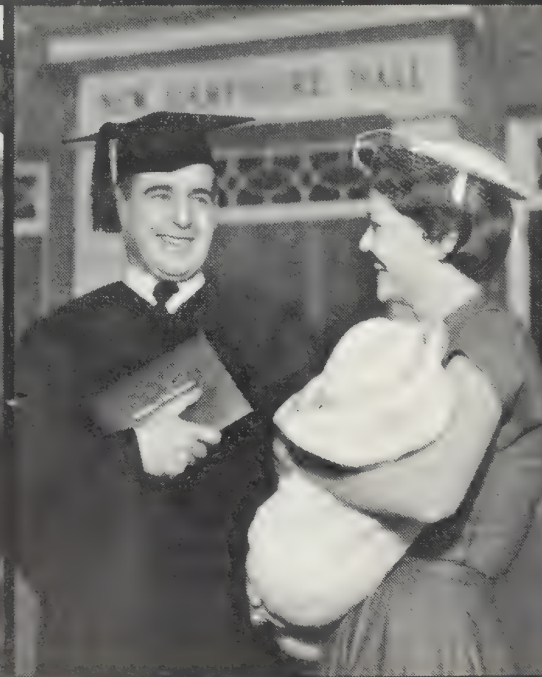


Awakening students to future opportunities
General Electric's science show, "House of Magic," is one of many ways we try to stimulate secondary-school students to tackle the studies with enthusiasm and appreciation. Each year 700,000 young people see the show.

PROVIDING OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN AT GENERAL ELECTRIC TO DEVELOP



A chance to acquire new skills. General Electric conducts 1,000 courses in factory skills to train or retrain employees. George Du Pont (above), a welder with 14 years' experience, recently completed 3 weeks of full-time schooling in new techniques.



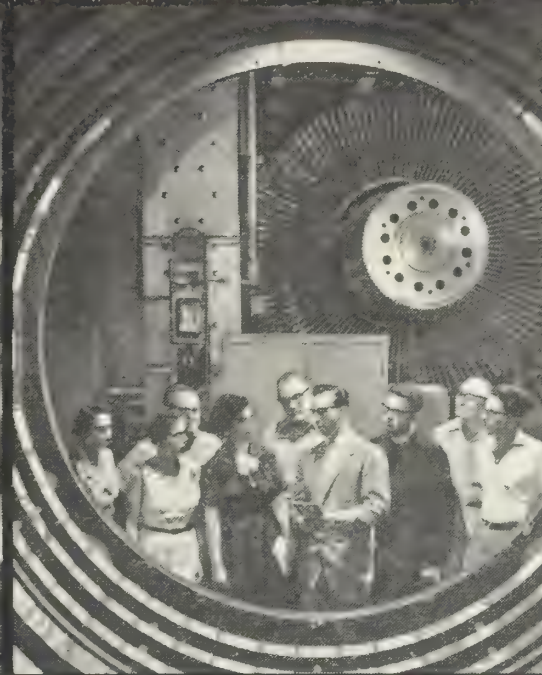
Encouragement to continue schooling. Plans for college-level studies are worked out with hundreds of General Electric people. Paul Gagnon (above) recently graduated as an engineer from the U. of New Hampshire as a result of a 6-year work-and-study program.



Expanding opportunities for technicians. General Electric offers people with aptitude (but not necessarily a college degree) a chance for responsibility as technicians. For example, Winifred Balz (above) is taking advantage of our Technician Program.

in helping people further their education

ENCOURAGE YOUNG PEOPLE TO FURTHER THEIR STUDIES

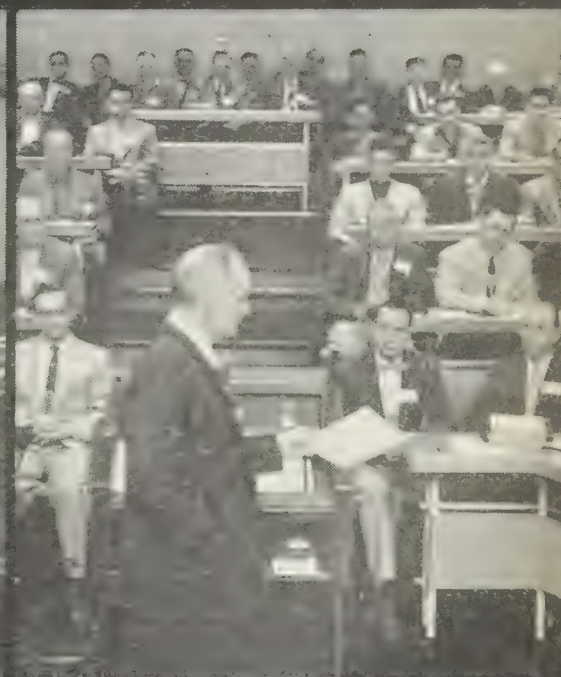


Providing career-guidance materials. General Electric furnishes teachers, at their request, with materials that point up to young people the value of further studies. Above, teacher counsels students with a G-E guidance booklet, "Why Study English?"

Helping teachers to be even more effective. Through G.E.'s summer fellowships, over 1,900 math and science teachers have had graduate study and seen firsthand how their subjects are put to use in business. Above, teachers see the "insides" of giant turbines.

Financial help to colleges. To help employees "pay back" their colleges for the education from which they and the company are benefiting, the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund matches alumni support payments made by employees.

THEIR FULL ABILITY



Programs for college graduates. Education doesn't stop with the end of college. Robert Eskine (Minnesota, '56) gains more knowledge and experience in the G-E Manufacturing Training Program—one of 11 professional programs offered to recent graduates.

Advanced professional development. In advanced courses at General Electric, qualified men and women can study in many different fields under the leadership of experts. Above, Professor C. R. Christensen of Harvard leads a seminar in Marketing.

Study in the work of managing. Education continues for people in management, too. Above is a seminar at General Electric's Management Research & Development Institute. The work of managing is also being studied by 6,000 people at plant locations.

the EASY CHAIR

Wanted: Men

*This month's guest in these columns is special editorial adviser for Look magazine, a Ph.D. in political science, wartime Deputy Director, OWI, the author of fifteen movies, a former teacher at Yale, faculty associate at Columbia University, winner of the 1955 George Polk Memorial Award, and the author of books on Hollywood and Washington. The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N—one of the funniest stories of our generation—probably is his best known work; it was written under the pen name, Leonard Q. Ross.*

I LOVE hot dogs, baseball, and Mother's Day. I am transported by Gary Cooper's movies, Willie Mays' artistry, and Art Carney's comedy. I consider Dwight D. Eisenhower as honorable a man as was ever sentenced to be President, and Douglas MacArthur as commanding a genius as was ever incubated at West Point.

I set down these facts because I want to make sure that the remarks which follow will not be mistaken for the complaints of a bleeding heart or an egghead.

In my reluctant docket, television stands indicted for betraying its conscience and corrupting our values. By values I do not mean morals, and by conscience I do not mean conformity. Nor do I mean to cast the smallest sour grape at such programs, adored by the masses, as "Dragnet," "I Love Lucy," or "Disneyland." Each, within its genre, is masterly. Nor do I impugn the high purpose of a "See It Now" or an "Air Power," or the admirable dramaturgy of a "Requiem for a Heavyweight."

I address these remarks to what television is *not* showing us; to what it is *not* trying; to the way it is abdicating the responsibility which inescapably goes with its power.

My evidence is not culled from the writings of John Crosby or Gilbert Seldes, kindly and

avuncular types who try to teach television how to enhance its prestige by recovering its self-respect. My case rests on an experience with nine distinguished television producers, who labor to feed a medium that is ravenous for new material.

I offered each of these producers sixteen stories. Each of the stories is true. The names are real. The facts are documented. They appeared as legitimate news in impeccable newspapers. The heroes are real men and women who, in the finest American tradition and for reasons no more complicated than simple decency, went to considerable risk to help innocent men who were getting a raw deal. The stories were selected, from 450 entries in a nation-wide contest, by an illustrious panel of judges: General William F. Dean, hero of Korea; Most Reverend John J. Wright, Catholic Bishop of Worcester, Massachusetts; The Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill, Presiding Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church; Henry L. Nunn, retired president, Nunn-Bush Shoe Company; Judge Sam Rosenman; Mildred McAfee Horton, former president of Wellesley College; and James Carey, President of International Union of Electrical Workers.

These unpaid judges awarded thirteen prizes, from \$5,000 to \$100 each, plus equal sums to the charitable, patriotic, or religious organization each winner chose. The contest was called The American Traditions Project. The prizes were endowed by the Fund for the Republic. The winners were announced at an elegant dinner in Washington, before five hundred guests—including Speaker Sam Rayburn and sixteen members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, who bestowed the cachet of their presence on the contest and the winners.

On behalf of the American Traditions Project, which I served as a consultant, I submitted the winning stories to television producers. I think I have done enough work in movies to recognize a story with mass appeal when I see one—and each of these seemed to (Continued on page 17)



THE FAMOUS STORES. This store is in London's fashionable Burlington Arcade. Royalty goes shopping here. One of the best bargains is antique silver. Your dollar seems appreciably fatter.

How to hunt for treasure in Britain

(A traveler's guide to shopping)



DISCOVER THE LITTLE SHOPS. These happy explorers are copper-shopping in old Canterbury. Last year alone, returning travelers took home *more than sixty million dollars worth of British goods!*



GO TO THE AUCTIONS. This is Christie's in London. The wallop of the gavel has caused vertigo in more than one collector. Somebody may have landed a masterpiece. It could be *you*.



VISIT THE TOY SHOPS. The British have a passion for miniature things. Hence their marvelous toys. Some are so exquisitely made that parents refuse to hand them over. This is not exactly cricket.



DON'T MISS MARKET DAY! Just about every English county town has its own market. You're apt to find almost anything on the stalls. They are splendid hunting grounds for off-beat gifts.



COMPARE THE QUALITY. You really have to handle a trout rod to know how good it is. For leather, you need to use your eyes. Our picture can only hint at the craftsmanship. It's proud stuff.



SHOP AS YOU TOUR. Buy your tweeds in the Cheviots. Tartans in the Highlands. Linen in Belfast. Cashmere everywhere. *You can bring back \$500 worth of goods, duty-free. That's \$500 each!*



GET FITTED EARLY. Almost all the better tailors advise at least three fittings. They have a reputation to protect. You'll like British craftsmen. They ask honest prices and they never haggle.



Scene from 20th Century-Fox's production of Leo McCarey's "AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER," co-starring **CARY GRANT** and **DEBORAH KERR**, which takes place aboard the s.s. *Constitution*. A Jerry Wald Production in CinemaScope. Color by Deluxe.

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have everything: dramatic conflict, human interest, and an "up-beat" ending. Moreover, they lent themselves admirably to fifteen-minute, thirty-minute, or sixty-minute treatment. None could be suspected of undermining the American way of life, making children neurotic, or pandering to the baser passions.

Just to make sure, I checked my judgment with three friends, each of whom is a conspicuous success in television. One is an executive, another a program originator, the third a producer of filmed TV programs. Without exception they called the material excellent, and suggested producers—nine in all—who ought to be interested.

So you can judge the stories for yourself, here are a few in outline:

THE MAN WHO MUSTN'T OWN A DOG

ON AUGUST 1, 1956, Mr. A. Vincent Leun, an executive of Bethlehem Steel, learned that a sixty-year-old Bulgarian refugee named George Welkoff had been arrested in Hellertown, Pennsylvania—on the singular charge of owning a dog. Under some hoary Pennsylvania statute, which Welkoff's pious neighbors invoked, an alien is prohibited from owning a dog. (Don't ask me why.) A Justice of the Peace fined Welkoff \$31.90, which Welkoff did not have, so the bewildered Bulgarian was sentenced to thirty-two days in the county prison.

Mr. Leun's sensibilities were offended by such un-American activities, so he went down to the jail, paid Welkoff's fine, paid the court costs, and won Welkoff's release from the cell where he had been impounded for two days. Leun also rescued the dog from the fate (liquidation) which Welkoff's neighbors were striving to make the dog-pound administer. Leun received some threatening phone calls and some throaty warnings to keep his dirty nose out of other people's business. He responded by announcing that he intended to subsidize Welkoff to learn enough English to pass his citizenship exams. It was Bethlehem Steel's finest hour.

Lest cynical readers wonder how "undesirable" an alien Welkoff really is, let the record show that he fled from the Communist terror in Bulgaria and believes his son was killed by practitioners of Russian justice.

THE GENERAL'S WIFE

A YOUNG Captain was court-martialed on a U. S. Army post after an investigation of funds intended for the coffers of the Officers' Club, and derived from games of chance. The Captain was sentenced to two years at hard labor.

A Brigadier General's wife knew that the idea of enriching the Officers' Club through gambling

had first been suggested to the Captain by members of the Women's Club on the post. Though gambling on government property, even for charity, breaks Army regulations, it should be recognized that such regulations are often observed the way the Volstead Act was once memorialized in the offices of Senators. The General's wife went to the guardhouse to talk to the Captain, and decided that he had been railroaded.

She got busy indoctrinating the General, who discovered that the evidence against the Captain resembled Swiss cheese. The higher up the General pushed, the stronger was the aroma of prejudice. So the General sat down and wrote the C.O. that in his opinion the court-martial verdict was unjust.

When the Captain's case came up for review at the Pentagon, the General's wife insisted that her husband drive them both to Washington, so they could be around the Judge Advocate General's office during the proceedings.

The charges were dismissed: "Insufficient evidence." The Captain was reprieved and reinstated. The General incurred some glares from his colleagues. Still, a General's wife had proved that there is nothing wrong in being right.

THE TWO WAITRESSES

CHRISTMAS, 1955. Akron, Ohio, Greyhound Bus Depot. Time: 2:00 A.M. An elderly man is sleeping. A policeman enters. He tries to rouse the man, who mumbles drowsy protests in broken English. The policeman gets rough. The elderly man resists. Naturally, he is knocked down, handcuffed, taken to the police station, and booked on charges of loitering and resisting arrest.

Two waitresses, working in the diner that night, witnessed all this. When they went off duty, they decided to register their disapproval at the police station.

The desk sergeant told them that the man had given his name as Stanislaw Kiszycki. The address was in Wadsworth, five miles from the center of Akron. The two waitresses rode out to Wadsworth. The landlady told them that Kiszycki knew little English, had been a slave-laborer in a Nazi concentration camp, fled from the Communists in Poland, had come to America in 1952, and often walked all the way to Akron and back (he was a poor man) to attend Mass. This Christmas Eve he had made the journey to attend midnight Mass, telling his landlady that he would try to catch some sleep on a bench in the bus depot because he wanted to be in Akron early enough for morning Mass on Christmas day, too.

The waitresses took their tale now to the Mayor of Wadsworth, and with his help got Kiszycki out of jail. Then they went back to

On Target

Fantastic, even frightening—that's all a layman can say about the "inertial guidance" devices announced recently, that can steer a guided missile nearly 240,000 miles to the moon and guarantee hitting a target the size of a football field.

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Maybe that news story sparked our interest especially, because we're in a kind of guidance business ourselves—the business of helping investors come as close as possible to the targets they have in mind.

Not that we're much use to them if their investment objectives are as far away as the moon . . .

Not that we can guarantee anybody pinpoint landings when it comes to investing. The securities business just isn't that much of an exact science.

Still, with a Research Department that's one of the biggest and best in the business . . .

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THE EASY CHAIR

work and told the manager of the diner that they wanted to appear as witnesses when the case came up. The manager, horrified, warned them not to cause any trouble with or for the police. If they did, "it would go against them." The waitresses were Mrs. Ann Harr and Mrs. Bessie Dick. When Mrs. Harr said she thought it terrible the way an innocent old man had been manhandled and manacled, the manager told another waitress he would "find a way to get rid of" that kind of trouble-maker.

When Kiszycki's case was called, Mrs. Harr stood up in court and volunteered for the defense. After she told what she had seen, the judge asked Mrs. Harr why she was doing all this for a man she had never laid eyes on before that night in the diner. She replied, "When I heard the policeman ridiculing Mr. Kiszycki, as he lay handcuffed on the ground, pleading in broken English to be released, it reminded me of my parents. They were foreign-born, too, and ridiculed because of their accent and their place of birth."

The judge said it was a good thing for America that there were people like the two waitresses around. He chastised the police and dismissed the charges against Kiszycki.

Mrs. Harr was fired. It took quite a while for the union to get her back on the job.

THE GIRL IN BERKLEY

KAREN, a sixteen-year-old high-school girl living in Berkley, Michigan, went to the movies one night, and couldn't believe the plot. The movie was "Gentlemen's Agreement," the story of a writer (Gregory Peck) who adopts a Jewish name for a bit to see if it will make any difference in the way he is treated. The high-school lass thought it "very far-fetched" that nothing more than a Jewish-sounding name would subject a nice, friendly American like Gregory Peck to snideries and humiliation.

"Things like that just don't happen any more," said Karen.

The next day, some friends happened to ask Karen about some of the charms on her bracelet, and she

remarked, "They're Jewish symbols." That's all she said. In the days that followed, her friends began to avoid our girl, and soon she even found it hard to get friends to walk home with her. Karen's sister's popularity began to suffer most peculiarly, too.

After six weeks, Karen went to her teacher and told him her troubles and he reported them to the principal and a school assembly was called. And at this assembly, Karen Desoandes, in the brave and untutored accents of the young, announced, "It happens that I'm not Jewish. I am of Scotch and French descent. I attend Berkley Community Church. But for six weeks I have lived in a different world. . . . What made you all act this way? . . . Now I understand that prejudice is more than a word in the dictionary."

She got an ovation of applause and repentance, and her friends crowded around her, and "they hugged me and cried and asked many questions, mostly, 'I didn't do any of those terrible things, did I, did I?' I did not know how to answer."

SOUTHERNER WITH A CONSCIENCE

JOHN B. ORR, JR., is a native Southerner, an Air Force veteran, and a member of the Florida state legislature. After the school desegregation decision of the Supreme Court, a special session of the legislature was called to legislate barriers against integration in Florida.

When the roll was called, 89 men voted "Aye." Orr alone voted "Nay." He told a tense house: "I believe that segregation is morally wrong. I believe that second-class citizens are repugnant to democratic principles. The fact that the custom is of long standing makes it no less wrong. . . . Perhaps the most dangerous by-product of this special session is disrespect for our laws and principles of common decency. To defy the highest court in our land is unthinkable to me."

John Orr was up for re-election. Political realists marked him a fool. But strange things happen in our land. Some of the legislators who voted for segregation publicly expressed their respect for John Orr. One said he hoped that when he



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faced a crisis of conscience he would do it with as much courage as John Orr had shown. Newspapers which supported segregation editorialized about Orr's integrity. The voters in Orr's district—good Southerners, only mortal, caught in ancient rip tides of hate and fear—returned Orr to the Legislature by a larger majority than he had been accorded before.

FREE OFFER

I SENT these stories (and ten more, just as good) to the nine producers. I gave the facts and identified the judges who had awarded the honors (General Dean, a Catholic Bishop, a leading Episcopalian, an anti-Communist labor leader). The material was offered, gratis, to anyone who wanted to use it—in any form, as fact or as fiction, in whole or in part. No strings were attached, no conditions imposed, no credit required for anyone.

With two exceptions, the stories were declined—with the nicest notes of regret you ever read. (One producer is interested in the story of a Catholic priest in Minneapolis who, for twenty years, has helped people in the night courts. At this writing another program is still wrestling with the problem in its upper echelons.)

One earnest liberal on a program which uses *only* true stories said, "Of course, we can't use material which puts the police in a bad light." I remarked that nothing was further from my thoughts, but was television really governed by taboos against truth?

"The point isn't whether something is true or not, or happened or not," said my informant guilelessly. "We just never show the police in a bad light."

A second producer, no less sagacious than the first, was so moved by the stories that he exclaimed: "These are wonderful! Really wonderful! They make you feel proud to be an American. Of course, television can't touch stories about segregation, you understand."

I understood.

A third producer told me that "the thing that bothers us about all these stories is this: they're too *strong*."

After a moment I said, in a cowardly tone, "I don't know what you mean."

He studied me suspiciously. "What do you mean, you don't know what I mean? They're just too *strong*."

I felt like a sinner who had just dropped to his knees before Billy Graham, only to be told: "What *are* you doing in that ridiculous position?"

The most explicit answer of all came to me in writing from the producer of a very large and successful CBS show.

"Unfortunately," his letter explained, "each of the cases involves some malpractice of justice which would meet with disapproval from our sponsor."

WELL, I had always known that TV producers are indentured to sponsors, who wield (I am told) a fat and final club. But it is precisely that misalliance of purposes which interests me. For it seems self-evident that to strain the milk of life through the cheesecloth of advertising must curdle creativity and—more ominous—contaminate truth. We should know by now that when soap-makers commission operas they get a form of garbage called soap-opera.

The story is different in the printed media. In general, newspapers and magazines control their own editorial content. When an advertiser (*not*, thank God, a "sponsor") buys a piece of space, he does not buy a voice at the editorial table or a fist on the news desk. (Not ordinarily, that is. There have been venal publications—there are a few now—but they seldom last long. If a paper's news columns are for sale, its readers catch on pretty quickly; it inevitably loses their confidence and respect; and it loses its advertising too.) The cigarette industry spends many, many millions a year on newspaper and magazine advertising. Yet when medical reports were released linking cigarette smoking with lung cancer, they were fully covered in virtually all newspapers and magazines. So far as I know, not a single cigarette company seriously tried to kill the story.

It is noteworthy that the same story was covered in radio and television newscasts. Did any empires fall? Did any heads roll in the sand?

Not at all—because in *news* coverage the tradition of independent, untrified reporting has been largely carried over from the printed media to the air.

In the other branches of the radio and television industry, alas, an entirely different tradition prevails. In virtually all entertainment programs, the men who pay for the commercials also control the time *between* the commercials.

I am convinced that this is bad for the public, bad for the industry, and bad for the sponsors. For television will not win respect, from either its sponsors or its audience, until it conducts itself in a way that shows it respects itself.

Well, fellows, I still like Winstons, like a writer should. I still find Yogi Berra more edifying than Jean-Paul Sartre. And, since I am incorrigibly American, I have not surrendered hope.

Maybe some of the stories about the American Tradition will, in time, be allowed inside the antiseptic halls of television. Maybe its overlords will learn, someday, what the movies already are learning: that there is a much larger audience for stories which depart from banality than timid and (in the true sense) irresponsible producers had assumed. Meanwhile, I feel sorry for television's proletariat, who live in fear of a sponsor's fiat and have to work between the interstices of an advertiser's rulings. And I have the deepest sympathy for sponsors, who live in terror of a few protests from Yahoos and self-appointed patriots whenever something "controversial" gets on the air.

IF I were an advertiser, I would launch a crusade to try to get the men who run television to act like men. I would ask them to do their job and let me do mine. I would only *want* responsibility for the commercials. I would ask the networks to act like editors—so that I could regain the freedom to behave the way a well-brought-up businessman with a product to sell knows, in his heart, he ought to behave. I would tell television writers and producers to be guided by the truth and their own talent—not by what they guess my anxieties or prejudices or whims might be.

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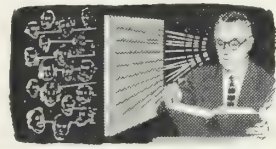
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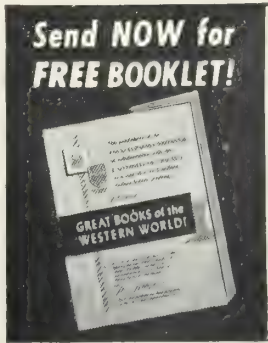
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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

OUR TOWN will be officially twenty years old next February. As the first Broadway production by the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and three other popular novels, it drew all the critics to the opening night and had, on the whole, a rhapsodical welcome. Later it won a Pulitzer Prize.

Mr. Wilder knew what he was trying to do in *Our Town*—as he explains in his article, "A Platform and a Passion or Two" (p. 48), which he adapted for *Harper's* from the preface of his forthcoming book, *Three Plays*. But, like the rest of us, he would need a helping of hindsight if he were to try to explain the extraordinary success of the play over two decades. For *Our Town* has turned out to be the most played American play of its season—and one of the most popular of this century. In thousands of performances—by professional companies here and abroad, by the major little theatres, by college players, community and summer repertory, settlement-house and church and high-school amateurs of the rankest sort—*Our Town* has scarcely ever been dark since its first audience, "arriving [saw] an empty stage in half-light." Movies, TV, and radio have done it too.

Most of the original critics set it down as a work of rare quality—in Brooks Atkinson's words, "a hauntingly beautiful play." But there were reservations about its chances of popularity. *Variety* noted that in spite of its "heart-tug, warmth, and mellow sweetness," the play had "a commercial question mark on it. . . . It is also generally true of entertainment that it must be more zingy and more in the idiom of current taste. This one is an artistic return to the soil. In short, the very qualities that make *Our Town* a fine manuscript make it an uncertain theatrical property."

Why did *Variety* guess so badly? And, practically speaking, what accounts for the play's success? The

answer—which then needed a crystal ball—now seems quite obvious.

First, *Our Town* is cheap and easy to put on the stage. A platform, a few chairs and tables, two ladders, and a plank suffice for furniture. No scenery.

Second, it has many delightfully actable parts, which give the professional a chance to be subtle and the amateur a chance to seem better than he is. (Frank Craven, Eddie Dowling, Walter Hampden, Hume Cronyn, and Melvyn Douglas—among other professionals—have played the "Stage Manager's" part; and such gifted amateurs as Wilder himself, Walter Pritchard Eaton, Sinclair Lewis, and Henry Noble McCracken have gloried in the long, somewhat monotonous, but quite juicy role.)

Third, the play is a shocker, in a special sense. In a theatrical season when the Federal Theatre's "One Third of a Nation" burned a tenement right over the heads of the first-row spectators; when audiences cheered the Mercury Theatre's anti-fascist "Julius Caesar" and Marc Blitzstein's radical "The Cradle Will Rock," *Our Town* was a shocker by sheer quiet. Out of the hush of something like a Quaker meeting, it spoke the simplest down-to-earth, New England American; and its philosophy was plain acceptance, not only of the universe, but of capitalist small-town U. S. A. To theatre-goers bred on social significance, it was staggering to hear, in reply to the question, "Is there no one in town aware of social injustice?" the flat answer:

"Well, we're ready to listen to everybody's suggestion as to how you can see that the diligent and sensible'll rise to the top and the lazy and quarrelsome sink to the bottom."

No wonder the reviewer in the *New Masses* gagged at *Our Town*: "an exasperating play, hideous in its basic idea and beautiful in its writing, acting, and staging."

And, finally, the play turned out to be exportable Americana—com-

prehensible anywhere. "Y'know," said the Stage Manager, "Babylon once had two million people in it and . . . every night all those families sat down to supper, and the father came home from his work and the smoke went up the chimney—same as here." Europeans who later saw *Piccola città*, *Unsere Klein Stadt*, or *Vår lilla stad* saw that life in America was the same as life in Babylon—and "same as here."

. . . Thornton Wilder is a traveling man. Born in Wisconsin, he went to school in Hong Kong and Shanghai and California; he attended Oberlin College and Yale, from which he was graduated in 1920; he studied at the American Academy in Rome and got a master's degree at Princeton. He served in both world wars (in the Coast Guard in 1918 and in this country and North Africa and Italy with the Air Force in 1942-45).

He taught French in a school in New Jersey; later was on the faculty of the University of Chicago and of Harvard; he has given seminars in many universities abroad.

Though his home is in Hamden, Connecticut, he is constantly building his unopened mail and moving on. "I can't write at home," he once told a reporter, "because I enjoy home too much, so with a sinking heart I pack up a few possible themes for a play or novel and leave." He spent six summers tutoring at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, and six at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, which is said to be the original of Grover's Corners of *Our Town*, but he wrote the play in three months in Zurich. *The Skin of Our Teeth* got written in three months in Quebec. He began his novel, *The Ides of March*, in New Haven, continued it in Yucatán.

Mr. Wilder is honored as much abroad as at home. *The Matchmaker* opened at the Edinburgh Festival the summer of 1954, a year before its 489 performances on Broadway. (It is now a Hollywood movie project.) *The Skin of Our Teeth*, first seen in 1942, has recently been performed in Paris, Chicago, Washington, and Warsaw as well as on TV. The Edinburgh Festival of 1955 presented a new Wilder play, *The Alcestiad* (under the title, "The

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BONNIERS

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Life in the Sun"), which has not yet been seen here, although it was enthusiastically received in Zurich this past summer.

Three of Mr. Wilder's one-act plays (including two new ones) were played in English, under the auspices of ANTA, at the recent opening of the Congress Hall in Berlin. An evening of his one-acters may be expected this winter in New York's off-Broadway theatre, Circle in the Square. And Mr. Wilder is scheduled to receive the annual Peace Prize of the German Book Trade on October 9 at the Frankfurt Book Fair—the first American to have it.

Like the traveling book-salesman in his novel *Heaven's My Destination*, Thornton Wilder goes up and down the land engaging his fellow man in talking over "big things." "In beginning a conversation," he might say, as George Brush said, "I like to get all the facts on the table."

... Among some 2,500 American travelers in the U. S. S. R. this year was John Gunther, the author of *Inside U. S. A.* and four other famous "Inside" books about various portions of the globe. The lead article in this issue, "Russia's Riviera" (p. 27), is selected from the new Gunther book, *Inside Russia Today*, which Harper & Brothers will bring out early in 1958.

Mr. Gunther was born in Chicago and was graduated from the University of Chicago. He spent twelve years in Europe for the Chicago *Daily News* before the publication in 1936 of *Inside Europe*, which was an immediate sensation in this country and abroad. Besides the books about Europe, Asia, Latin America, Africa, and the U. S. A., he has written *Behind the Curtain*, *The Riddle of MacArthur*, *Roosevelt in Retrospect*, and *Death Be Not Proud*.

... Herbert Mitgang's account of "The Night the Leaning Tower Didn't Fall" (p. 34) is based on his wartime experience as a staff-sergeant (with a jeep!) and correspondent for *Stars & Stripes*. Since the war, Mr. Mitgang has worked for the *New York Times*. His first book, *Lincoln As They Saw Him*, was published last year, and he is at work on a novel.

... Jeanne R. Lowe's enthusiasm for "Lee of New Haven" (p. 36) and the remarkable new urban redevelopment program of that old New England city began when she was working for the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods. Miss Lowe, who grew up in suburban New York and in Manhattan, is a Vassar graduate and has been on *Time* and the *Reporter*.

... Julius Segal, who analyzes "The Lure of Pinball" (p. 44) is a Washington, D. C., research psychologist on the staff of the Human Resources Research Office of George Washington University. He served in the Army infantry and medical corps during the war, got his Ph.D. in 1952, and has done a statistical study on the behavior of American prisoners of war in Korea.

... A recent episode of hysteria in the suburbs is reported by Peter Margolies in "The Great Coupon Bonanza" (p. 52). Mr. Margolies now commutes from a Long Island suburb to a New York editorial office, but his background is mainly big-city. He grew up in New York and was educated in the public schools and City College, as well as at George Washington University in Washington. He has been a Washington reporter, a combat correspondent in the Marines, and a writer of military films. Since the war he has worked in publishing.

... In "British and American Schools" (p. 58), Derek Colville, an Englishman, presents some of his personal observations about what the two systems of education can learn from each other. Mr. Colville first became fascinated with the United States during the war when he was an RAF bombing instructor for a year in North America. He later attended the University of Durham in England, then returned here on a Fulbright grant in 1950. He got a Ph.D. at Washington University in St. Louis, and for the past three years has taught at Yale.

... "The Wire" (p. 63) is the first story in *Harper's* by Ben Maddow, a novelist and, by avocation, painter and specialist in photomontage. Mr. Maddow's novel, *44 Gravel Street*,

as published in 1952, and he is at work on another, *The Continent*.

Sylvia Wright, a normally tolerant target for American adversaries, reasons with them for their own good in "Quit It, Ompremity-ise" (p. 69). Miss Wright's new book of humorous sketches, called *et Away From Me With Those Christmas Gifts*, will be published October 30 by McGraw-Hill.

The painful question of "Why Women Live Longer Than Men" (p. 70) is presented in its medical and social aspects by Selig Greenberg, a reporter specializing in medical science.

Mr. Greenberg has been on the staff of the Providence (Rhode Island) *Journal-Bulletin* since his graduation from Brown University. Last year he won an award and a \$1,000 prize from the Lasker Foundation for a series of articles on hormones. He is writing a book on aging.

Secretary Dulles' preference for defending American interests over making friends—where the two goals may not coincide—is nowhere more clearly projected than in American dealings with the Arab world. The new republic of Tunisia becomes a test case in point, as it evolves toward—or away from—true independence under the leadership of Bourguiba, described as "a different kind of Arab" by Peter Partner (p. 76).

Mr. Partner teaches at Winchester College—one of the great English public schools—and took a doctorate at Oxford in medieval history. He lived in Rome for four years, and has traveled in the Arab world.

W. S. Merwin ("Odysseus," p. 29) is the author of *Green With Violets* and other verse. Ruthven Todd ("An Autumn Wood," p. 51) is a Scottish-born poet and novelist, now living on Martha's Vineyard. Phyllis McGinley has written many books of verse. "Jonathan Edwards" (p. 73) is one of a new series on reformers and preachers. "What It Costs to Train a Doctor" (p. 74) is by L. S. Paul, a city newspaper editor whose sons are an architect, a professor of economics, and an M. D.

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RUSSIA'S RIVIERA

JOHN GUNTHER

A famous reporter's account of the unexpected people, places, and attitudes he and his wife found in a part of the Soviet Union seldom visited by Americans.

ODESSA

THE headwaiter in Odessa, the "Gem of the Black Sea," wore a dinner jacket, something rare in the Soviet Union, and looked impeccable—except that he had on a green striped shirt. When we walked into the Intourist restaurant, eyes followed us as if they were attached to strings operated by a puppeteer—eyes starving, ravenous, for the sight of something different, something fresh.

Odessa is the dingiest, most dog-eared city I saw in the USSR. Along the Black Sea beaches are rows of scrofulous old buildings tottering on their foundations behind ruined shabby gates. Once these were the houses of the rich; today they are sanitarium for the proletariat.

This port city is a big tourist center (population 600,000); about 200,000 Soviet citizens visit it every year, putting up at its sixty sanitarium and

forty rest homes; also a good many non-Russian visitors come in. French and Italian cruise ships call there every summer. The name "Odessa" comes from Ulysses. The Greeks built an outpost called Odissus in the fourth century A.D., about thirty miles from the present site of the town. Odessa is headquarters not merely for all Russian maritime and naval operations in the Black Sea, but for whaling and other expeditions into the Antarctic. Leningrad is Russia's gateway to the Arctic, and the port of Odessa similarly serves the Antarctic.

THE CRIMEAN TRIANGLE

WHEN Mark Twain made a visit to Russia he called the Crimea the most beautiful place he had ever seen. Indeed its scenery is entrancing. The Crimean peninsula, as anybody can see from a map, hangs down from the body of Russia like a pendant held by a slender chain; the Perekop Isthmus which holds it to the mainland is only five miles wide. Here are magnolia, hibiscus, bougainvillea, eucalyptus, camphor, decorating a Rivieran landscape. But the Crimea can be cold in winter. The sky the day we arrived was the color of an ugly bruise on a thumb-nail.

At Yalta, the mountains were powdered with fresh snow, and, without turning your head, you could see roses in the foreground and above and behind them pines glazed with an icy frosting.

A tragic episode relates to Greeks in this area. After World War II, about 40,000 Greeks, including many who were actually Greek nationals, were rounded up and evacuated from their homes in the Crimea and elsewhere on the Black Sea, and summarily deported to other parts of the Soviet Union, in particular the remote wastes of Central Asia.

These Greeks, it should be emphasized, were not vagabonds or refugees, but represented a solid, enlightened, commercial class that had lived in the Black Sea region for generations, if not centuries. Nor were they guilty of any crime. But Stalin thought that they were too close to foreign bourgeois influences, and so they were wiped out. . . .

PRETTY YALTA

YALTA, on the southern coast of the Crimea, lives on health. The population of this little town is only 35,000, but something like 300,000 people visit it every year, some tourists, but mostly sick or tired people coming for a cure. Yalta has thirty-nine sanatoria, and twice as many rest homes; the difference is mainly that a physician's approval is necessary for entrance into a sanitarium, and medical care is given; the rest homes are for people on holiday, who simply need a rest.

One of the newer sanatoria, the Ukraine, is devoted mainly to heart and neurological cases. Dr. Boris A. Sokolov, a youthful neurologist from the University of Kharkov, took us around. The fee for the normal stay—twenty-four days—is 1,400 rubles, or \$350 at par. Rooms in this establishment are double cubicles, with a private bath between each. Guests get five meals a day, including tea and a cup of yogurt at 10:00 P.M. I looked at the dinner menu. There was a choice of three hors d'oeuvres, five soups, and seven meats. Everything was clean, and the place looked comfortable, if plain. One patient we talked to was a coal miner with arteriosclerosis; another was a bookkeeper from Kiev, suffering from upset nerves.

Arriving in Yalta, we put up at a hotel also called the Ukraine. The uniformity of Russian hotels, which is stifling throughout most of the Union, is relaxed here. The state china was different, blue without gold, and the ashtrays were, a merciful relief, flat. But we saw guests in "state pajamas"—heavy garments in black, green, and white stripes—which are identical everywhere from Smolensk to Vladivostok. People lounge in them in the corridors and lobbies,

as if they were suits, without robes. A Soviet hotel can be very cozy.

Prices in the shops: tennis balls, 4.65 rubles; a plaster reproduction of the Venus de Milo, 34.5 rubles; an alarm clock, 110 rubles; ornaments for Christmas trees, colored balls and the like, 3.70 rubles each; a large lithograph of Voroshilov, 120 rubles; a man's necktie, 4 rubles 10. (Divide by four to get dollar values at par. But a rate of ten rubles to a dollar more accurately reflects real values.)

Choice of movies the night we arrived: "Bread, Love and Dreams," with Gina Lollabrigida; one Finnish importation and one Viennese; a wide-screen Soviet film, "Leningrad Nights"; and a documentary showing, of all things, life in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Our guide asked us if we had developed wide-screen movies in the United States. When I said we must have 10,000 theaters equipped to project these, he looked hurt.

President Roosevelt, when he arrived in Yalta for a conference quite well known, stayed at the Livadia Palace, a graceful structure which once belonged to the Tsars. It is a rest house nowadays, holding 700 workers. Dining tables are crowded together throughout the whole building, even in the room Roosevelt used as an office. Prime Minister Churchill stayed at the Vorontzov Palace, now a museum, in a nearby village called Alupka.

We asked where Stalin had resided during the Yalta conference. Consternation. Soviet citizens never like to admit defeat, but our guides did not know, and researches were at once pursued. No result. Security considerations have been ingrained here to such a degree that even today, twelve years afterward, it is still unknown where Stalin stayed. (We found out later in Moscow that he put up at Simeiz, a town nearby, in a palace once owned by the Yusopovs; I hope our earnest and hardworking Yalta guides read this note.)

BLACK SEA CRUISE

LOOKING down from the Nikitski Botanical Garden, with its crumbling statuary and shabbily proliferating growth, we saw at dusk an apparition on the waterfront, a floating jewel, a blur of phosphorescent light. It was a ship—the *Pobeda* (Victory), which rides the Black Sea like a centaur. We rushed to the dock, and found that it was sailing that night for Sukhumi, our own destination. But we were booked to go to Sukhumi by automobile and plane. We decided

forthwith to travel by the *Pobeda* instead.

The response to this was very Russian. Intourist meets all challenges!—even a sudden change in plans so radical. The local Intourist office was closing for the day, but we opened it. We needed rubles, but the girl who had the key to the cash box had gone to the movies. We found her. She had no idea of the rate of exchange for Finnish marks, the foreign money we carried, and took our word for what the rate in Moscow was. A comparison for all this would be for two Russians in New York to decide at the last moment to cancel their flight tickets across the Atlantic, and take the *Queen Mary* instead, a scant hour before its departure—then dig out a cashier of the Guaranty Trust Company from Radio City Music Hall, and get him to change their money in a hotel room at a rate taken on nothing but faith.

There followed the pleasantest two or three days we had in the Soviet Union. The Russians got the *Pobeda*, together with several other German merchant vessels, by way of reparations after World War II. A staunch and pretty ship, the *Pobeda* takes Soviet tourists abroad in summer, visiting Naples, Le Havre, Antwerp, Stockholm, and other European ports. The inclusive fare is 4,200 rubles (\$1,050) first class, 3,000 rubles (\$750) second class, for a 26-day cruise. Each Soviet tourist is given a handout of \$47 in American cash, for purchasing souvenirs. How this exact sum is arrived at I do not know.

DE LUXE CLASS

IF ANYBODY still thinks that Russia has produced a classless society, he should travel on the *Pobeda*. There are not merely three classes but four, and every cabin conspicuously bears its category on the door—Third, Second, First, and (believe it or not) “De Luxe First.”

We had a bathroom done in blue-green tile, the only modern bathroom I saw in the USSR, and the toilet paper was non-state. A crisis came when Zoia, our able and pertinacious interpreter, found that she was sharing a small cabin with a man. The purser thought that she was being unnecessarily fussy, but moved her to another cabin. The boat, like all conveyances in Russia, takes off without warning; no shouts, no bells. The *Pobeda* has little deck space, and no deck chairs. A loud speaker murmurs most of the time. No drinks are served in the bar, but only in the dining-room; we saw one really sensational drunk, rolling half down the stairs, and gloriously unconscious. The library, the site of the former

W. S. MERWIN

ODYSSEUS

ALWAYS the setting forth was the same,
Same sea, same dangers waiting for him
As though he had got nowhere but older.
Behind him on the receding shore
The identical reproaches, and somewhere
Out before him, unchanged, the patience
He was wedded to. There were the islands
Each with its woman and twining welcome
To be navigated, and one to call “home.”
The knowledge of all that he betrayed
Grew till it was the same whether he stayed
Or went. Therefore he went. And what wonder
If sometimes he could not remember
Which was the one who wished on his departure
Perils that he could never sail through,
And which, improbable, remote, and true,
Was the one he kept sailing home to?

smoking-room, reminded me of Russian airports—dingy, but with a friendly *je m'en fiche* atmosphere, with people playing chess or drinking tea from glasses.

The best things to eat were the soups, and, as always, bread. All over this part of the Union, bread is not black, as in the north, but of a consistency and color like American protein bread. One evening an officer with lemon-yellow eyes came up to us proudly, shook my hand with a mighty grip, beamed all over, and announced that Russia had just won the Olympic Games.

We made a friend on this boat, Mr. Z. He was a ship builder. His first questions were (1) were we rich? (2) what was my profession? (3) what did we think of the Soviet Union? He had read Fenimore Cooper and, inevitably, Howard Fast. He patriotically rebuked us for not having stayed longer in Leningrad, his native city, asked why the United States insisted on inflicting on foreign visitors the indignity of finger printing, and was horrified to hear that Washington, D. C., does not have a national theater. And, like all Russians, he talked of peace.

“Of course there cannot be a war. We lost seven million dead. Nobody in this country did not lose somebody. It takes one minute to destroy, and then a whole generation to rebuild.”

The pace of the *Pobeda* was leisurely, with

long stops at successive ports of call. We put in at Novorosisk, where a fierce wind nailed us to the pier for hour after hour. We went ashore, and, plodding through thick wet snow, sticky like marshmallows, reached the end of the dock area. We signaled a bus, hoping to be taken into the town. The driver looked at us as if we were apparitions from another planet. Up drove a small car, and the youth driving it gave us a lift—in fact, took us for an hour's sight-seeing tour, in a driving snowstorm. Balls of snow came at us, as if shot from guns. This young man was an architect, who had just had an afternoon of sport in the countryside, shooting rabbits.

Novorosisk is a grain and cement center, which under the Tsars was capital of the "Government of the Black Sea." When the Germans left it in 1943, not a building was left undestroyed; today not an iota of damage remains. But what impressed me most was that, so far as we could tell, there was not a single café in the whole city, not a place to get out of the blizzard, sit down, and have a drink. We saw nothing but the lean walls of factories and tenements, blotched with snow. I felt like a mouse nibbling at an icebox.

FASHIONABLE SOCHI, AND SUKHUMI

THE eastern shore of the Black Sea, the Pontus Euxinus of the ancients, is even more extravagantly pretty than Yalta. A little train plodded along the coast, keeping pace with our ship; the smoke from its locomotive took on and kept the shape of a white cypress. Toward nightfall lights began to blink but they were weak and strung far apart; each gave an individual blob of illumination, like a necklace of widely separated pearls.

Sochi, the site of the Greek Nisis, is the most "fashionable" health resort in the Soviet Union. It has, as a rule, about 160 cloudless days a year. Here are the massive sanatoria of the Ministry of Agriculture, the Ministry of the Coal Industry, and the Ministry of Metallurgy, as well as lesser sanatoria for workers in leather, textiles, and food processing. Along one road we saw a high, solid wooden fence, half a mile long and without an aperture; even the beach is screened off. In this enclosure are villas reserved for Khrushchev, Bulganin, and other leading members of the Presidium, and distinguished guests. Here too Stalin often stayed.

Sochi has bright flowering parks and gardens, and smells strongly of sulfur from its curative warm springs. In the parks—the standard "Park

of Culture and Rest" and others—large nude statues rise, some of plaster, some painted the color of tinfoil, symbolizing various aspects of recreation or sport. I should say "almost" nude. Always we must reckon with Soviet puritanism. The statues have neat little plaster G-strings.

Another town further down the coast, Sukhumi, is capital of Abkhazia, and has perhaps 70,000 people. It is a resort like Sochi, but is much less chic. Rest houses are here, and a spa is being built. Tobacco, grapes, and tea are local products; we bought here the only oranges we saw in the USSR, price 15 rubles (\$3.75 at par) for four. Sukhumi has one good restaurant. Food is weighed and charged for according to weight, exactly as in a shop. The waiter takes your order; then the man at the counter slices off slabs of meat or bread, weighs them, and you pay; then the meat is cooked.

In the hotel we came across several demonstrations of the local character. I mislaid our key; the chambermaid found it after much commotion, and, handing it to me, half knelt and kissed it as she passed it over. Such dramatic people! When we checked out, a porter with shaven skull who might have been a hundred years old tottered after us to give us something precious that we had no doubt lost, or unaccountably left behind. It was a crumpled bit of Kleenex.

Children here may go to Abkhazian, Georgian, or Armenian schools, but all are obliged to learn Russian as well as their own language. Street signs in Sukhumi are in three different languages—Russian, Georgian, Abkhazian.

Nicolai Arastovich Geria, aged forty-six, is Abkhazian Minister of Education, and a familiar Soviet type. He is also an impressive human being—dedicated, confident, competent, and tough. Officials like this rise out of the humblest beginnings. But they never say that they are "self-made," as Americans might; they say that they are made by socialism and the Soviet regime. Mr. Geria's mother and father were both illiterate peasants, and he was one of many men we met with this same background. How proud they are of their evolution!

Geria, after the Revolution, got free primary and secondary schooling in Sukhumi, and then made his way to the University of Leningrad. He received a degree in history, and returned to Sukhumi to teach. Meantime he had become a member of the Communist party, and rose in the local administration. He became deputy minister for education ten years ago, and has been full minister since 1954. He wore an old blue turtle-

neck sweater when we saw him, and had no necktie.

Before 1917, Mr. Geria told us, Abkhazia had exactly one secondary school, so inferior that it did not even have the right to give a diploma. Now ninety-four secondary schools are functioning, the degrees of all of which are good for college entrance. There were forty-eight primary schools before the Revolution; now 424. There are three teachers' colleges, and everything possible is being done, Mr. Geria said, to promote the national culture and literature, including publication of books in Abkhazian.

Several interesting communities live in or near Sukhumi. One is descended from Negro slaves who were brought here from Africa by Georgian princes several hundred years ago. Another is a group of Estonians. Probably these derive from the mass deportations after the war, when thousands of Balts, particularly Latvians and Estonians, were bodily transplanted from their homes and dumped without mercy elsewhere in the country. The theory was that the Estonians would be "happy" in Sukhumi, because they are a seafaring people and have the Black Sea now (instead of the Baltic) as their front yard. The Estonian side of the story may be, to put it mildly, quite different.

GEORGIA

JEWEL IN THE CROWN

SOUTH of the Caucasus Mountains and extending inland from the eastern shore of the Black Sea is the Republic of Georgia. This country has a strong, picturesque individuality. First, the name. It is called Gruzia in Russian, Sakartvelo in Georgian, and Vrasian in Armenian. It was named for St. George, who, although he never actually visited Georgia, holds a place in Georgian folklore almost like that of St. Patrick in Ireland. Officially the country is Sakartvelos Sabchota Sotsialisturi Respublika.

Georgia has roughly four million people, and the population is two-thirds Georgian. Armenians form a 10 per cent minority. The area (29,498 square miles) is about that of South Carolina. The country, as a "sovereign" republic in the Union, has its own proud flag, red with a blue stripe on top. Until the 1917 Revolution, every seventh citizen was a "nobleman"; Georgian princes made gallant sport all over the world.

Georgians are, of course, Orientals. I asked several if they considered themselves to be "European" or "Asian." The usual reply was

that, as loyal Soviet citizens, they were European, in other respects still Asian. One evidence of Orientalism is the position of women. Even today, women remain for the most part secluded. Only seldom did we see a Georgian woman in a restaurant, and sleeping cars on the Georgian trains are strictly segregated—the only place in the USSR where this is true. You won't find a pretty girl in the upper berth in Georgia.

Georgia has the most independent spirit of any of the Union republics, and is the one which, if by some miracle it ever got the chance, would probably be the first to secede. Political sentiment is still closely tied up with national pride, and people here, no matter what pious double-talk and "double-think" they engage in, are *Georgian* patriots. Stalin was of course a Georgian, and so was his infamous police chief, Beria. Under them, Georgia was highly favored. When Stalin died Georgians certainly must have felt something of the relief that came to people everywhere in the Soviet Union; nevertheless, Stalin was Georgia's own, and, to a certain extent, he is missed. The only overt political disturbance in the USSR in many years occurred in Tiflis in March 1956, on the third anniversary of Stalin's death.

But one observer made a wry joke about all this. "The Georgians don't really like Stalin, but only say that they like him in order to annoy the Russians."

We ourselves had a vivid little experience in this general connection. One day in Tiflis we met with eleven members, all of them distinguished, of the Georgian Writers Union. No fewer than three Stalin Prize winners were present, among them Georgi Leonidze, who has won a Stalin Prize no fewer than three times, a record. Others were the translator of Shakespeare into Georgian, a deputy to the Supreme Soviet in Moscow, the leading Georgian poet, the best known author of Georgian children's books, a specialist in linguistics who was a member of the Georgian Academy of Sciences, and the editor of an important newspaper. The walls rang with good talk. We were jovial and hearty.

After a while I asked a question about Stalin—whether since de-Stalinization, writers felt freer. Dead embarrassed silence followed. I explained that in Moscow, when I asked a similar question of the Moscow Writers Union, the reply had been vigorously affirmative. Then, guardedly, warily, the Georgians conceded that things had lightened up for them too, and so de-Stalinization was welcomed. I put in the remark, "Even though Stalin was a Georgian?" The grave an-

swer came, "In spite of the fact that Stalin was a Georgian!"

Later these writers ceremoniously gave us a copy of a handsome anthology of Georgian verse, in English, and all inscribed it. We said goodby, went out to do some sight-seeing, and did not return to our hotel till nightfall. There, waiting, was one of our writer friends. He had been waiting in the freezing lobby for hours, and he had with him *another* copy of the anthology; he insisted on taking back the one we had received that morning, and giving us this instead. My wife pointed out that the first copy was uniquely precious to us, since all eleven writers had autographed it. The new copy was autographed too, by the same eleven!

Upstairs we looked curiously at the new copy wondering what could be the reason for this mysterious and dramatic switch. We found out that in the new copy several sentences in the foreword had been clumsily scraped out with a razor, and, from the context, it was clear that the erased passages must have been glorifications of Stalin. Obviously, our friends did not want us to know that they had *ever* been Stalinists.

This episode, minor as it is, has relevance. These writers, let me repeat, were not children, but were top level men, elite as well as sophisticated. They must have known that we would see the evidences of mutilation and guess what this meant. And think of the trouble they had taken to round up eleven men and get eleven new signatures, after our meeting had broken up that morning!

TIFLIS, THAT IS TBILISI

TIFLIS means hot water and ten minutes after I arrived I was in it." So wrote a youthful journalist many years ago. He was referring to the fact that Tiflis had, at that time, a grandiose bathing establishment. Tiflis does not, however, quite mean "hot water"; the correct translation is "hot springs." The word is a Russian distortion of the old Georgian name for the capital, Tbilisi, which has now been restored to use. The population is about 630,000, of whom 80 per cent are Georgian. The city is strikingly divided between old and new, with handsome modern structures on one side of the Kura river, whereas Turkish-style wooden buildings, set against a bluff on the other side, look like dilapidated hovels in an Asian slum. The river cuts through the town like a defile. Tiflis has a spark. It is a real city—even if the streets are filthier than any other I have ever seen in the world.

The hotel was really something. For two days running the temperature in our room was 45 degrees, and it was very cold indeed outside. We were moved at last to another, warmer room. I will attempt to describe it. It had mottled purplish walls of rough plaster; heavy red velvet curtains, hung with derelict lace, across the leaky windows; patched white slip-covers over massive furniture; light switches jutting out of cracked glass discs; and the inevitable big bad oil paintings, hung out from the walls on twine. The bathroom had a brown tile floor, cracked and buckled, that looked like anything but tile, and, over a wash basin that didn't work, a broken oval mirror suspended by grocery string. The door did not close or lock. Next to the blotched tub was a mat of wooden slats, near a wire wastebasket which would hold nothing. The electric light wires were exposed, and the plumbing dripped and leaked.

Our Georgian interpreter asked us one evening what the best hotel in New York was like. He was perfectly serious when he said, "Does it differ in any way from this?"

In the familiar pattern, Tiflis is crowded with pedagogical, biological, veterinarian, agricultural, and other scientific institutes. Its Institute of Marxist-Leninism, distinct from the Marxist-Lenin University, is working on a history of the Georgian revolution. The National University, founded in 1918, has 6,000 students, and the Rector, a professor of mathematics named Victor Kupradze, is supposed to be one of the most enlightened men in the Soviet Union. All teaching is in Georgian, but the faculty of philology has a Russian division.

Tiflis has tolerable parks, and its athletic stadium, opened in 1956, seats 45,000 people. A pugnacious little funicular climbs one of the hills surrounding the town, and two TV towers have been built. Programs are, however, described as being "experimental" still. One amusement park has a special children's room, as is common all over the Soviet Union, where parents can, so to speak, check and park their youngsters.

Georgia today has a lively cultural life, and the Georgian theatre is popular. Two favorite items in its repertory are "Oedipus Rex" and "Othello." A modern comedy, "Doctor of Philosophy," was playing while we were in Tiflis, and local movies are supposed to be improving. The Opera, a structure named for a Georgian composer who died in the 1920s, Paliashvili, has orange plush armchairs, and compares favorably to the celebrated Bolshoi in Moscow. We saw a

stunning performance of a Paliashvili work called "Daisi" (Twilight); it was like a combination of Wagner and Berlioz, and depicted thunderous events in the life of an early Georgian king.

Literary life is, of course, abundant. There is plenty of tradition. Mayakovsky was born in Georgia, and Gorky had his first book published here. Georgians like to write about their past (in particular folklore) but cannot, in these dour days, neglect modern themes. The State Publishing House issues about five hundred titles a year; translation of foreign works is not done from a Russian text, as heretofore, but directly from the original. Poe, Byron, Scott, Shelley—the Georgians are a poetic people—are high favorites, together with Dickens, Mark Twain, O. Henry, and—you guessed it—Howard Fast. Among Russian authors the leaders seem to be Gorky, Sholokhov, and a poet, Michael Lukonin.

Life is not all poetry in Tiflis, but proceeds at homely levels. An account in *Izvestia*, April 7, 1957, translated by the *Current Digest of the Soviet Press*, shows what average preoccupations

are. One cold night, a reader wrote, he and a comrade got off the train at the Tbilisi station. They were both ill, and were going to one of the local hospitals for operations. They had all the proper certificates but lacked money for a hotel, so they decided to wait till morning in the station. But this is against the rules, and officials would not look at their documents and chased them out into the streets. They collapsed outside but managed to get to a dispensary, where they received treatment.

Izvestia comments: "Comrade Krayevski's indignation is understandable. The Tbilisi station officials take a heartless attitude toward passengers! . . . The Ministry of Transportation is not inclined to change these 'regulations' (if you will pardon the expression) concerning service to the passengers, but *they must be changed!*"

What a people!

[A second article, on what is happening in Soviet Asia, will appear in next month's Harper's. Like this one, it is taken from John Gunther's forthcoming book, *Inside Russia Today*.]

WET BLANKET

THE nation has once more been treated to the unedifying spectacle of a former President of the United States shooting off his mouth in a rash, ill-timed remark characterized by unbridled partisanship and profanity.

When reporters accosted Mr. Truman on his morning stroll yesterday, they inquired what he thought about the weather. In his cockiest, shooting-from-the-hip manner, Mr. Truman told the astonished group, "Boys, I think it's going to rain like hell."

The Missouri politician could hardly have been unaware of the fact that his intemperate statement ran directly counter to the official weather forecast, which was Clear and Sunny. He was, in effect, casting aspersions upon the present Administration, under which the Weather Bureau operates, and, indeed, upon the Press, which faithfully published the Bureau's forecast.

His words were apparently calculated to spread gloom and promote panic among the thousands who planned picnics and other outdoor diversions, and to lessen public confidence in the judgment of the President, who was already on his way to the golf course. We can well imagine the glee with which the masters of the Kremlin must have greeted this latest attempt to create division and sow disunity among Americans.

To be sure, we did have some fourteen inches of rain yesterday. But to belabor that coincidence would be to miss the essential point of the matter. Mr. Truman is not an authorized weather prognosticator and, in fact, he no longer holds any public position whatsoever. Furthermore, nobody is interested in what private-citizen Truman thinks; and the next time we send our reporters to interview him we hope he will have the good grace to remember that.

—"Home-made" editorial read by Herblock during his Pulitzer Memorial Lecture at the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, February 22, 1957 (in *Journalism Newsletter*).

The Night the Leaning Tower

Didn't Fall



By HERBERT MITGANG

ITALIAN architects at the University of Pisa recently calculated, as they have been doing almost annually since the end of the war, that the Leaning Tower of Pisa will lose its balance and topple over some time during the next fifty years. Since I doubt my ability to keep a secret until the turn of the century—and anyway all the Generals have published their autobiographies—I no longer feel any military obligation to hide the fact that I nearly participated in the Tower's demise.

Early in September 1944, I remember pointing my jeep toward our vague lines below Pisa. The prospect of entering the city first was pleasing to an Army correspondent, but in northern Pisa, across the narrow Arno River—which can look like a brook when an enemy is on the other side—were the Germans.

Unexpectedly, through the trees, I saw a group of familiar black-and-white buildings. Dominating them, and unmistakable, loomed the Tower. I had always visualized it as boxy and tubular, but from here it was frighteningly massive and thick. The lean came toward you. I crawled along a side road marked by a makeshift wooden sign lettered: "Slow 10 Miles. Dust Raises Shells." The Tower, I felt, watched my every turn. The urge was to step on the gas—but those dust clouds would be too good a target for a German gunner on this zeroed-in stretch of road.

A farmhouse, behind some naked pines, served as fire control center for our artillery in southern Pisa. The Captain and Sergeant in the living-room were betting thousand-lire Occupation notes on high card. In the corners of the room were a half-dozen men—writing V-mails, reading paperback books, dozing. A situation map marked the enemy's guns and ours. One particular area circled in red grease pencil on the over-

lay declared the Cathedral, Baptistery, and Leaning Tower—all Church property—to be a "No Fire Zone." Yet I clearly saw the letters OP (for Observation Post) right over the Tower.

After dark, a bespectacled Corporal, in charge of the map, first made the proposal: "Tonight's perfect weather to shoot the damn thing down."

A wine cellar—obviously a Fascist wine cellar—had been liberated in order to prevent it from falling into enemy or other Allied hands. With a bottle a man, and more below the stairs, everybody warmed to the subject.

"They direct fire," the scholarly Corporal continued. "I'm not Infantry but what about our guys one hundred yards down the river bank? In my Fort Sill days, they told me a prime target is the enemy OP—if you can find it. All right, there it is."

"Don't wanna cause trouble," said the Captain, lifting the Fascist wine to his lips. "We'd be court-martialed sure. War'll be over soon."

"Captain, what's it worth to you to go home one day sooner?" the Sergeant asked.

"Ten dollars a day starting from the first day anywhere in the States."

"We get the damn Tower out of the way, we get into Pisa sooner," the Sergeant said. "One day less of war right there. We got the whole Fifth Army backed up to Naples. Imagine, you get 'em across the Arno a day ahead. Make major, probably."

"Make a name for yourself," the Corporal said. "Put you in the history books."

The Captain said, "Regiment's crawling with majors. You got to do something special on the line to make field grade."

"One shot, you'd blast that gold leaf out of 'em," the Sergeant said.

"If anyone deserves it, you do," the Corporal added.

"Thanks, boys," the Captain said. He turned

to me for an opinion, first insisting that I take a swig from his very own bottle.

I swallowed and said, resolutely, "I'm for anything that'll shorten the war by one day."

The Corporal shouted, "Millions just to run the war for one day. Look at the money we'd be saving the government. We're taxpayers, aren't we? Probably all come back to us in a fat bonus."

"Boys," said the Captain defensively, "I'd feel better myself without that big bastard standing there. You know me, I'm all for it. But I wouldn't want to upset the Colonel."

"I happen to know the Colonel thinks the way we do," said the Sergeant, "because I got friends at regiment. Got an idea, Captain. We get A battery to drop one in a little wide, then wham. Any questions asked, the battery clerk got a counterbattery target but the range got garbled. A wild shot. Firing one for effect."

The Captain said, "We got a reputation for accuracy to uphold."

The Sergeant then appealed to him on professional grounds.

"Sir, speaking hypothetically, where would be the best place to hit with one round?"

"First story, of course," the Captain said. "Thought about it a long time. Foundation is probably reinforced. But hit on the inside of the lean on those narrow columns and the whole thing'll come down."

"And don't forget," said the Sergeant to the others in the room, "the Captain's an old Arty man—he was firing on Monte Cassino while most of you were sacking time in repple-depples."

"Oh well," said the Captain, yawning. "Think I'll turn in for a few hours, boys."

When the Captain had gone upstairs, the Corporal said, "What did I tell you? It's okay with him." No one questioned this favorable interpretation. The question was not the wisdom of shooting or not shooting down the Tower—it was an ally of the Germans and therefore expendable—but whether the shooters and plotters would land in hot water.

"All right," whispered the sergeant. "0200 hours we give the range and elevation to A battery."

It was less than an hour to go. I went to a corner of the room and began to type a tentative lead as if the event already had occurred. Out of the night's silence, we suddenly heard voices. The door to the farmhouse flew open and in walked the Colonel, gray-haired from another war, and calm. "All set, men?" he asked cordially.

The plotters in the room looked at each other, wondering how he knew.

"Yes, sir," said the Sergeant. "We'll be on target in"—he looked at his watch—"forty-two minutes."

The Colonel had two bottles of vino pressed into his arms from the jubilant men. He was touched. "Thanks," he said. He took a deep pull from one of the enemy bottles, then said, "Don't even think about it, boys."

The soldiers looked puzzled.

"I'm visiting all forward posts and warning them against just what you're thinking. This is the third place I've been to since midnight and they all have the same mistake in range. You're not original, boys, we've been thinking about it ourselves for weeks. Remember, no accidents."

Somebody woke up the Captain, who came stumbling down, saluting and buttoning.

"Tomorrow morning we all cross the river," said the Colonel. "You'll get the exact time soon. Jerry's pulling back."

The Sergeant said, "Don't we have to knock out the OPs for the Infantry?"

"The General has orders from higher up," said the Colonel. "No Cassino here."

The Captain said, "That's what I told my men, Colonel. We've got to look at the overall picture."

We looked at him in cold silence.

EARLY the next afternoon, I crossed the Arno and went straight to the Tower. Walking across the unmined grass I asked a caretaker if I might go up. He opened the huge doors, as if he had been expecting me. Up I climbed, tier after tier. At the top I looked out between the columns toward the farmhouse. It was a nice view. I descended the 296 steps.

A store a few blocks away sold writing paper and souvenirs. I saw hundreds of alabaster Towers, from a few inches to a foot high, stacked like rounds of ammunition. The storekeeper, a burdened man in his sixties, was busy dusting them. He said that he had not sold any to the recent occupants of Pisa. I pointed to a six-inch Tower and asked how much. He looked at its hollow underside, on which was scrawled 27 lire. I reached into my pocket and held out a choice of Occupation or coin money. He hesitated for a moment but then insisted that I take the replica with his thanks—because the real Leaning Tower was back in business again, unharmed for the tourists, so was he, and I was his first American customer.

Jeanne R. Lowe

LEE OF NEW HAVEN

and his political jackpot

To run a town well—and bring it back from decay and blight—takes political skill and courage. A young Mayor of an old American city has also made it pay in votes.

RICHARD C. LEE of New Haven is the first city Mayor in the country to make urban renewal the cornerstone of his political career. Today, as a result, this twice-defeated candidate for a once semi-ceremonial job in a second-rate city is apparently assured of re-election next month for his third term. The *Hartford Courant* has called him "the hottest piece of political real estate in Connecticut," and he is a sure bet—if he wants it—for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in 1958. Mayor Lee has struck political pay dirt in an unpromising issue.

On paper, urban redevelopment sounds fine. All a city has to do is apply for part of the billion-dollar fund made available under Title I of the National Housing Act of 1949. The federal government will then lend the locality the money it needs to acquire and clear blighted land for subsequent sale to private redevelopers and provide a grant of two-thirds of the net cost. In short, a nice federal handout. But when cities take the gift home and unwrap it they discover that redevelopment can be the most complicated, time-consuming, politically thankless, do-it-yourself project ever wished on a harassed municipal official.

Slum clearance tampers with peoples' lives; relocation stirs up their fears and prejudices. In acquiring land, the city may have to destroy going businesses, whose owners can bring law

suits that may hold up projects for years. Organized opposition makes headlines and may kill the entire program. Taxpayers see in the terms of re-sale to developers a giveaway or a political fix, while politicians see safe wards wiped out and out-of-town "technicians" coming in to run their city.

And, finally, can the city sell the land? Can it devise a re-use plan that is both beneficial to the community and sufficiently attractive to private redevelopers for them to run the financial risks and wait out the inevitable delays? In some cities, slum-cleared land has lain fallow for years, exposed to public view. Small wonder that in eight years only three redevelopment projects in the country have been completed, and that in most cities slum clearance is little more than a one-shot job, to which officials can safely point with pride.

Why do more? Mainly because our cities are in trouble. Making them fit to live in, and do business in, is one of the most challenging national missions of the coming decades. For the alternative to urban renewal is urban decay. As Albert M. Cole, Housing and Home Finance Agency Administrator, has repeatedly said, "Any city that does not set in motion by 1960 a comprehensive program to halt blight will be flirting with municipal ruin by 1965."

The difficulty is that redevelopment has no place on the list of familiar political issues. It has to be put there, by a politician who can identify himself with it, make votes with it, and carry through on it without sacrificing the human values involved or letting the total, overall conception be watered down. What redevelopment needed was an example like New Haven's, which other cities have watched with envy and which Housing Administrator Cole has

called "spectacular, imaginative, exciting, comprehensive—a model for urban renewal in the cities of America."

DECAY OF A CITY

NEW HAVEN, by 1954, was quietly rotting on the vine. The city, seventh oldest in the country, had long since outgrown its excellent original plan and had built factories next to homes, two-story "taxpayers" on choice downtown land. The suburbs circling its perimeter were claiming the descendants of the early Yankee settlers and were fast drawing away the children of more recent immigrants as well. Automobiles were choking streets built for the horse and buggy. While merchants closed up shop in the central business district, new stores were springing up on the radial routes in residential neighborhoods.

For decades New Haven had been the first city of the state, reaching 162,000 in 1920. Then, in the midst of a national boom, it stopped growing. No new office building went up in the center of town after the mid-'twenties, and the last hotel was built in 1912. Apathy settled over the community; no crisis stirred it. Old John Day Jackson, publisher of the city's two newspapers—and the product of an earlier, less-troubled era—held a tight lid on New Haven's mounting problems. Mayors who ventured to spend money on overdue improvements soon heard of the publisher's displeasure, and sporadic efforts of business groups to stop the downward trend found little support in City Hall.

Rising and spreading through the middle of New Haven, yet aloof, was its greatest and most enduring institution—the University. Visitors were drawn to the city by Yale, yet to residents it was a source both of pride and of deep resentment. For some of them, to blame Yale for blocking the city's growth—and undermining its tax base—became the fashion. Any convenient scapegoat would do to explain away the fact that New Haven was on the way down.

The worst decline was in slum areas, one of which was to become the focal point of the city's renewal. Once there had been a pleasant stream named West Creek, flowing through New Haven to the harbor at its door. Traders and shippers who came to the Yankee seaport three hundred years ago drew into the sheltering waters of West Creek and disembarked on its shore. As the years passed, the stream dried up. Tanneries were built over its filled-in bed, and after the Civil War cheap tenements sprang

up there to house the waves of Irish, Germans, Italians, and Poles who came to work in New Haven's factories.

The site of the creek, now named Oak Street, served as a receiving station for each new group. Those who prospered moved on, past the elm-lined Central Green, to the neighborhoods which soon spread out like a giant fan, their backs to the sea. In time, Oak Street became a repository for the backwash of New Haven. It deteriorated into a canyon of filth and hopelessness, where families of six crowded into two unheated rooms and great rats terrorized the sleep of children. Debris piled ankle-deep in its alleys.

Today, the rats are gone from Oak Street. The tinderbox, ramshackle tenements have vanished under the wrecker's ball; the five-cent bath houses, the cheap taverns, and the heaps of rubbish have been swept away by bulldozers; former slum-dwellers and penny-ante merchants have been relocated. Where the creek once flowed, a giant pathway is being cleared for a six-lane, mile-long traffic artery—the Oak Street Connector—which will pump motorists from the inland suburbs and the expressway at the harbor right to the city's commercial heart.

Soon, a new eleven-story, ten-million-dollar office building will rise over five acres of the former slum, bringing 2,700 employees within a lunch-time stroll of downtown shops. Nearby (also built with private capital), three shining high-rise apartment houses—separated by green lawns, playgrounds for children, and parking space for cars—will house seven hundred families, and a retail shopping center will provide new stores. Half the community services formerly required by Oak Street will be needed; and five times the taxes will return to the city.

For more than two years now, this once-forgotten quarter has been in the civic spotlight. Oak Street, once the shame of New Haven, has become a symbol of its new pride and hope. On Sunday afternoons, parents take their children down to the project to see what's new. But Oak Street is only the beginning for New Haven—the first integrated step in a grand design which will gear the city to the automotive age, rebuild its rotten commercial core, shore up slipping neighborhoods, and draw back the disenchanted from the suburbs. In ten years, if the people stay with the program and if federal funds hold out, New Haven may be the first slumless city.

For some of its citizens, there is another big if—would the program shrink and New Haven sink back into lethargy if its dynamic Mayor

departed for Washington? In March this year, when proposed cutbacks in the federal housing appropriations threatened to stall the program (and perhaps Lee's progress, as well), he rallied Mayors across the country and wound up as their spokesman at the White House—helping to restore the funds, winning the gratitude of federal housing officials, and finding himself by the President's side at a well-publicized press conference. What next? Perhaps the question will go unanswered, for the opportunity to remake his city could well be more attractive to Dick Lee than the job of junior Senator from Connecticut.

SANDLOT TO CITY HALL

RICHARD Charles Lee was born in a cold-water flat. He attended school in a New Haven slum neighborhood, and worked mornings and afternoons to help his family make ends meet. His father was incapacitated for work during most of Lee's youth and died while he was in high school. From his mother Lee absorbed his religious faith and the lesson that those who get ahead do more than is asked of them. An enthusiastic sandlot ball-player, he first tangled with city authorities when he marched into the Recreation Commissioner's office and demanded to know why the ball-fields weren't kept in better condition.

"It seems," Lee has said, "that I've been preparing for the job of Mayor all my life." There is a story told of him that while he was working in an A & P one of the store's customers, a political wheel, liked to have Dick wait on him and prophesied that the boy would one day be Mayor. Lee first learned his way around in city politics when he went to work at eighteen as a reporter for the *Journal-Courier*, spending five years first on the police and fire beat, then at City Hall. Shortly after he reached voting age, and enrolled in the Democratic party, a vacancy came up for the unpaid job of Alderman. Dick, who had attracted the favorable attention of the lady ward leader, received the party's nod.

As a freshman legislator, he listened and learned. He also asked to be assigned to the City Planning Commission where, in 1941, he helped push through the Commission's first budget; and he was instrumental in hiring the brilliant French city planner, Maurice E. H. Rotival, then a professor at Yale, to make the city's first master plan. Within six months the Frenchman had come up with an exciting

new statement of the principles on which New Haven was to be rebuilt.

Take advantage of your natural setting, Rotival said—the harbor, the hills, the Central Green, your geographical function as a distribution center. Let visitors enter by your front door—the harbor approach, instead of the cluttered back streets or the railroad yards. Automobile transportation, he insisted, is the lifeblood of the city. New Haven must build back on itself, recentralize the business district, use highways to bring people into the downtown center instead of by-passing it. He drew great arteries which swept up along the harbor and brought traffic directly into a rebuilt business district.

A brilliant conception—but who would build the roads, rip down the buildings, erect the new one, pay the costs? Rotival went around New Haven for months trying to peddle his plan. The League of Women Voters were his principal supporters; but the business community was highly skeptical, and the real-estate men kept building new commercial structures further out Whitney Avenue. In 1944, Rotival went to Algiers to join the Free French forces and De Gaulle.

Meanwhile, in 1943, a peptic ulcer brought Lee home from the Army, at a time when Yale was searching for a reporter to handle its war-time news digest. He was hired for the job by the late Carl Lohmann, the secretary of the University who ruled its protocol with such an iron hand that it was sometimes called the Holy Lohmann Empire. Somehow, the kid from the wrong side of the tracks and the master of heraldry, a founder of the Whiffenpoofs, hit it off. Lohmann became his guide and Lee, in the eleven years he worked for Yale, built the one-man press operation into a five-man bureau, respected alike by faculty and education editors.

Though he lunched almost daily at Mory's with friends from the faculty, Lee remained a regular attendant at wakes, the Saint Patrick's Day parade, and Rotary Club luncheons. He still dresses like a Yale man, in button-down shirts and tweed jackets, but his accent is far from Ivy League—and he has a memory like Jim Farley's for names and faces. He became a director of the Negro Dixwell Community Council and master of ceremonies of the Yale Bowl Pops Concerts. He served four terms on the Board of Aldermen, the last one as a minority leader, and at the age of thirty-three he won the party's nomination for Mayor. In

1949 he conducted a high-level campaign for municipal reform and city planning, and lost by a narrow 712 votes. Two years later, again the Democratic candidate, he waged a tougher fight and missed victory by a heart-breaking two votes.

That looked like the end of politics for Lee. An ulcer, a wife, and year-old daughter to support made a business career seem more logical. But there were those nagging two votes and a flattering petition signed by over 4,000 independent voters asking him to run in 1953. He was already familiar with redevelopment and convinced that it could make political sense. But perhaps he was also influenced by what had happened to him one night in Oak Street where, in 1951, he campaigned door-to-door for the first time. The stench and filth of a slum apartment he was canvassing so nauseated him that he rushed down the rickety stairs and was sick at the curb. "I began putting together the ethereal city planning I'd been preaching for years with the facts of life," he recalls. "I knew that Oak Street was all wrong and that something had to be done about it."

UNITED community support was the first essential. When he accepted his third nomination for Mayor on September 29, 1953, Lee declared, "We must take the public of New Haven into partnership with the city government." He promised that within sixty days of taking office he would set up a representative, non-partisan Citizens Action Commission, to investigate the causes of the city's decline and find the remedy. The newspapers, which had refused Lee's ads in 1951 on the grounds that they were libelous, ran a front-page editorial against Lee's election. But with the help of a crusading local radio station, TV, and local meetings Lee got through to the electorate. This time he made City Hall by a comfortable 3,500-vote margin.

His political opponents say Lee has received too much credit for New Haven's accomplishments, that he came to office at a fortunate moment. "My stage," he says, "was to put a plan into action."

The State Highway Department, taking advantage of filled-in land which had become available through a harbor-dredging program, was already bringing a new highway—the Connecticut Thruway, up along the harbor, following the 1941 Rotival scheme. A Redevelopment Agency had been established and had hired the French planner, back from creating the modern

city of Caracas, Venezuela, to guide its program.

The new Rotival "short approach" plan had already been published during the incumbent Mayor's term. With the support of traffic expert Lloyd Reid, Rotival had answered the question of what to do with the 34,000-car stream which the new Thruway would funnel into the already-choking city; their solution was the Oak Street Connector and they gave first priority to clearing the Oak Street slum, for which the city had already approached the federal government. But there was no assurance that the two problems of slum-clearance and traffic re-routing would be linked together. It was Lee who had the foresight and determination to insist on making the Connector certain before letting the final plans for Oak Street's redevelopment be made.

It took nearly two years, practically Lee's whole first term, to put the show on the road. Instead of the promised sixty days, the Citizens Action Commission was nine months in forming. Some business leaders regarded the vast and expensive rebuilding program as "Lee's Dreams," the non-partisan commission as a political ploy. "You're too young and inexperienced to carry out the program," one of them told the Mayor. It would never work in New Haven.

Gradually—by arguing and persuading, by showing them the economic threat to the city and convincing them of the financial soundness of redevelopment, and finally by pure force of personality—Lee got some of the bigwigs to go along with him on faith. Carl Freese, a bank president who lived in the suburbs but made his living at Church Street and Crown, agreed to serve as chairman. Together, they recruited representatives of the most powerful interests in the community to serve on the CAC's executive committee, the nerve center of the program; and over the summer leaders and opinion-makers from all levels were added. The resulting six hundred-member Commission was so carefully composed that, as Carl Freese says, "If anyone throws a rock at the program, they're bound to hit one of their own."

To show people what redevelopment was all about, Lee had Rotival prepare a thirty-panel exhibit—how New Haven would look if the master plan were carried out—to display at the opening CAC luncheon in September 1954. That winter he persuaded a CAC Executive Committee member, Patrick McGinnis, then president of the New Haven Railroad, to offer his full hospitality to seventy-five members of the CAC (including the use of his private car)

for a trip to Philadelphia, to look over the projects there at first hand. "The trip would have been a success if we'd never gotten off the train," one member recalls. Community leaders who had never talked to one another before—social workers and bankers, labor leaders and merchants—spent congenial hours in the club car, and before the trip ended they were urging each other on to greater efforts for a greater New Haven.

As the CAC began to function it made "citizen participation" more than a nice phrase for speeches. But the first giant step Lee had to take alone. This was the battle for the indispensable Oak Street Connector. In March 1954 Lee had invited State Highway Commissioner G. Albert Hill and his engineers down to New Haven, to sell them on providing the millions of dollars for Rotival's traffic feeder. (In the process, he also found his first customer for the redeveloped land, persuading the Southern New England Telephone Company to move a proposed office building out of the way of the Connector and into the project area.) With well-marshaled facts, a co-ordinated presentation of community wants, and endless trips and phone calls to Hartford, Lee secured Hill's support—despite the arguments of traffic engineers who thought it was their job to move cars, not rebuild cities—and by October Lee had him convinced. If the state would invest \$10,000,000 in New Haven, then redevelopment was clearly more than a promise.

WAYS AND MEANS

YOU mean to tell me," another Mayor from the Northeast said to Lee, "that you make redevelopment an asset!" His visitor was not alone in wondering how to categorize this politician who runs on a new issue. New Haven's Mayor is a liberal supported by conservatives, an organization man with eggheads working for him in the wards. Eugene Rostow, Dean of the Yale Law School, was chairman of the Independent Citizens for Lee; and John Golden, the Democratic National Committeeman from Connecticut, is his principal political mentor. But Dick Lee belongs to no one, and his achievement is his own. "Why shouldn't I?" he asks, when criticized for taking credit for the city's programs. "After all, I'm the one who fights for them." How does he do it? How does he convert the hard work of urban renewal into votes?

To take Oak Street off the shelf, first of all,

required a staff considerably larger and better paid than the one Lee inherited. He pushed through his Board of Finance a \$250,000 planning and redevelopment budget—five times the previous size—and by late 1955 he had recruited a staff of top technicians, most of whom had learned the ropes in other cities. Early in 1955 he had appointed a deputy for redevelopment, Edward C. Logue, a thirty-four-year-old ex-Philadelphian who had been an aide to Connecticut's Chester Bowles both as Governor and Ambassador. A Yale Law School graduate who had studied with Rotival, Logue has been instrumental in getting Rotival's scheme through the mills of federal red tape. "I didn't see a full-time job in being deputy to a part-time Mayor in a town of 167,000," Logue has said; but he is now working around the clock for the satisfaction of serving a Mayor with the guts and imagination to put good plans into effect.

The politicians' rewards were less apparent. "He wins, but what's in it for me?" a hard-working ward heeler asked. Long-established sinecures were being wiped out to provide money for the expanded program and, instead of being consulted about City Hall jobs, they were reading of new appointments in the newspapers. Lee's reforms, and there were many, brought them few obvious benefits. He restricted curb parking during peak hours downtown and instituted a rigid tow-away rule which aroused much resentment; and he also introduced a tag system, worked out on IBM machines, which made it impossible to fix traffic tickets. His economies were equally useless to the old-line politicians. He visited every municipal installation, from the schools to the truck-parking lots and the sewage plants, and thereafter cut much of the fat off city payrolls and undertook many administrative changes. The result was a surplus of almost three-quarters of a million dollars, biggest in the city's history, at the end of his first year in office. But Lee, instead of reducing taxes, plowed it back into long overdue capital improvements and into his still-unfulfilled plans for redevelopment. (He has since achieved many of those plans, however, without *raising* taxes, which is one of the reasons local businessmen support him.)

"Dick brought us along step by step, until we thought it was our program," said an Alderman. "He doesn't give you more than you can swallow and he makes you feel you are part of the team." And Lee lost no opportunity to address PTA and other neighborhood meetings, night after night, taking maps and models with

him to explain what redevelopment was all about. Even today, on the office wall to the left of his desk, is an eight-by-ten-foot map of the city with all the phases of renewal clearly marked on it. Almost automatically, when the Mayor starts talking about the program, he reaches for a rubber-tipped pointer to illustrate his words. He calls the map the best investment he has made.

And Lee, as soon as he took office, gave the politicians something they could also point to. In decaying residential neighborhoods, he began building playgrounds, modernizing old ones with bright new equipment, remodeling and adding new rooms to decrepit school buildings. Whenever an improvement was announced, a sign appeared on the site reading, "An Awakened New Haven Builds for the Future," and later the Mayor would be on hand for the opening ceremony. Plans were adopted for a new home for the aged and, as part of the dog-pound rehabilitation, a weekly TV show succeeded in placing 1,400 stray mutts with kids throughout the city.

"How do you sell blueprints?" said an Alderman whose ward needed, and got, a playground. "Two years ago that's all we had. The playgrounds were used like ads. You can talk all day about bond issues, but when you open a new dog shelter or a corner playground—that brings it home."

Lee needed those ads. The job of streamlining the civic administration and simultaneously trying to create a new city had proved to be an almost crushing burden, landing him in the hospital three times during his second year in office (and costing him a major operation during his second term). When the 1955 election campaign came around Lee was ill, his top-priority program for rebuilding Oak Street was still unapproved in Washington, and his opponents thought they had found an issue at last which would cost him votes. This was the sale of some high schools to Yale, a subject that touched Lee on a sensitive nerve.

For years the city had needed to replace its turn-of-the-century downtown school buildings with modern ones which would offer adequate recreation space. The University, in whose shadow they lay, was the logical purchaser. But when Lee sold the schools to Yale, delighted cries of "sell-out!" and "Little Boy Blue" arose from Republican throats.

They made good newspaper copy at the time, and the new high-school sites, chosen with perhaps more haste than care, may yet provide

much-needed anti-Lee ammunition for the 1957 campaign. But a week before election in 1955, with an assist from Republican Senator Prescott Bush, federal approval for Oak Street came through—in eight-column headlines—and was announced by Lee and Bush in a joint press conference from the Mayor's office. When the votes were counted, Lee had been re-elected by a margin of 20,000—the largest ever achieved by a Mayor in Connecticut—and the voters had given him a 31-2 Democratic Board of Aldermen as well.

The time had now come for the first public hearings on Oak Street. Here the project—and Lee's political future—would be won or lost with the people of New Haven.

On the day of the hearing each of the city department heads took his turn on the stand. First came the six-foot Chief of Police, in his dress uniform. "We have more than six arrests in this area every day." The Fire Chief was next. "Calls from Oak Street are 600 per cent higher than in the rest of the city." The judge of the city court told the hearing that "Oak Street has prostitution on a greater scale than anywhere in the city." One after another they testified. Not until the very end did the planners and redevelopers present their case. By then to have opposed Oak Street would have been tantamount to publicly championing crime, disease, juvenile delinquency, and higher taxes. Not a single voice was raised in protest, and when land acquisition began only a handful of properties had to be taken by condemnation.

HIGH GEAR

EACH stage of the Oak Street project received this same hand-tailored care. Even the rats, symbol of slum evil, had a press conference. When the Director of Environmental Sanitation sent a routine, two-paragraph announcement about his rat-eradication plans to the Mayor's office he was summoned in. "Let's find out how many rats there are, what diseases they carry, what kind of poison you're using." He went back to do some research. When the rat program began, the fact that 10,000 rats would be killed in Oak Street made a front-page story, and their disappearance was covered like a regular news beat. The people of New Haven are still talking about the rats.

Mayor Lee himself was in the cab of the wrecker's truck when demolition began, directing the steel ball which shattered the first house. When official visitors came to town

they were always taken on the Mayor's daily tour through Oak Street, which often involved a special demolition. The peaceful relocation of 881 families went unpublicized, but no effort was spared to help the former slum dwellers get a new start, to find a decent home for a large family or an elderly couple, to reassure the fearful. This is the side of Lee's work which has nothing to do with headlines, but which means the most to many of his associates and may someday be best remembered.

A business relocation office, first in the country, was also set up to help the hundred-odd merchants find new space. Many of them enlarged their operations in better quarters; some are moving into the new nineteen-acre industrial-commercial park which the CAC helped sponsor; while others will move back into the project area. It is true that the marginal merchants, like the agonized operators of the Flea Market, have been driven out of business in New Haven, but to Lee these are some of the inevitable hurts which must be suffered in rebuilding the city.

By May this year, the last pieces of the Oak Street jig-saw puzzle were falling into place. Within one week, ground-breaking ceremonies for the new Telephone Company building took place and, at a dramatic public auction, three syndicates bid over a million dollars for the apartment house site. The winner, a Boston-New York syndicate, outbid Yale—once considered the only possible customer—and paid an incredible \$1,150,000, which was \$450,000 more than the Redevelopment Agency's minimum-bid price. Property, in New Haven, was beginning to mean something after all.

EVEN as the auctioneer's gavel was falling another project, twice as big as Oak Street, was clearing through federal channels. For six months color renderings had been stacked in a corner of Ed Logue's office, and lights in the redevelopment offices had burned late as the planners worked to make their federal application argument-proof. Rumors had been floating around town for several years, ever since a private developer had tried to assemble the land (but had dropped the project when owners asked a higher price per square foot than the site of the Empire State Building). But no one knew quite what it was.

In the last days of May, when unofficial word of approval came from Washington, the CAC Executive Committee gathered in the Mayor's office for their monthly meeting. They

had known about the Church Street project from its inception, but they were still entitled to a feeling of pride and satisfaction when Lee announced that the federal government's \$23½ million loan and \$13½ million grant had been approved.

That morning four hundred invitations had gone out to community leaders for a luncheon at the Lawn Club the following Wednesday, when they would hear the first public announcement. During the next few days, Mayor Lee, Carl Freese, Frank O'Brien, chairman of the Redevelopment Agency, and Lucius Rowe, president of the Southern New England Telephone Company and the new chairman of CAC, and other business and political leaders, were to meet with the major tenants and property-holders in the area. For weeks, the City Plan Department had been frantically building a scale model of the Church Street redevelopment and by the Wednesday luncheon a two-color, illustrated brochure would be ready too.

Tuesday afternoon, at a full-dress preview in the Mayor's office—complete with the scale model, color renderings, aerial photographs, and voluminous news releases—Lee showed the plan to members of the press. "This," he told them, "is the most important thing that will ever happen in New Haven's history." Also present was real-estate developer Roger L. Stevens, who had organized the syndicate—as Mayor Lee reminded his audience—which purchased the Empire State Building for \$52,000,000. And that night Lee let the thirty-one Democratic Aldermen in on the story at a special dinner in a neighborhood restaurant. "Dick, you'll win by 30,000 this year!" one enthusiastic Alderman called out. Finally, in the humid noonday atmosphere of the Lawn Club the next day, where the CAC and its guests had gathered so often since their inaugural luncheon, the Church Street plan was revealed.

REBUILDING DOWNTOWN

IT WAS an 85 million-dollar redevelopment, largest per capita in the country, which would go directly to the heart of the city's problems—its obsolete, deteriorating commercial core. It proposed virtually to gut the four highest-priced blocks in downtown New Haven, demolishing the crazy-quilt of "taxpayers," cobblers' shops, and hundred-year-old buildings that were mixed with a few sound structures on this choice location, to make way for an eighteen-story,

three-hundred-room hotel (with banquet facilities for one thousand and a garden restaurant overlooking the Green), a modern five-story office building for the First National Bank, a retail shopping development, and parking space for at least 3,200 cars—all of this to bring customers off the Connector through widened access streets into a rebuilt downtown district.

The ninety-three-acre, pie-shaped project would anchor New Haven's commercial center to the Green and extend it all the way to the harbor, where a state-financed \$2,000,000 Regional Market would rise on the filled land and house wholesale merchants whose quarters were due for demolition. The residential slums in between would be replaced by apartment houses and a commercial park; there was even an eight-acre tract for a school site which the neighboring Hill residents had needed for twenty-five years. And, all told, the project would cost the city only \$508,000 in cash, while private funds coming into the area were expected to total \$34,000,000, with Stevens' syndicate backing the hotel and retail shopping center.

Church Street was not only breathtaking—it took courage. Instead of building a modern commercial center on free or cheaper land, in competition with the old central business district, New Haven is building back on itself, as Rotival counseled sixteen years ago. This recentralizing is also tied to the city's plans for residential neighborhoods, for it will counteract the ribbon-like commercialization which is blighting them, and also provide the necessary tax base to pay for schools and other community services. Furthermore, the entire plan was conceived in terms of the automobile traffic, which is now essential to any central business district, and of the final aesthetic effect, an aspect of redevelopment which carries increasing weight with Lee.

RICH DIET OF CHANGE

A STANDING ovation, the greatest in his life—and greatest anyone in New Haven can remember—greeted the Mayor when he finished his speech. Next day the *Hartford Courant*, commenting on Lee's "challenging announcement," said that "in the long run only such enthusiasm, determination and imagination will . . . check the blight and decay now ferociously attacking our cities." The *New Britain Herald* admitted that the Church Street plan "staggers the imagination" and asked: "Is it possible that New Haven does have a monopoly

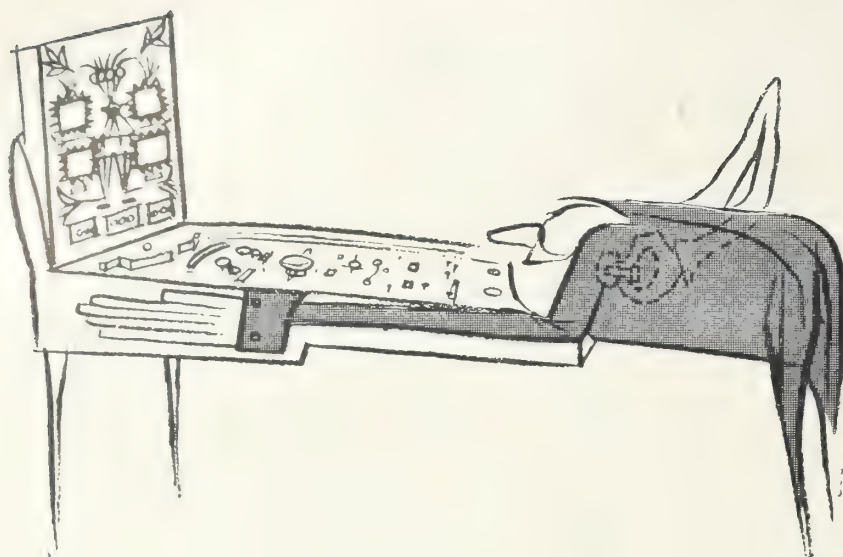
on vivid imagination, dynamic aggressiveness, and willingness to face the future? . . . We write these things enviously. . . ." Mayor Lee and the citizens of New Haven "have the admiration of a host of Connecticut folks," said the *Hartford Times*. "We congratulate New Haven and tell ourselves—go and do likewise."

Church Street is not all, either. Already three more projects to renew neighborhoods which ring the downtown area are well-advanced. Application for the two-hundred-acre Wooster Square project has just gone to the Housing and Home Finance Agency, and two more are on the drawing boards. Can New Haven, the city that used to take fifty years to turn over in bed, take this rich diet of change? And could it keep going without Lee?

Several of its citizens have given their own replies. Frank O'Brien, head of the Redevelopment Agency, says, "I don't see how the citizens can let it stop. Oak Street will be there as a reminder that it can be done," and Lucius Rowe, head of the CAC, shares the belief that "nothing can stop us now." Breaking precedent, the *New Haven Evening Register* even ran an editorial praising the Church Street proposal and Mayor Lee.

Not everything is rosy, of course. With the approach of the mayoralty election this fall Lee's opposition is asserting its claims that his methods are "dictatorial" and "high-handed," that he completes all his own plans before announcing them and thus gives others no time, and that—despite the admitted value of his projects—there is "a growing body of opposition to redevelopment in New Haven." When public hearings on Church Street were held in July, Mrs. Edith Valet Cook, Lee's Republican opponent, entered a demand for "a little more democracy in this town than we've had lately."

The complaint that Dick Lee claims credit due to others is one he can withstand. No one could stay in New Haven long without seeing that the opposite is true. "Ever since I got here," said one reporter, "I've been meeting people who claim the credit." It is the resurgence of the whole community, the restoration of its faith in itself, that strikes the visitor. Dick Lee is only one of the men responsible—the one, as it happens, who is running for Mayor. He expects to get the grant for Church Street in late fall. If his usual sense of timing hasn't failed him, there is little doubt that the most daring urban redevelopment program in the United States will get under way on schedule—just in time for the election campaign.



By JULIUS SEGAL

Drawings by Robert Osborn

The Lure of PINBALL

The machines pay off in something mightier
than cash—a chance to Beat the System,
do a little harmless cheating, work off
your aggressions, and make the world behave.

EACH year Americans spend in excess of \$400,000,000 for the right to trigger silvery steel balls over a smooth, glass-enclosed surface covered with a variety of flippers, bumpers, and electrically wired obstacles and holes. This money is not invested in the hope of winning anything. Pinball—except in a few isolated areas—doesn't pay off in cash or prizes. Depending upon his score, the winner receives only the privilege of playing one or more games for nothing. It is at this point, when the pinballer has only to press a button to start a new game, that he achieves his goal. Why is this so satisfying? What makes pinball such an attractive pastime?

Though these questions could conceivably be answered through a psychoanalytic study of pinball players, no such depth analysis has been attempted here. Nor is this article the outgrowth of systematic motivation research. To be sure, some players were interviewed—in luncheonettes, railroad stations, and amusement centers—but, for the rest, what follows is based on a study of nothing but my own addiction to those clanging machines, which so frequently

consume a large portion of my lunch hour and too much, perhaps, of my income.

Let's make sure at the outset that we have our frames of reference straight. Pinball machines are *not* to be confused with contraptions variously described as "slot" machines or "one-armed bandits," whose awards to winning players are measured in cash. Manufacturers are quick to point out that the object of the sport is entertainment, and not monetary gain—for the player, that is.

The nickel's worth of entertainment lies enclosed in cabinets whose external appearances are gaudily attractive and whose "guts" are a maze of thousands of interconnecting mechanical and electrical parts, all sensitively co-ordinated to control the pattern of the game. Externally, a pinball machine consists of a sloped, glass-covered playing board set on four sturdy legs, with a vertical panel to the rear on which is registered—usually with brilliantly flashing lights and loud noises—the progress of the game. The player's nickel buys the right to trigger five carefully polished steel balls over the playing surface. Although the layouts of both the playing board and the score panel differ widely from machine to machine, the object of the game is always the same: to control the course of the ball—avoiding certain obstacles and meeting others—so that the score attained is as far as possible above the free-game minimum.

It is, of course, of major concern to pinball manufacturers that their customers main-

tain a high level of motivation. For one player I interviewed, this had decidedly sexual overtones.

"If I could win on every try," he said, "there'd be no fun to this game; losing every time would make me quit, too. It's like chasing a woman. There's always that chance you'll catch her. But if you knew for certain, the chase would hardly be worth it."

This delicate balance between success and failure is of prime importance. A number of companies employ their own shop workers to simulate field conditions and determine whether a new machine is operating at the desired win/lose ratio. As a general rule, this involves a 75 per cent return for the player; that is, for every four nickels invested, the machine is "tuned" to yield three free replays. Naturally, depending on the individual's skill, this ratio can vary widely; but it is the hope of manufacturers, nonetheless, that the player's level of aspiration can be maintained just slightly higher than his achievement. The term, "came-close appeal," is used synonymously with "try-again appeal," as a byword in the industry.

To insure the maintenance of a profitable yet psychologically meaningful ratio, distributors place meters inside the machine, which register the number of free as opposed to paid-for games. I am all but certain—having been the steady devotee of a particular machine—that repairmen have, in fact, made necessary alterations in either the wiring or the slope of the cabinet in order to counterbalance what has recently been, for me, a long string of victories. This is not meant facetiously. It is a common practice among distributors to permit machines to "pay off" for a few days and then to insure that the "pay-off" percentage dramatically changes.

As an additional source of motivation, manufacturers give players the opportunity to do a little cheating without being "found out" by the machine. Legs are attached to the cabinet not *too* rigidly in order to permit pinballers to exercise their skill in slightly rocking or pushing the machine so as to deflect the course of the ball. (This is commonly called "gunching," a word whose etymology I have been unable to discover.) The novice can be identified easily. He plays it straight, not because of a severely punitive superego, but simply because he has not yet discovered the opportunity and the challenge. And challenge it is, for each machine is equipped with a delicate mechanism which—if the cabinet is rocked too severely—causes the machine to quit operating (until another nickel is inserted)

while the word TILT is registered in sickly colors on the score panel.

Nothing is more infuriating to the seasoned player than to have the tilt sign register just as he is approaching a winning score. Yet, there is little question but that the joy of winning at pinball is all the greater if it is attained through successful "gunching." I have, as a matter of fact, asked my lunch-hour coterie of pinballers to join me in an experiment in which—for a few games—we allowed each ball to ride its own course, with no attempt to alter it by touching the machine. Quite apart from the muscle strain involved in suppressing the impulse to "gunch," we found that even when the balls did reach the right holes, and free games *were* won, the satisfaction involved was not great. As one player put it: "The machine did it, not me."

SPIN AND TOUCH

THE experienced pinballer should *know*, of course, that intricate though it is, the machine does not warrant the niceties which he expends on it. Contrary to what experience must tell him, for example, the player frequently "shoots" as if the gauge attached to the plunger could really be used to release the ball in exactly the desired direction and with exactly the desired results. Many devotees can be seen lingering over the release of the plunger—even twisting it to give the ball the desired "english," or spin—as if the point and "touch" of the release were absolutely crucial. In a gross sort of way, of course, it is true enough that the distance the plunger is pulled affects the play. But this obvious fact is embellished and adorned and graced with frilly perfectionism that suggests a wholly unwarranted respect for the machine.

Perhaps what we have here are quite logical responses on the part of men to whom the machine has been oversold. Perhaps the really convinced pinballer is struggling to gain some degree of security in an age in which button-pushing leaves little to do. In the pinball parlor, the player fancies, there is a machine he *can* do something about, a contraption he can meet on equal terms, an industrial challenge he can manipulate and master. To prove it, he must first deify the machine. Only then does the practice of his crafty (but irrelevant) techniques become appropriate and satisfying.

It seems to me that when a pinballer invests his nickel, he pits himself—his own skill—against the combined skills of American industry. The player is aware, of course, that there

are no legal or ethical implications in "gunching," but he can imagine the threatening figure of the Chicago manufacturer standing over his shoulder, saying, in effect:

"Look here, bud. I've spent thousands of dollars building this machine. It'll cost you a nickel every time you play it. The rules are right there in front of you; you get wise, and try to cheat me out of a free game, and I'll have the machine quit on you—until you give me another nickel." What a supreme satisfaction it is to outwit an industry at so small a risk.

Frankly, I rather doubt that the loss to owners would be very great if there were no tilt mechanism. How many free games would the owners lose if it were removed? Not very many. I rather think the tilt represents an essential challenge, a "come on" consciously thought out by the manufacturers. They must know—as I have myself observed—that it is rare for a player to leave a machine in disgust after being penalized for tilting. The usual reaction is an intensification of the will to win. "I'll show you, wise guy," I heard one player mutter to the tilted machine.

And the majority of players to whom I've spoken report—as I have found—that playing off free games is infinitely less satisfying than winning them, an experience made more pleasurable by still another "gimmick." Pinball scores are not tallied in small numbers; on the contrary, points won are usually in units of 10,000, so that a winning score runs to four or five million points. It isn't very often that a man can invest a nickel and win five million anything. Somehow, as he looks at his score, the player gets the feeling that he's succeeding in winning something big; his is the classic success story—from rags to riches in no time at all.

BEATING THE MACHINE

BUT victory in pinball is not always easily attained, and the struggle to win is accompanied by strong and freely expressed emotions—so strong that we may legitimately doubt whether only a game and a nickel are involved. After the second world war, during the height of the pinball craze in Japan, a University of Tokyo professor advanced the opinion that flipping the steel balls was essentially a means by which the masses could express their sense of anger at their poverty.

The American pinballer may have no such object for his aggressions, yet—when we observe players in action—it is fairly obvious that the machine frequently becomes the butt of angry

feelings. Devotees can often be seen beating the daylights out of the machine. Kicking, slapping, punching, to say nothing of colorful epithets, are not uncommon. The player behaves for all the world as any of us might like to when our environment just won't be controlled. Who can say how many wives and bosses have been saved from physical abuse by pinball machines? Millions of nickels are, perhaps, being spent in quest of a co-operative cathartic object, far cheaper and less painful than twenty-five dollars' worth of psychoanalytic time.

For myself, I have noticed that I am most likely to make a lunch-hour detour to my favorite machine on those days when I am feeling low, when things just haven't gone my way. Here the game becomes something more than a cheap source of relaxation; it assumes positively therapeutic proportions—if I win. Moreover, I am likely on blue days to invest more than my usual quota of nickels in order to achieve the approbation symbolized by that sound dearest to the hearts of the pinballing fraternity—the steady clicking of the meter as the free games are registered. Back into the pocket go the stack of unneeded nickels; life *can* be controlled after all.

From studying the emotional responses of pinballers to the progress of the game, one can in fact gather a fairly accurate picture of what is transpiring on the playing board without so much as looking at the machine itself. Whole spectra of emotions are displayed here—from anxiety to resignation, from depression to elation, and from courageous determination to abject defeatism.

The psychologist would be hard put, moreover, to find more sincere and complete expressions of bodily empathy than those which the player exhibits toward the spinning ball. We are not surprised, of course, to find the boxing fan wincing and weaving before his TV set, or the Dodger rooter taking a half swing with his favorite batter. Sugar Ray Robinson and Duke Snider are, after all, human beings, and it is easy enough for the rapt spectator to identify with them. In the pinball parlor, however, we find players twisting and contorting in the effort to influence the "behavior" of a wholly inanimate object—as if by a pure projection of the will. I have heard of one devotee who contended, not entirely facetiously, that successful play was mainly a matter of footwork!

The playing board is, in any event, not unlike the pinballer's own field of experience. He knows—well before he approaches the machine—

the meaning of obstacles to attainment; he knows what it feels like to be bumped aside just when you think you've made it; he has come close before, only to fail. I have often thought that the response of a player to the mechanical and electrical events before him represents a valid gauge of his own personality structure. I am not suggesting that pinball supplant the Rorschach inkblot cards as a projective test of personality. I do think, however, that the player who shows resignation after the third ball, for example, is a very different fish from the one who sets his jaws with determination at the fifth ball when there are still 3,000,000 points to be won. I have watched one student repeatedly begin a new game after the fourth ball when his score didn't portend victory, and have seen others use their flippers with courage until the fifth and final ball had come to rest.

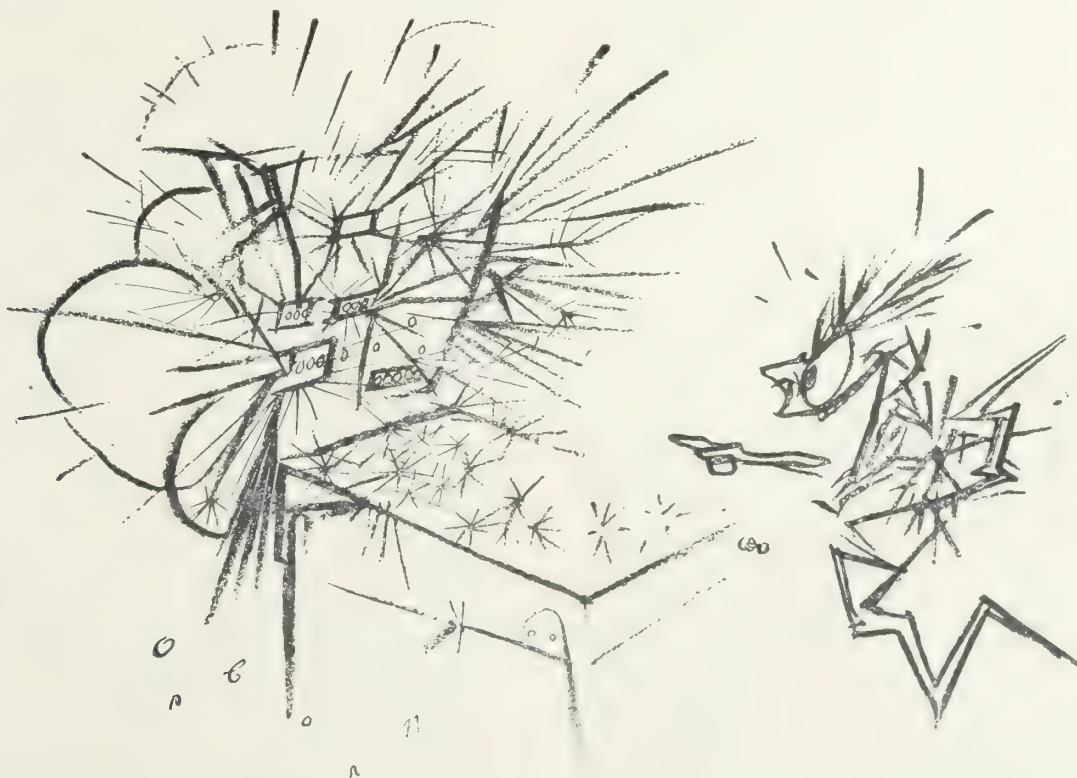
The remarkable lure of pinball has been demonstrated outside the United States in areas as culturally heterogeneous as England, North Africa, and South Africa. Japan especially has been taken by the game; in one year alone the Japanese spent almost 12 per cent of their national budget in pinball parlors. In Tokyo machines have been used in doctors' offices to keep waiting patients busy, and addiction to the game has been the cause of a number of divorces and at least one suicide, in which the victim was found tightly clutching the cursed steel balls.

There is no evidence that pinball is played

more often by men than by women, nor primarily by persons at any given socio-economic or cultural levels. I have observed women playing like veterans, with all the grunts and muscular responsiveness of steady devotees. I know of one aging professor of history who has not missed his daily half-hour of pinball in more than two years, and in my own hangout—a Washington luncheonette which happens to be near the State Department—I am no longer startled to find a number of striped-pants figures at my side, gunching in their spare time.

The question as to what, exactly, is involved in winning at pinball has been the subject of many long court battles. Most rulings have indicated—correctly, I think—that the game is a combination of luck (*i.e.*, gambling) and skill. Jurists have had greater difficulty in determining whether the free games represent “things of value.”

Psychologically, at least, I am convinced that they do, for the winner achieves the opportunity of bringing a few cherished dreams closer to reality. He has shown his industrial masters that he can beat them at their own game and not be apprehended. He has mastered the machine and made it do his bidding; he has amassed a fortune in points; and, if you don't believe he did it himself, just stand aside and he'll show you he can do it again. If only in a darkened corner of a railroad station, he has freely expressed his irritation with reality, and made the world behave. All for only a nickel.



Thornton Wilder

"A PLATFORM AND A PASSION OR TWO"

One of America's most revered—and revolutionary—playwrights tells how he is trying to shake up the theatre, and why.

Adapted from his preface to a forthcoming collection of his three major plays: *Our Town*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, and *The Matchmaker*.

TOWARD the end of the 'twenties I began to lose pleasure in going to the theatre. I ceased to believe in the stories I saw presented there. When I did go it was to admire some secondary aspect of the play, the work of a great actor or director or designer. Yet at the same time the conviction was growing in me that the theatre was the greatest of all the arts. I felt that something had gone wrong with it in my time and that it was fulfilling only a small part of its potentialities. I was filled with admiration for presentations of classical works by Max Reinhardt and Louis Jouvet and the Old Vic, as I was by the best plays of my time, like "Desire Under the Elms" and "The Front Page": but it was with a grudging admiration, for at heart *I didn't believe a word of them*. I was like a schoolmaster grading a paper: to each of these offerings I gave an A+, but the condition of mind of one grading a paper is not that of one being overwhelmed by an artistic creation. The response we make when we "believe" a work of the imagination is that of saying: "This is the way things are. I have always known it without being fully aware that I knew it. Now in the presence of this play or novel or poem (or picture or piece of music) I know that I know it." It is this form of knowledge which Plato called "recol-

lection." We have all murdered, in thought; and been murdered. We have all seen the ridiculous in estimable persons and in ourselves. We have all known terror as well as enchantment. Imaginative literature has nothing to say to those who do not recognize—who cannot be *reminded*—of such conditions. Of all the arts the theatre is best endowed to awaken this recollection within us—to believe is to say "yes"; but in the theatres of my time I did not feel myself prompted to any such grateful and self-forgetting acquiescence.

This dissatisfaction worried me. I was not ready to condemn myself as blasé and over-fastidious, for I knew that I was still capable of belief. I believed every word of *Ulysses* and of Proust and of *The Magic Mountain*, as I did of hundreds of plays when I read them. It was on the stage that imaginative narration became false. Finally, my dissatisfaction passed into resentment. I began to feel that the theatre was not only inadequate, it was evasive; it did not wish to draw upon its deeper potentialities. I found the word for it: it aimed to be *soothing*. The tragic had no heat; the comic had no bite; the social criticism failed to indict us with responsibility.

I began to search for the point where the theatre had run off the track, where it had chosen—and been permitted—to become a minor art and an inconsequential diversion.

The trouble began in the nineteenth century and was connected with the rise of the middle classes—they wanted their theatre soothing. There's nothing wrong with the middle classes in themselves. We know that now. The United States and Scandinavia and Germany are middle-class countries, so completely so that they have

lost the very memory of their once despised and ludicrous inferiority (they had been inferior not only to the aristocracy but, in human dignity, to the peasantry). When a middle class is new, however, there is much that is wrong with it. When it is emerging under the shadow of an aristocracy, from the myth and prestige of those well-born Higher-ups, it is alternately insecure and aggressively complacent. It must find its justification and reassurance in making money and displaying it. To this day, members of the middle classes in England, France, and Italy feel themselves to be a little ridiculous and humiliated.

The prestige of aristocracies is based upon a dreary untruth: that moral superiority and the qualifications for leadership are transmittable through the chromosomes, and the secondary lie, that the environment afforded by privilege and leisure tends to nurture the flowers of the spirit. An aristocracy, defending and fostering its lie, extracts from the arts only such elements as can further its interests, the aroma and not the sap, the grace and not the trenchancy.

Equally harmful to culture is the newly arrived middle class. In the English-speaking world the middle classes came into power early in the nineteenth century and gained control over the theatre. They were pious, law-abiding, and industrious. They were assured of eternal life in the next world and, in this, they were squarely seated on Property and the privileges that accompany it. They were attended by devoted servants who knew their place. They were benevolent within certain limits, but chose to ignore wide tracts of injustice and stupidity in the world about them; and they shrank from contemplating those elements within themselves that were ridiculous, shallow, and harmful. They distrusted the passions and tried to deny them. Their questions about the nature of life seemed to be sufficiently answered by the demonstration of financial status and by conformity to some clearly established rules of decorum. These were precarious positions; abysses yawned on either side. The air was loud with questions that must not be asked.

These middle-class audiences fashioned a theatre which could not disturb them. They thronged to melodrama (which deals with tragic possibilities in such a way that you know from the beginning that all will end happily) and to sentimental drama (which accords a total license to the supposition that the wish is father to the thought) and to comedies in which the char-

acters were so represented that they always resembled someone else and not oneself. Between the plays that Sheridan wrote in his twenties and the first works of Wilde and Shaw there was no play of even moderate interest written in the English language. (Unless you happen to admire and except Shelley's *The Cenci*.) These audiences, however, also thronged to Shakespeare. How did they shield themselves against his probing? How did they smother the theatre—and with such effect that it smothers us still? The box-set was already there, the curtain, the proscenium, but not taken “seriously”—it was a convenience in view of the weather in northern countries. They took it seriously and emphasized and enhanced everything that thus removed, cut off, and boxed the action; they increasingly shut the play up into a museum showcase.

Let us examine why the box-set stage stifles the life in drama and why and how it militates against belief.

JUGGLING WITH TIME

EVERY action which has ever taken place—every thought, every emotion—has taken place only once, at one moment in time and place. “I love you,” “I rejoice,” “I suffer,” have been said and felt many billions of times, and never twice the same. Every person who has ever lived has lived an unbroken succession of unique occasions. Yet the more one is aware of this individuality in experience (innumerable! innumerable!) the more one becomes attentive to what these disparate moments have in common, to repetitive patterns. As an artist (or listener or beholder) which “truth” do you prefer—that of the isolated occasion, or that which includes and resumes the innumerable? Which truth is more worth telling? Every age differs in this. Is the Venus de Milo “one woman”? Is the play *Macbeth* the story of “one destiny”? The theatre is admirably fitted to tell both truths. It has one foot planted firmly in the particular, since each actor before us (even when he wears a mask!) is indubitably a living breathing “one”; yet it tends and strains to exhibit a general truth since its relation to a specific “realistic” truth is confused and undermined by the fact that it is an accumulation of untruths, pretenses, and fiction.

All the arts depend on preposterous fictions, but the theatre is the most preposterous of all. Imagine asking us to believe that we are in Venice in the sixteenth century, and that Mr. Billington is a Moor, and that he is about to

stifle the much-admired Miss Huckaby with a pillow; and imagine trying to make us believe that people ever talked in blank verse—more than that: that people were ever so marvelously articulate. The theatre is a lily that inexplicably arises from a jungle of weedy falsities. Yet it is precisely from the tension produced by all this absurdity, “contrary to fact,” that it is able to create such poetry, power, enchantment, and truth.

The novel is pre-eminently the vehicle of the unique occasion, the theatre of the generalized one. It is through the theatre's power to raise the exhibited individual action into the realm of idea and type and universal that it is able to evoke our belief. But power is precisely what those nineteenth-century audiences did not—dared not—confront. They tamed it and drew its teeth; squeezed it into that removed showcase. They loaded the stage with specific objects, because every concrete object on the stage fixes and narrows the action to one moment in time and place. (Have you ever noticed that in the plays of Shakespeare no one—except occasionally a ruler—ever sits down? There were not even chairs on the English or Spanish stages in the time of Elizabeth I.) So it was by a jugglery with time that the middle classes devitalized the theatre. When you emphasize *place* in the theatre, you drag down and limit and harness time to it. You thrust the action back into past time, whereas it is precisely the glory of the stage that it is always “now” there. Under such production methods the characters are all dead before the action starts. You don't have to pay deeply from your heart's participation. No great age in the theatre ever attempted to capture the audience's belief through this kind of specification and localization. I became dissatisfied with the theatre because I was unable to lend credence to such childish attempts to be “real.”

THE TORCH RACE

I BEGAN writing one-act plays that tried to capture not verisimilitude but reality. In *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden* four kitchen chairs represent an automobile and a family travels seventy miles in twenty minutes. Ninety years go by in *The Long Christmas Dinner*. In *Pullman Car Hiawatha* some more plain chairs serve as berths and we hear the very vital statistics of the towns and fields that passengers are traversing; we hear their thoughts; we even hear the planets over their heads. In

Chinese drama a character, by straddling a stick, conveys to us that he is on horseback. In almost every No play of the Japanese an actor makes a tour of the stage and we know that he is making a long journey. Think of the ubiquity that Shakespeare's stage afforded for the battle scenes at the close of *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. As we see them today what a cutting and hacking of the text takes place—what condescension, what contempt for his dramaturgy.

Our Town is not offered as a picture of life in a New Hampshire village; or as a speculation about the conditions of life after death (that element I merely took from Dante's *Purgatory*). It is an attempt to find a value above all price for the smallest events in our daily life. I have made the claim as preposterous as possible, for I have set the village against the largest dimensions of time and place. The recurrent words in this play (few have noticed it) are “hundreds,” “thousands,” and “millions.” Emily's joys and griefs, her algebra lessons and her birthday presents—what are they when we consider all the billions of girls who have lived, who are living, and who will live? Each individual's assertion to an absolute reality can only be inner, very inner. And here the method of staging finds its justification—in the first two acts there are at least a few chairs and tables; but when she revisits the earth and the kitchen to which she descended on her twelfth birthday, the very chairs and table are gone. Our claim, our hope, our despair are in the mind—not in things, not in “scenery.” Molière said that for the theatre all he needed was a platform and a passion or two. The climax of this play needs only five square feet of boarding and the passion to know what life means to us.

The Matchmaker is an only slightly modified version of *The Merchant of Yonkers* which I wrote in the year after I had written *Our Town*. One way to shake off the nonsense of the nineteenth-century staging is to make fun of it. This play parodies the stock company plays that I used to see at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, California, when I was a boy. I have already read small theses in German comparing it with the great Austrian original on which it is based. The scholars are very bewildered. There's most of the plot (except that our friend Dolly Levi is not in Nestroy's play); there are some of the tags; but it's all “about” quite different matters. Nestroy's wonderful and sardonic plays are—like most of Molière's and Goldoni's—“about” the havoc that people create in their own lives

and in those about them through the wrong-headed illusions they cherish. My play is about the aspirations of the young (and not only of the young) for a fuller, freer participation in life. Imagine an Austrian pharmacist going to the shelf to draw from a bottle which he knows to contain a stinging corrosive liquid, guaranteed to remove warts and wens; and imagine his surprise when he discovers that it has been filled with very American birch-bark beer.

The Skin of Our Teeth begins, also, by making fun of old-fashioned playwriting; but the audience soon perceives that he is seeing "two times at once." The Antrobus family is living both in prehistoric times and in a New Jersey commuter's suburb today. Again the events of our homely daily life—this time the family life—are depicted against the vast dimensions of time and place. It was written on the eve of our entrance into the war and under strong emotion, and I think it mostly comes alive under conditions of crisis. It has been often charged with being a bookish fantasia about history, full of rather bloodless schoolmasterish jokes. But to have seen it in Germany soon after the war, in the shattered churches and beer halls that were

serving as theatres, with audiences whose price of admission meant the loss of a meal and for whom it was of absorbing interest that there was a "recipe for grass soup that did not cause the diarrhea," was an experience that was not so cool. I am very proud that this year it has received a first and overwhelming reception in Warsaw.

The play is deeply indebted to James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. I should be very happy if, in the future, some author should feel similarly indebted to any work of mine. Literature has always more resembled a torch race than a furious dispute among heirs.

The theatre has lagged behind the other arts in finding the "new ways" to express how men and women think and feel in our time. I am not one of the dramatists we are looking for. I wish I were. I hope I have played a part in preparing the way for them. I am not an innovator but a rediscoverer of forgotten goods and I hope a remover of obtrusive bric-a-brac. And as I view the work of my contemporaries I seem to feel that I am exceptional in one thing—I give (don't I?) the impression of having enormously enjoyed it?

RUTHVEN TODD

AN AUTUMN WOOD

SHAPES of summer haunt the autumn wood
As now the year goes slowly to its end.
What remains is nothing if not good.

The heat of August still stirs in the blood
And winter's memory must to itself pretend
Shapes of summer haunt the autumn wood.

Where dappled by the shadows once she stood
The reddened leaves twist loose and now descend;
What remains is nothing if not good.

Alone I strive to catch again the mood;
While ghostly pictures with the shadows blend,
Shapes of summer haunt the autumn wood.

Though squirrels scamper in a hunt for food
The mind's hard kernel will itself defend;
What remains is nothing if not good.

Beneath these barren trees I stand and brood,
Cherishing memories which time cannot amend.
Shapes of summer haunt the autumn wood.
What remains is nothing if not good.

By PETER MARGOLIES

Drawings by Tomi Ungerer



the Great Coupon Bonanza

What happened when a Something-for-Nothing spree hit one American family (and its neighbors)—and the hangover it left for housewives, Boy Scouts, storekeepers, an open-handed advertiser, and three big magazines.

ON February 9, 1957, the *New York Times* carried a story which opened as follows:

A blizzard of coupons—10 cents off on this item, 15 on that one—inundated the nation last week. It set off a storm of controversy on Madison Avenue as to the merit of the coupon as a marketing device.

Madison Avenue be damned! The controversy was settled in Amityville, Long Island, by a group of nine families in a middle-class housing development, and, no doubt, by other groups elsewhere in the nation who throve for a short time on the hitherto forbidden fruit of Something-for-Nothing. Their verdict: The coupon is a darling marketing device, with happy effects on the family treasury, but it is also a threat to the health, sanity, and moral stature of those who use it.

To explain fully the impact of the coupon in Amityville it is necessary to recount my family's experience from the beginning, which came quietly on January 30. One of our neighbors called his wife that afternoon to report that a certain advertisement by Swift and Company, packers of meat and its by-products, appearing in *Life*, *Look*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, contained coupons which, in certain stores, were

being accepted as currency. The issues of *Life* and *Look* containing the advertisement were, he said, already scarce on newsstands, having been out for a few days; but the *Journal* had just been published and was available in large quantities. He reported that a colleague of his had bought over \$250 worth of food and other goods with coupons clipped from *Life* and *Look* the previous week. "Buy!" he commanded, and hung up.

This information was duly relayed to my wife within minutes. "Crazy," she said, and our neighbor agreed. But they admitted that a short time spent in skeptical investigation might not be entirely wasted.

The first step was the tentative purchase of a single copy of the February issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, at thirty-five cents. The ad was there, on pages twelve and thirteen: a plug for Swift's forthcoming TV show, "Ruggles of Red Gap," pictures of several TV and motion-picture stars, and twelve coupons, redeemable, according to the terms of the advertisement, for ten or fifteen cents each toward the purchase of each of the twelve Swift products listed.

This was disappointing. Though there were seven coupons worth ten cents each, and five worth fifteen cents each, it hardly seemed worth while to buy large quantities of the magazine to receive reductions totaling only \$1.45 on what might prove to be more than six dollars' worth of merchandise, besides filling the refrigerator with more frankfurters and dog food than any family could reasonably be expected to consume.

However, something her husband had said stuck in our neighbor's mind: "Safeway Stores are honoring these coupons on anything, and they're as good as cash!"

Though still inwardly convinced that it couldn't be true, the women made timid purchases of a few more *Journals* from local stands and made their way to the Safeway supermarket a few miles away. There they sought out the manager. "Someone told us," our neighbor said, showing him the coupons, "that you cash these things. Is it true?"

The manager, busy checking stock, hardly looked. "Sure," he said, "for merchandise."

"No, no," she said. "You don't understand. I mean, do you honor these coupons toward the purchase of anything in the store? Anything at all?"

"Sure," said the manager. "That's our policy. Been doing it for years."

My wife took things in hand. "Look," she said, "if I go over to the shelves and pick up a dollar's worth of noodles, will you accept a dollar's worth of coupons in exchange, and let us leave without paying any money?"

"Absolutely," the manager said.

The women looked at each other, wheeled, and headed for the door, their minds on only one thing: *Journals*!

"Wait!" the manager called after them. "There's one thing I can't do, I can't give you cash for them. Anything else, but no cash."

They smiled, they laughed, they left.

Even then their ingrained doubt prevailed. They bought seven dollars' worth of *Journals* and brought them home to wait, to think—and to clip. The instructions were specific: coupons were acceptable only if cut out individually along the dotted lines, and the offer expired on March 15. When my wife presented the proposition to me that night, I, of course, knew better. "You can't get something for nothing unless it's illegal, immoral, or both," I said. "It's the system."

"Maybe so," said my wife.

THE BOOM STARTS ROLLING

WE WENT that night to the Safeway store together, and our neighbors came with us. We had clipped coupons worth twenty-nine dollars from twenty *Journals*, which had cost us seven dollars. We piled twenty-nine dollars' worth of meat, frozen vegetables, canned goods, and assorted non-food items into our wagon, and our neighbors did the same. It took half an hour to count our coupons at the check-out station. Though our neighbors had brought a message from New York to the effect that two of the fifteen-cent coupons (for Swift's

chicken, and Swift's shortening, later colloquialized to "chicken-and-fat") were not being honored by Safeway (reducing the "take" per *Journal* to \$1.15), the assistant manager on duty that night seemed unaware of this restriction, and we cashed all our coupons without difficulty.

It was an eternity before we piled everything into the car. We felt that at any moment the manager would call the deal off, the cops would come—something would happen to end the greatest and most democratic get-rich-quick scheme ever devised. But nothing happened.

We got home, put the food away in the refrigerator, and sat down to examine the future.

We learned from our neighbor that he himself had gone through a brief period of disbelief while his co-workers were stocking up on coupons lifted from *Life* and *Look* in New York. Since *Look* costs only fifteen cents each, and *Life* only twenty, those fortunate people had turned a potential profit of from nine- to seven-to-one, while we were forced to accept the four-to-one deal offered by the more expensive *Journal*. Actually, however, we were somewhat better off than they because of our good luck in passing "chicken-and-fat" coupons. The buyers of *Life* and *Look* were getting \$1.15 worth of goods for each copy costing twenty or fifteen cents, or a net of ninety-five cents or a dollar per copy. We, on the other hand, were getting \$1.45 worth of merchandise per copy, at a cost of thirty-five cents, a net of \$1.10. We planned at once to pick up all the "chicken-and-fat" coupons we could in New York where they were being dumped as worthless, and continue to pass them in Amityville, which to our knowledge at that time was the only community to crack the "chicken-and-fat" market.

There were, however, several problems of a more serious nature confronting us. First, should we tell all the neighbors? (We decided that since we hadn't the time or the money to corner the local *Journal* markets, it would be the friendly thing to do.) Second, how much could we afford to invest in *Journals*, and where could we get them? (Answer: only as much as we had already received free from Safeway, and anywhere they could be found.) Third, what would we do if (a) Safeway canceled its policy, and (b) decided not to honor "chicken-and-fat"? (There were no immediate answers to either of these questions, but we felt that as long as we kept buying more food than magazines we would be safe, and that the "chicken-and-fat" problem, if any, would be solved by persistence and ingenuity.)

The arithmetic of the affair was, of course,

astonishing. Every copy of the *Journal* we could find would yield a gross of \$1.45, and a net of \$1.10 in merchandise. Deducting "chicken-and-fat"—an unpredictable factor—we obtained a minimum net profit of eighty cents per copy, or eight dollars for every \$3.50 invested in *Journals*. This was better than 200 per cent profit in the form of food—the major item in every family budget on the block. We live in a modest split-level suburban community where this kind of profit is as unusual as it is exciting. We who had already tasted Swift's blood were too busy figuring angles to eat any of the food we had bought, to sleep, bathe the kids, make the beds, wash the dishes, or do anything except speculate on how far we could reasonably go with the first sure thing that had ever entered our lives. Our other neighbors, however, confident that we were kidding, were leading perfectly normal lives.



THE FUROR SPREADS

IT WASN'T until the next day, a Thursday, when my wife, on a foray into Amityville and surrounding towns, bought thirty-eight more *Journals* and purchased \$43.70 worth of food with the coupons therein, that they became convinced there was something in our story. My wife, meanwhile, called me in New York with news of her latest coup. I told her I had bought twenty *Journals* myself. This was beyond the limit we had set, and since the windfall had hit us at the end of a pay period we were broke besides. But by judicious borrowing and several sly passes at the children's bank accounts, we ended our first full day of foraging with a total of ninety-eight *Journals* on hand. Our outlay, including debts, was \$34.30. We had at least \$112.70 worth of goods stored away.

Meanwhile, the neighbors were going through what proved to be the inevitable one-day cycle: (a) disbelief; (b) tentative belief; (c) experiment, heavily controlled; (d) success; (e) *Journal*-madness. Expeditions were leaving regularly, night

and day, for supermarkets, stationery stores, drug stores, and other places in outlying areas where *Journals* might be found. The word was being passed from neighbor to neighbor, so the movement eventually embraced nine families, where it stopped because even in the suburbs not every family speaks to the one next door.

There were other reasons, too, for the slow spread of the furor. The deal was so unbelievable and complicated that at first many people didn't bother to pursue it. By the time the third or fourth ripple in the wave was on its way, no one really had time to explain: everyone was too busy buying magazines, cutting coupons, shopping, storing food, and buying more magazines. Even in the stores where other customers, painfully paying out money for food, saw us checking out huge wagon loads without putting down a penny, there was remarkably little curiosity. (Why the store clerks did not stock up on *Journals* I will never understand, but at least for a time they did not, and supermarkets, even those honoring the coupons, proved to be a prime source throughout the mad adventure.)

The working husbands, of course, were buying more *Journals* around their places of business. At first we feared the news dealers themselves would strip them of coupons. But this, with some exceptions, did not happen. In fact, we found more *Journals* than we could possibly afford to buy, which was most exasperating. On Friday morning I went to New York armed with a suitcase (to avoid carrying a double load, I placed my briefcase inside it) so that if I came across *Journals* which I could not strip on the spot, I would be able to carry them conveniently.

I scoured Penn Station but managed to buy only two *Journals* from a news dealer who was anxious to protect his regular customers. Another dealer had a huge stack, but a quick spot check revealed they had been stripped. Later in the day, however, I found large quantities on small stands and in hotels near my office. Those dealers who were aware of the ad apparently believed the coupons to be usable only as the ad stated, and they were not too interested in them. As the picture unfolded, it became clear that only isolated groups like our own were aware of the Safeway policy.

The *Journal*, printed on coated stock, is rather heavy, and carrying large numbers of them is exhausting work. The problem became one of tearing out the ads wherever possible, and then moving on for more. In the course of my search I tore out sheets on subway trains and park benches, in telephone booths and public lava-

stories, leaving a trail of *Journals* behind me, and some curious citizens as well. By Friday night our *Journal* total had reached 148, our outlay \$51.80, our "take" \$170.20, plus \$44.40 worth of "chicken-and-fat."

"CHICKEN-AND-FAT" CRISIS

ONE of our chief difficulties by now was determining what to buy. We had stocked up abundantly on the routine items: ordinary cuts of meat, frozen foods and juices, canned goods, and such items as toothpaste and razor blades, and we were finding it hard to maintain our equilibrium. Such delicacies as marinated mushrooms, enchiladas, truffles, *pâté de foie gras*, won ton soup, gefüllte fish, chutney, which for practical reasons we normally eschew, began to turn up in our wagons. We had more traffic with large rib roasts, legs of lamb, and Cornish game hens. Wild rice became a commonplace. But cooler heads prevailed to the degree that each such purchase was balanced by one of smelts or frankfurters.

"Chicken-and-fat" was also becoming a major source of trouble. Safeway would no longer accept those coupons. The women temporarily solved the problem by persuading Hill's, another local supermarket chain, to accept the coupons as a means of attracting huge potential volume away from Safeway. (The manner in which this pressure was openly applied by heretofore thoroughly decent women has caused me many anxious moments since.) Eventually Hill's, too, cut out "chicken-and-fat," and soon both Safeway and Hill's limited coupon-cashing to those coupons listing items actually carried in their respective stocks, these being the only coupons they felt they could reasonably redeem at Swift's.

This left us with six ten-centers redeemable at Hill's, and all but "chicken-and-fat" redeemable at Safeway. However, as new *Journals* poured in, "chicken-and-fat" again became a problem. A store in the Bronx was reported cashing "chicken" but not "fat," but we decided it was uneconomical to make the trip. Finally, in a private deal with another store entirely, the group pooled its "chicken-and-fat" coupons and traded them for merchandise worth half their face value. How many middlemen shared the other half I do not know, but I am fairly certain the coupons ended up in Jersey, where allegedly they could be traded. Eventually even this gray market petered out.

It is interesting, however, that the only local acrimony in the entire episode developed around

the gray market. Housewives who had already banked more than six weeks' supply of necessities argued that to pay a 50 per cent "commission" to dealers in "chicken-and-fat" was at least as objectionable as taxation without representation and other historic steals. Those offering such deals were, for a while, beyond the pale. But as hope of getting full value for "chicken-and-fat" coupons faded, the bitterness dissolved in a flood of deals.

On February first the group had its first panic. A story had appeared in *Time* magazine the day before, detailing the coupon promotion and hinting at its effects. Then, at 11:15 P.M., one of our New York contacts informed us of a rumor that Swift and Company, its advertising agency, and Safeway Stores were engaged in a three-way hassle where heads were said to be rolling. The council met and determined that we should unload all coupons the following morning if a stop-order had not already been issued.

Down the drain went the housewives' careful plans to use their residual coupons, good until March 15, to replace items as they were used, and so extend the benefits of the plan. Lights burned, scissors clicked until the wee hours.

At eight the following morning, Saturday, a parade of cars left the development, and we made what we believed might well be our final purchases on the Swift plan. We got through. There had been no stop-order. There was only one thing to do. Buy more *Journals*!

After spending most of the day packing food for the freezer—a neighbor had kindly lent us space in his—and cramming our own refrigerator to the limit, we piled the kids into the car and headed east toward virgin territory. We had fifteen borrowed dollars in our pockets, plus five our daughter had earned baby-sitting for neighbors while they shopped. In Babylon, Islip, and Bay Shore we purchased fifty-eight more *Journals*, nineteen of them in a branch of Hill's which was one of the stores (in Amityville) that was cashing the coupons. It broke our hearts when we ran out of funds and had to leave twenty-three *Journals* standing in a tempting stack in one store.

That night we had our second panic. A report came in from the field that a Jersey store had posted an order to reject *all* coupons. Once again our plans for orderly disposition of our stock were scrapped. Since none of us had room left for more food or other staples, our only course was to turn the coupons into cash through the purchase of negotiable items like cigarettes. I already had orders from my co-workers in New

York for more than forty cartons. I could supply some of these, I reasoned, and still buy the last few items we might use in the next few weeks.

Redeeming the coupons for cash via cigarette sales represented a "loss," but nothing that concerned us unduly since we were already so far ahead of the game. By Monday morning we had no unredeemed coupons, save "chicken-and-fat." Our "take" in merchandise was \$249.08. Our outlay, the cost of 207 *Journals*, was \$72.45. Our bank account, allowing for the purchase of non-necessities, waste, and over-eating, reflected a net gain of at least \$175.00. And this was duplicated, within a few dollars either way, by each of the nine families involved.

But we had a problem. The Safeway manager still insisted the coupons would be honored until March 15 as stated. There were still *Journals* available here and there. The principle we had worked on, or rather that had worked on us, had been: "If you can cash 'em, buy 'em, and if you buy 'em, you just gotta cash 'em." So far, with the recurring panics, no one had had the courage to hold coupons longer than a day.

During the course of the venture our agents in the New York area had kept in constant touch with a Mr. Young, alleged to be president of Safeway Stores. He was reported consistently as assuring everyone that the coupons would be honored right down to the deadline. Our conclusion was, from the best information we could gather, that the store thereby intended to discourage its suppliers from using the coupon device for promotion purposes. Coupons have a disruptive influence on store routine not entirely compensated for by the suppliers' usual payment of two cents or so per coupon handled. When coupons come in sporadically, the disruption is minor, and the suppliers do not complain unduly if the items purchased with the coupons do not happen to be their own. In this case, however, because of the huge volume—more than 15,000,000 sets-of-twelve in the three magazines involved—it was obviously a matter of some concern to both Safeway and Swift, and the rumors would not die that there was a dispute developing between the two.

The problem was given additional point by the fact that Swift had announced prizes totaling more than \$25,000 (in addition to the two-cents-per-coupon bonus) to the store which collected the most coupons. Whether this had anything to do with Safeway's eagerness to honor them, I do not know, but it probably helped. In any case, the problem soon became academic for on Monday we determined that we would not—nay,

could not—continue to amass coupons. The strain on all of us was too great, we could not find room to store another item of any description, and we did not care to continue developing the cigarette market. So we stopped.

On March 4, ten days before the deadline, Safeway stopped, too. Perhaps the persistent rumors of conflict were true after all. Or else Safeway just got tired. (The toll in overtime for check-out clerks must have been overwhelming.) At any rate, on the fatal date, a sign appeared on Safeway counters that henceforth coupons would be honored only for the specified reduction in the price of the specified article. And that ended that, at least for our community. Whether or not it has ended "the coupon as a marketing device" remains to be seen. (As the *Times* article pointed out: "The coupons do move goods.")



CRAZY ARITHMETIC

THE social and physical effects of our spree were drastic. Everyone involved was in a state of semi-hysteria throughout. No one slept very well. Everyone lost his appetite. My wife lost five pounds. My children became tense and irritable. I was desperately tired, and somewhat disorganized on the job. We spent too much money on phone calls to distant friends, either to pass the good word or to line up *Journals*. Our conversation for a while consisted of nothing but coupons and allied problems; though the more sophisticated of us pretended we were analyzing American marketing methods, what we were really doing was talking off a rather heady jag. Before the end, we determined to quit at least four times, but each time we got "midnight fever"—visions of *Journals* eagerly waiting—and the next day we went on.

Of course, it had its comic aspects, too. One neighbor, for example, found upon unpacking his order that he had bought half a dozen cans

of dog food. He has no dog. His explanation was simply: "I got excited."

There are innumerable tales of how we conned unsuspecting newsdealers (who, after all, had the advantage) out of large stacks of *Journals*: pleas that we needed the magazines for classes we were teaching, or "because my boss will kill me if I don't get 'em," or "because that's my wife's picture on the cover, isn't she beautiful?" One dealer apologized to me, when I cagily asked for "women's magazines like *Good Housekeeping* or *McCall's*" because he had only the *Journal*.

One man bought a stack of *Journals* at Hill's, paid for them with coupons he tore out of the magazines on the spot, then returned to the shelves and purchased food with the balance. According to his crazy arithmetic one could become a millionaire without a penny's investment: one *Journal* (paid for with its own coupons) would get you three, three would get you nine, nine would get you twenty-seven, and so on *ad infinitum*, the only limitation being the number of *Journals* available.

For a while it was unthinkable to spend available cash on anything but magazines, and so we stopped all outlays for such things as haircuts, make-up, and movies. Once my son wanted to spend his own dime on bubble gum, and I cruelly stopped him. Of course, we bought him the gum with coupons at a quarter of the price. A collateral benefit turned up on my visit to the doctor that week. I stripped his waiting-room copies of *Life*, *Look*, and the *Journal*—and thereby paid for the call.

THE PAYOFF

THE ultimate payoff is yet to come. Because we have amassed huge purchases at Hill's and Safeway, we are entitled to some attractive premiums. My wife and I are starting with a clothes hamper we have needed for some time. We have plenty of time to decide on the others. In the bargain we have at home a ball-point pen belonging to the Safeway manager. Somehow, in the excitement of checking out, of counting and recounting coupons, it found its way into my wife's hand, thence into her purse. It hasn't found its way back yet.

The more imaginative of our cohorts operated on a much higher level, however. One man took three days off from his job and headed for the wilds of New England, where, it was said, there are no Safeway stores and therefore good reason to expect a plethora of *Journals*. In the Boston area, he (and his partner) found about 350

magazines, and they obtained many more from a dealer in Montreal including some *Lifes* and *Looks*, at eleven cents each. An overnight stripping and clipping job yielded enough, when transformed into cigarettes, to give each partner, eight hundred dollars in cash. One of the men made a down payment on a new Dodge with his share. The other, for all I know, went on to Saskatchewan for further magazine purchases.

Others who ventured into foreign areas were not so lucky, however. One couple in our community had planned to leave for a week's vacation when the furor broke. Despite the wife's hysterical pleas to cancel, the husband's prevailing argument was that they could find all the *Journals* they wanted on the way, or at the resort. They returned empty-handed. Their sources had been cleaned by groups from places as far apart as Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

Later, in New York City, clipped and sorted sets of coupons began showing up on subway stands selling at fifty or sixty cents per set. My secretary bought eighty-three of these sets from one dealer; she also had offers from other dealers for unstripped magazines at the same price. These she turned down, feeling that if the dealers—who could either sell or return the *Journal* at full value—were profiteering to this extent, the least they could offer was the clipping and sorting service. Long after my wife and I had quit the racket, my secretary was buying virgin *Journals* at the regular price in Great Neck, Long Island. The nearest Safeway is miles away, and she had almost a clear field.

We had only one remaining problem—what to do with the hundreds of *Journals* stacked in our garages—and a Boy Scout scrap drive solved that. We are nothing if not generous.

As we look back now upon this mad sequence, we confess to some shame and some greed. We are proud, however, that we were able to draw the line somewhere, because the drive not to do so was almost irresistible. The call of the *Journal*, urging us to translate it into three times the money we had in our pockets, was amazingly strong. The charm of the swindle was that it lay within the reach of all: the family with only ten dollars to spend on food could suddenly have thirty; the family with thirty, ninety; and so on. And the appeal was not only in getting something for nothing; it was also in the chase, and in planning to pay debts that were impossible to pay the week before.

Madison Avenue, there is the solution to your "controversy." All we ask is that you do not repeat this offer too soon. We couldn't survive i

Derek Colville

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS

What they can learn from each other

An Englishman now teaching at Yale reports
on the dangerous—and very different—
flaws in the educational systems of his
country and ours . . . and suggests
how each can help repair the other's.

THE class was keen and intelligent," said the visiting professor from England. "They were excited by the poems we read, and they had insight. They talked more readily than classes do at home. It was a delightful teaching experience. But when I asked them to write on those same poems they were lost. Their papers were appalling. They couldn't plan, construct, find words for their meaning, or even punctuate and spell. It was a shattering anticlimax."

That class took place at a well-known Southern university, and the visitor's comments have a significance more than pedagogical. For this professor was about to return to England. Whatever suggestions he had for American education would reach only English ears.

The case dramatizes an astonishing fact—that in education the English-speaking nations have had so little to give each other. In spite of the impressive exchange programs, the fellowships, the years spent across the Atlantic by Britons and Americans, little direct attempt has been made to answer—or even put—certain questions: What does American (or British) education offer which the other lacks? What are the main differences? What can each country learn from

them for its own use? As an Englishman teaching in an American college, I find it tempting to try to indicate where some answers might lie.

What is British education? It is not, as some Britons fondly imagine, a program producing through sheer efficiency vast numbers of polished people. In fact, Americans might well look more closely at the "polish" hastily assumed by a few British educated visitors to this country, before they allow themselves to be intimidated by it. British education does not justify any condescension, or—something common in American universities—a mixture of envy and admiration at an idea of its sophistication. For the two systems, while having things to give each other, cannot be simply compared as wholes, because their objects are quite different.

That of the British school system is to train most children to use their language and simple mathematics, and to gain a general idea of the past and present forms of the world well enough to earn their living in manual trades, or the simpler office jobs—and to think responsibly and independently: it is not always reached. The system also produces a tiny minority for university training. It is—perhaps ironically in a welfare state—a patrician system selecting a small intellectual aristocracy through a kind of obstacle race with increasingly difficult obstacles.

FOR ALL. OR FEW?

THE American ideal, on the other hand, is democratic throughout—higher education for many—perhaps, some day, for most. Now this is immensely desirable. Britain does not reject

in her schools and universities are crammed—but she has neither the physical facilities nor money to make it a serious goal. British insurance companies do not advertise schemes to make money available for Johnnie to go to college. Their assumption—if they ever thought about it—would be that Johnnie will probably not go to college at all, and if he does it will only be because he is particularly gifted in a special field: then his expenses will be paid by the government, his local district, his college, or all three.

Apart from these general differences, an outline of the British system reveals special ones which are potentially useful.

The English child must by law attend school at five. At the so-called secondary (grade) schools he studies basic subjects—typically English, arithmetic, and general knowledge. He is drilled repeatedly—even tiresomely—in their main processes. At ten or eleven, he takes an examination to determine his fitness for grammar (high) school. About one in three will so advance—and here is the first great selection. Those not chosen continue basic subjects at grade school until they leave at fifteen.

Those chosen for high school immediately broaden their subject range to eight or so. My own program was: English language and literature, history (British and European), French, Latin or German, mathematics, physics, and biology or chemistry. Here is the same insistence on thoroughness: I have heard one German word flung back and forth between schoolmaster and schoolboy for twenty minutes to get the pronunciation right. After five years of high-school study (at sixteen or seventeen) the English youth takes a further national examination. Armed with its results, about 80 per cent of the students leave high school and apply for their first jobs. The rest remain at high school a further two years, studying four subjects, two intensively. Usually they work entirely in humanities or entirely in science. Then, when the student is eighteen or nineteen, he takes still another national examination, by which he may get a place at a university, and, if he does well, some kind of scholarship.

Some will not be offered a place, and some, who cannot pay their own way, will not win enough financial help to take one. Probably no more than one British schoolboy out of forty really attains his chance to reach university, and the proportion of the population completing a degree is by American standards fabulously small—perhaps 1½ per cent or 2 per cent. (There are

only fifteen universities in England, and most are small to American eyes.)

This process continues at the university. The student concentrates on one subject for three years. The formal demands of lectures and other regimentation are slight and the humanities student in particular, apart from sessions with his tutor, is left to his own resources. This affects students variously. Some put themselves under a discipline far stricter than any that could be enforced by the university. My own group of friends chose a hilarious round of sport and pleasure which could only be described as the broadest education by osmosis. Because of sound—and compulsory—grounding at school, this is not as dangerous as it sounds, though it must be made up for by two months of desperate note-making and cramming. For finally all students face a considerable examination at the end of their three years. It usually lasts ten days or so—a three-hour paper a day—and covers their whole field. In English, for instance, one takes, on successive days, three-hour papers in the literature of each century (“literature” being considered poetry, prose, and drama), as well as in Shakespeare, literary criticism, Anglo-Saxon, and Middle English.

These examinations are, inevitably, competitive and selective. They are marked by staff of other universities who do not know the writers, and the results are classified as First, various kinds of Second, Third, and lower. For any kind of serious academic future, or the best civil-service jobs, a First or a good Second is necessary. Postgraduate degrees in Britain have never been necessary even for university teachers, although they are coming to be: they are purely research degrees.

THE SOULLESS SYSTEM

IT IS clearly difficult to make valid comparison between this and the American system. It would be misleading, for instance, to compare an American with a British freshman, because the latter is a survivor in an elite group. Valid comparisons are possible, but not at the same level: an English university student would have a good deal in common with an American graduate student doing the course work for his Ph.D. New British graduates coming to the United States, I found, can successfully use their undergraduate training for the Ph.D. course exams here.

This British system is not at all ideal. Its defects are obvious ones. Its soullessness is

reflected in its excessive dependence on examinations: two examples of this suffice. The idea of charting the whole of a child's future course on the basis of an examination taken at the age of ten or eleven is indefensible, even repugnant. Thousands of British children of late development but immense potentiality (the two are not, as the system assumes, incompatible) must so far have been deprived of the advanced education they deserve. The enraged parent whose offspring has failed to get into high school has become a stock figure in England, and often he has justice on his side.

This same unimaginative use of examinations is ubiquitous. I had a university friend who could have become a dedicated and inspiring teacher, who got a Third in his Finals in French through a combination of nervousness, worry, and illness. The one task he was most admirably fitted to do in life—university teaching of French literature—became forever beyond his reach, though the quality of his entire three years' work at the university had never been excelled. Fortunately he was a man of means and was able to start all over again in German. One could compile a long list of great intellects whose university examination results were remarkably mediocre: it would include Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Cardinal Newman.

This soulless inflexibility extends to British university life itself. Life at residential universities is bound by a crust of traditional formality which intimidates, not helps, the ordinary student. It is quite immovable. My undergraduate years began after six years in the RAF. All my fellow freshmen were veterans; there were several ex-Majors and an ex-Colonel of nearly forty. But the gates of the college were closed at 10:00 P.M., and being out after eleven was a serious offense. This was not an attempt to chasten us; the rules had been made for eighteen-year-olds, and the force of tradition was inviolable.

Perhaps the reason why the British undergraduate is so resourceful in his common rooms and debating halls, so alive and inquiring in his friends' rooms in the small hours, is that restrictions force him to turn to his own kind. By American standards, the faculty are an immense distance away, and their remoteness is symbolized by their "high table" with its wines and superior food, as opposed to the students' "low table" in the college dining-halls.

Similarly, the English university can gain much from the idea of a classroom in which the students do most of the talking. It is amazing

to come to America and see lecturer after lecturer ask for questions and be inundated with them. It is a dangerous tactic for a speaker in Britain, for he knows he faces the risk of a strained and deadening silence. The ideal "Be seen and not heard" is an unconscious part of the average English student, and his seminars are usually not general discussions, but the formal reading of a paper with comments by the professor. The British university has much to learn from America of the value of informality and close contact between student and teacher. The American ideal is farther from the cloister, but it is nearer life.

Many facets of American education are in fact more closely related to real life than their equivalents are in Britain. The interest in them is public and general rather than private and specialized. American students, with their summer jobs, are never far from the ordinary processes of life—a healthy trend only in its infancy in England, and then forced by financial need. Needing money, I worked as a café cashier in England in 1947. Even so recently, it was amusing to be regarded as an eccentric whose novel method of summer diversion was to be humored because of a university background.

THE QUESTION OF STANDARDS

THESE are, however, values in British education which Americans might usefully survey. The schooling has both coherence and concentration. It is a part of a larger unified system, in which one self-contained stage leads to another, yet a majority of students can drop out at any one and be adequately grounded, not only for work, but for the ordinary responsibilities of life—thinking and writing clearly and logically, voting, and so on.

By "concentration" I mean that a few basic subjects, early in school life, are consistently stressed, while no attempt is made to provide the esoteric optional subjects—from home economics to cheer leading—which some American schools are said to provide. Perhaps I overstress compulsory fundamentals, since my own work is in English, where their need is most obvious. The British system does prove that children of twelve, and even ten, can be taught to express their thoughts simply and accurately, to do so in the most reasonable and connected order, and to support and illustrate their comments. But every American college teacher who deals with freshmen of eighteen and nineteen has to devote considerable time to this elementary goal.

This is a frightening comparison, but there are reasons for it.

Great variation in quality of schools and colleges, as in America, is not a problem in Britain, where universities must be chartered by the government before they can grant degrees, and schools are under the direction of local boards responsible to a central education ministry. This is not necessarily an argument for federalizing education here: the geography of Britain makes central control natural. In fact, schools have been relatively standard in quality for years in Britain.

There seems to be a need in America for some kind of qualitative standard for schools. For instance, Yale now finds it necessary, in selecting students for admission, to have a classification system with symbols standing for a whole range between schools of recognized stature, and those of which almost nothing is known.

The comparative thoroughness of British schools is partly a matter of working hours. In New Haven—and Connecticut is a relatively literate state—the public high schools near Yale which I am told are typical, commonly pour out hundreds of students at two o'clock in the afternoon. This is an hour when the British school-boy has hardly begun his long afternoon session, after which he faces hours of homework to be thoroughly tested the next day.

If such comparisons are invidious, they still need making, for it is not enough to dismiss the matter by talk of overcrowding. Most countries face postwar problems of school overcrowding. Moreover, this difference between the two countries in academic working expectation shows even in university examinations. As I write of the ten three-hour examinations at English universities—a thirty-hour total session covering three years' work—Yale has just replaced its two-hour exams (in each of five subjects, covering one semester's or four months' work) by three-hour ones, and the *Yale Daily News* records that both students and faculty are seriously worried by the problem of fatigue.

This is not the place to discuss progressive education. I merely record that British schooling generally concentrates conservatively on basic techniques. Progressive or "child-centered" education is a postwar development confined largely to English "Infant" schools for tiny children. At all subsequent stages, the question of traditional *versus* progressive education hardly arises. Faced with the choice of whether a biology class should learn, say, to dissect a fish or should first, à la Dewey, connect fish with their own lives by

an afternoon's fishing—as has happened in the U.S.A.—British educators would simply take the position that dissecting was a useful technique to master, and, with so much else to be learned, left no time for the other.

PUNISHMENT AND DISCIPLINE

INDEED, when I think of my "grade school" years in England—and it was only in the 'thirties!—I am amused to reflect how much certain of their aspects, factually recounted, must suggest a Dickens novel to present American ears. When I was eight or so, we were given weekly arithmetic tests in preparation for the examination two years later, which would grant or forbid us high-school careers. School began at eight-thirty, but we were encouraged to begin earlier (more overtime!) and some of my school-mates were so intimidated that they would come at six o'clock in the morning. While we worked, the headmaster would move along unceasingly behind the rows of seats, slapping us with great vigor if we made a mistake or were in process of making one. At ten-thirty he took the papers away, and came back in the afternoon to work through the problems with us. We got a cut with the cane for each one wrong.

This is hardly the ideal method, though it is fair to add that I am now, while execrable in general mathematics, both quick and accurate in arithmetic! This kind of punishment has rightly gone in both countries, but here in America it seems to have taken away with it an insistence on fundamentals, which has remained in Britain despite an emancipated discipline.

The directions which British experience might usefully suggest to America are deceptively simple—a united system, leading logically to the university yet able to produce literate—and even thinking—people at any stage. This involves, of course, something which sounds foolishly idealistic—higher, and uniform, school standards in the various states—but it is not as Utopian as it may sound. Higher standards in basic subjects might well replace time and money spent on less central optional ones. Experimentation might still be encouraged without allowing it to replace teaching—and even drilling—in fundamentals. Less "progressive" education; more time spent in school; more homework given as an imperative task. And even, possibly, federal aid used *effectively* to bring backward school areas to the required standard, and some federally administered examinations in basic subjects. After all,

certain educational matters—Rhodes scholarships, foundation grants, the draft exemption examinations, the Graduate Record tests for postgraduate work—have all been handled successfully on a national basis.

Federalism in education is worth consideration. There is a large measure of federal control in British education, even where it might be thought most dangerous—in the university. Most Americans are surprised to learn that British universities are government-subsidized, and, since they are repeatedly assured by the press that this inevitably means government control of thought, they are also shocked. Yet thought in British universities is certainly as free as in American. How is this achieved? The money for the universities' use is dispensed by a committee composed of academic members of the universities themselves. These men, being interested above all in seeing academic freedom preserved, and being of all shades of political opinion, manage to apportion money between various institutions according to their needs and to their general satisfaction, with no strings attached.

There are certain signs that America is in fact moving toward an enlightened federalism in education. The Morse-Clark bill, which came before the Senate this year, would provide 50,000 scholarships for high-school graduates to attend college, the awards being made on the results of competitive examination. This may be regarded as an admirable adaptation of part of the rigorously competitive British system, without the latter's drawbacks. But the high aims of this American program will not materialize unless the high schools can guarantee to equip those 50,000 gifted students with the fundamentals with which to gain the absolute maximum from college.

THE VALUE OF CURIOSITY

TO RETURN to our visiting professor's opening remark, the stranger who surveys American education at present senses a kind of tragedy. He cannot avoid the impression, as he looks round the country, that the warmth and idealism of the mass of its people, the intelligence and curiosity of its students, deserve better than they have.

Even the naïveté of some American students compels the visitor's admiration. It implies an honest and fresh curiosity, and a naïvely curious student would often be worth his weight in gold amidst the precocious sophistication of many a British freshman class. The American college

freshman today is, in the largest sense, better educational material than his British opposite. The American boy has more to know, has a greater desire to know it, and is more influential once he finds out—unless the defects in his schooling have prematurely blunted his self-confidence. His naturalness and ease enable him to draw out the restrained faculty member (it is this way round, and not *vice versa*, and this is often necessary). He will give his own most intimate poetic attempts to his professor with less hesitation than many a British undergraduate will have in greeting his professor in the street.

He can often, mercifully, survive bad grounding and struggle through to an articulate self-reliance. And given enough well-grounded students, the American college can provide an education remarkably adapted to the individual interests of the good one: all he needs to fill his place in a world increasingly dependent on his being an educated man is there for the taking. But these custom-tailored chances cannot materialize for those who, however bright, lack grounding.

This adaptability of the American college, and the individual treatment and incentives it offers the deserving student, are important both for the college and for schools as well. Broadly speaking, the individual chances mentioned above (like the Scholar of the House program at Yale, which leaves good students free from all formal requirements to pursue their own work for a year) are the prizes only for a combination of intelligence and solid grounding. How many more could grasp them if part of their early college career did not have to be sacrificed to remedying omissions in their schooling? The colleges cry out for the bright student; the red carpet awaits him, and opens up to him a career of great contribution. But whatever the causes, some schools at least, far from providing and encouraging such potential students, seem, judging by results, to have retarded their development.

The conclusion can hardly be avoided: American schools (mostly grade and high, but even some private schools) *must* achieve the means of satisfactory basic training. They must spend more time on more central subjects. They must do thoroughly the grinding work of inculcating basic facts and logical principles. I am almost ashamed at having reached so simple and pedestrian a conclusion. But it cannot be overstressed: it must be done at any cost, even that of accepting some central control. If we look after the schools, the colleges will look after themselves.

A Story by BEN MADDOW

Drawings by Charles Gabriel



THE WIRE

HE SAID, "Beautiful morning," which was certainly true and could not have been held against him.

The first soldier was eating a sandwich sent out by the plant cafeteria. Hubble, approaching the gate, could smell hot mixed green pepper and onions. Preoccupied with this, he was quite unconscious of trouble.

The gate was a wire door, somewhat less than man-sized; one stooped and at the same time stepped over a low barrier. The first soldier said, "Surely is, Mr. Hubble," and cocked his head to one side to eat some of the egg, which protruded from the toast in a delicious, overflowing curve. Hubble, going past, realized that he had had no breakfast.

He was, in fact, half an hour late; but he had phoned in, so it was all right. Their second car, a ten-year-old Ford with a cracked rear window, had broken down with a noise like the gnashing of nightmare teeth. Consequently, he'd had to drive his wife to the maternity clinic; four-year-old Carol was left at nursery; and these errands, plus the lack of food, had put him in a pleasantly dreamy state of mind.

He had, in fact, felt a queer lightness in the effort of stepping through the gate. Last Tuesday night (or wasn't it Wednesday?), the trunk lid of the car fell on his head. Something of a hypochondriac, Hubble wondered, at times, if he had suffered a fractured skull. He felt it: not even a lump. Of course, that wouldn't prove anything. He might be bleeding to death under the skull. The first symptom would be double

vision. He looked up: the factory, of pink concrete, and entirely windowless, was in perfect focus. So was the modest sign, Winnipeg Electronics. So, in fact, was this little world: the first gate, the gravel, the second gate with the second soldier, the flash of the miniature sun in his brass belt buckle, and on both sides of this pathway, the 12-gauge woven wire mesh, like a nylon stocking under magnification. Most brilliant of all, were the barbs, the silvery points, of four strands of wire at the top of the fence, galvanized and facing inward.

He immediately felt better. He crunched down on the new gravel as he walked. The passage between the first gate and the second was exactly one hundred feet long. Being late, he was entirely alone. The second soldier, whom he was now approaching, was a new boy; he wore the regulation white gloves, and his webbing belt was new and immaculately white. Slowly and unaccountably, Hubble began to feel naked. He could now see the sun-bleached hair at the back of the soldier's head. The boy was studying his own glove, finding and picking an almost imaginary thread. Now the soldier turned and said, "One moment, sir." At once Mr. Hubble knew why: he had forgotten his security badge.

This item of modern clothing was a square piece of white plastic, with a safety pin at the back, and his photo on the front: a rather good photo, at that, for it had, by a trick of lighting, a certain romantic intensity which he affected twenty years ago, when he was seventeen, but which had disappeared with steady employment

and a quiet marriage. The only relic of it, indeed, was his hypochondria. He believed very much and very fundamentally in the imminence of death, illness, bad luck, and total disaster. None of these had come his way, but he felt, nevertheless, a certain loyalty to these gloomy invisibles.

Now, in the presence of this boy with the light hair and the doggish nose, they had come at last.

"Where's your badge, sir?" said the second soldier in his clear voice.

"Entirely justified," said Hubble.

HE EXAMINED all his pockets, knowing very well that the badge was on the dresser in the bedroom twenty-two miles away, in a house distinguished from the one on each side by a pink climber instead of a red. At last Hubble said, "Call Mr. Duggan,"—Mr. Duggan was the security officer of the plant—"he'll identify me."

The soldier said, "He's the one told me."

"Did he?" said Hubble. "Told you what?"

"No badge, no admission." The soldier was barely eighteen. In his seriousness, he hardly moved his lips when he talked.

"Look," said Hubble. "Either call Mr. Duggan or let me call him." At the same time, he stepped forward, rather belligerently. The phone was in a kind of shed, or sentry box, open along one side. As he turned, the soldier pulled his revolver, and they were so close that the steel barrel scraped the loose and careless button on Hubble's tweed suit.

Both men recoiled, surprised and somewhat excited by this physical contact. The soldier said, "Step back, mister." His voice was perfectly flat. Mr. Hubble, as though it were a game of redlight, took thought for a moment, and then obeyed; but spoiled the obedience with a smile.

"Call him yourself, kiddo," said Mr. Hubble. "Mr. Duggan. James R. Duggan. Extension 463."

The soldier seemed perfectly able to remain without blinking.

"Oh, for crissake," said Hubble. "Call him."

"No necessity," said the soldier. "You have no badge, you don't get in."

"What'll I do? Drive all the way back home? I live in St. Catherine. That takes an hour. Plus an hour back. Two hours. Something that could be settled in two minutes."

The soldier was perfectly quiet, except for an odd twitch in his left upper eyelid, only noticeable because he was otherwise so serene.

"Don't be so goddam chicken," said Mr. Hubble.

The soldier looked at him, but without any particular emotion. He had assumed an attitude, recommended in the manual, under civil disasters, riots, strikes, earthquakes, or the like: you were advised to be impassive. The word had bothered him a lot, he'd looked it up in the library, argued about it at camp, one of those acrimonious debates that develop only in the boredom of the long barracks, the magazines all read and no cash till pay day. Finally, stubbornly, he had grasped what it meant: to look away, to look through all anger and all present disorder, and toward a distant, an ideal and quiet point; and to remain perfectly calm, even dull, yet at the same time, inwardly of course, to be intensely alert and ready for action.

Hubble saw this glaze come and settle down over the face of the boy, and he accepted this thing as final. He said, "All right, soldier. I'll go back home. Ridiculous." He turned around and began to walk the hundred feet of gravel. Halfway down, he heard the sound of dialing behind him. Turning, he saw the second soldier at the phone. He heard, or thought he heard, the bell ring several times. Turning forward, he realized that the first soldier, at the entrance, was answering his own phone; that the two guards were in communication. He tried to hear what was said, but was ashamed of himself at once, and so, scuffing his feet, walked on toward the front gate.

The first soldier hung up his phone, left his booth, and walked out into the sun again. He had finished his sandwich. Mr. Hubble was fifteen feet away from him and coming toward him. The first soldier was carefully sucking his teeth, crevice by crevice, and continued even as Mr. Hubble said, "Good morning again. I forgot my badge. Your buddy. He won't let me in."

"He told me," said the first soldier.

"Will you call 463? Mr. Duggan?"

"No use," said the first soldier. "He don't come Thursdays. You know that."

"Damn," said Mr. Hubble.

"Mr. Duggan, he comes Sundays, poor guy, so he don't come Thursday."

Mr. Hubble felt guilty about this. Did he imagine a certain contemptuous familiarity in the soldier's voice? Or a kind of pity, like that of a guard for a prisoner on trial but not yet condemned? He said, "Joe, now Joe. You know me, you've seen me five days a week for a year and a half. Call up your buddy and tell him."

"I could," said the first soldier. "I could. Sure

I could. But it won't do no good, Mr. Hubble."

Mr. Hubble had a sudden insight: the first soldier had a single stripe on his sleeve, the second soldier had none. This difference in rank, minute at the top, say between Major General and Brigadier General, was enormous at the bottom. To have a buck private quote regulations to a Private First Class was almost intolerable; yet when the lower man was right, the higher was put upon his mettle: he had failed, and he must do better. Mr. Hubble saw this inverted logic as the essence, the moral structure, the very reason of this hierarchy.

Miserable, he began to lie. "Worse yet," he told the soldier: "my car's got a bum clutch. If I make it home and back, I'll be lucky. I was going to trade it in last week"—another lie—"but they offered me such a poor deal"—and he broke off and looked at his wrist watch.

"Only trouble is," said the soldier, "you can't go out this gate." With his foot, the first soldier shut the wire door.

"What?" cried Hubble.

"No sir. Nobody leaves without they have a badge."

"But you just let me in!"

"Yessir. That was a mistake."

"Well, make another mistake, and for crissake let me out."

"Suppose you were a spy, sir."

"If I were! If! If!" shouted Hubble. "I'd have two extra badges in my pocket, you can be damn sure of that!"

"Regulations," said the soldier. His voice still smelled faintly of delicious egg, onion, and pepper.

"All right," said Hubble. "You know so much, you tell me what to do."

"I don't know. Frankly, you shouldn't have come without that badge, Mr. Hubble."

Hubble pulled off his tweed jacket, walked back ten paces, folded it, put it down on the clean gravel, and sat on it. "If you're going to be so goddam stubborn, so am I," he said. He didn't know exactly what he meant.

He smoked two cigarettes. His hunger passed. He leaned back against the fence.

In half an hour, the wire had imprinted its pattern into his shirt and doubtless into his skin. The sun glared down through a high cloudiness. The gravel nudged at his ankles as he sat cross-legged. The morning smog, which tasted of ozone and electricity, crept up out of the great new industrial counties to the east and the south-east, and this fine prosperity smarted in his eyeballs. He was lonely. The two soldiers had returned into their whitewashed wooden shelters.

SLOWLY, as if from a great distance, he thought of Richard. He hadn't seen him for many, many years, but the image was clear. A big young man, with excellent rosy health, and a broad, flat skull covered with hair almost oriental in its color and texture, all blue-black, thick, and shining. He was his wife's youngest brother. He had been an insurance salesman in Montreal, later in the brokerage business, a foolish, pompous man, successful and confident. He still wrote them at Christmas every year, and sent expensive presents. Hubble, in all his security checks, forms, oaths, and oral interviews, had never once mentioned him, for he was quite certain that Richard was a Red. He now dismissed this thought, banned and banished it; but his heart, a minute later, in the slow manner of the involuntary organs, leaped and squeezed in its fright.

That was it. They had gone over his file. Someone had sent in a card: "This so-called engineer Hubble or Huddle employed by you which I know positively has a brother a Commie. Signed, A Patriot." Cleverly, they had got him trapped between Gate One and Gate Two. He was being held, pending. Pending what? The thought was real, but ridiculous.

He began to get thirsty, but suppressed the feeling as mere weakness of character. Besides, in this angry attitude, seated on his uncomfortable jacket with his back to the wire netting, it was quite impossible to ask the guards for a



favor. They'd judge it to be some ruse, some nasty trick to get them off guard. As a matter of fact, he should do something of the kind—amuse them, fascinate them, rile them up, get them out of their boxes, angry and upset. They'd be bound to consult, and while they consulted, he could make a dash for Gate One. That would be that. Once outside, they could scarcely drag him back: it would be against regulations—no badge.

He picked large, hand-shaped gravel from between his shoes, stood up, and like a boy, began to loft these stones at the pink face of the Winnipeg Electronics Building. It was too easy. The trouble was, without windows there was no really good target. The place was completely air-conditioned, and so he aimed for a small grillwork, an air intake duct high up and about two-thirds of the way from one corner to another. He began to hit it, too. It rang satisfactorily.

The first soldier came out and advanced toward him ten paces. "Here now, mister. You can't do that."

"Oh, can't I?" said Hubble. "You don't know your own Regulations. Under Paragraph 210, Section B and C. It says very plainly that citizens under arrest whose names begin with A to M, can exercise in the open air promptly at 10:30."

"It's not 10:30," said the first soldier.

"It will be," said Hubble. "It will be. Mark my words."

"Don't get your bowels in an uproar," said the first soldier.

"Goddam," said Hubble. "I've had no breakfast. I can't get a glass of water. Furthermore, what in the hell do you plan to do about me? How long am I supposed to stay here? For life? You know me: do I look like a goddam commie? Yes or no?—Do you go out with girls?"

"What?" said the first soldier. The second soldier, finding the conversation more interesting, moved twenty feet closer, though he kept his hand on the holster.

Hubble repeated the question, but in a plainer form.

"On occasion," said the first soldier.

The second soldier was perfectly stolid, but his large, shiny feet, one by one, drew him toward Hubble.

"You see, you see?" said Hubble. "You're not a machine, after all, are you? Or are you? Maybe you go out with the science-fiction crowd. Special robots. Cleverly designed sexual circuits. Tiny transistor tubes. Press the button, they squeeze your hand. Press another, they twitch their legs around you—"

"There's no call to talk dirty," said the second soldier.

"Oh, are you listening, too?" said Hubble. "Up the Irish!—Do you mind if I use the phone?"

"What for?"

"I don't have to tell you. It's not Regulations. There is a constitutional amendment to that effect."

"Smart," said the second soldier. "Too smart."

"Let him phone," said the first soldier.

"Go ahead. You let him in. So? Let him phone."

"I'll have to listen to what you say," said the first soldier to Mr. Hubble.

"I don't mind," said Hubble. "If you don't mind." He put on his jacket, dusted it, and got into the shelter. The first soldier crowded in with him. They were both sweating. Hubble dialed the plant and asked for Mrs. Reynolds, Personnel. She was an unpleasant woman, but he was determined to be pleasant to her. He told her his troubles. He joked. He went so far as to laugh. "The whole thing is crazy," he told her.

"How do I know who you are?" said Mrs. Reynolds on the phone.

"You damn fool!" cried Hubble. "Come out and look at me! How many Hubbles have you got in the plant?"

She hung up. The first soldier said, "Women."

"You're no better," said Hubble. He went and sat down in precisely the same spot. He quit. He really quit. He didn't even bother to take off his jacket. He just lowered himself slowly onto the gravel. The sun rose steadily, the cloud vanished into patches of feather, immensely high and almost transparent. An invisible and inaudible jet drew chalk-lines across the sky. The wire mesh on which he leaned grew warm to the touch.

WHY should she care?" he mumbled half an hour later. "Why should anyone care? Senior draftsman! They can get six dozen like me." Outside the fence, some watergrass grew in thick, coarse heaps. He put his fingers through the mesh and pulled out some blades and chewed on them. They tasted wild, they tasted of freedom.

He looked from one soldier to the other, separated again by the hundred feet of white gravel. They were still sweating under their plastic helmets. He said, aloud, "It's true. I confess." The soldiers could hear him, but they paid no attention. "I infiltrate," he told them.

"I undermine. I, am, a, rat. I've got Winnipeg Electronics subverted to where they don't know where their next beer is coming from. And you guys. Fools. Cannon-fodder." He stood up. He orated. "You're going to die on the battlefield. Why? What for? Those imperialistico-financialismo-capitalistical classes? No! You won't do it! You can't! Peasants in uniform! Every man will get an acre of land!"

The soldiers crinkled their eyes against the sky, against the brilliance of the gravel underfoot. They felt embarrassed, not at what he said, but at the very intensity of its nonsense.

"Lay down your arms!" cried Hubble. "Go back to your fields!" He glared first in one direction, then in the other.

"I got a candy bar," said the first soldier. "If you care to have it."

"Opium of the people," said Hubble. But the atmosphere, by this offer, had subtly changed.

"Maybe you don't like coconuts on the inside," said the first soldier. "Many people don't." Still, he took the package, opened the cellophane at one end, walked up and offered it to Hubble. Hubble said, "Damned if I will."

"What's that you're giving him?" said the second soldier, at his anxious distance.

"Candy bar," said the first.

"Always eating," said the second. "Watch it, watch it! You'll get fat!"

Hubble said, "I had no breakfast." But he said it mildly. He took the candy bar and began to chew. It was delicious.

"I don't eat that stuff. Cavities," said the second soldier.

"You've got cavities in the head," said Hubble crudely. His mouth was full of chocolate.

"Now Mr. Hubble," said the first soldier, "look at this thing from our point of view. All I need to do is goof once—just once—and I lose my chance to make Corporal." He pointed to the stripe on his sleeve.

Hubble said, more reasonably, "Leave me here. I'll stay with your pal. I won't be happy, but I'll stay. You go to St. Catherine. Get a jeep. You've got a jeep—I can see it from here. Go to St. Catherine and the badge is on my dresser. My wife put her nightgown right down on top of it. I didn't see it, so naturally I forgot it. Just lift up that nightgown—it's blue, the only blue thing in the house. Or wait! Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe she put the shampoo bottle—"

The soldier had turned around and was looking toward the factory. Up on the invisible roof were about fifty or sixty people, mostly the girls from the drafting department, looking down toward him, from above, into the long cage between the two gates. It was 10:15, coffee break. There was perfect light, air, humidity, and temperature inside, dust-free and pollen-free, but for some curious reason, they preferred to take their Danish and their chocolate cruller and their wax cup of black coffee up to the roof, and stand and chat in the mid-morning glare, with the sting of chemistry in the small of their eyes. Hubble jumped up and down, waving his arms. "Hey, it's me! Me!"

"Mr. Hubble! Oh, Mr. Hubble!" cried the girls. Some of the bolder types threw kisses. There were other remarks, but a wind was blowing through the wire, and their shrieks were at the same pitch.

All at once, Hubble began to enjoy his imprisonment. He hung his jacket on the wire. He did setting-up exercises, false impressions of opera, desperate gestures of hunger and thirst. The girls howled and applauded.

"Hub! Hub!" they cried affectionately.

They loved him for his madness. On one occasion he had convinced a Japanese girl working in the same room that he was an ex-bull-fighter, turned cowardly. He even exhibited an appendectomy scar as proof. He showed her a friend's letter from Mexico City, saying it was from his old manager. The Japanese girl pleaded with him to have courage to go back. He wouldn't. On another occasion a girl named Rosa, a maternal type, saw him come in one Monday morning, gloomy and hung over. She said he looked dissipated. He began to invent a voracious mistress, who wouldn't leave him alone, who exhausted him, he couldn't find time for lunch, etc. He went on and on, elaborating, giving his complaint in a louder and louder voice, so everyone in the drafting rooms could hear. The girl fled. He pursued her along the corridor, still shouting and explaining. This incident made him famous.

Mr. Hubble marched smartly up and down. He declaimed his daughter's morning song: "Happy day, happy love, happy happy happy dove." She was mad about rhymes. While he was marching and singing, the girls on the roof melted away and disappeared. Coffee break was



over. Now, until lunch, there were two hours to come; sterile, bright, enclosed with barbed wire. It was no longer nonsensical. It was now unendurable.

The second soldier said, "St. Catherine. I had a sister lived in St. Catherine. She was a real big eater. She had six cherry trees. Finally she moved over the line to Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

One thing he hated was this boy trying to be pleasant. Hubble left him and went grimly down the white gravel and knocked on the side of the sentry box.

"There's no door," said the first soldier.

"I just blew my top," said Hubble.

"Please, please, don't make any further trouble," said the soldier.

"It's happened!" shouted Hubble. "The sun! Beating down! Mercilessly! Lack of food! Lack of water! Call of nature! Barbed wire! The endless barbed wire!"

"Look. You don't have to yell," said the first soldier.

"I have to yell! You don't believe me unless I yell!"

"Please, sir, please. Have consideration."

"I'm psychotic! Dangerous! Get me to a doctor!"

The soldier was tired of this. He said, "Mr. Duggan is bound to call in. And when he does, he'll hop right down here—"

Hubble grabbed hold of the service revolver at two points and tried to yank it out of the holster. The soldier swung around, Hubble hanging onto him. Their feet, knees, and shoulders banged and thrashed on the sides and floor. The phone in the shelter rang. The soldier put his polished shoe against Mr. Hubble's chest and shoved him ten feet away, backward. Then he answered the phone, not particularly out of breath.

"Well?" he said.

"Trouble?" said the phone. It was the second soldier.

The first looked out at Hubble, who was examining the gravel cuts on the palms of his hands.

"No trouble. The man went psycho."

Hubble smiled, looked a hundred feet down toward the other box. The second soldier stepped out and took a long look at him. Hubble picked up some larger size gravel and began to hurl it at him. It was a long way. "Heads down!" cried Hubble, and threw more stones.

"Now Mr. Hubble," said the first soldier in his sad voice.

"I wouldn't hurt him"—he hurled another stone—"for the world."

The first soldier got on the phone again.

"I'm going to get emergency medical," he said.

"It's a phony," said the second soldier.

"It's preferable," said the first.

"Do we have to go over this again? No badge—no pass"

"Pass! All right! It says pass! Pass! Pass means walk! It don't say nothing about stretcher cases!" The first soldier hung up in a rage. He dialed Emergency in the plant.

In about three minutes, the first-aid group for odd Thursdays appeared on the double. There was Mr. Emile Françoise with a white arm band and a first-aid box. Also two boys from Shipping with a dirty canvas stretcher which they had trouble unrolling. All three had their security badges pinned bravely to their left lapels, so the second soldier let them through.

"Happy day, happy love, happy happy happy dove," said Mr. Hubble.



THEY let him walk to the stretcher, help get it straightened out, and lie down on it. The second soldier opened Gate 2 and let the stretcher party pass toward the factory. Hubble had got a cigarette from Mr. Françoise and was smoking it, face to the sky. As soon as he'd been carried three paces beyond the soldiers' jurisdiction, he got up and called out to them, "Many thanks, boys!" For he felt he had wronged them in some way.

Then he helped carry the stretcher back into the plant.

The soldiers had nothing to say; they tried not to look at each other. Casting its shadow from a high and still rising sun, onto the gravel, and heavy, somber, hanging on the wire mesh, was Mr. Hubble's coat, which he'd forgotten to take. It remained prisoner, dark, sullen, and tweedy, until the end of the day.

Sylvia Wright

QUIT IT

Ompremitywise

I FEEL tolerant about advertising, but there is one device of the advertisers that I would like to call their attention to. I think it may get them into trouble.

I am calling this device Omitted Premise Superiority, and, since I am a real American, advertised at regularly, in the flow, the swim, and the drink of our national life, and not an outsider, I am going to be like the advertising copywriters and hereinafter (a word I have always wanted to use) call this device Ompremity.

Here is an example of Ompremity: Gallo wine; picture of lush grapes. "These grapes are only squeezed *once*."

What, I want to know, is wrong with squeezing grapes twice, or three times, or as many times as it takes to get every bit of juice out of them? There may be a perfectly good reason, such as that if you go on squeezing, you get crushed seeds in your wine. But I want to be told. I don't automatically know why squeezing grapes once is superior.

"The only mustard made with two kinds of specially-grown mustard seed." Why are two kinds of mustard seed better than one? You could sell me just as badly if you said, "The only mustard made with only one specially-grown mustard seed."

"The only cereal with two whole grains." Do all the other cereals have one whole and one half grain? If the bulk were the same, mightn't half grains be easier to chew and not stick in the teeth as much? I'm not questioning the veracity of the statement. I simply want that omitted premise.

Ompremity, as you see, is often associated with the word "only." It is also often associated with a made-up word, as in "the only tooth paste that

contains "Gardol." Gardol and Irium and such don't irritate me quite as much, because by their very vagueness they give my busy little mind something to work on. I can picture to myself some extraordinary substance, a great technical advance, developed in our clean, modern laboratories by a new process, which could certainly do whatever they say it does. My only quarrel with these words is that they aren't alluring. I am told not to buy a chicken unless it is acronized. Does this make my mouth water? Am I yummyized? I'm not, because acronized does not sound like what I would want done to a chicken. It sounds like what I would want done to a hot-water bottle.

Pillsbury tells me that if I use their Hot Roll Mix, I will have the "excitement of working with living dough." What is living dough? Is all dough but Pillsbury's dead? Who's that there in Pillsbury's dough, trying to get out?

If you are not alert, ompremity can trick you into belief. There is a deodorant which is better because it rolls on. At first reading, this seemed to me obvious: of course a deodorant that rolls on is better than one that—well, what?—scrunches in? But mightn't scrunching in be more thorough?

"Roto-roasting" is the "secret that brings out all the golden goodness of the peanuts" used in Big Top peanut butter. (By the way, why is goodness always golden? What about bisque goodness, as in lobster bisque, or chartreuse goodness, as in chartreuse?) Roto comes from the Latin, *rota*, a wheel. Because of having a dictionary, I can get a little further with this ompremity than with most, but I can't get very far. The implication is that these peanuts are roasted on all sides. How do you suppose they do this? Do they spit each peanut on a fine sewing needle?

The point is that, if they don't watch it, the advertisers will be hoist with their own ompremity. I am thinking of the face powder which is proofed against moisture discoloration because it is triple-creamed. I am, as I mentioned above, a regular American, and I have been advertised at to the point where I take it for granted that I am entitled to the very best. Why should I be satisfied with face powder that is only triple-creamed? I want face powder that is at least quintuple-creamed; and now that I think of the very delicate skin I have, I think I should have face powder that is centuple-creamed.

In this country one person is just as special as the next one, except that I am more so. I have just written the *only* article that contains ompremity.

Why Women Live Longer Than Men

And what the fast-growing surplus of women is likely to do to our national morals, marriage habits, job markets, and "the cult of manliness."

FOR some time now American women have been gaining on the men—at least in numbers. Back in 1930, the men in this country outnumbered the women by about a million and a half. Today the women hold a lead of about the same size, and the Census Bureau is predicting that by 1975 they will be ahead of the men by perhaps as many as 3,600,000.

One explanation is the decline in immigration, which at one time brought millions of single men into the country. Another—and more significant—is that American females have developed a habit of outliving the men; and recent figures indicate that the gap between the life span of the sexes is widening steadily.

For example, at the turn of the century, the average American woman lived two years and ten months longer than the average man. Today she is outliving him by more than six years. If she is typical, she will not die until she is a little over seventy-three years and six months old—which gives her the longest life expectancy of any women in the world.

The men in her family, however, can expect to last only a few months past sixty-seven. The men of seven other countries do better than that—Dutchmen, Israelis, Norwegians, Swedes, New Zealanders, Danes, and Britons, in that order. At birth a boy in Holland can look forward to outliving the average American boy by more than three years. Furthermore, the older the American grows, the worse his prospects look.

By the time he is forty, his life expectancy is poorer than that of the men of fifteen other nations; and at fifty his chances of living another ten years are 24 per cent less than they would be if he were an Italian and 55 per cent less than if he were a Swede.

These facts foreshadow some interesting changes in American society—in our courting and marriage habits, family life, the job market, and even politics. But before we try to figure out what is likely to happen as a result of the growing surplus of women, it might be well to look at two other questions:

(1) Why do women—traditionally regarded as the weaker sex—live so much longer than men?

(2) Why has their life expectancy increased so much more than that of American males during the past few decades?

The answer to the first is easy, if not very flattering to the male ego. Except for their greater muscular strength—which is no longer the asset it was in the Good Old Days of sweaty physical toil and hand-to-hand combat—men actually are the *weaker* sex. In most species, the female outlives the male. Among humans, nature compensates for this by arranging to have 105 boys born for every 100 girls. The proportion of male babies conceived is even larger than this, but their greater vulnerability makes its appearance even before birth. More boy babies fail to come to full term and are lost through miscarriages. The ratio of boys born with congenital malformations is also larger.

Even the normal boy baby has a physiological disadvantage, compared to the normal girl baby, from the very start. A girl is born with two complete X-chromosomes—the minute hereditary particles that substantially influence the fate of the organism—while boys have only one. As she grows older, she has a higher count of white

blood cells which help to combat infections. And a woman's glandular system is superior to a man's. Her thyroid is larger, and her pituitary—the master gland which controls the body's over-all hormone production—enlarges during pregnancy and remains somewhat larger from then on. This bolsters the performance of her adrenal glands, enabling her to resist stress more effectively; it keeps her blood pressure at a lower level and gives her greater tolerance for fatigue and illness. The female sex hormones apparently protect their owner against arterial disorders by helping to keep down the fat content of the blood. This may account for the fact that hardening of the arteries and subsequent heart disease are comparatively rare among women until after the menopause, when the output of ovarian hormones drops off sharply.

The death rate is higher for males in every age group, but particularly in early adulthood and middle age. The initial male superiority in numbers lasts through the age of twenty-four. From that point on, the females in any given generation pull ahead, and their plurality gets progressively larger with the years. Last year there were 103.9 boys for every 100 girls in the age group under eighteen in the United States. In the eighteen to twenty-four category, males still predominated slightly. But in the twenty-five to forty-four group there were only 96.6 men for every 100 women, and in the sixty-five plus category, 85.7.

THE BUILT-IN MEDICINE CHEST

BIOLOGISTS reason that women's physiological advantages are nature's way of ensuring that the race will be carried on. A pregnant woman needs special reserves of strength. Her heart, for example, must be strong enough to meet both the ordinary needs of her own body and those of the developing fetus. Her lungs must supply her blood with extra oxygen. Every organ in her body must be able to work at a higher pitch. Because of this, one authority claims, women are provided with "better internal medicine chests" than men.

In any case, almost every disease kills more men than women. The only exceptions are diabetes and what the professionals call sex-specific conditions—like childbirth and cancer of the breast and genital organs. But diabetes, while it cannot be cured, is now relatively easy to control; in the last two decades alone deaths of mothers during childbirth have been slashed

from eighty-five to five for every 10,000 live births; and encouraging progress has been made in the cancer field.

Here, too, women are doing better than men. Not only is the mortality rate from all forms of cancer about 5 per cent higher for men; the female cancer rate has been gradually declining while the male rate has remained static in some forms of the disease and risen in others. The over-all cancer mortality rate among women has dropped 10 per cent in the past fifteen years. In the same period, male fatalities from cancer of the lung and respiratory system have nearly tripled. One explanation may be that female cancers are usually easier to detect, more accessible, and more amenable to treatment; another possibility is that women are more apt to seek prompt medical advice when they discover any suspicious symptoms.

Nevertheless, the cancer picture is only one part of a larger picture which follows the same pattern. Although there are now about 1,500,000 more women than men in the United States, 200,000 more men than women have died annually in recent years. Diseases of the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys are about two and a half times more prevalent among men than women in the middle-aged group and account for well over 100,000 more male than female deaths each year. The male death rate from arteriosclerotic heart diseases is some 75 per cent higher than the female.

So we come to our second question: Why is the difference between the life spans of the sexes becoming wider in this country? The answer to this is hard to document, for it involves many intangibles. But I believe that, in addition to their biological superiority, women are psychologically better able to adapt themselves to the strains of our highly competitive society—that it is, in effect, easier to be a woman than a man in mid-twentieth century America.

THE PACE THAT KILLS

IT IS fashionable these days to say that American men are dying prematurely because they drive themselves beyond endurance to get things for their women. This broad and pat generalization can be neither proved nor disproved. What can be proved is that the modern American man is subject to a multitude of special pressures and frustrations, and that there has been a fundamental change in his position in society. Yet society still expects him to be the strong, silent male of tradition, above the temper tantrums

and tears with which women help to dissipate and relieve their tensions. Since he has been trained to believe that it is unmanly to be too vocal about his feelings, the man tends to bury them as much as he can.

Medical authorities suspect that the damaging effect of such inhibition may be one reason why five times as many men as women die of stomach and duodenal ulcers which are attributable, at least in part, to excessive tension. And three times as many men as women commit suicide every year. (It must be said that more women *try* to kill themselves, but a large proportion of them bungle the job—either because they are less efficient than men, or because they never really meant to go through with it.)

In the decades which have marked women's increasing life expectancy, there has been a significant shift in the pattern of the American family—a shift which includes new concepts of the husband-wife relationship, the raising of children, and the management of the home. All these things, combined with the competitiveness of American life, have undermined the American man's sense of security. No longer king of the roost, the undisputed authority in his own house, he is ridden with anxieties, and some of the strongest are fears of sexual inadequacy.

It has become generally accepted in our society that the wife is expected to receive as well as give pleasure in sexual intercourse. While this frequently makes for a more deeply satisfying relationship, it is also apt to put a strain on the man, for whom sexual performance has always been something of a testing and a challenge. As he grows older, the inevitable decline in his potency can become a source of deep-seated insecurity. In other societies, where age increased rather than decreased social prestige and where the man's position in the community as well as the home was stable, the falling off of sexual powers did not represent so grave a threat to self-esteem. But since America has never developed these comforting traditions, too many of our men feel compelled to prove themselves as they age by increased activity in other spheres, often to the detriment of their physical and emotional health.

Compare this with the situation facing modern American women. They have been liberated both from the Victorian taboos regarding sex and from most of the perils of childbirth. The vast majority of them have also come to accept the planning of families so that there are very few women today, as there were in the past, who are exhausted by child-bearing before thirty.

It would be fatuous to deny that women, too, are confronted with difficult problems of adjustment, especially in regard to their still shifting position in our society. But on the whole they have things a whole lot easier than their mates. Ironically, man-made mores, stemming from the days when women were still in short supply in this country, are at least partially responsible. An American woman still expects—and generally receives—from the men around her certain considerations which, while they flatter the man's vanity, also put an added strain on him.

Far more than men, women are able to set their own pace. It is acceptable for them either to remain at home—where mechanical appliances and the easy availability of processed foods have vastly lightened the burden of housekeeping—or to take a job. And even when they work they are usually spared the grinding pressure to get to the top of the ladder which bears upon most men. Moreover, a woman who is taking care of a house is pretty sure to get a full daily quota of regular exercise, while her husband leads an essentially sedentary life and sometimes kills himself by sporadic bouts of strenuous physical activity. Then, too, as she grows older, a woman can taper off her work gradually; but her husband, in whom the whole aging process starts later, is apt to be brought suddenly face to face with the devastating jolt of retirement.

WOMEN TO BURN?

WHATEVER the causes, there are at present no signs that the trend in the life expectancy of the sexes will change—and the repercussions of a growing majority of women upon our society are certain to be formidable. Inevitably, the influence of women on social and political action will grow; they will control more and more of the nation's wealth (a sizable proportion of it is already in their hands); and they will invade the job market in greater and greater numbers, out of both economic and psychological necessity.

At present there are 7,600,000 widows in the United States, a good proportion of them in their early fifties and many in a precarious economic position. Even those who are financially comfortable face years of loneliness and frustration, and their chances of remarriage—never very strong—are growing steadily slimmer as the male deficit increases. For many of these women, a job may provide at least a partial solution. But we will still be faced with the rising number of women over sixty-five. The Census Bureau pre-

dicts that this group of women over the retirement age will climb at the rate of about two million per decade.

We may also expect that the surplus of women of marriageable age, not yet too serious, will begin to soar, and that it will become harder and harder for a girl to marry if she has not done so by a fairly early age. What the effect of more spinsterhood will be upon our morals and how great a threat it will present to the monogamous marriage system is hard to say, but we will undoubtedly be hearing more about it. Already a Tennessee state senator has introduced a bill to legalize polygamy as a means of alleviating the surplus of women, and Dr. Marion Langer, a sociologist specializing in marriage counseling, recently advised girls not to worry about cradle-snatching.

The best way to avoid being widowed, she sug-

gested, is to "marry a man five, six, or even seven years your junior." She conceded, however, that under existing conditions a girl might have a hard time snaring a younger man and concluded by saying that our society has only two possible solutions to the mounting man shortage—polygamy or finding some way to lengthen man's life expectancy.

It is unlikely that we will ever adopt her first alternative. But her second involves almost as radical a modification in our mores and way of life. The male would have to jettison his cult of manliness and abandon his illusion of biological superiority. And the female would have to give up her demand for special consideration and accept the responsibilities of her greater stamina. The shock to both egos might be severe. All the same it is a possibility worth trying—for the sake of both men and women.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

THE THEOLOGY OF JONATHAN EDWARDS

WHENEVER Mr. Edwards spake
In church about Damnation,
The very benches used to quake
For awful agitation.

Good men would pale and roll their eyes
While sinners rent their garments
To hear him so anatomize
Hell's orgiastic torments,

The blood, the flames, the agonies
In store for frail or flighty
New Englanders who did not please
A whimsical Almighty.

Times were considered out of tune
When half a dozen nervous
Female parishioners did not swoon
At every Sunday service:

And, if they had been taught aright,
Small children, carried bedwards,
Would shudder lest they meet that night
The God of Mr. Edwards,

Abraham's God, the Wrathful One,
Intolerant of error—
Not God the Father or the Son
But God the Holy Terror.



L. S. Paul

What it costs to train A DOCTOR

When a young man decides to be a doctor, his parents are in for a series of financial shocks—with tuition, living, and travel expenses far beyond the family budget.

THE day our son graduated from medical school, a few years ago, the dean declared during his Commencement address: "Somebody put up about two million dollars for these seventy-eight MDs. And by the time they're through internship, it will be much higher."

Nationally that works out at close to \$200,000 for each year's crop of doctors, or well over \$25,000 each for the 6,845 graduated in 1956. Our own doctor cost a staggering \$36,803.90, of which our family share was roughly \$21,000. Scholarships, gifts, endowments, and federal, state, and municipal appropriations made up the remainder.

This is allowing \$8,000 for pre-medical education; \$15,000 for a full medical course (American Medical Association figures make it \$16,238 on the average); and \$13,803.90 for maintenance and highly expensive incidentals over five years. In our case, scholarships cut pre-medical education to \$4,000 and medical-school tuition to \$3,200. We still had all of the maintenance.

Our son Fred was a senior in a first-rate Eastern college when he came home one weekend and said quietly, "I want to be a doctor."

We had had no hint that his thoughts were following this direction and had expected to be

about to breathe easier educationally. Two other sons were already on their own. But when Fred gave his reasons, we were excited by his choice of profession. Then the matter of expense came up.

"Do you know what it will cost?" I asked.

"Somewhere around \$2,000 to \$2,400 a year," he replied. "Beyond that I'll manage it myself somehow."

We gladly committed ourselves.

"One thing," Fred added. "I wish you'd keep a strict account of the expenses."

We did. That is why this report is possible.

I had an arthritic mother past eighty, so our medical expenses were heavy. Providentially, we had seen the need to finance three boys through college and had built up a backlog of insurance to borrow on if the need arose. The older two boys had served in the Army and Marines, which reduced the pressure by providing money under the GI education bill, so there was some reserve.

Fred promptly filed applications with eight medical schools. A good one in the Midwest was the first to exhibit interest. With the help of friends and their jalopies he traveled there and was accepted. Subsequently two Eastern schools responded favorably, but neither was near enough home for him to commute.

The first year was a hard one. Fred's particular school frowned on freshmen holding outside jobs. Its contention is that the first year is so tough that a student cannot do justice to his work if he also has a job. Tuition was \$800. Fred shared a substandard basement apartment, so stark that they named it "Home for the Bald," with a dental student, and did much of his own cooking—as he did in subsequent years.

That year cost \$2,199.31. Fees, books, and instruments brought expenses that could not be budgeted. Even a bus trip home at Christmas became a considered item.

The second year he could work and did—as an attendant in a parking lot, in the blast-furnace dispensary of a steel mill, and in laboratory research. He found another apartment in a lower-middle-class neighborhood and scrounged the furnishings. This year cost \$2,860.34, of which Fred put up \$800.

By then the Korean war was on, costs had gone up, and he needed new clothes. Originally, we had calculated \$100 a month to cover living costs and incidental expenses. We had to boost the figure to \$120, aside from clothes and books.

The third year brought new developments. Hospitals affiliated with Fred's medical school are scattered throughout the city, and students,

as a result, are required to have a car. Even with a cheap jalopy, expenses went up to \$3,541.40, partly because a girl—a college classmate who went to visit Fred—precipitately married his roommate, who moved out. Somehow from work as head counselor in a summer camp and jobs during the school year—on parking lots, in steel mills and laboratories, and as a porter in a brewery—Fred was able to kick in \$1,500.

It took personal credit as well as insurance loans now, for the expenses connected with my mother's illness were growing.

The summer before the fourth year started brought a major change. Fred had met the inevitable wonderful girl. She knew the situation and accepted it wholeheartedly. They were married that June, worked together as counselors in the summer camp where they had met, and when fall came she took a job teaching school and put all her money in the pool.

Still it wasn't easy for anybody. Between them Fred and his wife provided \$2,400, and our outlay was cut to \$1,218.74—mostly \$800 tuition and car expenses. But that \$3,618.74 total had to come from somewhere, and the income tax took its insidious toll from the young couple.

Then came Commencement day. In a sense the whole family graduated. And I found that our situation was by no means unique. One father confided to me that he had sold his house and devoted all the proceeds to his son's medical education—and he had no regrets. Another of Fred's classmates, I learned, had footed his expenses by operating as a professional bookmaker. A dozen or more had working wives. Only a few could live at home. When the dean made his statement on medical-school costs I realized that there were not five sets of parents in the entire audience who could, unassisted, have met the bill. Our family outlay by then had reached \$16,219.79. And there was more to come.

Although Fred was now a graduate MD, he still had his internship. There was no more tuition to pay, but on the other hand he could no longer find a cheap apartment. As an intern he was paid \$75 a month. His rent alone was \$85. That year cost \$3,384.29, but the young MD and his wife put up most of it.

Through all of these years there were also such constant items as dentist's bills and Fred's life-insurance premiums. These amounted to about \$1,400, bringing the total to \$36,803.90.

How many good doctors are being lost because they or their families cannot find this kind of money? How many young men find it necessary to defer marriage until they can earn their own

living? How many are forced into other fields, or to delay entering medical school because of lack of funds? How much have finances to do with the fact that, in a recent two-year period, the number of medical-school freshmen who had had a college average of A dropped by one-fourth, while the number with a C average increased by one-third?

To parents who have gone through the mill, the current shortage of doctors is easy to understand. What is not easy to understand is why some of the conditions which produce the shortage are tolerated. Expense is the highest hurdle, and there are a number of methods which might substantially reduce it:

(1) Allow an income-tax deduction for post-graduate professional education beyond the \$600 normal dependency exemption. To us \$1,400 does not seem unreasonable, making a total of \$2,000. At the minimum tax rate of 20 per cent this would save the parents about \$280 a year.

(2) Give greater incentive to savings plans for professional education. Families most likely to feel the pinch severely need a convenient way to put aside weekly or monthly sums. But most insurance companies penalize, rather than encourage, saving for educational purposes by charging a higher rate for monthly payments than for those made less frequently. They might, in the public interest, absorb the added book-keeping costs in such cases. Parent-teacher associations can also help by spreading information on savings schemes and scholarships.

(3) Wherever possible, arrange to have students admitted to medical schools near their homes to save living costs—although I acknowledge that this will help only a small minority because of the limited number of schools.

(4) Give taxpayers with elderly dependents the same benefits as elderly taxpayers themselves enjoy. The latter may deduct all their medical expenses and have a double personal exemption. The taxpayer with an elderly dependent gets only one exemption on the dependent's account, and his medical-care allowance is curtailed. In our case about \$1,600 more would have been available for education without borrowing, under such a provision. This problem affects a growing number of parents and their children.

(5) Communities which need doctors might consider subsidizing part of a student's medical education in return for an agreement that he will practice there for a certain period.

If we do not take some such steps, medicine may well become a profession open only to the well-to-do regardless of ability.

BOURGUIBA:

a different kind of Arab

The new leader of Tunisia is far more friendly, rational, and long-sighted than the hysterical Nasser types further East—and his country offers a test case of immense importance to America.

WHATEVER they feel about the aspirations of other new nations and would-be nations, most Westerners have little sympathy for Arab nationalism. And it is true that all too often it is irrational, aggressive, and almost hysterically destructive. How could it be otherwise? With only the paltriest experience and resources contemporary Arab leaders are faced with finding answers to horrendous and apparently hopeless problems—including the crushing burden of an enormous population which is increasing much more rapidly than any possible food supply.

It is also true, however, that the West has done little to encourage a more rational Arab nationalism; that it has, on the contrary, often choked such feeling when it appeared by driving such hard bargains with moderate Arab regimes that they were overthrown by their own people. Nevertheless there are still moderates in the Arab world. They emerge wherever there is sufficient cultural and social stability to support them. In North Africa today they have found a country—Tunisia—and a leader—Habib Bourguiba. Both are worth careful study by the West, for they may provide a pattern for the peaceable settlement of the Middle East.

Just over two years ago Bourguiba was in enforced residence in France. Behind him lay over twenty years of political agitation, of alter-

nate prison and exile, and not a single day of office. Today, after only a year of power, he stands at the head of one of the most solidly based governments in the Middle East—a republic of which he is President by unanimous vote of the legislature. And the prestige and influence which he commands in the Arab world are out of all proportion to the size of his tiny country.

In Tunisia the partisans of xenophobia have been put down, and the nation is being led toward a policy of free co-operation with the West, without renouncing her fraternal bonds with other Arab countries. Whether this policy can be carried out remains to be seen. Tunisia is—as a Tunisian official remarked to me a few weeks ago—"a country on test."

At first glance Tunisia does not look like a country for moderates. The sky is harsh and unfriendly; the plowed land is an obstinately held margin on the edge of desert and scrub. It is a region of drought and periodic famine, where the hard light holds little suggestion of compromise. It is the country of St. Augustine and of the heretical Donatists whom he persecuted; of Moslem mystics and dissident sects.

On the other hand Tunisia, like all Roman North Africa, belongs as much to the Mediterranean as to the East. The French occupation of 1881 was in a sense a resumption of a tradition broken in the eighth century when the Arabs pushed out the garrisons of the East Roman Empire. Through France, North Africa has been partially drawn back to Rome. And the Arabization which took place in the intervening millennium was not quite as thorough as one might imagine. Of the three bonds—race, religion, and culture—which link together the units of the Arab world, the first is remarkably

weak in Tunisia, and the second two are subject to their own peculiar local modifications.

The number of Arab invaders of North Africa at the period of greatest penetration has been reckoned at forty thousand or so. The original Berber and other populations are still largely intact, and the Arab Semitic type has become only one among many there. Bourguiba himself is fair and blue-eyed with a high, square skull—not the “question-mark” cranium of the Semites. When we say that the North Africans are “Arabs” we mean that they are Moslem in religion and Arabic in speech. Culturally they think in terms of the “Maghreb”—Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia—rather than in terms of the Middle East. The Maghreb has its back to the Sahara, but it faces the Mediterranean; in the North African coast towns you may often imagine that you are in Sicily or Provence.

North African Arabs have thus been more willing than most Orientals to come to terms with Western culture. Beside the great cities of Cairo, Damascus, and Bagdad, North African towns are provincial. And when the French offered higher education to a North African elite, they proved highly receptive. The number of Arabs so trained was small. But in Tunisia it has been just enough, under the leadership of Bourguiba, to provide the nucleus of a new governing class.

THE MOSLEM LIBERAL

BOURGUIBA himself is almost unique in the Arab world. In the history of the Arab national movement it has always been difficult to find a mean between well-heeled conservative politicians like the Egyptian Wafd—men of democratic speeches and large motor cars—and the frustrated, explosive, and often murderously revolutionary lower-middle-class radicals, whose nationalism is often near-nihilistic. Bourguiba seems to be this missing middle term. In a political milieu which is everywhere else destructive and fanatical, he is Fabian, reformist, and conciliatory.

His history is the history of scores of nationalist Arab politicians from the petite bourgeoisie. Born to a humble family in the fishing village of Monastir, educated in Tunis and France, he came back to Tunis in 1927 with his French wife and became a successful lawyer and a militant nationalist politician in the Destour (Constitutional) party. But unlike most Arab leaders he never allowed the bitterness of the national struggle against France to wipe out his



affection and respect for French culture—nor, indeed, the French formation of his thought. To talk to Bourguiba is to talk to a French liberal who happens to be a Moslem.

In 1934 Bourguiba broke away from the conservative Moslem and “bourgeois” elements in the Destour party and became the secretary of the Neo-Destour, a new group whose essential aim was to assimilate the bottom half of Tunisian society by means of a network of political “cells.” The next step was taken not by Bourguiba but by a trade union leader from Sfax called Ferhat Hached. In 1943 Hached began to set nationalist influence against Communist in the French-controlled Confédération Générale du Travail. This eventually led him to create a new nationalist trade union, the UGTT, which by 1950 had completely driven the Communist CGT from the Tunisian scene and was collaborating closely with the Neo-Destour party in a single popular national movement.

In this period, most of which Bourguiba spent in exile in Egypt and elsewhere, a disciplined and articulate political machine was built. By the time Hached was assassinated in 1952 the nationalists had the power to paralyze the economic life of Tunisia, not only by calling out the mob in the old style, but by efficiently organized political strikes. In effect, the Tunisian leaders had stolen Communist methods and dispensed with the Communists.

It was the strength of the nationalist political machine which forced France, after a

long struggle, to grant Tunisia "internal autonomy" in 1955. Bourguiba convinced his party that it was better to take limited autonomy immediately than to fight to the finish for independence, and his judgment was confirmed by events. After a year of negotiation the French were pressed to extend "internal autonomy" to independence, and on March 20, 1956, Tunisia became an independent state. At the same time Bourguiba, who had returned from exile in the preceding year, was made Prime Minister.

THE YOUNG RADICALS

THE shape of the new regime in Tunisia has been determined by the political group which created it. Its basis is the Neo-Destour party, with its sixteen hundred-odd cells, its uniformed "Neo-Destour youth," and its powerful party direction. Its leaders are drawn entirely from the petite bourgeoisie; the great landowners and businessmen who run the political show in most Arab countries are out in the cold. The secretaries, ambassadors, provincial governors are, most of them, young lawyers, schoolteachers, or civil servants in their middle thirties, from a uniformly lower-middle-class background. The old leadership is referred to, patronizingly but without bitterness, as "the bourgeoisie."

The intellectual outlook of these young radicals would be defined in France as "lay" or "secular"—that is, rationalist, non-clerical, republican—so it is small surprise that on July 25 of this year the Bey was ousted in a bloodless revolution and the nation declared a republic. The young men's distaste for religious fanaticism also partially explains their relative freedom from xenophobia—though an active appreciation for the West must be added to this, since the former is true also of Nasser's young men in Egypt. But so long as the radicals are in power in Tunisia the traditional education of the Zitouna, the more or less medieval Moslem university, will be overshadowed by the Westernized education of the French *lycées*.

Since the new regime has come to power it has dealt with Islamic tradition more drastically than the French ever dared or wished to do. Polygamy has been abolished, and divorce modified in the interests of the woman. The *habous* or mortmain religious foundations have been reformed and will eventually be extinguished. The religious leaders for their part have been complaisant enough to waive the Islamic laws

against usury, so that Bourguiba may issue a national loan. There is even talk of abolishing Ramadan, the great month-long fast of all Moslems, when a Moslem may not touch food or drink between dawn and dusk, and of substituting, in the interests of working efficiency, a symbolic fast by the religious leaders.

The main defect of the new governing class in Tunisia is simply that it is pitifully small. From a Moslem population of over 3,300,000 persons, only eight hundred were receiving university education last year. When you consider that over six thousand French civil servants were replaced by Tunisians last year, the gravity of the situation is obvious enough. Neither the technicians nor the administrators which the country needs can possibly be turned out fast enough, especially since, at the present time, 74 per cent of Moslem Tunisians who reach school age are receiving no education.

This, or something like it, is the situation in most Arab countries. But the political unity of Tunisia allows its leaders to build on what would otherwise be shaky foundations. Elsewhere in the Arab world political life is frequently paralyzed by the struggle between feudal landowners and big business interests on one side, and popular movements on the other. In Tunisia this struggle does not exist; the number of great Tunisian nabobs is small, and their political influence negligible. There is, besides, a good-sized class of small landholders who constitute a stiffening and responsible element among the rural masses. And finally the Neo-Destour party is now solidly rooted among all the worker and peasant groups.

This was not achieved without friction. After independence the solid, bluff labor leader, Habib Achour, tired of being an appendage to a political party, started his own independent union. At the other end of the scale Ahmed ben Salah, the young intellectual leader of the UGTT, began to put pressure on the government to carry out a more dogmatically Socialist program. But in the end Bourguiba won. Ahmed ben Salah and the intellectuals have been silenced and replaced by more orthodox figures. Habib Achour has led his union back into the official fold, pledged to support the government.

An earlier and far more serious attack on the Bourguiba regime was attempted last year by the extreme nationalists, led by the ex-secretary of the Neo-Destour, Salah ben Youssef. But this abortive revolution was crushed in a few weeks, largely by armed detachments of Neo-

Destour youth. Ben Youssef was driven into exile to Libya and Egypt, and his faction disappeared from the political scene. Today there is no serious opposition to Bourguiba in Tunisia.

ALLIES AND OTHERS

BOURGUIBA dominates the country. Paternal, heroic, he lives simply in his villa with two suits and two neckties to his name, the acknowledged father of his people. His first name, Habib, means "the loved one," and in the music halls it is wailed out regularly in a dozen atonal and affectionate songs. Every week he addresses his people and surveys the political scene for them in a sort of fireside talk. He likes to think of himself as a kind of Arab Nehru, and his ascetic, demagogic, benign approach does suggest the Indian leader. He supervises his government to the smallest detail; in such a tiny country a man of his energy can keep his finger on all the departments of state.

But Bourguiba's most remarkable achievement is the international stature he has assumed. No other statesman but Marshal Tito, perhaps, enjoys such world prestige with such insignificant material resources. And the foundation of Bourguiba's prestige is his moral integrity. Many Arab statesmen in sympathy with the West are condemned out of hand by their own extreme nationalists as venal reactionaries. No one can plausibly bring such a charge against Bourguiba.

His international position is liberal and progressive without being neutralist. Culture, geography, and economic interest keep his face turned to the West; he refers to the United States as his "ally" (though no treaty exists to justify the name). He is reliably reported to have said that if it comes to a fight he is on the side of the West, and shortly after the republic was proclaimed he declared, "Tunisia is part of the free Western world and she will remain so." He was one of the few Arab statesmen to declare outright indignation at the crushing of the Hungarian revolution—one of the few, indeed, who reacted to Hungary in any way at all.

But however admirable Bourguiba is, he would not carry much weight if he spoke only for Tunisia. His policy has to be considered in the context of North Africa as a whole. As I have said, the Arab inhabitants of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia consider themselves part of a single natural political unit called the

Maghreb, the relic of the medieval Arab empire in the West. And there is little doubt, whatever his Sherifian Majesty Mohammed V of Morocco may think about it, that Bourguiba sees himself as playing a prominent part in an eventual Arab federation of the Maghreb; nor is there much doubt that popular opinion in the Maghreb at present would welcome this. The already existing close diplomatic understanding between Morocco and Tunisia, in which Bourguiba always appears to have the initiative, foreshadows the shape of the future.

There is one drawback. While Morocco and Tunisia have been given independence, Algeria is still under French rule as a part of metropolitan France. At an enormous cost in money and a not inconsiderable cost in lives the troubles in Algeria, which a year ago erupted as a major revolt, are being contained and the interests of the million French *colons* in Algeria defended. So long as France maintains her determination to preserve the status quo in Algeria, the unity of the Maghreb is an empty dream.

So far as he can, Bourguiba has tried to act as a mediator between the Algerian rebels and France. But "mediation" is not easy when one party maintains the criminal illegality of the very existence of the other. A powerful party in the French government still sees the whole affair in terms of a police action, as was demonstrated last autumn when the French kidnapped five Algerian leaders on their way from Morocco to Tunis.

Bourguiba has preached moderation to the Algerian rebels, and has tried to persuade them to ask for "internal autonomy" instead of for immediate independence. As a long-term policy he has pressed the idea of a North African Arab federation linked closely to the West. But while the tough policy of repression continues in Algeria, these counsels are too remote from the reality of war to get a hearing. If a more conciliatory French policy emerges, Bourguiba's influence may be critical in obtaining a peaceful solution. On the other hand, the struggle in Algeria may increase in bitterness and bloodiness, and drag on indefinitely. Bourguiba is said to fear that if this happens, and particularly if France is forced out of Algeria after losing the war there, Arab extremists might grab the reins all over the Maghreb—not only in Algeria, but in Morocco and Tunisia as well.

Habib Bourguiba's diplomacy is an ambitious one. As a result of his contacts with the new Negro state of Ghana, there is discus-

sion of an all-Africa pact—a pact in which it may be assumed that the interests of newly-independent nations would be powerfully represented. On the other side of the map there is talk of a Mediterranean pact between Morocco, Tunisia, and some of the Latin states, including Spain, Italy, and perhaps France.

The first of these agreements would be very general in scope, and would probably aim largely at forming a common African policy on certain questions in the United Nations. But the second might be more specific, and might even yield a defensive link-up with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In terms of material power Tunisia has no right to think in these continental terms. But in the fluid, swiftly moving world of the new Afro-Asian states extraordinary things can be done by a man of Bourguiba's caliber, even if he has not a single soldier at his back.

WITH Libya, Tunisia's neighbor to the east, Bourguiba has concluded a good-relations treaty. With the rest of the Arab states, from Egypt eastwards, his relations are friendly but nebulous. He is supposed to visit Cairo this autumn, but he agreed to go without much enthusiasm, and although Colonel Nasser cannot be excluded from the scope of his projected African pact, Bourguiba will take good care not to get himself chained to the Egyptian chariot. Tunisia may well one day join the Arab League. But Tunisian feeling on the Palestine question, the only thing which holds the League together, is distinctly tepid, and her adherence to it would be little more than a gesture of cultural solidarity.

Tunisia probably has more in common with the pro-British government of Iraq than with any other Middle-Eastern state, although there is a wide difference in outlook between Bourguiba and the old-school conservative rulers of Iraq. Still if Bourguiba ever became the effective leader of a North African Arab federation, there would be a good chance of an understanding between Iraq and the North Africans which would drastically change the face of the Arab world—and not in a way pleasing to either Cairo or Moscow.

But while the Algerian war goes on, Tunisia's position gets ugly rather than hopeful. Tension has been rising between her and France ever since the beginning of the Algerian rebellion, and accusations that Tunisia is helping the rebels have ended in the withholding of fifty million dollars' worth of French credits

which are normally paid annually. In return Bourguiba has demanded, and in part obtained, the withdrawal of remaining French troops in Tunisia. He has also begun to buy Belgian arms to equip his own army.

The quarrel over Algeria is confronting Bourguiba with an unpleasant choice. Overruling the more bitterly anti-French view—a view which has exponents as highly placed as Bahi Ladgham, his probable successor in the Presidency—Bourguiba has always insisted that Tunisia will continue to need France for several decades. French capital finances most of Tunisian industry; France pays for and provides the teachers for the best Tunisian schools; French technical experts are still used in some important posts. If relations between Tunisia and France were allowed to settle down into something resembling dominion status in the British Commonwealth, the "French presence" in Tunisia would certainly continue.

But if the present deadlock, which the Tunisians have already designated "economic blackmail," goes on, the French connection with Tunisia may finally be torn up by the roots. Both sides would lose heavily in such a rupture.

THE ECONOMIC HAZARD

TUNISIA'S critical economic situation sharpens the tension. At present it is being used as a lever by the French, but if the Tunisians were driven too hard it might easily lead them to desperate and irreversible measures. It is often said that Tunisia is "not viable" as an economic proposition, and this is probably true. It does not mean that Tunisia is incapable—like Jordan—of existing without financial help from abroad. It does mean that Tunisia cannot develop her economy or modernize her society to any significant extent without foreign capital and technical aid; and until now this has been supplied by France.

French money supports the whole understructure of the Tunisian economy, and Tunisia is an integral part of the French economic system. If the political going with France gets too hard, Tunisia may go the way of the Arab world in the East—the way of economic nationalism. She could cancel France's remaining economic privileges, insist on Tunisian management of industrial concerns, and take other measures which would have the effect of driving the French settlers (who at present number about 130,000) out of the country. Tunisia's economic position would then become extremely

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difficult, but not necessarily "impossible." Other foreign capital might be persuaded to replace, at least in part, what was withdrawn by the French. But the wastage would be appalling, and neither the economic nor the political connection with France could ever be fully restored.

The answer would seem to be some sort of compromise. But the French do not easily accept compromise, particularly where it involves loss of national prestige. France thinks of its "presence" in Tunisia in its economic, cultural, and perhaps military forms as a single whole. Destroy a part of it, and you destroy all of it. The measures which Bourguiba has taken in the past few months to dissolve the Franco-Tunisian Customs Union and to move toward the creation of a Tunisian National Bank have seriously affected the position of the French in Tunisia. If this situation degenerates into some sort of economic warfare, the French will probably withdraw altogether.

If the Tunisians were left alone to cope with their own economic problems—which include a population increase of 20 per cent every ten years—it is probable that the social and political stability which is at present the most striking feature of the country would gradually disappear, and that the nation would—Bourguiba or no Bourguiba—revert eventually to the chronic instability of states like Syria and Jordan. The waste, moreover, would be spiritual as well as material. France has exported to Tunisia not only a degree of technical progress, but a share in her own liberal culture. For that culture to remain it is not necessary for a single French soldier or even a single Frenchman to stay on Tunisian soil. But it is necessary that Tunisia should have a healthy social order, and without a proper economic balance this is impossible.

TUNISIA AND THE U.S.

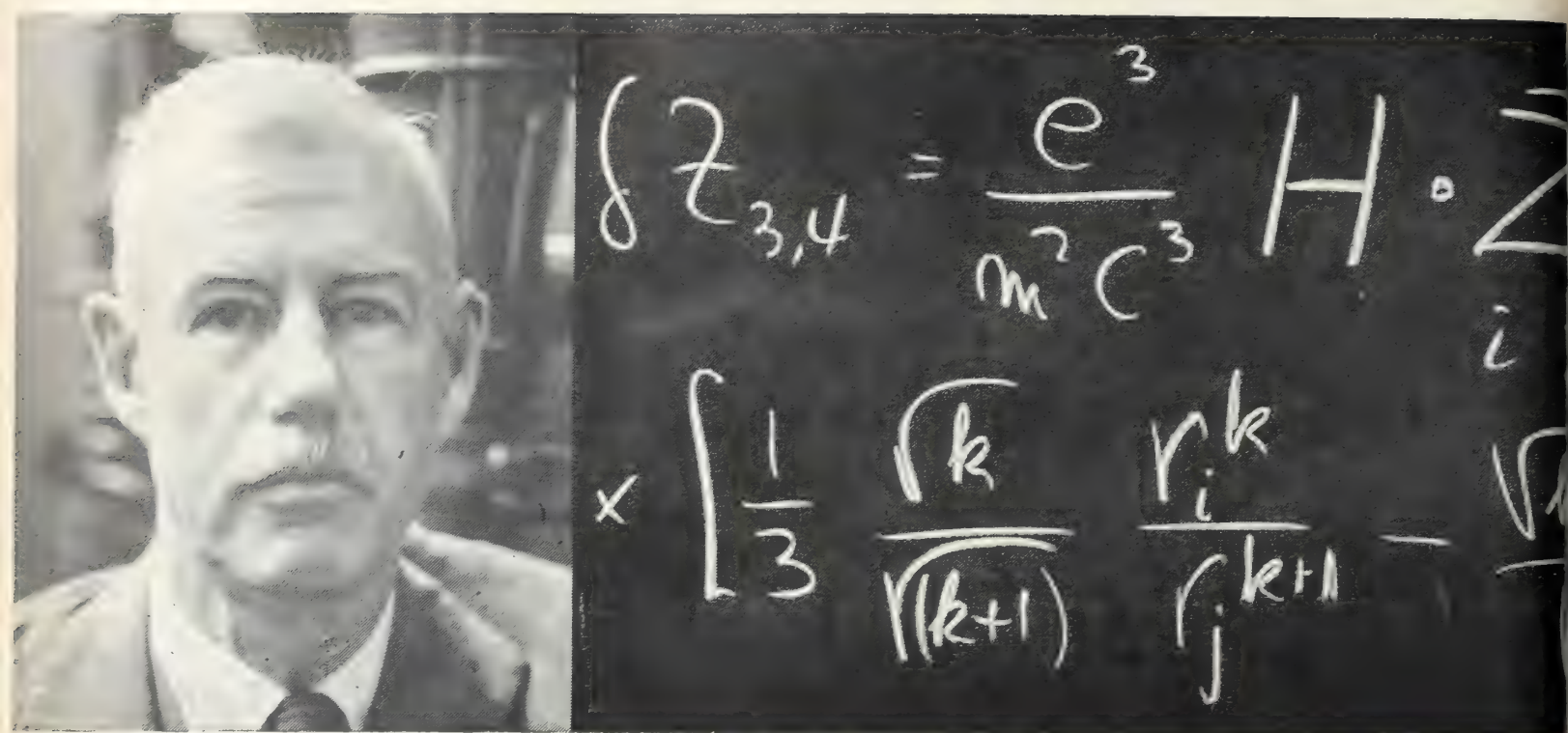
THERE is one more factor in North Africa—the United States. America enters into Bourguiba's diplomacy on two levels. First, he hopes that just as the United States took a firm stand against "colonialism" in the Suez affair, so she may in the end overcome her reluctance to act and allow herself to be persuaded to place pressure on France to make a reasonable settlement in Algeria. If this were done, Tunisia's difficulties would be solved at their source. But even if it is not, Tunisia hopes for enough U. S. economic aid to balance the

French credits at present withheld, and perhaps even to replace them.

The State Department may be embarrassed by Tunisia's expectations, but it cannot pretend that it is not interested in North Africa. The political stability of the region concerns Western defenses as a whole. There are American bases in Morocco and Libya, and the naval base at Biserta in Tunisia is one of NATO's most important. However unwillingly, the United States has in effect already intervened in the Franco-Tunisian dispute. American aid to Tunisia last year amounted to something less than a quarter of the normal French annual credits, and was supposed to supplement and not to replace French assistance. Even so, it was enough to blunt the cutting edge of the French refusal to grant credits this year, and France has not been particularly pleased.

American interest in the area is also implicit in the decision to treat Tunisia as part of the Middle East under the Eisenhower doctrine. James P. Richards, special Presidential envoy, visited the country, and between one American aid program and another Tunisia will probably get a rather larger—if still insufficient—amount of assistance during the coming year. If this aid is not enough to strengthen the main economic structure of Tunisia, it will at least act as a stop-gap to avert a serious crisis. And if it enables the Tunisian economy to stagger on without the government's being driven to any desperate anti-French measures, France may find herself in the ironic position of thanking the United States for preserving her place in Tunisia in spite of her own wish to sacrifice it.

Westerners have always pooh-poohed the idea of a "moderate" Arab nationalism, because the moderates are said to have always to give in to the extremists. Now it seems worth asking how far the West itself has been responsible for this. The moderates must walk a tightrope; too often their Western friends have simply pushed them off it. The West tends to demand too much from them for too little, so that their countrymen thrust them out and insist on leaders who are not prepared to bargain at all. The position of the West, which seemed so strong when the moderates were in power, is then revealed as weak; what the West would never have granted to the moderate regimes in the Middle East ten years ago, it would now gladly accept from men like Nasser. It would be well to remember this in dealing with the "test case" of Tunisia.



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After Hours

HOSTEL ON A HILL

AFTER the Thruway leaves New York and crosses the Hudson River it heads west and then, at Suffern, bends to the north through a narrow valley called the Ramapo Pass. Here sixteen lanes of major highway come together and here is the logical place, if you are traveling south and would rather avoid the city, to leave the Thruway. The Suffern Interchange is its busiest exit. Sooner or later there was bound to be a motel nearby.

There was no reason to expect, however, that it would be a really good one. My experience with motels in the South and West is not as extensive as it ought to be, but in this part of the country you usually find that the well-designed motels are badly built or else the well-built ones are badly designed. Suffern's Motel on the Mountain, as it is called, has the singular merit of being both architecturally distinguished and soundly constructed.

It sits, or rather hangs, on the top of Little Round Mountain, alongside the highways but 350 feet above them, so that most of the units face outward and have balconies with a dramatic view of the curving concrete strips by day and the sweeping headlights by night. It is intended to serve the highways but be apart from their noise, and to offer even the most transient guest a consoling view. It was the conception, needless to add, of a man who had never been in the motel business before and didn't know better than to satisfy his customer's aesthetic needs.

Robert L. Schwartz, the president of Motel on the Mountain, is a former journalist, which must prove something about our profession. He is hard on architects (many have come and gone) but he seems to have known from the start what he wanted—an American version of a Japanese hillside inn. He got Junzo Yoshimura, who designed the Japanese house for the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, to provide an over-all plan and, eventually, to design a restaurant which is now the main (and the most architecturally interesting) building on the hilltop.

The restaurant represents a genuine marriage of national skills; it could only have been designed by a Japanese but it could never have been built in Japan. Yoshimura joined with two New York architects, Henry Steinhardt and Rolland D. Thompson, who worked out the structure and what the trade calls the "detailing." They provided him with a skeleton of laminated wood beams and columns which retains the light openness of Japanese style while managing to carry the vast expanses of glass and conceal the heating and cooling systems that Americans expect.

Regrettably the restaurant itself—managed by an outside organization—is not quite up to the building. The food is good, better-than-average steak-house in quality, but neither the plates and silverware nor the service have been handled with the tastefulness that their surroundings might lead you to expect. In addition, I should add that my reservations seem to trouble few other customers, for the one other

thing I can assure you about the restaurant (if you are thinking of trying it) is that it will be jammed.

THE very existence of a place like this seems to me to indicate that we have reached a new stage in the development of the motel. It is beginning to acquire institutional independence; it no longer exists only for the overnight stop but can take on other functions at will. A motel designed to be of itself an attractive place draws clients who come simply to look at it. The Motel on the Mountain hasn't yet decided precisely what it is, but it is clearly much more than a motel used to be.

For example, Mr. Schwartz has been surprised to discover how many business concerns now prefer to use motels for meetings, as well as for putting up visiting personnel (one company with a plant just down the road reserves a bloc of rooms from him for eleven months out of twelve). A young executive preparing a conference who timidly proposed to the Motel on the Mountain to his boss was told, "That's the brightest idea you've had since you came here. My wife and I stayed there last week."

It is handy to the city but not too handy; salesmen roister less and loaf more awake the next morning. Schwartz estimates that when he finally completes all his units—and a conference building down by the swimming pool—as much as 60 per cent of them will be taken up by companies.

And the Motel on the Mountain is also a resort. It makes a delightful weekend retreat from the city and apparently it has even been used

AFTER HOURS

neighbors from the surrounding Oakland County exurbia for a brief escape from their own housekeeping. The restaurant is of course much favored for wedding parties and other convivial occasions, and there is a general atmosphere of festivity which rubs off—at least a little bit on everyone. The dining spaces are arranged to be pleasantly visible from the other, and from the balconies which surround them one can often look up, down, or across at other diners enjoying themselves. "My designs," Yoshimura has said, "are to make people feel good—if possible to make them happy." The restaurant on the Mountain is convincing proof of how much it helps an architect to have such a purpose, and one can only regret that there are not dozens more such demonstrations of how to blend together local and imported talent.

SHOWER OF GOLD

"I've heard that the Sterling Clark museum," said a memorandum from a colleague, "is a truly fantastic place; perhaps the most modern, most effective for display, and most expensive per cubic foot of any museum ever built."

I drove to Williamstown when I was in the Massachusetts Berkshires in August to see if it was, indeed, truly fantastic. Fantasy is the right word. As for its cost per cubic foot there is only rumor. "Reliable sources," said the *New York Times* in its obituary of Mr. Robert Sterling Clark, who built it, "place it [the whole building] at about \$9,000,000." As for its being modern, it is better to say that it is very recent. It opened in 1955. The architecture can most accurately be described as mortuary classical. It is a white marble structure with a porch and Doric columns, and it looks like a very large, completely symmetrical, and sparkling tomb in a vast expanse of greensward a mile or so from the campus of Williams College, with which it has no official connection.

One scarcely knows, as he enters the bronze doors, whether he will find a sarcophagus or a bank teller inside. There is room for debate about whether it is "effective for display." There are long narrow gal-

**THERE
ISN'T MUCH
TO DO
IN THE
DAYTIME**



This is Georgia Melisova. The hovel before which she is standing is her Athenian home in Greece. Her mother occasionally works at straw chair weaving but is never able to find permanent employment. Her father just disappeared. She has four younger brothers. Georgia is amazingly intelligent for a ten-year-old child who hasn't had a dozen weeks in school. She should be given an education as she has great charm and potentialities. As it is, she hardly gets enough to eat.

There is severe unemployment and heart breaking, harsh poverty in Greece. Even many of the children who are helped have only one meal a day and go to bed hungry every night. The bed is some old rags on the dirt floor of a bleak shanty. There isn't much to do in the daytime except to sit and think how hungry they are. There's no use going through the garbage cans, for too many are doing that. And for lack of funds, the relief agency doesn't serve any meals at all on Saturdays and Sundays.

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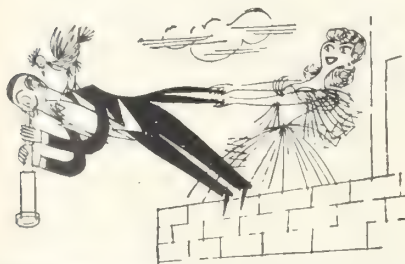
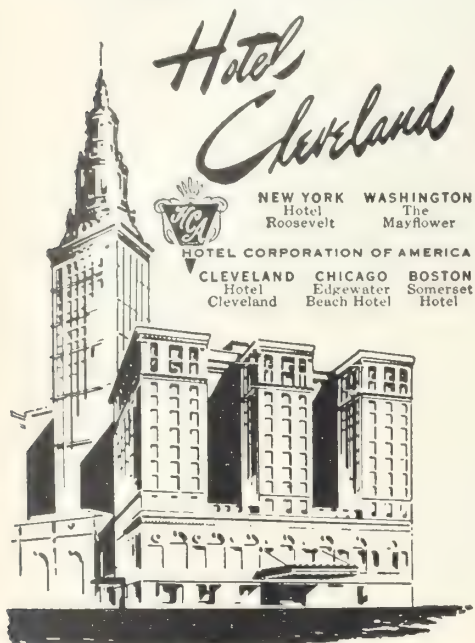
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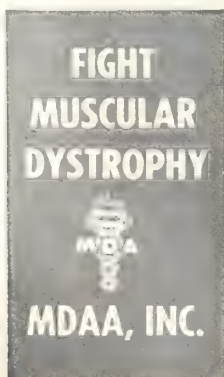


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AFTER HOURS

leries which remind one slightly of the Louvre on a far smaller scale, not ideal for display, I'd say. There are small period rooms, and there is a large central "court" which is artificially as bright as day.

If you are interested in seeing what hangs on its white walls, you will have to go there. You will not see any of the collection anywhere else; Mr. Clark stipulated that none of it be lent to other museums or galleries. And go there you must if you care a fig about paintings or silver. Gee whiz!

First of all there are thirty Renoirs ranging in quality from almost as good as you are likely to see anywhere to a few of the "do you really think he painted that?" kind. In America only the Barnes Collection has more. The majority of the pictures that were on display in Williamstown when I was there (167 paintings were hung; there are still 256 more that haven't yet been put up) were nineteenth-century, and it was a very curious mixture indeed. There are excellent Degas, Pissaros, Monets, Manets, Sisleys, Corots, and such, cheek by jowl with Innesses and Troyons and Remingtons.

In the first room one comes into there are three Gérômes along with a couple of Sargents, a Ruisdael, some Homers, a Troyon, and a couple of salon pictures. They make odd but interesting companions and give one the impression of either great catholicity of taste or perhaps no taste at all. It is not easy to see how a man who bought some of the pictures could have bought some of the others. But buy he did, furiously and constantly for about forty years.

AFTER I had wandered through the gallery for an hour or so (I stop seeing things after an hour) I sat on the marble steps and talked with Mr. Peter Guille, the director of the museum. Mr. Guille (pronounced to rhyme with Bill) is an amiable and refreshingly forthright man who used to be a dealer in antique silver. "I'm eating crow," he said. "I've always said museum directors were jerks, and now I am one." Mr. Guille got to know Mr. Clark "through horses and silver" (Mr. Clark's horse Never Say Die won the Derby at Epsom Downs in 1954) and when Mr. Clark decided that he



wanted to establish the museum (whose proper name is the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute) Mr. Guille was his constant consultant. "When he asked me to be the director I told him I couldn't afford it and he asked why I didn't retire and do the job. Now I'm working seven days a week."

I asked Mr. Guille to tell me about Mr. Clark. "He was a professional soldier. No, not West Point, V.M.I. He was also an engineer, Yale Sheff. He was in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion. It's lucky he got out of the Army. They would have court-martialed him. He didn't believe in mixing politics and the military. I was sitting with him in a Seventh Avenue gin mill the day MacArthur addressed the Joint Houses of Congress and we listened to it. The 'old soldiers never die' stuff; Clark snorted and said that soldiers have been saying that for three hundred years."

Mr. Clark was the eldest of four brothers and inherited a very substantial part of the Singer Sewing Machine fortune. His grandfather had been Mr. Singer's partner. "Robert was one of the horsy brothers," Mr. Guille said. "He stayed completely out of the lime-light. When a picture disappeared

AFTER HOURS

om the market, Mr. Anonymous had bought it. He was Mr. Anonymous. He started buying in 1912 and he bought a lot when he was in France (he was in the first world war from the start) from 1914 to 1919 and went on buying right up to his death." (Mr. Clark died in 1956 at the age of seventy-nine.) "He was very shrewd. He knew the market and he was a good scholar. He always carried a five-by-eight card in his pocket and when somebody mentioned something he didn't know, he'd jot it down on the card and look it up."

I asked Mr. Guille how Mr. Clark had happened to settle on Williamstown. "Well, he had about five reasons," Mr. Guille said. "Robert used to say, 'Anyone who bombs Williamstown ought to be court-martialed for wasting ammunition.' He was also aware that America is now on wheels, and he thought there was so much art in metropolitan areas. He also had family who had gone to Williamstown." (Mr. Guille also said that Mr. Clark disapproved of long weekends, but he did not explain how anyone can get to Williamstown from the city except on a long weekend.)

Mr. Guille, whose budget includes no funds for publicity (he wishes it did), is not lonely in his white marble retreat. About 375 or 400 people a day find their way to the Art Institute and a good Sunday will bring nearly 500. He says that there is still a great deal about the collection he doesn't know. "There are boxes and boxes of prints and drawings we haven't even opened yet. I was looking for something in the files the other day and I came on an envelope marked Winslow Homer. I opened it out of curiosity and there were all the preliminary drawings for his painting, 'Undertow.' The next things we're going to hang are Italian primitives. Once all the pictures have been shown we'll start rotating them."

My ignorance about fine silver is such that I haven't even an amateur's right to pass judgment on the silver which is shown in the painting galleries. Mr. Guille says that it is the finest collection ever assembled by an individual and only about 5 per cent of the total collection is on display. "It took two-and-

a-half years to get the cases built for what's now out," he said. "It's the heat of the lights that keeps forcing air out of the cabinets that keeps the silver bright. We leave the lights on all night."

This is in no sense a museum with a static collection. If the director cannot lend, he can sell in order to improve the collection, and he has funds with which to make new acquisitions. (It would be fun to list the pictures in the order in which you'd get rid of them. I would start with a so-called Goya portrait of a woman, then a couple of Winslow Homers painted in his dotage, some salon pictures, and so on.) Mr. Clark was not an adventurous collector; there seem to be no long shots (though there are some interesting rediscoveries of painters now out of fashion; the G r mes, for instance, are beautifully painted pictures, especially one of women doing laundry in a stream, and Troyon, known for his misty landscapes, is quite a figure painter). There are no daring gambles, no running ahead of the pack. Mr. Clark had an eye for quality in some respects, but one can't help but wonder how he could have bought some of the Renoirs, for example, when he had so much better ones. Bargains, perhaps? The impression one gets is of a man bitten by the bug of acquisition rather than of a man consumed by a passion for what he bought.

But don't stay away on that account. You may find no single picture which makes you want to say, "That is the most wonderful Corot (or whatever) I've ever seen" (as one occasionally does in Stephen C. Clark's still private collection in New York; Stephen is Robert's youngest brother), but you will be impressed by the shower of gold which has fallen on the northern Berkshires. It shouldn't take you more than three hours from Boston to Williamstown by the new Massachusetts Turnpike, or more than four-and-a-half hours from New York by the Thruway to Albany and across country: Williamstown, incidentally, is now ringed with motels. Admission to the Art Institute, which is open every day but Monday, is free, and so is all the lovely landscape (especially in the autumn) that surrounds it.

—Mr. Harper

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Postrevolutionary Figures

DWIGHT Macdonald is not very well known as a political writer; in fact, until his fairly recent profiles and reviews for the *New Yorker* and his book on the Ford Foundation he was probably not very well known as a writer of any kind. The reasons for his lack of popular reputation are not difficult to guess. His earlier work appeared in magazines of limited circulation and distinctly highbrow readership, much of it in his own one-man magazine, *Politics*, an always lively and often brilliant venture now defunct. More important, for most of his career he has occupied a highly unpopular political position, and until the middle 'forties a good deal of his energy went into internecine intellectual warfare among left-wing splinter groups, a kind of activity that is likely to strike a reader only moderately addicted to politics as a debate about how many angels can dance on the end of Karl Marx's beard, which it often was.

Yet there are not many contemporary American political journalists who could assemble a bunch of their old articles in a book as consistently vigorous and entertaining and enlightening as Macdonald's new collection, *The Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.75). Most of the pieces in the book were written as comments on passing events during the second world war and soon thereafter, when Macdonald was a pacifist and "libertarian socialist" (i.e., an anti-Stalinist Marxist). Now he has given up both pacifism and socialism; as he explains in a fine autobiographical introduction, his present political views are not very different from anybody else's, and consequently he is no longer much interested in politics. But in spite of their abandoned ideological platform and the retreat into the past of the specific events that provided their occasions, Macdonald's essays are still very much worth reading.

The reason for their continued vitality lies in Macdonald's concern with style. He is a fine writer himself, with wit and point and color, and a general verbal cleanliness and suppleness that

are the more remarkable in view of his long exposure to the tattle-tale gray and lumpy turgidities of Marxist rhetoric. But style is not only Macdonald's gift; it has also been, beneath the various sectarian political labels he has worn, his commitment. This is most obvious in his occasional pieces on writers for whom he has political sympathy and literary antipathy; he never lets his sympathy dull the edge of his criticism, and never disguises the fact that where there is bad writing he suspects that there is bad politics too.

He is particularly adroit in locating the flabbiness in liberal-progressive writing. An example is the funny and penetrating brief essay written in 1947 analyzing Henry Wallace's prose. "Wallaceland is the mental habitat of Henry Wallace plus a few hundred thousand readers of the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and *PM*," Macdonald begins. "It is a region of perpetual fogs, caused by the warm winds of the liberal Gulf Stream coming in contact with the Soviet glaciers. Its natives speak 'Wallese,' a debased provincial dialect . . . as rigidly formalized as Mandarin Chinese." And he goes on to show what Wallace's stereotyped, repetitious, unspecific language with its clutter of dead imagery reveals about the man and the program he once advocated.

In an era in which we have been repeatedly assured that it is deeds not words that count in politics, Macdonald's concern with style may seem trifling, the dilettantism of a literary critic who through some mistake set to work on the wrong texts. Yet the fundamental problem of style, the problem of establishing the relationship between means and ends, is by no means an insignificant problem in politics, and it is Macdonald's conviction that there must be a harmony between means and ends that defines his moral, political, and literary outlook and provides the unity of his book. "I have maintained," he said in an article written in 1945 when his affair with the Socialist Workers party was coming to an end, "that the question of



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party organization and party democracy is as important as that of program."

This is a succinct statement of Macdonald's position. Just as modern critics argue that you cannot separate the form from the content or the idea from the expression in a piece of writing, he argues that the how and the what of political action cannot be morally separated. This does not mean that political action is impossible, of course, any more than it means that writing is impossible, but it does mean that responsibility extends as far as action itself extends, contrary to the revolutionist's easy self-excusing principle that you cannot make a cake without breaking a few eggs. Oddly enough, in one of the few essays in the book dealing with an explicitly literary subject, a defense of the committee that gave the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound, Macdonald praises the committee for judging Pound as a poet apart from all his other activities, whereas in a long discussion of the responsibility for the atomic bomb he refuses to judge atomic scientists as scientists apart from their general human responsibility. The two views may be reconcilable, but they are not reconciled.

It is a pity that Macdonald has stopped writing about politics, if for no other reason than that he is at his best on that subject. Perhaps the weakest piece in his book is a recent essay on Dorothy Day, the remarkable woman who publishes the *Catholic Worker* and runs a group of hostels for the down-and-out. This is certainly a pleasant enough account to read, but at the end one realizes that Macdonald has not shown Miss Day the courtesy he showed even to hacks in his old Socialist days: he has not taken her seriously. He treats her as an amusing eccentric without considering whether she might be right.

Macdonald says that he has given up political writing because politics becomes tedious when you have more or less the same ideas on the subject as your neighbors have: "The prodigal son must have found home life, once the fatted calf was eaten, as boring as ever." But a postrevolutionary period like the present, when the big gaudy ideas for remaking society have failed and actual political choices often seem to lie between almost indistinguishable shades of gray, is exactly the time when political writing becomes most difficult, and the experience and verve and moral alertness of a man like Macdonald would be most valuable.

THE YOUNG MEN

IT IS curious to turn from *The Memoirs of a Revolutionist* to the books of two younger writers who have come to adulthood in the postrevolutionary era—**Look Back in Anger** (Criterion, \$2.75), a play by the young English

playwright John Osborne, and **On the Road** (Viking, \$3.95), a novel (or quite possibly a piece of fictionalized autobiography) by a young American named Jack Kerouac.

Both these writers are the sort of young men who if they had belonged to Macdonald's generation might very well have been mixed up in left-wing political ideologies as he was, for both are in revolt against conventional middle-class life and accepted ways of doing things. But in fact neither writer shows any direct interest in politics or in general ideas of any kind. When Kerouac's hero reads a newspaper item about politics he turns the words into nonsense syllables, and in a central speech Osborne's hero disposes of political action: "I suppose people of our generation aren't able to die for good causes any longer. We had all that done for us, in the 'thirties and 'forties, when we were still kids. There aren't any good, brave causes left. If the big bang comes, and we all get killed off, it won't be in aid of the old-fashioned, grand design. It'll just be for the Brave New-nothing-very-much-thank-you. About as pointless and inglorious as stepping in front of a bus."

The revolt of these young men is away from ideas and causes, away from the general and abstract, and toward whatever is direct, immediate, and personal in experience: love, friendship, jazz. They have not the faintest trace of what used to be called social consciousness. They accept confusion, create it, and revel in it, as long as their feelings are getting through. "I want to be like him," Kerouac's hero says of another character. "He's never hung-up, he goes every direction, he lets it all out. . . . Man, he's the end!" And Osborne's hero near the close of the play says to his estranged wife, "I may be a lost cause, but I thought if you loved me, it needn't matter."

The two books make much the same point, but they make it in ways diametrically opposed. Osborne's play is about one Jimmy Porter, a disagreeable young man who is constantly angry, and the problem is what he is so angry about. The playwright makes certain timid and unsuccessful attempts to motivate his anger, and in England, where the play has had a sensational success on the stage, it has been seen as (among other things) a protest against the boredom of the welfare state. A reader trained in such matters might also see in Jimmy's anger a trace of paranoia. But to look at it as charitably as possible, it is something like the anger of a young William Blake or D. H. Lawrence, a general sense of outrage that something as potentially wonderful as life should be so encrusted and trammelled and wasted by irrelevancies.

The difference is that Blake and Lawrence were geniuses, and Jimmy Porter by the time the play is over is something of a bore. His flow of

The man who reads dictionaries

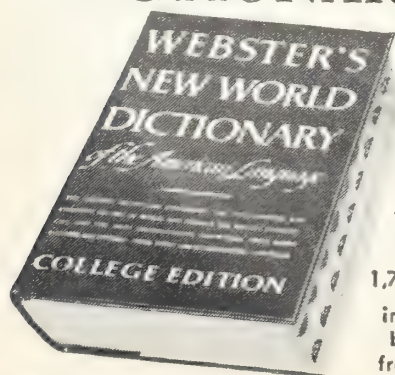


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words masks from himself his own emptiness and passiveness. That does not make him an uninteresting specimen of humanity, but it does make it difficult to take him at his own evaluation, as Osborne does. Jimmy certainly has comic and pathetic and criminal possibilities, but whether he has heroic possibilities is another question. You can imagine him as small-town clerk or student in Chekhov, who makes a career out of noisily complaining about the dullness of provincial life and would have to split his throat if he really got a chance to go to Paris. Or you can imagine him as a perpetually wrathful drunk in a play by Sean O'Casey, whose gift of ill-natured gab is always good for a laugh at the neighborhood bar. Or you can imagine him as a ready recruit for a fascist gang, too passive to provide his own excitement and too bored and angry to turn down any offer of violence that comes along.

Look Back in Anger is curiously constructed, as any play has to be if it is dominated by an essentially passive character. Jimmy Porter's part consists of a long outraged soliloquy (a remarkable feat of writing) while the action runs along more or less irrelevantly beside it. His wife leaves, another woman who is a friend of hers moves in with him, his wife returns, the other woman moves out—that is the story; all the action arises from decisions made by the other characters, while Jimmy goes on talking.

For such a character to be a hero he must be like a rock that the waves buffet but cannot move; Jimmy Porter is more like a buoy, with no solid base and no object except to make a constant unpleasant noise as a warning that under the surface there is something dangerous.

THE young men and women who populate Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* itch in about the same place as Jimmy Porter, but the difference between him and them is that where they itch they scratch. There is nothing passive about them; they are out to live it up, and they do. By any conventional moral standard they are a bad lot—a bunch of overage juvenile delinquents who steal, take

drugs, sleep around, and use language that they never learned reading valentines. Their adventures are too hectic, distraught, or, to use their own favorite word "crazy," make a story: they drive cars (not always their own) or hitchhike or take buses across the country, go on wild parties, have brief tempestuous love affairs, occasionally even work when all else fails.

Yet they are really religious mystics of a sort, admittedly an odd sort. They believe that "life is here and every moment is precious," and they are trying, through the extremes of sensation (sex, drugs, jazz) to find union with something beyond sensation, which they designate simply as IT ("Man, you're ready with it"). They have something in common with some of the weird religious cults of nineteenth-century America: they want to howl, fight, and tear the place apart to the glory of life—Holy Rollers with hot cars and Benzedrine. They are hard and soft at the same time; a typical term of praise in Kerouac's vocabulary would be "a sweet and loyal guy."

Home-made mysticism has produced a lot of bad writing, and Kerouac's book has most of the characteristic faults. In places it is pretentious and sentimental, and it has its share of crackpottery and wordiness. Kerouac is capable of writing phrases like "the potent and incommunicable mind essences shining bright Mind Essence," which may or may not mean something. He is a long-winded and terribly earnest; his book and Osborne's play together suggest that whatever else the present younger generation may be strong in, its sense of humor is feeble indeed.

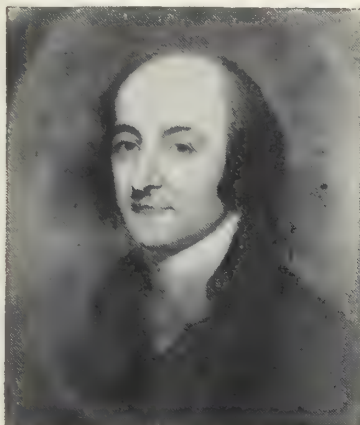
Yet *On the Road* has a good deal more to say than the 297th novel about a vice president who wants to be a president or the 410th novel about decadence on the old plantation. There is vigor in the book and a wide-openness to experience that keeps it alive. It is not recommended to the squeamish, except to those who are given to deploring conformity in American life; they deserve what they will get.

Incidentally, Kerouac is represented by a not very good sketch in a short story in *San Francisco See*

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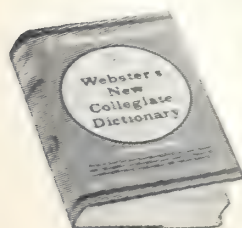
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(Grove, \$1), a recent paperbound collection of work by experimental writers most of whom live in or around San Francisco. This is an assortment of prose and verse, uneven in quality but good enough to interest anyone who likes to read work by new writers. It contains "Howl," a poem by Allen Ginsberg that may be *The Waste Land* of the younger generation.

PUZZLED WINNER

WOMEN, too, are postrevolutionary figures. They have won their fight for emancipation, probably the greatest social revolution of the twentieth century, but they seem to have found the fruits of victory a little more acid than they had expected, at least if we may believe a series of recent books on their sad plight. The latest of such books is *Women, and Sometimes Men* (Knopf, \$3.50), by Florida Scott-Maxwell, a 74-year-old American-born Jungian psychiatrist who had lived most of her adult life in England.

What Mrs. Scott-Maxwell is primarily interested in is the loss of sexual definition in women and its possible consequences for both sexes. Her evidence for such a loss she draws mainly from two situations. One is perfectly well known: it is simply that women now can make their own livings and do the work of men, or (in Mrs. Scott-Maxwell's more sophisticated terminology) they can now live the masculine side of their own natures and do not need men to do it for them.

The other situation Mrs. Scott-Maxwell explores is less familiar. She believes that we have gone through a process she calls "the feminization of society," as a result of which society has taken into itself functions and characteristics traditionally associated with women. Society, under the welfare state, takes care of the sick and aged and looks out for the needs of children, once the province of women; and the characteristics that are socially approved are characteristics usually considered feminine. We emphasize personal relations, for instance, getting along with and being liked by other people, and tend to disapprove of traditionally masculine character-

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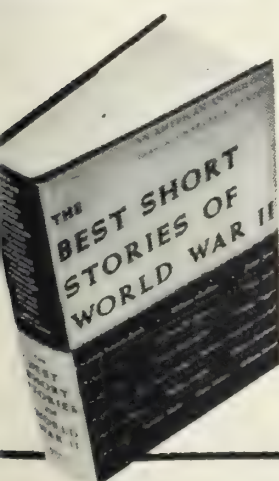
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istics like aggression. We tend to shun the divisiveness of ideas and to cultivate the feelings that unite. (Macdonald, in Mrs. Scott-Maxwell's terms, would be a masculine writer, with his incisive wit and intellectual approach to problems, but the younger writers just discussed, with their emphasis on feeling, would illustrate the "feminization of society." But these writers are too apt to Mrs. Scott-Maxwell's theory; many earlier writers—Charles Dickens, for example—have advocated in their works values that she would call feminine.)

It is not very clear just what Mrs. Scott-Maxwell would have women do to regain their sexual definition; apparently she believes that the most they can do is to understand what has happened to them and learn to live with it. Probably the only alternative open to women is the emancipation of men, which they would never tolerate.

Mrs. Scott-Maxwell is herself a very feminine writer. She starts on a subject, drops it, goes back to it. Sometimes she writes Jungian dark sayings, very oracular in tone and, like most oracular utterances, not very clear in meaning. Sometimes she makes observations so obvious that it is hard to believe that anyone would go to the trouble to write them down. She has a disagreeable way of nudging the reader with rhetorical questions. But just when you decide that she will never get on with it she says something very intelligent, very shrewd, very wise. Her book is probably intended chiefly for a female audience, but it never does any harm to know what they are plotting in the other camp.

STAR AND CRESCENT

NOT all the world has entered into a postrevolutionary period, and in **Islam Inflamed** (Pantheon, \$5) James Morris portrays a large region where revolution is either too recent to have lost its glamor, as in Egypt, or still an ambiguous promise for tomorrow, as in much of the rest of the Mohammedan Middle East. Within the large and varied territory that stretches from Egypt to Iran there are still plenty of young men who believe in grand designs for remaking society, and there are

still women kept in such strict purdah that they are not even permitted to go up on the roof to see the view (no loss of sexual definition for them).

Morris has spent many years in the Middle East as correspondent for the *London Times* and *Manchester Guardian*, and he was on Sinai during the fighting over Suez. His book is primarily an attempt to explain the Arab background of the crisis, though fortunately he does not limit himself to the problems of the moment but ranges over all aspects of Middle Eastern life. He is a wonderful travel writer, full of arresting information, with a sharp eye and a quick wit. On almost every page he shows a gift for phrase, and when he speaks of Lebanon as "an oasis of gifted commercialism set in a desert of power politics," or recalls the former owners of the Crescent Hotel who used to describe the hostelry "with telling ambiguity 'the only one of its kind in Aden,'" or recalls that the ruler of Bahrain, Sheikh Sir Salman ibn Haman al-Khalifa, was "once unkindly (but accurately) likened . . . to Miss El Maxwell in fancy dress," or remembers the Sudanese Cabinet Minister who said that the duty of the press was "to produce thrilling, attractive and good news, coinciding where possible with the truth."

Morris covers Communism, Nasser, Americans, and the rest of the mixed blessings that have come to the Middle East in recent years. He goes from country to country sketching the atmosphere and aspirations of each, whether it is "the shadowy territory of Qishn," which is "practically unknown, all but uninhabited, subject to a testy Sultan called Isa bin Ali bin Afrur of Haibu, and has no kind of administration whatever," or Iraq with its bad dream of using its oil millions to build an advanced modern society in the ancient river valleys.

Islam Inflamed is considerably less violent than its title suggests; in fact it is rather leisurely, and altogether delightful. It is a fine introduction to the region it describes, the perfect book for the reader who has some trouble in telling the Sultan of Morocco from the Imam of Oman, or even for one who has never been quite sure that Iraq is not a misprint.



The Swivel Chair

Eighty-seven years of the past century are reflected in the biography of a man who has had a profound effect on the course of economic and political policy in America. In **Mr. Baruch** by **Margaret Coit** (\$6.95) the man dominates the myth. Few biographers have had such a wealth of paradox to weigh. Even the myth, simplified by the chiaroscuro of publicity, is enigmatic.

A capitalistic financier consulted by the Soviet Union, a patriot who has influenced the governments of Europe, the accumulator of a great fortune who has given freely of his time and his money, the state rights Democrat who has planned and managed great concentrations of power in the federal government, the loyal son of South Carolina who is a Wall Street legend, the adviser to seven Presidents who has made his reputation as a park-bencher — this is the figure in history. To assess the man Margaret Coit has spent six years of research in the voluminous Baruch papers, supplemented by extensive conversations with Mr. Baruch, his acquaintances and friends. This is not authorized biography, it is not that private image of a man as he sees himself — it is, however, magnificent portraiture of one man and his America by a writer who began her career by winning a Pulitzer prize. **Mr. Baruch** was originally announced for August 20. It has been made a reserve selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and is now planned for publication on November 21.



And politics in America has inspired a lot of honest, toughminded fiction. In **James Reichley's The Burying of Kingsmith** (\$4.50) a young novelist makes a brilliant debut in a story of the private bids for public power in a Pennsylvania town. Under the cover of the pretentious funeral for a young mayor, the slick and rapacious struggle for control takes shape. Long before publication the distinction of this novel was reflected in the reaction of advance readers: —

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THE NEW BOOKS

Iran (which Morris helpfully calls Persia); for Morris has the ability not only to give individuality to the leaders and lands he deals with but also to make them seem worth remembering. Yet *Islam Inflamed* is no primer; a reader would have to be very learned not to profit from it and very jaded not to feel its charm.

FICTION, MOSTLY LIGHT

MOST of the new novels that have come this way in recent weeks do not require the heavy artillery of criticism, though some of them are at least moderately amusing. Leonard Drohan's *Come with Me to Macedonia* (Knopf, \$3.95), for example, is an entertaining comedy about bureaucracy. The leading character is a young government worker who has mastered the art of staying out of trouble to the point where he can expect the rest of his life to be a painless progress to retirement. Then, under the influence of a beautiful new secretary who convinces him that he is a prisoner of apathy with nothing to lose but his red tape, he becomes bold, imaginative, decisive—and a notorious troublemaker. The best things in the book are the portraits of various bureaucratic types, both civilian and military; the poorest thing is the "love story," which a judicious reader can skip.

MAX SHULMAN is the Mack Sennett of the novel: he proceeds on the principle that if you have enough pretty girls, clowns, pratfalls, and exploding cigars in a book, and keep everything moving fast enough, the reader will not have a chance to be bored. His latest effort, *Rally Round the Flag, Boys!* (Doubleday, \$3.50), does not disprove his theory. This is the story of what happens to a Connecticut commuters' town when it becomes a guided-missiles site and the servicemen move in. The book is farce at its crudest and broadest, written in a wise-cracking prose that is sometimes flat and/or vulgar but often genuinely funny.

WALTER MACKEN'S *Sullivan* (Macmillan, \$3.95) is the story of a poor boy from an Irish slum who wants to be an actor. As

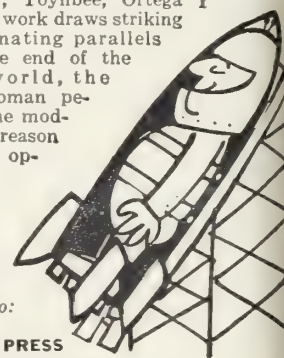
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THE NEW BOOKS

e grows up he performs in local amateur theatricals and a provincial mad company, then he moves on to Dublin and London, and finally he achieves success in New York. But health and fame, alas, go to Sullivan's head, and soon he is neglecting his faithful friend who has stood by him in every adversity since boyhood; he even begins to forget his sweet little wife who has had to stay back home in Ireland to take care of her poor old grandfather. When he is just about to take a fatal misstep with the actress who plays opposite him, his friend makes the final sacrifice of getting himself shot. When the shock of it recalls Sullivan from base temptation to his true nature, his wife is flown in from Ireland by chartered *deus ex machina*, and they are reunited finally at the bedside of the wounded friend.

Any resemblance between the characters or events of this book and reality is largely coincidental.

N The Weather of February (Harper, \$3.50) Hollis Summers has produced a slight but civilized novel. It is presented in the form of a memoir written by a woman of forty who is laid up with a broken pelvis in Mexico. To while away the time she sets down what she remembers of her parents and girlhood in a Kentucky parsonage, her days at college, and her short-lived marriage to an instructor there, her second marriage to a prosperous but otherwise unattractive banker, and various incidental adventures. She is an amiable creature, with considerable humor and insight and a pleasantly practical approach to the people and problems that have come her way. Although *The Weather of February* owes the influence of Joyce Cary and suffers by comparison with *Her Self Surprised*, it has its own quality and freshness.

HERE is some doubt whether Evelyn Waugh's new book, *The Ideal of Gilbert Pinfold* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) is a novel or not. The dust jacket says it is, the title page calls it "a conversation piece," and a prefatory note declares that it is a piece of autobiography. But no one need be kept from reading the book by this confusion about its genre, for

Books to remember

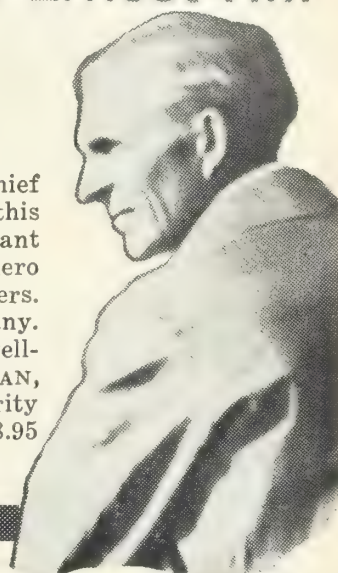
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THE NEW BOOKS

there are much better reasons for refraining.

Waugh starts off with a chapter called "Portrait of the Artist in Middle Age," a very elegantly written and not notably unflattering account of himself (under the name of Gilbert Pinfold) and how he normally lives and works. Then he tells how Pinfold suffered a collapse and decided to go abroad for his health, and most of the book is the story of what happened to him on his travels. Because of unwise medication and possibly other circumstances, the traveler soon begins to suffer hallucinations of a most unpleasant sort—his fellow-passengers call him horrible names, keep him awake with hideous music, and plot against his comfort and even his life in a variety of ways. Finally he has to return to England, and there his hallucinations stop.

Waugh apparently finds no meaning whatever in the experience described, and the reader unfamiliar with the murkier recesses of abnormal psychology is no better off, though he may have his dark suspicions. Waugh tells it all in a sprightly way, as if it could not fail to please, but the whole thing is too nasty, too long-drawn-out, and too pointless to be a joke, and too denatured to be anything else.

SINCE several of the chapters have been published in national magazines and other advance publicity has been copious, it is hardly necessary to review *The King Ranch* by Tom Lea and others (Little, Brown, two volumes boxed, \$17.50) except to say that it is pretty much as advertised.

It is all extremely Texan. Physically the two volumes are big and handsome and open-faced, with lavish use of color in the printing and many excellent illustrations and maps by Tom Lea. His text is uncritical, full of the pride of accomplishment, and very engaging, even when he is handing out words of praise to innumerable faithful employees at the end of the second volume. And, as if to include all that money can buy, there are extensive scholarly notes and about twenty appendixes by specialists on all kinds of subjects related to ranching in South Texas, from early Spanish and

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mexican land grants to oil development.

The King Ranch is the General Motors of American agriculture, or perhaps it would be more accurate to liken it to Ford, since control of the enormous enterprise (nearly a million acres in Texas, now augmented by holdings in Kentucky, Alabama, and elsewhere) has been strictly a family affair. It was started by Richard King, a New York apprentice who ran away to sea as a boy and laid the foundation of his fortune as a captain on the South Texas rivers during the Mexican era. Now it is in the hands of King's descendants through his daughter Alice and her husband Robert J. Kleberg, who managed the ranch during the long widowhood of Mrs. Richard King.

Although statistics show that there are a good many large agricultural enterprises in America, they are not very well known to the public, certainly far less well known than business and industrial enterprises. There might be sufficient interest to support other works of this sort. Perhaps they would be improved in these respects by greater independence—*The King Ranch* is obviously "official" history, solicitous of the feelings of the family—but it automatically calls attention to an aspect of American life heretofore little known.

BOOKS *in brief*

THERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Night of the Good Children, Marjorie Carleton.

A splendid cat-and-mouse kidnapping novel-of-suspense in which the reader is let in on the kidnapper's intentions and is forced to hold his breath through scene after scene in which kidnaper and victim are constantly together. *Will he be left alone with that baby?* The teen-age babysitters are credible, and the kidnaper quite a character, too—occasionally too much so, but one swallows all disbelief and pants happily



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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The Blue Cup and Other Stories, by B. J. Chute.

I didn't read Miss Chute's best-selling *Greenwillow*, but discovering the combination of humanity and humor in this collection of short stories I can see now what all the excitement is about. I recommend particularly the title story and also "Birthday Gift," "The Jukebox and the Kallikaks," and "The Rookie Cop."

Dutton, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

Cast Off the Darkness, by Peter Putnam.

At twenty Peter Putnam had everything. He was a sophomore at Princeton; he was bright and talented; he made the club of his choice; he had lots of friends. He was part of a gay and affectionate family and he'd never known a money problem. Yet somewhere from inside a fatal loneliness began to build. Bit by bit he withdrew from the real world. And then over house-party weekend, in May 1941, he went home and put a bullet through his head. Miraculously it didn't kill him, but it blinded him for life—a life which from that instant has become infinitely precious to him. This is his story. It tells of coming back to life; of his experience with Seeing Eye and his wonderful dog, Minnie; of going back to graduate from Princeton; of his marriage; of learning to ski; of taking his M.A. and then his Ph.D.; of writing books; of his three children; of teaching; and most especially of his courageous, compassionate wife, so richly endowed with humor—Durinda. It is a moving and inspiring story all through and it is told with both literary and personal taste and restraint, yet with plenty of emotion. One interesting fact is that no psychiatrist ever walks into the story, except for one brief moment right after the "accident." . . . If one had to choose the most impressive section it is probably that in which he describes his feelings when for no overt reason the world kept sliding away from him, or as he puts it, when he was sliding irrevocably toward the abyss. It is terrifying and

believable. All in all this is a document of human courage and honesty with real literary quality.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95

N.A.1 Looking North: From the Canadian Border to Circle, Alaska.
N.A.1 Looking South: From the Mexican Border to Costa Rica, by George R. Stewart. Maps by Erwin Raisz.

Anyone who read Mr. Stewart's *U.S. 40* will find himself at home in the format of these two remarkable books about the North-South Continental Highway. They are of comfortable size (not big and heavy), profusely and imaginatively illustrated with photographs on which the text is based. And the text is lively and perceptive as one would expect of someone as interested in people, nature, and atmospheres as the author of *Storm*. The books include detailed information about road conditions; a lot of history; word about the nature of accommodations (though no specific listing of hotels); advice as to what to take along, etc. They are a delight for the stay-at-home, indispensable for anyone planning to travel the Highway. Houghton Mifflin, \$5.50.

Life Photographers: Their Careers and Favorite Pictures, written and edited by Stanley Rayfield.

The title says just about as much as words can as to what this book is about. The sense of drama, amusement, adventure, horror, delight comes from the pictures themselves. Each photographer (forty of them) is given a double spread which includes photographs chosen by the subject, and a biographical sketch. And at the end is tucked away another double-spread, a remarkably succinct two pages, with photographs "On Technique." Rewarding for layman, amateur photographer, and professional.

Doubleday, \$5

Three very different, very satisfying books of personal essays are now in the bookstores:

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

scientific writing will want this book. Of the thirteen essays which it contains, seven have appeared in this magazine, and it is a delightful collection. The chapters which appeared in the magazine are: The Great Deep, The Snout, The Real Secret of Piltdown (which we called Was Darwin Wrong About the Human Brain?), Man of the Future, Little Men and Flying Saucers, The Bird and the Machine, The Secret Life. Random House, \$3.50

Any Number Can Play, by Clifton Fadiman.

The preface to this collection of pieces (which have nearly all appeared in less complete form in *Holiday*) carries the title of the book. It views the coming Age of Leisure in which "Father Time is sitting expectantly on our hands" not without alarm. He believes it can be an age of perhaps dangerous boredom, unless "any number" learn to take seriously the delights of the mind—the play of the mind as opposed to the play of the muscles. In the subsequent essays he lets his own mind range—for the pleasuring of ours—on a thousand subjects of contemporary interest from privacy, or the lack of it, to eggheads, babies, *Crime and Punishment*, reputations, suburbia, television—you name it, he has it, but alas, not indexed. Mr. Fadiman's prose is his own best argument for the joy to be had at least from the exercising of his mind.

World, \$5

A Commonplace Book, by Charles P. Curtis.

The author of *Lions Under the Throne* has apparently been practicing for a long time what Mr. Fadiman is preaching—if anything so disarming as *Any Number Can Play* can be called "preaching." But Mr. Curtis writes more quietly; what he says seems to remove one from today's turmoil, though it is never irrelevant to it. It takes not only scholarship and wisdom, but humor and especially humility, to do what he has done superbly in this book. He has taken aphorisms and quotations by famous people from Plato to Christ to Shakespeare to Darwin (to name only a few) and gone on to comment on them in brief and charming essays of his own. They

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are thought-provoking and satisfying and just right for picking up to read and putting down to mull over on one's own. One especially rich essay based on a quotation from *Measure for Measure* ponders on the lack of humor in divine beings and sacred works like the Bible; and there are some lovely pages on smiling based on: "When you swear, swear seriously and solemnly, but at the same time with a smile, for a smile is the twin sister of seriousness." Well, see for yourself. And smile. (This collection is superbly indexed.)

Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

FORECAST

Thunder of Impressive Names

There's probably no better way to start looking at the newly scheduled novels than to announce that Viking is issuing in October *How to Read a Novel* by that distinguished novelist and short-story writer, Caroline Gordon. Then we can start anticipating the novels themselves. And what a roll of best-sellerdom it is. Taylor Caldwell's three-generation business chronicle, *The Sound of Thunder*, comes from Doubleday on October 3. On October 18 from Coward-McCann comes Elizabeth Goudge's *The White Witch* (England in the time of Charles I); Ignazio Silone is down on Harper's list for October 16 with *The Secret of Luke*; on October 29 the author of *Forever Amber*, Kathleen Winsor, publishes her latest, *America with Love* (Putnam). In October, too, Robert Ruark who wrote the much discussed *Something of Value* forsakes violence for sentiment in a novel about a Southern boy and his grandfather, *Old Man and the Boy*, from Holt. . . .

For Architects and Others

Frank Lloyd Wright, the grand old man of architecture, is publishing under Horizon's aegis in October his first book in fifteen years, *A Testament*, which "expresses the essence of his eventful life and work." It should be lively reading. On October 14 George Brazillier is presenting *Architecture of Truth; The Cistercian Abbey of Le Thronnet in Provence*. The photographs are by Lucien Hervé; they are arranged with quotations and notes

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 al."

English architecture will be cele-
 rated in several volumes in the next
 months. Revnal & Co. has under-
 y a series, the first two volumes
 which were published in Sep-
 tember, called *Connoisseur Period*
ides. The series is being produced
 h the assistance of England's
 nous review of art and antiques,
Connoisseur Magazine. The Septem-
 er volumes were *Tudor, 1500-1603*
 and *Late Georgian, 1760-1810*. Early
 October *Stuart, 1603-1714* and
 ly *Georgian, 1714-1760* will ap-
 ar; and next spring the final two
 umes, *Regency* and *Early Vic-*
ian will complete the series. To
 along with these in somewhat
 nter vein, one would imagine, is
Side Outside, a history of English
 hitecture and interior decoration
 Osbert Lancaster, complete with
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 om Houghton Mifflin in January.

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 cial note will be several large
 s co-sponsored by the Children's
 ok Council, in Orlando, Florida,
 vember 2-6; in Little Rock,
 Kansas, October 24-November 1;
 Washington, November 17-Decem-
 er 1; Chicago, November 16-24;
 roit, November 8-24; Minne-
 polis, November 3-10; Cleveland,
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 nter, Carnegie Endowment Build-
 ing, in New York, November 16-24.
 is fair will make a special point
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 ntries "from Bemelmans' *Made-*
ie to Hans Brinker" and the enter-
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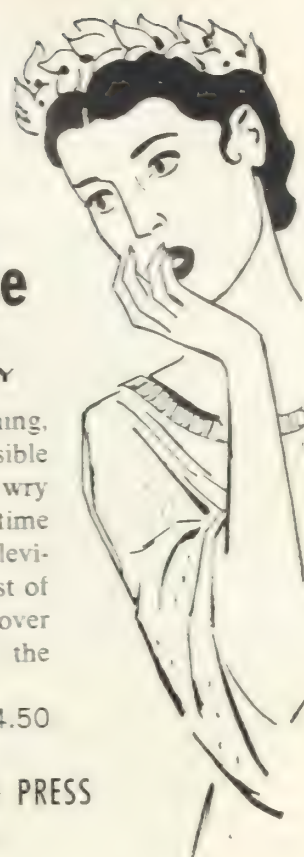
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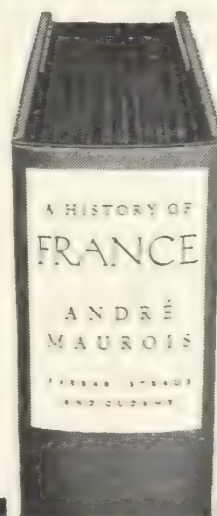
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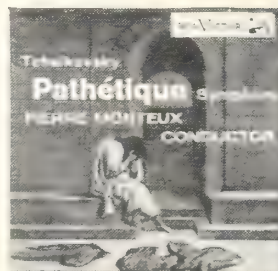


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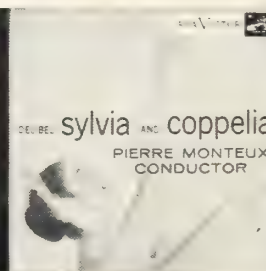
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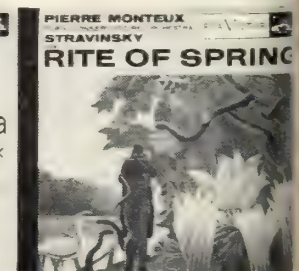
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the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

HI-FI, POPS, AND SAMPLERS

Tchaikowsky: The Nutcracker (excerpts). Boston Pops Orch., Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 2052.

Tchaikowsky: Nutcracker Suite. Chabrier: Espana. Ponchielli: Dance of the Hours. Suppé: Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna (Overture). Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. Columbia ML 5171.

Tastes do change, even in Nutcrackers; the Boston Pops recording, though still officially made up of "excerpts," significantly abandons the long-conventional Suite and fills out two sides with a number of less known portions of the very long full score. Influence of the ballet, no doubt; the complete "Nutcracker" has been revived on the ballet stage with great success these past few years.

Beecham's old-fashioned "pops" selection, with a typical Beecham "innovation" in the Suppé overture, is played so beautifully, so impeccably, with just enough weight to hold it down, with phrasing, clarity, polish beyond belief, that his record lifts itself straight out of the "light" category through sheer virtuosity. Musical virtuosity, that is—not merely brilliance of execution.

Fiedler's longer Nutcracker, by comparison, is thicker, at a higher tension, yet with less precision and more outward brilliance—a hi-fi record, all-out. Big, fat orchestral sound, strings that would shriek if they didn't play so well, close-up microphoning (noticeably

closer than Beecham's) in a huge liveliness (noticeably larger than Beecham's)—in sum, a rather typical American product, as Beecham's is characteristically European.

Symphonic Dances. Hollywood Bowl Symph., Slatkin. Capitol P 8369.

Capitol, mainly on the West Coast, still prefers a slightly drier sound than most other American companies and this record has it to perfection; the strings are more distant than Boston's, more like Beecham's, and they sound the better for it. This pops-style record updates the Beecham type to include such hard-boiled modern items as the now-familiar "Sabre Dance" of Khachaturian and the "Galop" from Kabalevsky's "The Comedians." Slick, accurate playing, outwardly perfect but lacking the inner beauty of phrasing and proportion that Beecham brings to his light items.

The Orchestra—Full Dimensional Sound. Leopold Stokowsky conducting His Symphony Orch. Capitol SAL 8385. (Also in stereo tape.)

Hi-fi demonstration records today merge gracefully into pops and some rather startling novelties are made popular on the persuasive grounds of "fi." Stokowsky's program would have been improbable a few years back without this new excuse—it includes such mod-

ern names as Persichetti, Farber, Barber, and Vaughan-Williams as well as material by Strauss, Dukas, Moussorgsky, and Tchaikowsky—who is the best composer represented.

Stokowsky is still clearly a master technician whenever he is able to hold of an orchestra. ("His" orchestra is surely not the same as that which he conducted for RCA Victor.) The playings have the spit and polish of the Hollywood Bowl renditions, a good deal more in the way of musical tautness and shape. The Tchaikovsky pizzicato scherzo from the Fourth Symphony and the Moussorgsky excerpts from the well known "pictures" are particularly clean and lively.

Recorded sound here is more Stokowsky than Capitol, the orchestra more distant and seemingly engulfed in a huge cavern. The stereo version of the same music, I'd say, is a good deal more successful as sound; it is more intimate, bigger in effect, the "cavern" more noticeable. Perhaps Capitol favored the stereo branch of the company at this recording session.

Hi-Fi Fiedler (Rossini: Wm. Tell. Rimsky-Korsakoff: Coq d'Or Suite. Tchaikowsky: Marche Slave). Boston Pops, Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 2100.

Judging the recorded sound of music as full of subjective pitfalls as any other musical function you can name. On direct comparison, this record has a sound more similar to the Boston Pops' Tchaikovsky above—yet the moment I played it the sound struck me as better. Why?

Because of the earlier comparison with Beecham? Because this actually is a different mike set-up, a different recording session, perhaps better in its results. Because Rimsky-Korsakoff is a better "hi-fi" composer than Tchaikovsky? These are problems of record criticism typical of those to be met today at the turn of the disc; and though a naive critic might snort, they are vital when it comes to judging the effect of any record at all; for if the recorded sound is off-color, the musical effect is impaired, no matter how well the notes are formed.

I'm inclined to credit Rimsky, I think, out of long experience with that fire composer, who probably never owned a phonograph. I'll also credit Mr. Fiedler, who has a unique way with the lighter, more showy classics of bringing out their best musical values while at the same time promoting the entertainment potential to the full. Nobody else quite equaled the Pops team on this score, and "hi-fi" merely adds a new touch to the well-tried Fiedler-Pops approach. Excellent.

You can read all about this record incidentally, in the August *Harper's* ('

WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

K.P.E. Bach: Concerto for Four Viols. Mascera: La Capriola. Gabrieli: Canzone. Tomasini: Suite for Violetta. Ensemble Marius Casadesus. Westminster WVN 18130.

Willem Mengelberg. J. C. Bach: Sinfonia in B Flat. Mozart: Magic Flute Overture. Beethoven: Egmont Overture. Humperdinck: Hansel und Gretel Overture. Saint-Saëns: Rouet d'Omphale. N. Y. Philharmonic, Mengelberg (c. 1928). RCA Camden CAL 347.

Willem Mengelberg. Strauss: Ein Heldenleben. N. Y. Philh., Mengelberg (c. 1928). RCA Camden CAL 337.

Lotte Lehmann Reading German Lyric Poets (texts to German lieder, opera). In German. Caedmon TC 1072.

Daudet-Bizet: L'Arlésienne (Complete in French; spoken words and music). Mary Marquet, Berthe Bovy, Pierre Larquey *et al.* Chorus. Orch. cond. Albert Wolff. London LL 1489/90 (2). Fr.-Engl. text incl.



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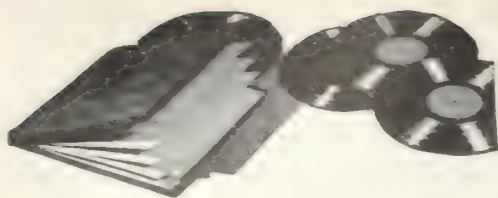
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Marek's Elephant"). The title was a stroke of inspiration on Mr. Marek's part—after too many dreary "So-and-so in Hi-Fi" titles—and the amusing cover picture of a benign Fiedler in impeccable tails surrounded by improbable amplifiers conveys the idea perfectly. Hi-Fi Fiedler will always be a musician first, and the hi-er the better. A very fine record.

Orchestral Masterworks of J. S. Bach (Demonstration Record), Brandenburg Concerto #2; Suite #2; Violin Concerto in E; Air from Suite #3. Chamber Orch. of Vienna State Opera, Prohaska. Vanguard SRV 105.

Again, it is interesting to see what a range of music can be sold under the "fi" banner. Here is Bach himself—for hi-fi demonstration. The tapes are not, if I'm right, brand-new ones but this is unimportant; the latest cutting techniques can bring out new values from older originals. The sound is exactly right for a small orchestra, beautifully clear and well balanced, the Bach performances competent if not overly plastic. There's a lot of music on side 1, but the inner grooves are acceptably clear even so.

De Falla: Nights in the Gardens of Spain. Three Dances from "The Three Cornered Hat." Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve." N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos, Robert Casadesu, pf. Columbia ML 5172.

OK, OK, this is a scintillating performance of hair-curling intensity—and De Falla was a nervous type anyhow. OK, so we in America need super-tense music to match our uneasiness; it's part of our steel-spring lives. I'll go along to a point; you won't find a higher-powered playing of these pieces on records. But, somehow, it all leaves me merely annoyed. Too dramatic, too show-off, insincere. Give me a quiet, atmospheric performance, a bit on the dull side, any day. This one sounds *too* hi-fi. (Which probably means it isn't so hi-fi.)

Finlandia (Sibelius: Finlandia; Swan of Tuonela. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suite #1. Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody). Phila. Orch. Ormandy. Columbia ML 5181.

... On the other hand, here's one that struck me as terrific, both in the fi and the playing. Ormandy is an old hand at revivifying all sorts of well-used material; he is somehow able to give it the bounce and verve that mean freshness without overdoing the attempt and forcing the issue, as many otherwise competent conductors do. From the first brassy chord of "Finlandia" there is

power to spare; even the somewhat of-fashioned Grieg sounds less like a music appreciation number and more like music. Alfven's Rhapsody is a bouncy folk-dancy item with one theme in familiar to every juke-box listener; useful to the sales department.

This is surely one of the finest orchestra recordings to date, which my way of thinking makes it a *real* item.

Unicorn Sampler. UNSR-2.

Music at M.I.T. Series Sampler. Unicorn. UNSR-1.

Pops, hi-fi, and samplers—these are current forms of the potpourri. The two, selling at \$1.98 apiece, give you a lot of the types. The first covers thirty works, the first side, classic—i.e. from Sweelinck to Arthur Sullivan—the second modern, with Bartok, Stravinsky, Ives, Cowell, and so on. Complete editions or acceptable slices; no disc-cutting fade-outs in the middle of things.

The M.I.T. sampler is only a sampler in a special sense; Beethoven's big piano sonata Opus 109 fills one whole side and the other side goes to a complete Handel organ concerto and a modern brass suite by Berezowski. These recordings are included in other Unicorn offerings.

Beethoven was never so cheap, and the exciting Ernst Levy performance is worth \$1.98 of your cash any day. You'll find the sequence of events slightly hard on the ears in the other sampler which wasn't designed for continuous listening, but it will give you on-the-spot ideas for your collection of records. I will samplers of the same type from other companies, already available.

Debussy: La Mer. Ravel: La Valse; Val Nobles et Sentimentales. St. Louis Symphony, Golschmann. Columbia 5155.

Forget any lingering prejudice you may have against such mid-continental as St. Louis! Golschmann, who has been there almost forever, is particularly at home in music of the Russian and French school. These works hum along in excellent style, if not with the blinding intensity of the superb Toscanini versions. Here's hoping the St. Louis orchestra gets along better with Columbia than it did, briefly, with Capitol. Given the right repertory, Golschmann is an able elder statesman of conducting.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 109, 110, 111. Victor Schöler, pf. Capitol P18046.

Brahms: Three Rhapsodies (B. Min., B. Min., E. Flat), Variations and Fugue on

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Theme by Handel, Op. 24, Vienna State Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski.

Schöler is a leading Danish pianist of a middle generation, a pupil of Schnabel. He belongs to the same grand tradition as Schnabel in this smaller repertoire: his playing is four-square (perhaps better described as hammer-curtain and or trip-hammer youthful prodigies now playing) but far from dogmatic or strident—far from the kind of music that has been the staple of the piano technique: he is undoubtedly one of the major pianists for this type of Germanic music.

Schöler is especially at home in the fiery early Brahms variations: the late Brahms Rhapsodies he plays seriously but fluently, in a somewhat staccato manner that does the music no harm at all. (Too many pianists have murkily pedaled their way through this easily-blurred music!)

The Schöler Beethoven is solid, informative, dramatic, healthy, and all in all, a very good example of the piano playing that is a well-informed and sensitive one.

By all means compare his Opus 109 with the splendidly temperamental version by Ernst Levy in the sampler above. There are immense, if utterly different, values in both.

Dvorak: Symphony #2 in D Minor, Op. 70, Vienna Philharmonic, Leopold Stokowski, Dec. 11, 1956.

Dvorak: Symphony #5 ("New World"), Vienna Philharmonic, Kubelik, London 11, 1957.

A fine pair of performances, fresh and full of life—as much so in the time-worn "New World" as in the less over-worked Second Symphony (which, incidentally, is a late and fully mature work, misleadingly numbered). The combination of the great Viennese orchestra and a conductor out of the Bohemian tradition strikes marvelous fire. Chicagoans who had Kubelik briefly with their orchestra may well be sorry he couldn't be made to last longer. In this music, at least—and with a sympathetic orchestra—Rafael Kubelik is in the top rank. Lovely, clear sound, beautifully suited to the music, particularly suitable for the strings.

Beethoven: String Quartet #12, Op. 127, Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, Westm. NAXN 1847.

Schubert: Octet in F, Op. 166, Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet augm. Westm. NAXN 1847.

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

the old 5000 series that began in 1900. These are typical of the Viennese style, in many records of the series, light, leisurely, and romantic, very warm and a bit heavy by our more nervous American standards. The sound is mostly good as new; in the adjustment there is a bit more bass than there should be in the Schubert's double-bass line. Of course, the Beethoven is the more notable performance; the Schubert could hardly do more than it does.

Piano. Pianist. Mendelssohn: Variations, Op. 54. Schumann: Three Romances, Op. 28. Schubert: Sonata in A Major, Op. 164. Boston B303.

Piano. Pianist. Halffter: Homenaje a Machado; Shepherd's Dance; Gypsy Dance. De Falla: Fantasia Baetica. Giner: Consuelo; Orgia. Boston B304.

There is a minor miracle—a pianist of Spanish origin who can play the big romantic German works with as good a result as the music of the Latin countries. In fact, though perhaps because German music here is more important and interesting, the Latin music is moving towards modernized salon-Spanish. (Halffter is Spanish, of a German mother, born in Madrid and now living in Mexico, a student of Falla.)

I recommend the German disc as first choice for its type, with some fine minor romantic music on it as well as the Schubert work. If you like Spanish, you'll enjoy the other one; I found neither thin stuff except for the Falla, which stands out with his characteristic strong, almost bitter expressiveness. The other percussively played.

Record. Vicente Escudero. M. Escudero, guitar, P. Miguel, pf. Columbia B302.

Record. Vicente Escudero is one of those few remaining artists that are fifty-fifty music and voice, neither possible without the other's presence. Old Escudero, incredibly ancient, still dances magically as he sings; you hear both on this record. The soprano, piercingly high voice, the elaborate ornamentations on wavering syllables, are straight out of the older tradition without a trace of the watering-down that alters so much folk music into a more cultured sort of weak tea. Good, the old man, even if you can't hear him. And in his singing you'll find not only the wisdom of ages but strong proof of the theory that all true music has a basic resemblance. The numbers alternate between free and improvised and dance steps and written-down Spanish piano music—Falla, Albeniz, and the like. Even the take on a timeless character!

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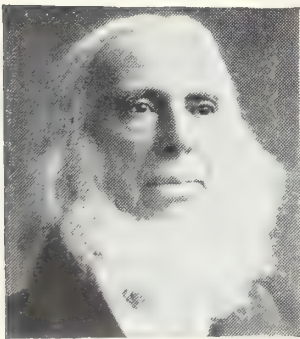
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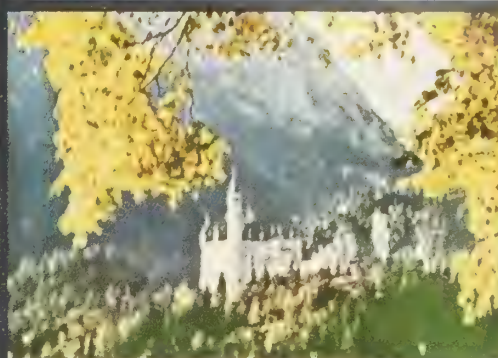
1. ☐ The Amphitheatre, Nimes, France
- ☐ The Colosseum, Rome, Italy
- ☐ Open-air Theater, Epidavros, Greece



2. ☐ St. Mark's Fort, Trogir, Yugoslavia
- ☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
- ☐ Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg



3. ☐ Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal
- ☐ Wembley Stadium, London, England
- ☐ The Hippodrome, Istanbul, Turkey



4. ☐ The Alcazar, Segovia, Spain
- ☐ The Chateau de Walzin, Belgium
- ☐ Neuschwanstein Castle, Germany



5. ☐ St. Moritz, Switzerland
- ☐ Heiligenblut, Austria
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ANSWERS:

1. The Colosseum, Rome, Italy. 2. Castle of Hollenfels, Luxembourg. 3. Bullfight Ring, Lisbon, Portugal. 4. Neuschwanstein Castle, Bavaria, Germany. 5. The village of Heiligenblut, Austria. 6. Egeskov Mansion, Funen, Denmark. 7. The Old City, Stockholm, Sweden.

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THE CIVIL DEFENSE FIASCO

ROBERT MOSES

Inside Samarkand and Other Unlikely Places
John Gunther

What Happened to the Farm Bloc?
Carroll Kilpatrick

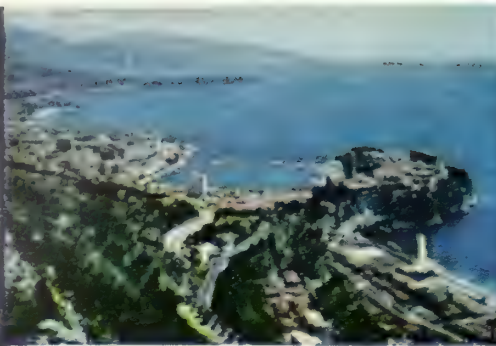
The Huddleston Jazz Band
Rev. Trevor Huddleston

Intelligence Services:
Their Use and Misuse
Harold Nicolson

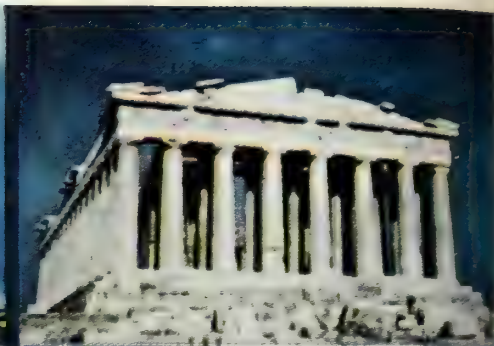




1. ☐ Luxembourg City, Luxembourg
☐ Maria Theresa Street, Innsbruck, Austria
☐ Montmartre Street Scene, Paris, France



2. ☐ Torquay, Devon, England
☐ The Principality of Monaco
☐ View of Estoril, Portugal



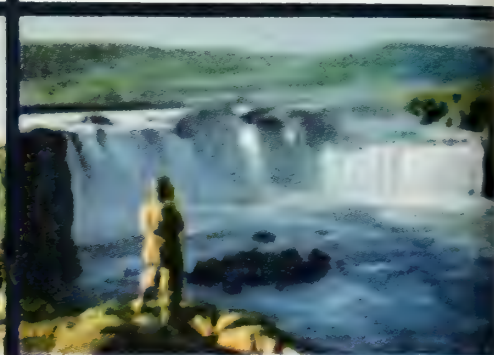
3. ☐ The Parthenon, Athens, Greece
☐ Diocletian's Palace, Split, Yugoslavia
☐ Temple of Concord, Atrigento, Italy



4. ☐ The Castle of Chillon, Switzerland
☐ Dromoland Castle, Co. Clare, Ireland
☐ Frederiksberg Castle, Denmark



5. ☐ Ottoman Fort, Istanbul, Turkey
☐ The Alcazaba, Malaga, Spain
☐ Turku Castle, Turku, Finland



6. ☐ Tannforsen Waterfall, Sweden
☐ Radau Waterfall, Germany
☐ Godafoss Waterfall, Iceland



7. ☐ Hanseatic League Houses, Bergen, Norway
☐ Town Hall, Middleburg, Netherlands
☐ Gothic Guild Houses, Antwerp, Belgium

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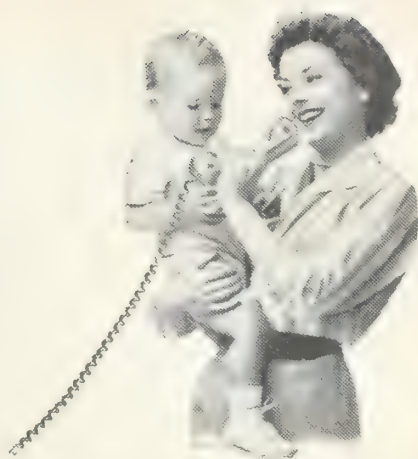
ANSWERS:

1. Montmartre Street Scene, Paris, France. 2. The Principality of Monaco. 3. The Parthenon, Athens, Greece. 4. The Castle of Chillon, Switzerland. 5. The Alcazaba, Malaga, Spain. 6. Godafoss Waterfall, Iceland. 7. Gothic Guild Houses, Antwerp, Belgium.

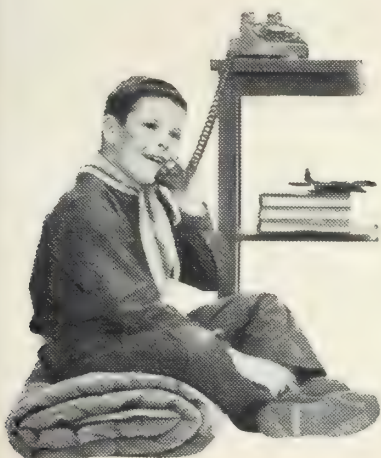
SEVEN AGES OF THE TELEPHONE

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, and all the men and women merely players. . . . And one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first the infant . . . SHAKESPEARE

All through the years, from babyhood on, the telephone is an important, indispensable part of almost everything we do. And as the hands that grasp the telephone grow in size and usefulness, so grows also the usefulness of the telephone.



BABY DAYS At first the telephone is just something that rings. But soon the lusty newcomer is saying "hello, Daddy" all by himself and listening in wide-eyed wonder to the magic of Daddy's voice.



GROWING UP It isn't long before the telephone becomes more than a magical fascination. It begins to be something for doing things. A particular pal to call. And a very necessary part of growing up.



DYNAMIC TEENS Life is now a whirl of activity. So many things to do. Girl talks to girl. And boy talks to girl. And there are two happy hearts when she says, "I'd love to go."



JUST MARRIED Two starry-eyed young people starting a new life together. The telephone, which is so much a part of courtship, is also a big help in all the marriage plans and in getting settled.



EARNING A LIVING The years go by and always there is the responsibility of earning a living. Here again the telephone is a speedy, willing, ever-present helper. It is a part of the daily work and the progress of almost everyone.



RAISING A FAMILY Now the telephone becomes more useful than ever. For how could Mother ever run her household and raise a family without it! Friends, relatives, stores, doctors, conveniences—all are so easy to reach by telephone.



IT'S GRANDMA NOW And now she's holding a grandchild on her lap. The telephone that has served her so faithfully now starts a new era of service. The cycle of life and the seven ages of the telephone begin all over again.

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NOVEMBER 1957



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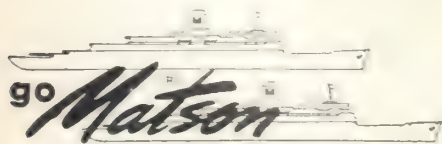
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LETTERS

Cozzens Uncozened

TO THE EDITORS:

I chortled lustily when *Harper's* reached me forty-eight hours in advance of *Time*. Primarily because it afforded the opportunity of having your analysis of Mr. Cozzens' place in our literature ["The Editor's Easy Chair," Sept.] to amplify *Time's* graphic picture into a wider understanding. . . .

I feel [Mr. Cozzens] is now presented in proper perspective—that is, he is to have that rare privilege of general acknowledgment as a truly great writer in his time and as a herald of a better era literarily in this day and days to come.

HERBERT G. KING
Long Beach, Calif.

I admire the Easy Chair piece on Cozzens. But one thing deserves more emphasis in your case, and has been virtually ignored in others: this novel celebrates something (whether it is admitted or not). It celebrates the man of responsibility: always human: possessed by lust, temptation, self-satisfaction, etc., but also possessed by love in the best sense of human affection, friendship (a sense of service, almost), ever-increasing understanding, and responsibility. It is not just a cross-section of life in the guise of a piece of cheese with all the holes apparent: it is a cross-section of life as it is lived by some people whose experience is worth sharing.

EVAN THOMAS
Huntington, N. Y.

Spirit of the Times

TO THE EDITORS:

I guess I rate as a member of the generation that your magazine seems to be most curious about. I am twenty-six years old, a college teacher, raising a family and interested in security and the finer things of life, of which my *Harper's* subscription is one. Probably an Upper-Middlebrow, certainly a would-be member of Egalitaria. My problem is just this: I am getting awfully tired of hearing about myself.

Your recent article by Lovell Thompson ["The Spirit of Our Times," Sept.] was no worse than those which have gone before. It is just too much of a

thing which wasn't very interesting in the first place. Please let me alone for a while; I am not interested in me and if I want to find out what my spirit is, I can serve as my own spirit tester.

I would rather see two short stories or some more of Parkinson's Law than another spirit-of-my-age piece. Pick on somebody of your own generation for a change. . . .

ROGER H. MAR
Wayne State Univ.
Detroit, Mich.

Canada and the Seaway

TO THE EDITORS:

I've just read and reread Marvin Barloon's piece on the [St. Lawrence Seaway [Sept.], and, generally speaking find it admirable. The exception is (and it is understandable) that although he puts his finger on the possible sore spot—the Canadian position—he doesn't outline what it is. In fact he goes clear off the beam momentarily when he says that the present Canadian canals from Ogdensburg Prescott down to Montreal will be "replaced by a twenty-seven foot channel on the United States side of the river," and at least implies that the seven huge locks under construction are all in the U. S. area, whereas only two are, the remainder being Canadian built and in Canadian waters. The United States is, in fact, only interested in about forty miles of the river. The rest is Canada's, clear to the sea.

LESLIE ROBERTS
Montreal, Can.

FCC Pitfall

TO THE EDITORS:

Professor Jaffe's proposal that we provide a more judicial atmosphere about our regulatory agencies ["The Scandal in TV Licensing," Sept.] is certainly a worthwhile ideal. However, one thing which may hinder attainment of this goal is overlooked.

Membership in all these bodies is subject to a standard requirement that no more than a bare majority may be from the same political party. In practice, this has been taken to mean that appointments to these agencies must be nicely balanced between Republicans and Democrats. As a consequence, in all cases the inquiry made as to a nominee's qualifications must include the

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LETTERS

nature of his political affiliation. In all too many cases, this is the only subject of inquiry. . . .

It is time we recognize that a political qualification cannot help to further a non-partisan outlook. We need to have "commissioners" on our regulatory bodies, not Republican and Democratic members.

ERNEST NASH
Arlington, Va.

Obsolescence

TO THE EDITORS:

"How to Tell When You Are Obsolete" [Sept.] reminds me of the old story about the European scientist visiting a spick and span American laboratory. After he had seen all the beautiful rows of shining glassware, the bottles of chemicals, the clean benches, everything in its place, he turned to his host and said: "Now show me where you do your work."

E. J. NEWCOMER
Yakima, Wash.

More Paperbacks

TO THE EDITORS:

I would be remiss in my job if I did not call your attention to an oversight in Harvey Breit's long survey of paperback books in your September issue.

He discusses and lists about twelve major paperback publishers . . . without mentioning Grosset & Dunlap's Universal Library. I understand that among the plethora of "quality" paperback reprints right now such an oversight can occur. However I wish to call to your readers' attention the fact that we now have thirty-two titles in print. . . . Among our outstanding and best-selling titles are Thomas Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*, the two-volume *Shock of Recognition* edited by Edmund Wilson, Homer Smith's *Man and His Gods*, Oscar Handlin's *The Uprooted*, and Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Measure of Man*. . . . Most categories of books are represented: fiction, biography, history, science, humor, poetry, philosophy, and the social sciences. . . .

CHARLES M. ANTIN
Universal Library
New York, N. Y.

Detroit and the Edsel

TO THE EDITORS:

Apropos of the interesting article on "The Edsel and How It Got That Way" [Sept.], I sought out and sat in one the other day, thinking it might bring relief to the increasing number of

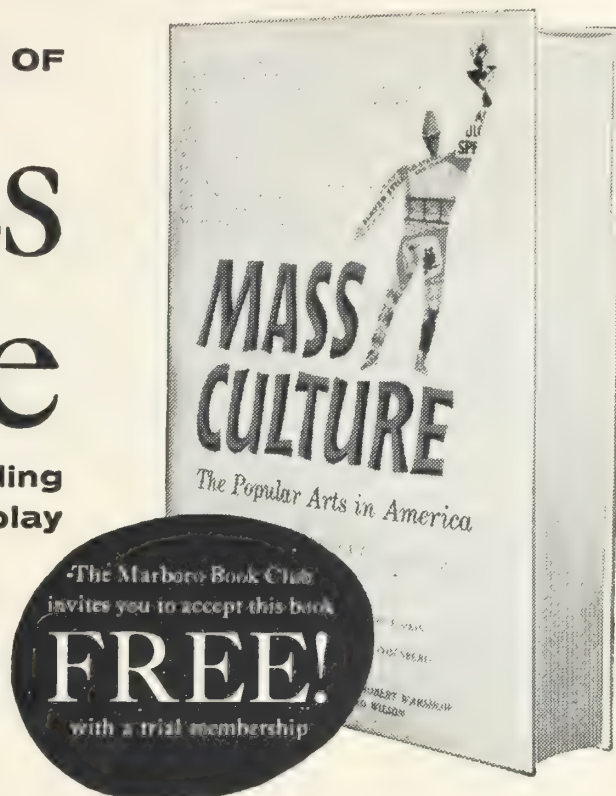
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Never until now has the scholarly world descended upon the "popular" arts with such thoroughness, such diabolical zest, and such remorseless logic. The writers of this book are justly celebrated in the academic sphere (David Reisman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonal, Christopher LaFarge, Clement Greenberg, and Charles J. Rolo are just a few of them). But here their scholarship is directed at some exceedingly down-to-earth questions. *For example:*

L'il Abner Psychoanalyzed

Is L'il Abner's mother over-protective and masculine? (And if so, why did Al Capp name her Pansy?) Why do "naughty" girls in Hollywood films turn out to be "good"? (And why do good girls in French films turn out to be naughty?) Was it just a coincidence that Spillane and McCarthy happened to the same country at the same time?

No aspect of American popular culture is neglected (or spared). The hagiology and demonology of Madison Avenue... the "culture-pill" therapy of the self-help books and the digest magazines... Hollywood's contributions to theology... the rage for "nearly-classical" music... the almost clinical portrayal of advanced schizophrenia in a popular

song called *Paper Doll*... the bizarre "Orwell-esque" implications of *Person to Person* and *This Is Your Life*... these are just a few of the other mass-phenomena studied, diagnosed, and dissected with delightful erudition (and with utterly fascinating results).

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LETTERS

people who are six feet or more tall. But no. I would not give it garage-nor budget-room, for it would not give me headroom. My hatless head scraped the roof.

Now this is not entirely a personal matter, as I am not a freak; merely six feet four inches if I stand up straight. The fact is that all kinds of statistics show that tallness is on the march. Besides, who likes to be a contortionist when getting into one of these 1957-58 cars—you name the make? I guess Detroit knows what it's doing, what will sell. Me, I'm getting a station wagon or whatever you call them these days.

DUDLEY B. MARTIN
Leonia, N. J.

Please tell Mr. Larrabee in relation to his opinion of Detroiters [Sept. issue, p. 70] that possibly there is some relation between the subject of his inquiry and the politeness of Detroiters in making their responses 75 per cent automotive. Actually, some people here are interested in other subjects, such as the Seaway (pp. 29-35, same issue). Not far from here I have heard New York referred to as "a real provincial-type town." It's certain that Detroiters, aware of their French history, know how to spell Grosse Pointe.

DOROTHY TYLER
Detroit, Mich.

Well-taken pointe.—THE EDITORS.

E Pluribus

TO THE EDITORS:

Re Hugh King's article, "E Pluribus Togetherness" [Aug.], maybe the Chinese had a word for it.

Han Suyin in *A Many Splendored Thing* writes of Chinese Communist women sleeping in YWCA cots: "The drums would beat again, and lullaby-soothed, spellbound in togetherness within the night-cradled land . . . we would turn back to sleep."

MRS. LLOYD TAPLING
Washington, D. C.

. . . Just to round out the origins of the word before *McCall's* but after 1656, D. H. Lawrence seems to have thought the word as well as used it. . . .

See *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the Authorized American Edition. In the last paragraph of Chapter 18 it reads: "Perhaps only people who are capable of real togetherness have that look of being alone in the universe," said Connie."

More specifically, in an autobiographical essay . . . he stresses it as a fact of existence among coal miners: "This physical awareness and intimate togetherness was at its strongest down

pit." The italics are Lawrence's. He thought the word a very important and descriptive one.

ED DIECKMANN, JR.
San Diego, Calif.

In "tracing the public origins and antiquity of togetherness" Hugh R. King may have overlooked the following:

Then Almitra spoke again and said,
And what of Marriage, master?
And he answered saying:

You were born together, and together
you shall be forevermore.

You shall be together when the white
wings of death scatter your days.

Aye, you shall be together even in
the silent memory of God.

But let there be spaces in your
togetherness,

And let the winds of heaven dance
between you.

Excerpt from *The Prophet* by Kahlil
Gibran.

HELENE LANSU
Los Angeles, Calif.

It is flattering indeed to have such a scholarly mind as Hugh R. King's, and such an eminent magazine as *Harper's*, apply themselves to our trademark and promotional theme, "Togetherness." . . . But one paragraph may have left an erroneous impression. . . .

While we are somewhat possessive of our rights in and to "Togetherness," we have not objected to so-called descriptive or dictionary uses of the word. What we have and will continue to object to are uses of the word that infringe on our rights to it, or which weaken our advertising and promotional campaign centered around the word. . . .

As our legal friends will tell you, in this country rights in a trademark arise from use and not from registration. "Togetherness" actually is registered by us to have a formal record of our claims. But it is the continuous identification and association with *McCall's*, "The Magazine of Togetherness" as stated on each cover of our magazine, in our advertising and promotion, and even through such articles as yours, which give us a right to regard "Togetherness" as something which cannot be used commercially without our permission. . . .

GEORGE H. ALLEN, Ass't. Pub.
McCall's
New York, N. Y.

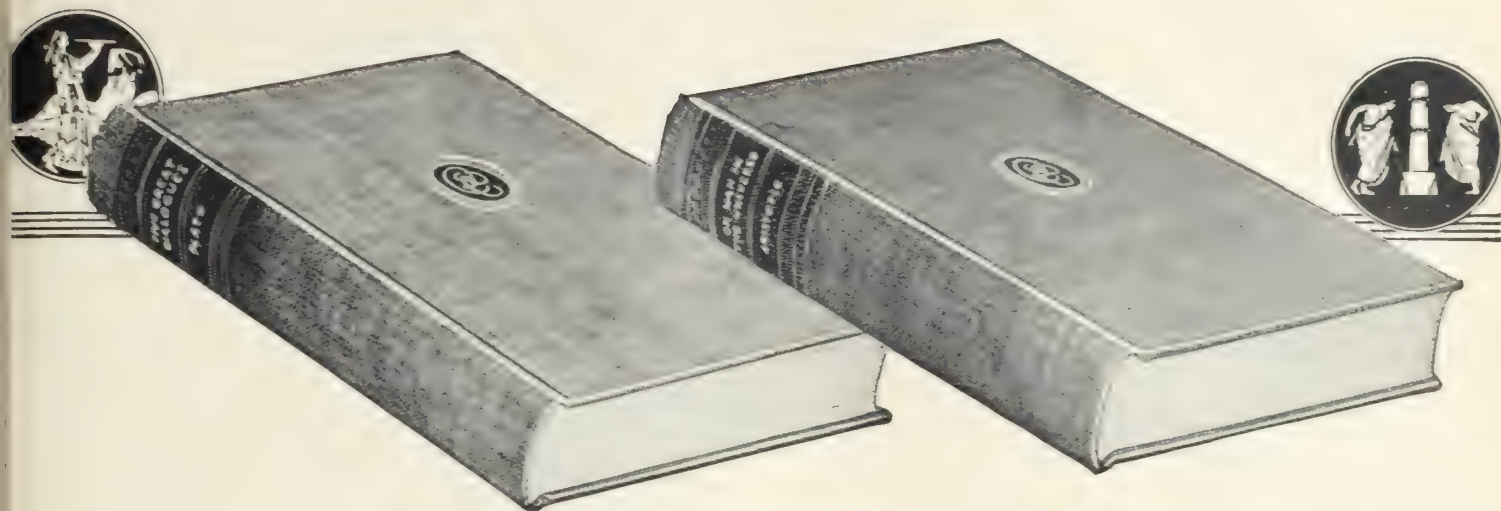
Pampered Youth

TO THE EDITORS:

The article, "Russia's Pampered Youths" [Aug.], impresses me as both fortunate and unfortunate. It is unfortunate because it describes an obviously unstable youth and, because of the title

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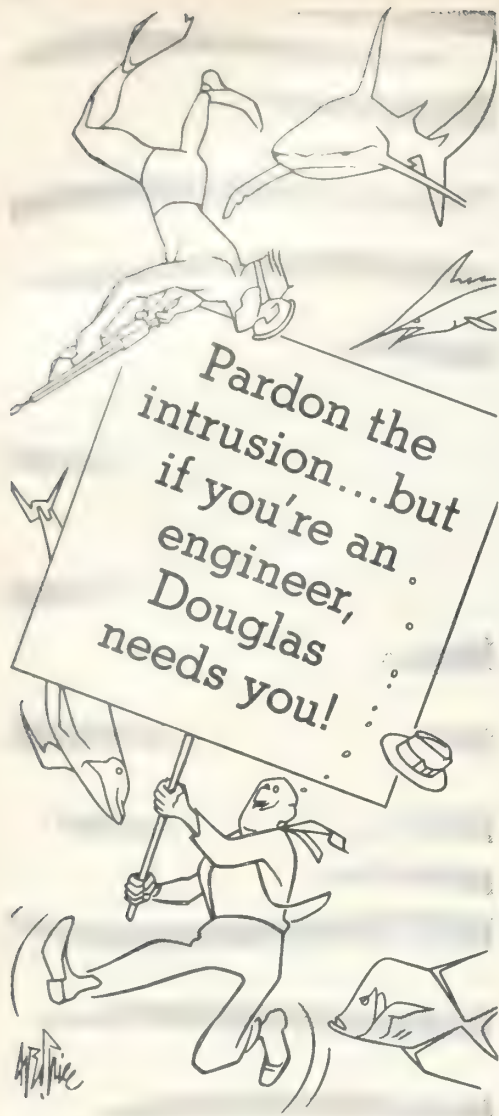
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LETTERS

of the article, insinuates that he is typical of Russian youth. If this was unintentional it seems to me you owe the youth of Russia an apology.

It is fortunate in that it suggests the great need for a greater interchange of ideas between representative young people of the two countries, under circumstances favorable to both. We older people of both the United States and Russia should not pass on our prejudices to the oncoming generation.

ELIZABETH MAJOR DENNY
Fayette, Mo.

We did not intend the title to suggest that Dimka and his friends were typical of Soviet youth today, but merely that, as the lead of the article explains, Russia is having a problem with "pampered youths"—a phenomenon which we felt was worth reporting on. —THE EDITORS

Two Points of View

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with much chagrin your July article, "Tranquilizers and the Mind," by the psychiatrist, Dr. Ian Stevenson. It illustrates the lamentable schism between psychiatry and the rest of medicine. . . .

First, I should say that psychiatrists are antagonistic to tranquilizers; it seems they are subconsciously afraid of competition. . . . The truth is that the chemical therapy and study of the mind are only in their infancy; many greater things are soon to come which will indeed bring a reaction away from current methods of treatment.

Secondly, I think [Dr. Stevenson] is unfair in his criticism of other physicians. Most of the ones I know are critical thinkers who are not overanxious to try the new drugs at the bidding of the drug companies. Ninety per cent of my "beautifully illustrated pamphlets" go in the wastebasket. . . .

Lastly, many physicians use these drugs rarely as "happy pills"; there are several other important indications for them—"morning sickness" of pregnancy, pre-eclampsia, and high blood pressure.

ANDREW F. CAUGHEY, JR., M.D.
Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Stevenson's articles display a remarkable intuitive and formal knowledge of social psychological principles. It is encouraging and gratifying to discover such an appreciation of the role of interpersonal relations in the etiology of mental disorders on the part of a medically trained therapist. . . .

JAMES G. MARTIN
Assoc. Prof. of Sociology
Northern Illinois Univ.
De Kalb, Ill.



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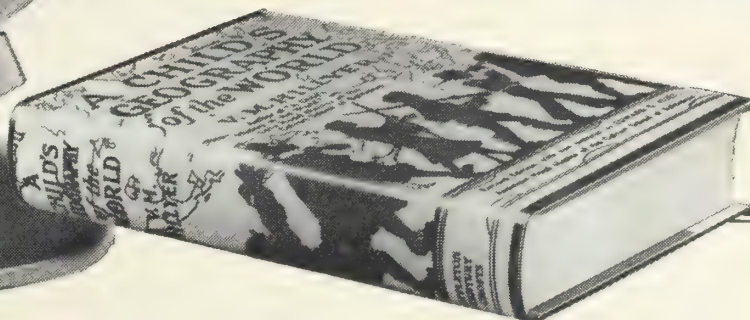


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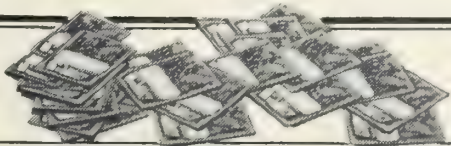
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Intelligence Services: Their Use and Misuse

In this month's guest editorial, one of England's most distinguished diplomatists notes some unromantic facts about "the most boring and dangerous of all human occupations." His many books include Lord Curzon, The Evolution of Diplomatic Method, Good Behaviour, and (just published) Sainte-Beuve.

IT IS unfortunate that we should use the word "diplomacy" to describe the conduct of relations between sovereign states. In ancient days, the word possessed no suspicious associations, being used to describe a special form of passport or waybill which enabled Roman officials to obtain priority of transport at the imperial posting stations along their route. In later years it has become associated in the public mind with such dreadful things as "the old diplomacy" or "secret diplomacy" and is regarded as something furtive, clandestine, and cunning.

I fully agree that bad or amateur diplomacy has often been identified by those who indulge in it with some form of trickery and that those who have slight experience of the art are under the impression that "clever" diplomacy entails the deception of other people and the scoring of smart tricks. The professional diplomatist is trained to regard "clever" diplomacy as a very dangerous illusion and to assume that good diplomacy is akin to sound banking: its main object is the rendering of mutual service and above all the establishment of confidence and credit.

Obviously a large or powerful business firm must maintain constant relations with foreign interests. It must negotiate foreign contracts and agreements, and maintain representatives who can enter into discussion on a high level with corporations in foreign countries, and can keep their home executives informed of the local market tendencies and trading prospects. The functions of a diplomatic representative abroad are not dissimilar. It is his task to "represent" his government, not only maintaining a certain

dignity of status, but also in explaining to foreign officials the requirements of his own authorities and the special difficulties with which they are obliged to cope. And it is his task to "inform" and "advise" his government of the ever-changing situation in the country in which he resides, of the relative influence exercised by prominent groups or individuals, and of the probable effect on public opinion of whatever policies or actions his own government may have in mind.

The position of an Ambassador, in so far as his negotiation and representative functions are concerned, is fairly generally appreciated. It is his function as "informer" and "adviser" that is so often subject to misconception. I propose here to consider how the task of "information" is usually executed and organized.

THE question has recently been given prominence because of the failure of the British and French governments to foresee the probable effect on foreign—and especially on United States—opinion of their joint action in Egypt. I have seen it stated that our diplomatic representatives in Washington, at the United Nations, in Cairo, Delhi, and the Middle East must have been sadly at fault in the information and advice they gave.

I do not believe that this is a fair indictment. I have a distinct impression that—incredible though it may seem—the British and French representatives abroad had no knowledge of, and were not consulted regarding, the steps that were about to be taken. The operation was, I have been given to understand, prepared with such secrecy that even leading members of the British and French Cabinets were only informed of its full scope at the very last moment. Instead of criticizing the British and French representatives abroad for having wrongly assessed the effect of the operation upon public opinion, we should accord them our compassion for having been placed by their governments in positions that were embarrassing and false.

It is said that Nelson, when about to destroy

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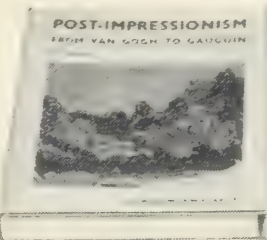
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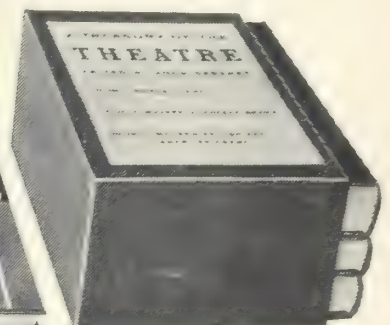
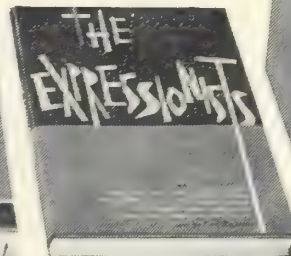
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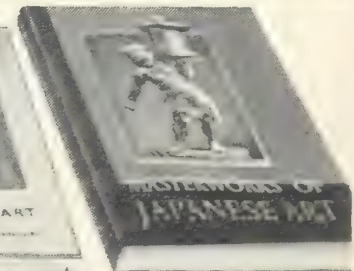
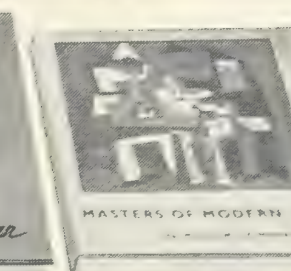
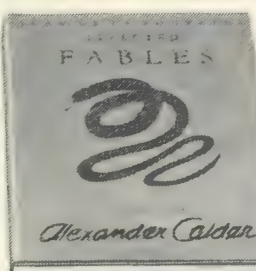
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the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, placed his telescope to his blind eye in order not to see the signals of surrender which fluttered from their masts. I suspect that during the forty-eight hours preceding the landing at Port Said, there were many eyes that were deliberately unseeing and many ears that became totally deaf. It is not my intention to criticize the British or French governments for their action. I merely wish to point out that to take the Suez Canal incident as an example or illustration of faulty "information" is to be unfair to the informers, who were themselves kept uninformed. The whole operation was, I trust, a most eccentric exception; to take it as illustrative of the normal functioning of information services would be a mistake.

How therefore would I describe the normal operation of those services maintained by every government through its diplomatic and other agencies in foreign countries?

IT IS important in the first place to make a distinction between what might be called the "official" and the "unofficial" sources of information. The "official" sources are the Ambassador and the senior members of his staff, who report to their own government in cipher telegrams, dispatches, or telephone conversations on the political and other conditions in the country to which they are accredited. It is the Ambassador or *Chargé d'Affaires* who conducts negotiations with a foreign government, who drafts the official notes and memoranda, and who furnishes his own State Department with records of his interviews with the Foreign Secretary in the capital where he resides. In my early days it was the Ambassador himself who dealt with all important negotiations and, in theory at least, his discussions were conducted with the Foreign Secretary directly and not with other officials. In my own country there was a vague but ill-defined tradition that the Prime Minister had the right of general supervision over foreign policy. But, at least until the first world war, it was regarded as improper for any foreign Ambassador to conduct any conversations behind the back of the Foreign Secretary.

This useful rule, these wise precautions, were allowed to lapse during Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of the post of Prime Minister during the 1914-18 war and its immediate aftermath. He would frequently negotiate with foreign Ambassadors or visiting Prime Ministers behind the back of his own Foreign Secretary and often on lines of which he well knew the latter would not approve. He even maintained in an annex to No. 10 Downing Street a private secretariat (often referred to by the members of the official Foreign Service as "the Prime Minister's Kindergarten") to assist him in such negotiations. This surreptitious practice was reverted to by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in the years before the

second world war. In his belief that it should be possible to placate Hitler, or at least to detach him from his ally Mussolini, he often ignored his Foreign Secretary and negotiated direct.

"I wrote to Mussolini," Chamberlain confessed in his diary. "I did not show my letter to the Foreign Secretary, since I felt he might object."

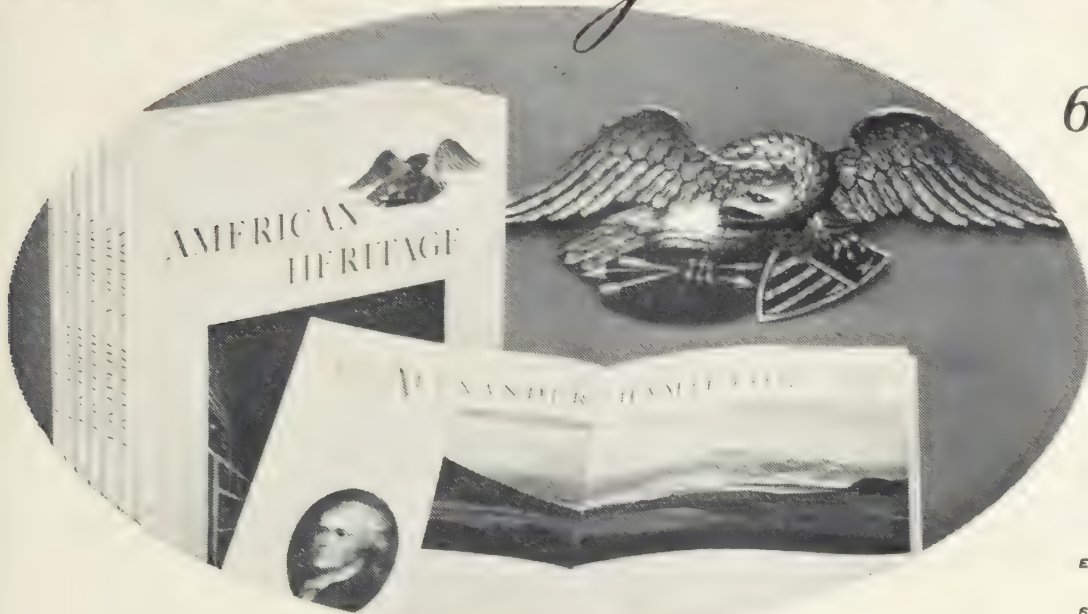
It was the suspicion that some such surreptitious conversations were proceeding that led Anthony Eden to face Prime Minister Chamberlain with a most honorable resignation.

Although the Foreign Secretary—at least in Great Britain—should not allow his responsibility to Parliament to be diluted or weakened by the interference of any other Minister, even of the Prime Minister himself, I admit that circumstances have altered since the days when an Ambassador was able to keep all negotiation and all information entirely in his own hands. Before the first war the all-important issue was the political relation between the several countries and the Ambassador was fully competent to deal with any such issues as might arise. Since then, however, the relations between states have been complicated by the existence of a number of non-political issues—such as finance, economics, and even conditions of labor—which only experts who have spent their lives studying these matters are qualified to understand.

The Embassy staffs maintained in my day were limited to the Ambassador, the Counsellor, the First Secretary and Head of the Chancery, and four or five third secretaries and attachés. There were in addition a Military Attaché appointed by the War Office and a Naval Attaché appointed by the Admiralty. Since then a whole army of expert attachés has been added. In most Embassies there are today Financial Attachés, appointed by and reporting to the Treasury, Commercial Attachés, and even experts dealing with culture, education, and films. The sources of information have thus been enormously expanded and inevitably the sole responsibility of the head of the mission has to this extent been dispersed and weakened. The "official" sources of information have in this way been so multiplied that divergent and even contradictory reports must be submitted to him before dispatch, in order that he may profit by the knowledge and industry of the experts and that no contradiction of information may occur. In a well-run Embassy the concentration of information and the principle of co-ordination is insisted on.

Frightful misunderstanding and damage can be caused if contradictory and independent information is sent home. In the German Foreign Service before the first war there existed an abominable system under which the Military and Naval Attachés abroad were regarded as more or less independent of the Ambassador, having

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been nominated by the Emperor and being encouraged to correspond direct with His Majesty behind the back of their official chief. Thus the German Ambassador in London, Prince Lichnowsky, consistently reported that Great Britain would honor her moral obligations to France and Russia and enter the war against Germany if either of these two countries were attacked; but the Military and Naval Attachés assured their master that England was profoundly pacifist and isolationist and would remain neutral whatever happened in Europe. The Emperor—who, although a clever man, was inclined to believe that what he wanted to happen was likely to occur—attached more credence to the reports of the two Attachés than he did to the wise words of his Ambassador. The result of this conflict of information was disastrous to Germany and the world.

THE value of "official" information of the reports and comments of the Ambassadors and through him of the several experts, must of course vary according to the capacity of the envoys themselves. On reading the many documents published by the several governments after the two wars, the historian may conclude that although the official diplomatists were often hesitant to express opinions which they knew would be unwelcome to their home governments, yet on the whole information afforded was balanced, judicious and correct. It will be admitted however, that it was not always absolutely objective, and that diplomatists, like other civil servants, are chary of indulging in outright prophecy. Very naturally they hesitate to commit themselves to forecasts which may well be falsified by the event.

In fact, the occupational disease of all diplomatists is the cautionary sickness. They know that their reputation at home is based upon the extent to which their official master regard them as "reliable" or "sound." They know that any statements suggestive of emotion or moral judgment will be regarded as subjective and therefore as "unsound"; their reports therefore tend to become colorless, cautious, and inconclusive. Yet it is seldom that government



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derive false impressions from their official sources of information; the worst that can happen is that they derive no clear impression at all. It is the *unofficial* sources which—unless they be carefully edited—create disturbance in the ministerial mind.

ONE more point, often misunderstood, must be noted here. It is frequently asserted that Ambassadors live in the charmed circle of the elect and are out of touch with public opinion in the country in which they reside. It must be realized, however, that the main task of an Ambassador is to establish relations of confidence with the government to which he is accredited. An Ambassador who overtly cultivates intimate relations with members of the opposition is liable to be accused by the governmental party of being secretly hostile to them and of indulging in "intrigues." Thus in the Russia of Tsarist days, in the Germany of Hitler, or in the Italy of Mussolini, an Ambassador who was known to have close contacts with those opposed to the regime would incur suspicion and therefore lose influence. He was bound therefore to exercise the utmost discretion and all too often the members of the opposition parties would feel themselves to be cold-shouldered.

Yet such discretion was in fact inevitable, nor need any wise Ambassador have been seriously hampered by it. He could and did maintain close contact with the local correspondents of his own national newspapers, who were often men of great ability and judgment, and whose public contacts were subject to no such inhibitions as afflicted the official representatives. Moreover, he could encourage the junior members of his staff to mix in the widest circles and to report to him what was being said and felt by the opposition intellectuals, by leaders in the provincial cities, and even by the man in the street. And he would devote much of his time to reading and carefully analyzing the local press.

Thus, although the Ambassador himself could not afford to be a good mixer, he could see to it that the required mixture was conveyed to him second-hand. By such means he could be able to assess how far the

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statements and assurances conveyed to him by those in power were correct. It would be on such accumulated evidence that his "information" would be based.

I now pass to the unofficial sources of information, to what is sometimes referred to as the "intelligence service" and sometimes as the "secret service." These services are in most countries divided into two main categories. The first is that of the diverse agencies or individuals from whom information is acquired; the second is the organizations which operate in the home country, and whose sole task is that of counter-espionage—the prevention of foreign agents' acquiring information, or creating "cells" and "fifth columns," which would be damaging to national security. These counter-espionage services operate in different countries with different degrees of intensity. In totalitarian countries, where the political police possess unlimited power, they can adopt extreme methods, including arrest without trial, examinations under torture or extreme physical pressure, or silent murder. Even in the democratic countries, if public opinion be nervously "security-conscious," the counter-espionage services can, with political patronage, indulge in witch-hunting, which may prove unnecessarily disturbing to public confidence and which all too often proves abominably unjust to private individuals.

IN Great Britain, I am glad to say, these secret investigations and the third-degree methods which they encourage, are regarded with much dislike. In fact, our authorities are sometimes regarded by foreign critics as far too easygoing in such matters. Yet we remain convinced that it is better to risk an odd renegade here and there than to stifle the free expression of opinion or to create the dread evils of delation and suspicion. I doubt myself whether, in spite of our seeming laxity, the security of Great Britain is any more exposed to danger than that of other countries; and the gain of tolerance is great.

But it is not my purpose to examine counter-espionage. We are here concerned with the means by which governments acquire informa-

tion about foreign countries, and I have already touched on the official channels.

The first point to remember about unofficial sources of information is that they are for the most part clandestine, unavowed, anonymous—and therefore irresponsible. If the Foreign Secretary receives a dispatch from an Ambassador abroad, he is able to assess the value of the information by his own knowledge of the judgment of the reporting Ambassador. But if the report is conveyed by some branch of the intelligence service and is either unsigned, or signed by a pseudonym or a code number, then he possesses no means of estimating whether the agent is a thoughtful man whose evidence can be relied on, or a frivolous adventurer anxious to make a few dollars.

Yet—such is the sensationalism of the human temperament—that I have frequently observed that ministers, and even civil servants, are unconsciously more impressed by a secret rumor than they are by the sober, pondered comments of an official envoy. Again and again, during the twenty years that I served in the British Foreign Service, have I regretted that my superiors were more inclined to retain in their memories what I regarded as the gossip conveyed to them in secret service reports than the warnings conveyed in official dispatches. This experience left me with a deep suspicion of the anonymity, and therefore of the irresponsibility, of most secret-service reports. It seemed to me that—at least in so far as political matters were concerned—they were accorded more attention than they deserved.

THE reservation about political matters is an important one. During each of the two world wars I served in functions, which (although not very important in themselves) brought me in constant and close contact with those who were in control of policy and strategy, and rendered available to me much confidential information. I have read many spy stories in my life and have always felt jealous of the young attaché who is approached by a lovely Slav countess in a European express and is offered, in return for valuable information, a sum of half a million dollars, a sal-

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passage to Chile, and the favors of the lady herself. I often reflected, in the days when I was one of the back-room boys, how very little information I could in fact convey to the countess which would be worth so large a price. There was little I could reveal to her which her employers could not have gathered from the London press.

It was not the young attaché who in fact constituted the professional spy's victim; it was the worker in some munitions factory, the dock hand at Scapa or at Kiel, even the Flemish peasant tilling his field and counting the military trains as they rumbled along the railway embankment above him. In fact, political information is seldom of much value even to the most gullible intelligence service; what they need is military information, and those who can supply that information are of a type wholly different from the gifted young attachés who travel the Orient Express.

A SECOND point to remember about secret services is that they are often apt to defeat their own object. There exists in most men a boyish element which induces them to regard all secret-service work as rather fun. In fact it is among the most boring and dangerous of all human occupations. But I have observed that people who achieve positions of responsibility immediately begin to feel that it would be delicious to have a secret service all of their own.

From this psychological temptation, overlapping, confusion, wastage of money and effort, and immense misunderstanding may result. Thus the Admiralty will want to run their own secret service; the War Office need another; the Air Ministry contend that only their own experts can run an agency to supply them with the special information they require. Eventually they may all run separate services, which all too often are in competition with each other and may even go so far as to sabotage the work of agents who belong to a rival branch.

When allies are involved the situation becomes even more intricate. Most agents, who by their nature are disloyal and dishonorable men, profit by this rivalry; all too frequently they are in the pay of separate or-

ganizations competing against each other. This competition is bad for security and sometimes leads to the loss of valuable information.

The supreme example of the danger of rival secret-service organizations is provided by the engaging Cicero episode—the story of the Albanian valet who obtained and photographed important documents in the possession of his employer, the British Ambassador at Ankara. The Nazis at the time had two main secret services, one under the direction of Admiral Canaris and the other under the direction of Kaltenbrunner. These two organizations were so jealous of each other, so determined that their rival should not obtain a scoop, that the documents so neatly photographed by Cicero (which may or may not have contained information of serious importance) never reached headquarters.

There are two reasons why I have refrained from commenting on the information supplied to the State Department by the official and unofficial agents of the United States. In the first place, an intelligence service by its very nature is secret, and its operations do not form the subject of casual conversations between diplomatic colleagues. In the second place, during the years that I served in the British Foreign Office, the United States had not assumed any very positive policy in regard to those countries in which American interests were not directly involved.

IN THOSE days the United States diplomatic service was in general staffed by non-professionals of varying degrees of character and intellect. Some of them were men of remarkable personality and acumen, and from those of their reports that have been published one can see that the information they conveyed was both impartial and acute. Others were less educated and objective and were inclined to be influenced by affections and prejudices which—however relevant they might be to their own mighty and enlightened democracy—were not always applicable to countries in an earlier stage of evolution.

I doubt whether in my day any highly organized American intelli-

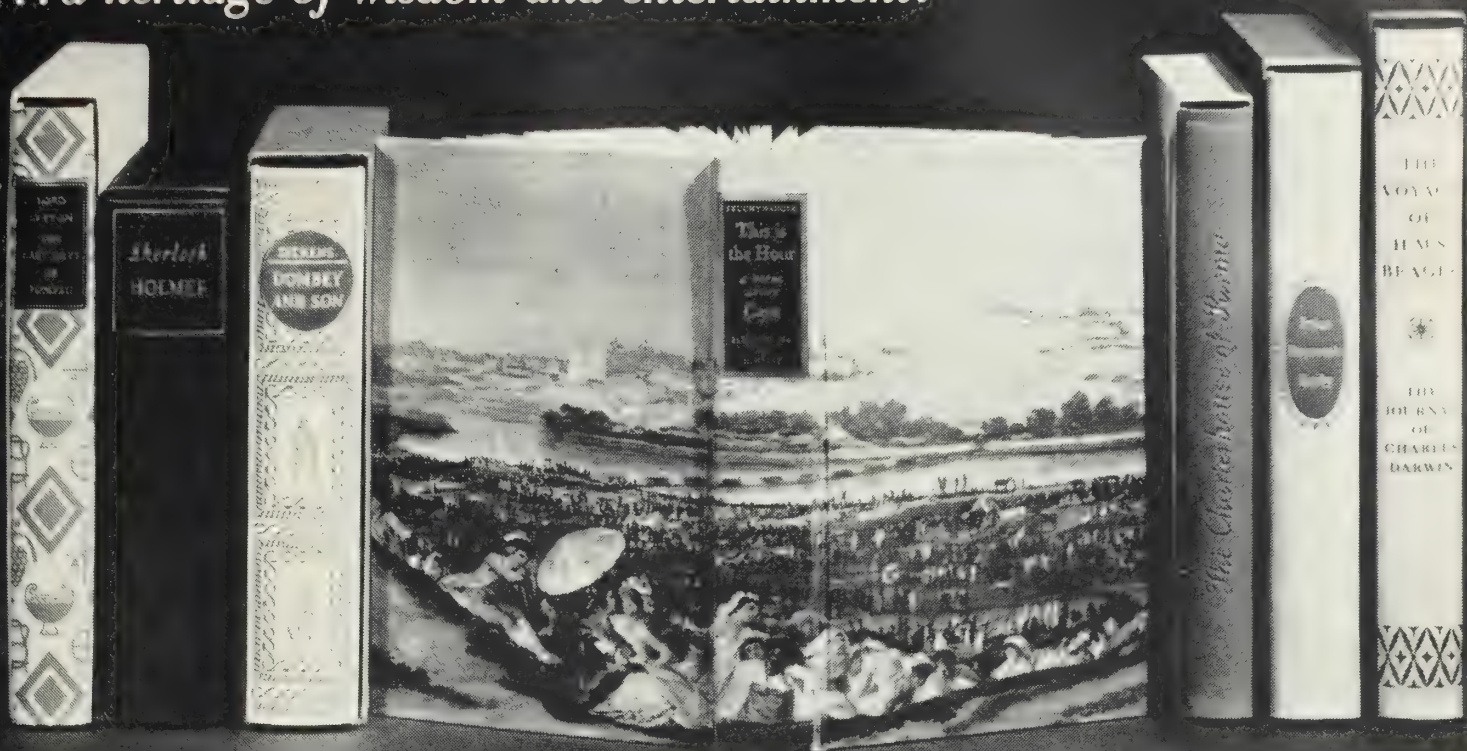
gence service existed. Since then, with rapidly increasing interests and responsibilities, it must have expanded immensely. I am sure that today it is as efficient as the FBI, as ingenious as Mr. Ellery Queen, and as many-sided as the Pentagon itself.

Although it is essential for defense purposes that every country should possess both a highly efficient intelligence service and a highly efficient counter-espionage service, it is my experience that the activities of these agencies are not in every country properly directed and controlled. Rumor and even gossip were often mistaken for serious information and the valuable facts were often distorted and falsified by the anonymity of the informers and the rivalry between the separate organizations.

I agree that these unofficial services should remain unofficial, in the sense that an Ambassador or a Minister should have no responsibility for such activities; if some leakage occurs, he should be in the position sincerely to assert that he knows nothing about it. But I also believe that some co-ordination office should be established to prevent overlapping, to abolish competition, and so to edit the information received that only the more reliable facts are communicated to heads of missions or Cabinet Ministers. Since the war, some such system of co-ordination and editing may, for all I know, have been adopted both in Whitehall and in Washington. But unless it be adopted many errors will be committed, many ministers may be misled, and more than one Cicero may find that the information that he has acquired is in some way negated by the jealousy existing between rival branches of the same organization.

My conclusion, therefore, is that in military matters much essential information can be obtained by secret service methods, although much of it is lost in the sands of human error. But in political matters it is wiser to rely upon the less sensational information supplied by official sources. I fear that this is a rather dull conclusion; it would be more amusing to continue to believe in the Slav countesses who frequent transcontinental expresses; but the hard facts of diplomacy, as of life, are seldom amusing.

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*"A people rather baffled,
but a people resolved to know"*

So spoke Sir William Haley, editor of the London *Times*, and the people he was speaking about were Americans.

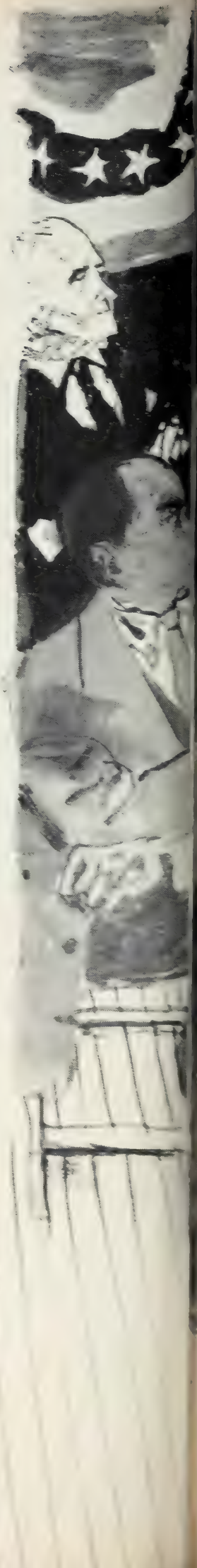
"Of all nations," he said of the U.S., "its history has a higher proportion of greatness than of baseness . . . its errors have been, and are, many. Its instincts have been, and are, magnificently right."

Rather baffled, but resolved to *know*. What a noble compliment it is, to be sure. Not a nation of know-it-alls, but a nation seeking, a nation determined, a nation resolved to know the world we live in, its problems, its dangers, its failures and its achievements.

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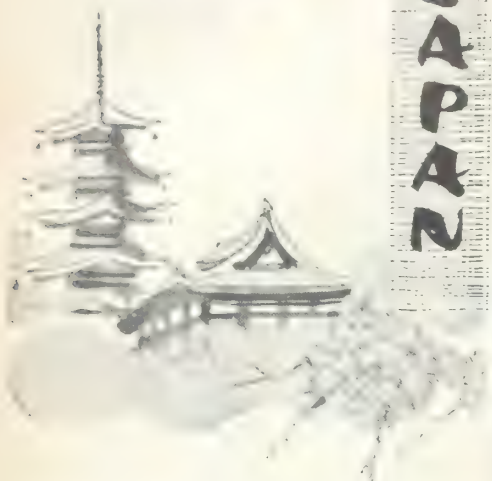
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PERSONAL and otherwise

Among Our Contributors

FALSE (?) ALARM

WHAT would happen if a civil defense alarm went off when no drill was scheduled? Would anyone pay attention? Assuming it was the real thing, would anyone make that assumption—and act accordingly? If you have ever wondered about this you will be glad to hear that at last there has been a test case—an occasion on which the sirens sounded without warning, in the middle of the night in a large American city filled with scientific and industrial targets. And what happened? You guessed it. Nothing.

The place was Schenectady, New York; the date was July 22, 1957; the hour was 3:20 A.M. A fire-alarm operator, relaying a routine call for the engines, hit the wrong button—and the night was suddenly made hideous with a screaming of air-raid sirens that seemed to last, as it would in a genuine attack, from three to five minutes (actually, it must have been less). What *should* have happened next was routine. The entire civil defense organization would have gone into action. The informational system called Conel-rad ("640 or 1240 on your radio dial") would have started issuing instructions to the populace, who could then have been evacuated along the prescribed CD routes. What really happened was quite different.

In that entire city of over a hundred thousand people only one man took the alarm seriously—and what he did was wrong. Everyone else seems to have followed roughly the same course as the Mayor, Samuel S. Stratton, who frankly confessed next day that he had rolled over and gone back to sleep. Some people were worried enough to do all the things they shouldn't have done—like turn on lights, come out into the streets, jam the lines with phone calls to the police and fire departments—but that (with one exception) was all.

The single exception was Dr.

Eugene Simmons, of the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory. Since he had no apartment radio he did not, as he was supposed to, wait for the word to evacuate. Within two minutes he had loaded his pregnant wife, two thermos bottles, and some extra clothing into a car and was on his way out of town. Turning on the automobile radio, he switched around the dial looking for Conel-rad. All he found was WGY. He and his wife got as far as Ballston Spa before deciding the alarm was a false one and turning back.

"Perhaps because I work in the atomic energy field myself," Dr. Simmons later told the Schenectady *Union-Star*, "I am more sensitive to the dangers than others. An alert can be treated one of two ways. It can be treated as a false alarm until proved otherwise, or it can be treated as the real thing until proved otherwise. I prefer the latter."

The next day Schenectady's collective face was bright pink. Even the county civil defense director admitted that it might have been a good idea to announce immediately over the local radio stations that the alarm had not been a genuine one. But his critics went further. "If last night's false alert were 'the real McCoy,'" said the *Union-Star*, "and the citizens did what they did last night, well . . ." One irate Schenectadian wrote the paper, pointing out that this had been a tremendous opportunity for the civil defense organization to show it was on its toes and that the odd hour of the accident was no excuse. "No potential enemy," he said, "will call our local CD office and warn them: 'Don't go to bed tonight, fellows, for we'll be coming over at 4:30 A.M.'"

The county CD director, William H. Dunn, countered these attacks with great aplomb. He maintained, with that magnificent bureaucratic logic before which common sense can only bow and retreat, that the whole affair was a demonstration of "civil defense awareness" in the com-

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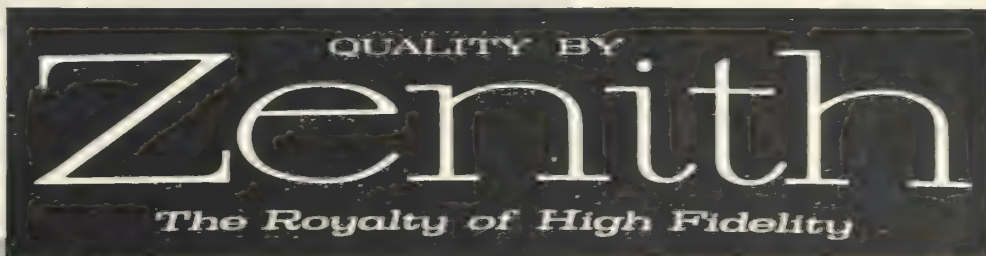
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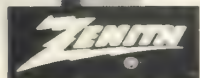


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munity. "The fact that residents of the area in which the sirens were heard realized that they did not indicate an emergency is commendable," he said. Never before has the principle been so clearly stated that our civil defense setup works only because everyone ignores it.

SUCH a contretemps would not have been a surprise to **Robert Moses**. In "The Civil Defense Fiasco" (p. 29) he allows, with his customary candor, that the existing CD arrangements are pretty generally regarded as a joke. To be sure, he then goes on to treat the more serious side of the situation—the proposals being entertained in Washington to improve matters, and give us civil defense that amounts to something, by embarking on a fantastically expensive program of underground shelters. Mr. Moses doesn't think much of this.

Few men in American public life have had experience in construction projects equal to his. Tunnels, highways, bridges, parks—you name and he's got it, somewhere in his voluminous portfolio of interests. He has been president of the Long Island State Park Commission and head of the New York State Park System since 1924. Since 1934 he has been Park Commissioner of New York City and chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. He is also City Construction Co-ordinator, a member of the City Planning Commission, and chairman of the State Power Authority.

... The Reverend **Trevor Huddleston**, who tells about the jazz band of African boys that he helped to organize in Johannesburg (p. 35), belongs to the Church of England monastic order called the Community of Resurrection. He went to South Africa in 1913 to be Priest-in-Charge of the Community's mission in Sophiatown and was later appointed Provincial of the Community and Superintendent of St. Peter's School, which has been called "The Black Eton of South Africa." After thirteen years in South Africa, he returned to England. He is the author of *Naught for Your Comfort*, which won the Anisfield-Wolf Award for a book on race relations.

... "The variety of American Cities" (p. 46) is observed by **David Cort**, without assistance of government bureaus or private market research. He is the author of two recent books, *The Big Picture* and a novel, *The Calm Man*. A New Yorker who goes to the Thousand Islands in the summer, Mr. Cort writes for a number of magazines, mostly about American culture.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OUR slightly younger contemporary, the *Atlantic Monthly*, this month achieves a maturity shared by few American magazines. It is now a century old. We should like to congratulate the *Atlantic* not for its burden of years (which it carries lightly, with distinction and grace) but for its service to American letters and to thoughtful, adventurous, and lively journalism. Many of America's great writers have appeared in its pages and still do, but famous names and great literary talents do not make a magazine. The quality and vigor of the *Atlantic* inevitably reflect the imagination, perception, and courage of its editors. It is to them we present our bouquet of compliments and congratulations and confident best wishes for the future of their distinguished periodical.

—The Editors

... "The Seal That Couldn't Swim" (p. 50) is no imaginary beast. But **Alexis Ladas**, who taught Panayoti the art, has had many adventures outwardly more exciting. He served his country during World War II in the Greek army before the German invasion; then in the air corps of the forces-in-exile; in Occupied Greece as a recruit for the British Intelligence; as a prisoner who escaped after being condemned to death for espionage; and as a naval commando in charge of a raiding schooner operating in the enemy-occupied Aegean Sea.

After the war, Mr. Ladas was liaison officer of the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs at the San Francisco Conference. Since then he has been a correspondent, a member of the Greek delegation to the United Nations, and is now working for the

Department of Public Information of the UN.

... The almost fantastic achievements of American farmers in stepping up production have not only skewed all efforts to control the output but are now scrambling politics as well. **Carroll Kilpatrick** who analyzes "What Happened to the Farm Bloc" (p. 56), covers political and economic news for the *Washington Post*. Born in Alabama, he has been a Washington correspondent since 1940, and was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard 1939-40.

... In "Flight of the Circle Heart" (p. 60) **William Eastlake** of Cuba New Mexico, contributes his fourth story to *Harper's*. His novel, *Go with the Wind*, was published a year ago. The rodeo in his new story is drawn partly from reality. The town of Coyote puts on an annual rodeo, and last year Mr. Eastlake worked the cattle chute.

... Sixteen months after the riot in Poznan on June 28, 1956, the temper of the Polish people is not easy to judge. One strong force in Polish life is represented—in an equally enigmatic way—by **Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński**, who has apparently worked out a mode of "existence" with the Communist government. **Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn** estimate his significance in the struggle between the power of the Church and the Communist State in Eastern Europe (p. 66).

Mr. Kuhn was on the staff of the *New York Times*, chiefly in London from 1925 until he went into government service in 1940. He was Deputy Director of the overseas branch of the Office of War Information, later head of the international information service of the Department of State, and from 1946 to 1953 diplomatic reporter for the *Washington Post*.

Mrs. Kuhn was formerly a magazine editor and a member of the government's Point Four program. She has worked with her husband on many foreign reporting articles. The story of Cardinal Wyszyński told by the Kuhn's not only to Poland but to Italy. They found they were able to travel in Poland more freely than

P & O

many Asian countries that were their main beat in the past six years.

Part of the fascination of "Where's Everybody?" (p. 73) by Arthur C. Clarke is the reader's anxiety lest the author take off at any moment into fantasy. But although Mr. Clarke doesn't inhibit his imagination unduly, he keeps a grip on his scientific training throughout. He was a flight lieutenant in the Royal Air Force during World War II, and technical officer in charge of the first experimental Ground Controlled Approach unit. After the war he received his degree from Kings College, London, with First Class honors in physics and mathematics. A fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and for some years chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, he has written four books on space travel (most recently, *The Making of a Moon*, about the Earth satellite program).

As side interests, Mr. Clarke writes science fiction and does skin diving. He reported on a diving expedition to *The Reefs of Taprobane*, and wrote his present article in Ceylon within a hundred feet of the sea. To refresh his inspiration, he wouldorkel out to the reef and wonder if anything that could exist in space could possibly be any stranger than the creatures I met there."

A first-time poet in *Harper's* this month is William Stafford, whose "The Star in the Hills" (p. 59) is a weird kinship to "Where's Everybody?". Mr. Stafford teaches at San Jose State College in California and has published many poems.

David Ogilvy, who presents young Marjory Fleming (p. 78), is the president of an advertising agency—the one which does the advertising for Hathaway Shirts, Come to Britain, Steuben Glass, Schweppes, the Government of Puerto Rico, and Dove. After being educated in Scotland and at Christ Church, Oxford, he became a chef at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. In recent years he has been Second Secretary at the British Embassy in Washington and Associate Director of Dr. Gallup's Audience Research Institute at Princeton.

"I Was Warned About The CATHOLIC CHURCH!"

My relatives and friends were shocked when they heard I was studying to become a Catholic.

With complete sincerity . . . and a genuine concern for my welfare . . . they set out to show me what a terrible mistake this would be. And as I look back now, I realize that if all the things they believed to be true about the Catholic Church were true in fact, I would indeed have been making a great mistake.

But the important fact is, the things they thought to be true were not.

Having been a non-Catholic myself until early manhood, I can understand the viewpoint of these people. And most of them, I realize, are prompted in their beliefs not by malice, but by grievous misunderstanding. And I am reminded of Christ's words to the Apostles: "...yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John 16:2).

They sent me all sorts of pamphlets and tracts condemning the Catholic teaching on the Sacraments, on Baptism, salvation and other topics. There was, in these pamphlets, a remarkable lack of agreement as to the "correct" doctrine. They were in accord only in one thing—their opposition to the Catholic doctrine.

I have come a long way since I first stood off and looked at the Catholic Church through non-Catholic eyes. I am a convert to Catholicism, and I can, with knowledge, reason and fairness, discuss both sides of "The Catholic Question."

I have not, as my non-Catholic friends predicted, lost the slightest degree of religious freedom. I am not held to my faith by bonds of fear or superstition. The Catholic Church does not corrupt the Scriptures . . . does not deprive me of direct access to God . . . does not try to substitute a man-made system for the true religion of Jesus Christ. On the



contrary, it has consistently taught what I am convinced are the true teachings of Jesus.

Not all of those who heard Christ's words from His own lips could believe what He said. Even many of His disciples "...went back, and walked no more with Him" (John 6:67). It would, therefore, be presumptuous of me to think that all who read this will share my conviction that the Catholic Church is "the church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

But there are, I know, many sincere, fair-minded people who want to know the Catholic Church as it is—not as it is often misrepresented to be. And for their benefit, I have written a pamphlet discussing many things about the Catholic Faith which most disturb and confuse those on the outside. A copy is yours for the asking. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet D-43.

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Would you say *Electricity*? It's certainly done wonders toward increasing our earning power, shortening our working week, and removing drudgery through power equipment.

How about *Engines*—all kinds, steam and internal combustion? Before the engine took over, industry was pretty much confined to a water wheel on a river bank, and travel was at the mercy of wind and animal power. Engines let cities grow in a desert, and ribboned the nation with paved roads.

Or maybe the *Typesetting Machine*, which made books and magazines really amazingly low-priced, has done as much as anything to better living conditions? It certainly helped spread

education, and gave the poor man his chance.

But this progress was possible only after steel was made plentiful and inexpensive. Only 80 years ago people knew steel mainly as needles and knives. But the average consumption of steel has jumped in 80 years from virtually nothing to 1400 pounds of steel every year for every man, woman, child, and newborn infant in this country. And with every additional pound, up goes our standard of living.

If living is to continue to be more and more fun, America *must build more and more steel capacity*. In the last year, Republic Steel increased its capacity 785,000 tons and plans to increase its total capacity to 12,242,000 tons by the end of this year.

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THE CIVIL DEFENSE FIASCO

ROBERT MOSES

Will Americans burrow underground,
as some civil-defense experts propose,
to escape atomic destruction? An
experienced public-works administrator
answers a resounding No!

ON JANUARY 7, 1957, a bill known as H.R. 2125 was introduced by the Chairman on behalf of a majority of the Military Operations Subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations of the House of Representatives. It called for a tremendous nationwide shelter program to protect 135,000,000 people, 100,000,000 in non-target and 35,000,000 in the more densely populated areas, and for a Civil Defense Department headed by a Secretary of Cabinet rank. The new Secretary was to have very broad and generalized powers, but there was no hint of actual federal appropriations, or of relative contributions by state and municipal governments.

The hearings on this act in February and March produced plenty of glittering generalities indicating approval in principle, but also all sorts of neatly phrased qualifications and res-

ervations, on the part of the Budget Bureau, the Office of Defense Mobilization, and the Department of Defense, not to speak of the chief sponsor, the Civil Defense Administrator. It seemed impossible, however, for the Subcommittee to find out whether the shelter program—estimated by the Budget office to cost twenty to thirty billions—had Administration approval or whether the CDA had actually asked for such a sum. This trifling matter, it appeared, was being earnestly studied; as of midsummer no authoritative conclusions had been reached.

This startling atomic defense proposal seems to have originated with research engineers of the National Academy of Sciences. It was presented in early March of this year at a conference sponsored by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. The substance of the plan with illustrations appeared in *Life* Magazine on March 18, 1957. Here in summary are the claims made by the proponents of this scheme:

An adequate program of civil defense "could save millions of people" . . . and "help prevent a war."

The most practical way to accomplish this is by dual-use projects consisting of "stout shelters . . . well equipped and provisioned and easily accessible to all people."

Evacuation of populations is not practical—permanent defense means shelters.

Deep basements, subways, etc. can be developed into shelters.

Family shelters are needed within homes.

There must be a generous and perhaps exclusive federal cash subsidy for such house shelters as well as "favorable financing."

There must also be federal subsidies for adequate warning systems, a public network, etc.

The valuable assets of the country must be dispersed.

There must be easier credit for highways, including new "broad high-speed roads beyond those now required," to help the process of dispersal of population.

Stockpiles of medical supplies, foods, etc. must be accumulated.

Certain strategic urban areas must be completely redeveloped to reduce the possibility of great fires.

A new department of the federal government should be established to provide guidance and subsidies.

The cost of this program to the federal government was estimated by the National Academy of Sciences at \$24 billion, or 10 per cent of the entire defense budget for the next six years.

LAME DUCKS AND HOGWASH

PERHAPS I ought to say at the outset that I am no expert on atomic energy. My only official connection is with its ultimate possibilities as an economic competitor to hydroelectric power. I don't quarrel with the information which has been given the public about the effects of atomic bombs or guided missiles—that is, the amount, degree, rapidity, and horror of destruction. It's an unpleasant picture—an appalling mushroom rising above deserted streets, followed by intolerable concussions, reaching down to frightened, half-blind people huddled in warrens and tunnels and waiting for weeks or months for the all-clear signal, only to emerge and witness a scene of hopeless devastation.

I think, however, that with the advice and aid of competent engineers and executives I have learned over the years something about public works. It is for this group then, rather than as an individual, that I shall speak.

My colleagues and I don't argue with the con-

clusion that there is presently no effective civil defense agency. People who have been running what little there is in Washington and in most of our states and cities have not been competent or persuasive, and they don't seem to have much public standing anywhere.

Topnotch people are required, not lame-duck politicians, retired military men, and publicity hounds. If this is indeed a matter of vital concern, why do we turn it over to Nero Wolves, addleheaded inventors, fuss-budgets, bird watchers, supernumeraries, and uniformed pensioners? Recently the Federal Civil Defense Administrator, responsible for establishing a workable system, having accomplished nothing, disappeared into the diplomatic limbo or, if you like euphemisms, was promoted to an Ambassadorship.

My colleagues and I also agree that there has not been a sustained, comprehensive educational program. The military strategists and statesmen could give the people a great deal more information. It might or might not be effective. If,

however, you stress the dangers of nuclear destruction too much, you may frighten people to death. If you give them every harrowing detail they may become hysterical, cynical, indifferent, or antagonistic. No one knows. Of all the many unsupported claims of the shelter



school, however, the stupidest is that abandoning our way of life and crawling into cellars will terrify the enemy and thus prevent war.

In Nevil Shute's novel, *On the Beach*, the last humans Down Under have a few weeks to live after the Atomic War has wiped out the rest of the world. The precise period remaining to them depends on the direction of the wind. They are soothed by the possession of suicide pills ready when the first warnings of radiation sickness are felt. In any event, the time is too short for preparation or moaning at the bar. Mr. Shute may or may not be a major prophet. He is certainly right in ignoring the possibilities of a shelter program.

As to the claim that the present or some other entirely separate defense organization, preferably of Cabinet rank, ought to be set up apart from the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Department of State and other long-established agencies, I doubt that it has the slightest validity. As a matter of

fact, we need no separate civil defense administration. The present one ought to be abolished. An Assistant Secretary of Defense can do the job much better through ordinary departmental channels. How can any honest mind deny that civil defense is a branch of military defense and that the Department of Defense is responsible for both of these interwoven and indistinguishable activities?

The object of consolidating in the Department of Defense the various competing and overlapping agencies which protect us in time of war was to produce unity, singleness of purpose, and one big plan. Why not stick to this idea? Why create more agencies to fragment the work and make life theoretically easier for the little bureaucrats in and out of mufti? Why all this sophistry about the distinction between civilian and other defense? In the end, who will watch these watchmen and co-ordinate these co-ordinators? Do we need a *Third* Hoover Commission to straighten them out?

SOMETHING FOR OUR MONEY

AS TO multi-purpose arrangements, including stockpiling, if anything is going to be done on the municipal level, it should be on at least a dual basis. By that I mean that whatever money is spent should be spent in such a way as to produce something useful immediately, even if there is no atomic attack. I would include in this category such facilities as new wings for hospitals, health centers, and similar institutions, which could be helpful in any emergency. They could be used meanwhile by hospitals, health departments, and the Red Cross.

We regard all dispersion plans as so much hogwash. When I say "we," I mean the people involved in public works. We know that you can't evacuate cities in a short time on the basis of any warning system, however effective. You cannot get the inhabitants quickly out of town without killing and maiming more in the process than would be lost or wounded in the explosions, fires, concussions, and fallout. This also seems to be the conclusion of the majority of members of the Military Operations Subcommittee of the House as distinguished from the National Academy of Science, the Budget Bureau and—by presumption—the President.

The suburbs are already nearly filled up. Would the civil defense planners wreck their life and economy? State parks near cities are largely restricted to day usage. Would the dispersionists turn them into dormitories without

bed or board, where refugees would sizzle or freeze in the open? Those of us who establish and operate such places are never consulted by the strategists who propose to guide the suicidal lemmings into the sea.

We haven't been idle as far as this problem is concerned. Our great nationally inspired highway program, for example, is moving along, slowly no doubt, but moving. It is not going to be realized in the time promised, in Washington and elsewhere, and the difficulties in the way are formidable. The greatest obstacle is the one which has been stressed the least—moving people off the rights-of-way so as to get the land

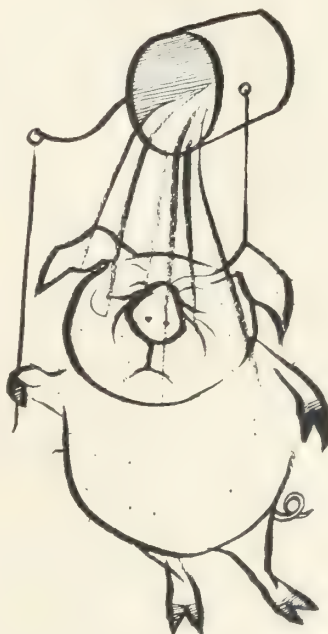
cleared and construction started. People don't like to move. Politicians don't like to move them, especially not on the eve of an election—and we are always on the eve of an election.

In several states ambitious political leaders are already talking of putting volunteer civil defense workers in the non-competitive civil service, insuring them against every mishap and otherwise extending the sheltering arms of security. What a dream of patronage!

And think of the social possibilities. Every pretty girl who sits next to a political leader at dinner could turn up next day as a captain of sky watchers or a shelter hostess.

In our present peacetime arterial construction program we are of course trying to get people and goods smoothly in and out of big towns, as well as around them. We are trying to establish a genuine national system of roads which will be used for civil as well as defense purposes. But even when our entire arterial system is finished, in the event of a catastrophe there will still be no remote possibility of moving large numbers of people simultaneously out of any big city, and no refuges for them to go to. Too many vehicles; too many people; no place to hide. Even the present huge highway program—which runs to \$100 billion, \$50 billion for expressways and other new features, and \$50 billion for conventional work—will not do that.

Look at the signs which were put up in a dozen states on the parkways and main arteries,



saying that in the event of atomic attack the military and police would take over. These billboards were nonsensical and they soon became a joke. In most places they were quietly taken down on the excuse that it was time to repair them, but they were never put back.

The key strategic places of congestion in all big cities are at the water crossings and main streets. Within half an hour after an atomic alarm had been sounded, not only would these bottlenecks be completely choked up, but there would be devastation due merely to people and cars being run down. All you need now on any of the main arteries when there is a heavy load is to have one car break down. In spite of all we have done with turnouts, widening, accelerating and decelerating lanes, and other ingenious devices, if one car breaks down, others pile up and it takes a long time for the police to disentangle them.

This is no longer true exclusively on fine summer days, holidays, and at commuting hours. It may happen at any time. On the Southern State Parkway on Long Island, for example, the most-used parkway in the world, we have our own police and we know exactly what goes on. We know what can be done in an emergency. But on this route there are emergencies all day long and throughout the night.

The truth is that nobody really knows anything reliable about motoring habits. They change too fast. Just try to figure out whether a motorist is going north or south, headed for upstate or downstate, east or west. The origin-and-destination poll-takers tell us that heavy traffic is going to be in a certain direction for a definite number of hours. Then you find out in midwinter that it is exactly the other way around. We don't know why. Lots of people work in plants, live in town. We do know this much: any thought that you can evacuate a large population in a short time from any large city, even if you have a place to move them to, is so much moonshine. No experienced, responsible official will advocate it. If you don't have responsibility, you can advocate anything.

LIVING LIKE A MOLE

MY COLLEAGUES and I regard any shelter program—such as advocated in Congress, by *Life*, and by CD officials—as unworkable, except as it applies to extension and adaptation of existing sub-surface facilities, such as subway stations. We think it would be a fine thing if we could get a reasonable amount of

money from Washington toward building what would in effect be a continuous underground system of walks in certain strategic parts of New York City—the midtown area, the Battery at Lower Manhattan, the City Hall area, the Brooklyn Civic Center, where we now have mezzanines which could be extended for miles. You could have stores underground. People would be kept off the streets and away from traffic. A suggestion has been made that an old railroad right-of-way underground could be transformed into a mezzanine walk from Grand Central Station all the way to Rockefeller Center. That might be done. It wouldn't cost much, and would be useful even if there never were a catastrophe.

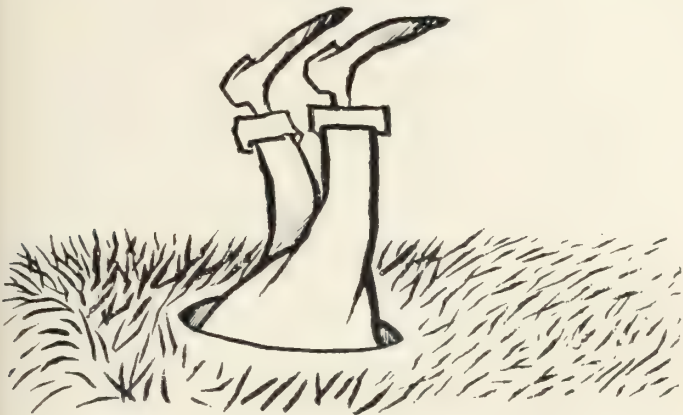
This type of useful dual or multi-purpose underground walk might work in many other cities. When it comes to private or public underground garages, however, the cost is staggering. Let me give you one illustration. We are planning a Performing Arts Center in the Lincoln Square Slum Clearance project on the West Side of Manhattan. One question was the cost of an underground garage. This garage had to extend under new city parks and under the campus of Fordham University, to which most of the students will come by rapid transit.

Parking, however, is a serious problem in the Performing Arts Center—with the new Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic Society, the Juilliard Music School, and what not. Our engineers recommended a seven-hundred-car, two-level garage. The federal government is asked to pay two-thirds, the city a third of the cost. We shall be able to amortize the city's third, but not the two-thirds which represents Uncle Sam's contribution. The lowest estimate we have been able to get from responsible builders is \$4,500,000. Just apply that estimate of over \$6,000 per car-space to the nation-wide shelter schemes which have been glibly advocated, think about it a bit, and figure out what you are going to use for money.

Then there is the idea of meeting the civil defense problem by drastic zoning regulations. Some of us have repeatedly urged in the New York City Planning Commission that the zoning resolution require additional loading and parking facilities in all new office buildings and big apartments. We have talked some progressive builders, like the Chase Manhattan Bank, into this. Most builders, however, are not open to reason, threats, or prophecies of doom. They emphatically oppose anything expensive. The last time we offered a very mild amendment to

the Zoning Ordinance which took care of about one-fourth of the problem (that is the problem of current growth, not the problem of anticipating an atomic attack), we got licked in the governing body of the city by a unanimous vote.

We don't think there is a chance of getting anything substantial done by bringing zoning to the aid of civil defense. We shall no doubt attempt it again in New York through sheer stubbornness. And the result will be just about the same in practically every municipality in the country, with a very few honorable exceptions. Even in cities where there is a strong press, and genuine citizen leadership, the local officials don't want to run up budgets. The real-estate people want to cash in on every inch of land.



I talked the other day to a man who is putting up a big new office building in New York, by and large a very decent, progressive citizen, though not the kind who is aching to be burned at the stake for a cause. He wants to make an honest dollar. He gave me the cost of building under the existing zoning and other regulations governing basement parking facilities, the cost as it would be if the amendments we proposed had been adopted, and the cost if civil defense shelters were added. He said the differences were so great that he would bitterly oppose any change in the rules. In fact he said that he would not build his building at all if compelled to provide adequate parking to avoid further street congestion, not to speak of costly shelters.

Look for a moment at the broader aspects of municipal and regional planning, public and private. Every phase and aspect of present-day urban living and working; every inheritance, possession, and investment; every business activity and expansion in a competitive society; every personal exercise of liberty and the pursuit of happiness—all these would be revolutionized if we adopted an urban decentralization and dispersion philosophy, a shelter psychology, and a conviction that we are living only on

borrowed time. Why not go all the way? Let's draw up new laws, codes, and a constitution to organize for the good rabbit-and-mole life of the future. No Russian commissar, no Communist planner ever dreamed up anything as distasteful to individual freedom and as destructive of democracy.

Cost figures given by the shelter advocates don't square with our experience in building underground, in whatever kind of structure. Today in the housing field we have reached a point in half of the municipalities of the country at which the so-called middle-income people can't get places to live. Why? It costs too much.

In order to achieve something like a rental of \$18 to \$20 a room in New York, or any other large city, you must have government subsidies—usually large subsidies. These may take the form of a grant-in-aid from the federal or state governments, or of writing down the cost of land. In order to arrive at such a rental, you have to build on the cheapest land, and after the other write-downs you need a tax subsidy of at least 50 per cent. If you added to the present cost another 25 or 30 per cent for shelters, building for people of middle income would become absolutely prohibitive.

I don't know exactly what the price of shelters would have added to the cost of a big suburban housing development like Levittown on Long Island. This project resulted in a very rapid concentration of population where there had previously been a few farms. Shortly there will be 20,000 houses and 80,000 people on what were once five farms with about thirty tenants.

Shelters would add at least 20 per cent to the cost, and veterans who have gone out to such subdivisions have already awakened to the fact that there is an assessment coming to them for schools, drainage, trunk sewers, paving, water, recreation, and what-not, which they never anticipated. Impulsive shelter advocates lightly add the cost of fully-equipped underground shelters to the present assessments and assume that financing will somehow be taken care of by magic and sleight-of-hand.

ACREAGE ALWAYS WINS

ALL this shelter system might, of course, be paid for by the federal government. It is a cinch that the cost is not going to be met by the owners of small houses, or by tenants who pay rent, or by municipalities, almost all of which are up against deficits. Nor will the states do it, since most states have only a few big cities

but an immense, conservative, anti-urban hinterland. Pit acreage against people, and in such fights acreage always wins. The people who live in the great open spaces are not interested in having their taxes increased in order to build shelters for big cities and suburbs.

If the President and the majority in Congress are intent on cutting or tapering off the federal housing assistance program and keeping the CD budget to a minimum—the only possible sources of Civil Defense bomb shelter aid—what makes the shelter boosters think the recent favorable Military Operations Subcommittee vote and other gestures really mean anything? The Civil Defense Administration's appropriation request for 1958 was \$180,000,000, twice the 1957 appropriation. It was cut to \$40,000,000 by the House Committee on Appropriations. A large segment of the press endorses both civil defense spending and drastic, uncompromising economy. All this is just another example of the ambivalence of the executive branch of our national government, which confuses governors and mayors, perplexes the press, and leaves loyal citizens without guidance or leadership.

As for improved communication to detect atomic attack, we think a great deal has already been done by the radio and television people, and of course by the armed forces. Without going overboard to endorse the military mind, or reported classified radiological information not open to public scrutiny, we believe that those who guard our frontiers and the vault above us—who invent the instruments of detection and launch our own ingenious and diabolical weapons of retaliation—will not fail us, and that we may continue to live, work, and hope on the surface and not burrow underground like troglodytes. The rest lies with diplomatic peace negotiations, faith, prayer, and the men of the cloth, not with dispersionists and shelter diggers.

WE'RE NOT GOING UNDERGROUND

AS FOR firebreaks in urban areas, these also are impractical. We have the devil's own time getting limited, narrow rights-of-way for the arterial program in the cities and suburbs, even though they are largely paid for by the federal and state governments. The new expressway system is 90 per cent federal and 10 per cent state. Talk about mowing down buildings for firebreaks to anticipate atomic attack is simply hot air. As for starting a great big

urban demonstration program in Washington itself, we doubt whether it would be terribly impressive around the United States. A good many people think Washington is expendable.

In addition to cost, consider briefly the time schedule for a national shelter program. It would take not five or six years, as has been stated by the proponents, but nearer twenty years. No major arterial improvement today, no comprehensive housing improvement in any city involving slum clearance, is accomplished even by the ablest people in less than five years. That is rule of thumb.

As to volunteer civil defense organizations, the only municipal agency I know of which can effectively serve to direct volunteers is the fire department. At relatively small expense it could assume this responsibility. In each fire house, for example, the municipality could add one or two trained firemen who would be responsible full-time for organizing volunteer neighborhood workers. The regular fire force is always the chief instrument in catastrophes involving explosions, fires, and similar disasters. There is, however, in the offing an immense amount of generous, patriotic, and potentially competent volunteer effort which can be recruited for a sane, balanced, respected program under experienced professional direction. Such talent need not be discouraged.

The silly city drills ballyhooed by local Civil Defense heads have undermined public respect and increased the harmless stock of ribald stories. Ninety per cent of the people pay no attention to these exhibitions. Ambitious officials get their pictures taken in helmets and armbands. A few pacifists who refuse to dive into cellars and subway kiosks, and some pathetic bums too poor to repair to a legitimate gin mill, are arrested for failure to co-operate.

We shall have to live with this problem somehow or other. We are not going underground. We shall not evacuate and disperse. We shall not change our way of life. The sane people of the country will not take this threat seriously enough to support a fantastic national underground escapist program, costing between twenty and thirty billion dollars at a time when the insistent demand is for retrenchment and economy. A well-balanced, modest, experimental, multi-purpose civil defense shelter program under the right auspices might accomplish something. The problem should be up to the established Department of Defense, which is supposed to protect us against attack and launch the counter-offensive.

By the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, C.R.

Drawings by Joseph Bertelli



The Huddleston Jazz Band

A teen-ager who dreamed of playing the trumpet and an Anglican monk who was determined to dent the South African color barrier turn jazz into a lively crusade.

IT ALL started, really, with Yehudi Menuhin. He had come from the United States to give a series of concerts in South Africa, and, typically, had insisted on playing to an African audience—an audience which, otherwise, would have no opportunity of hearing him. As we drove out of Johannesburg to the church in Sophiatown—the black district which most people would describe as a slum, but which to me is home—he turned and said: “Remember, Father, it was the Negro jazz bands which first broke the color bar in America. . . .”

About four years later, when I had left Sophiatown and was living at another of our missions in Johannesburg, Menuhin’s words came back to me with strange and persistent force. I was in my office one morning when Hugh walked in. He was one of the smallest boys in the school and one of the most mischievous and attractive. His

home was Alexandra Township, a compact but densely populated African suburb just outside Johannesburg: a place where 80,000 of Johannesburg’s black labor force made their homes. I know it well.

I know its streets, dusty, rutted, and teeming with children. I know its crowded back yards and the hundreds of corrugated-iron shacks which serve as houses. And I know, too, the many little groups of teen-age lads called “tsotsis,” who stand or squat all day at the corners dicing and rotting away in idleness, or, at night prowling like wolf packs and pouncing from the darkness with knives in their hands. You don’t have too much respect for human life or human dignity in Alexandra, because nobody cares what happens to Alexandra anyway.

Hugh’s father, a fine man, was one of the comparatively few African social workers in that area—and a sculptor in his spare time. And Hugh was in his early days at our high school—St. Peters, Rosetteunthe. So he walked into my office, sat down on the arm of my chair, pulled at each of his fingers till the joints cracked (a sign, always, of embarrassment), then suddenly took my hand in his and said, “Father, I want a trumpet. . . .” Before I could say anything he

went on, "You see, Father, I *know* I can be a musician—any kind of a musician—classic or jazz—but specially jazz. Like Louis Armstrong. My father won't believe I mean it. But I'm serious, Father. Can't you get me a trumpet, Father? I want one—too much!"

I forget exactly how I answered him. Something about its being very expensive, but perhaps I'd be able to see about it one day. I honestly don't think—God forgive me—that I intended to think about it again. But I had reckoned without Hugh. A few days later I heard that he was sick and went to see him in his dormitory. He was there alone, not *very* sick, I must admit, but sick enough to give those eyes of his, always so lovely, an added, irresistible appeal. I said nothing to him, but on my way back from the city that morning I stopped off at a music store and asked the price of a trumpet. My luck was in. There was a second-hand instrument going for £15 (about \$42). I knew I had *that* much money in some fund or other, and without stopping to lose my nerve I bought the trumpet and took it straight back to Hugh. That was sufficient reward.

As soon as he was well, Hugh began practicing, and for two months I wondered what in Heaven's name had induced me to get such an instrument. For the one thing about a trumpet you *can* be sure of is that, whatever it is, it will be heard. There was another and deeper reason for my anxiety—would any small boy persevere through all the dreary hours of practice, when it must seem as if the Louis Armstrongs of this world are born and not made?

And then—so obvious, but somehow so unexpected—other boys beside Hugh came to my office and said, "We want to learn an instrument." And it began.

THE URGE TO BEG

I BELONG to a monastic order and therefore, since I have taken the vow of poverty, I have no money of my own. If a jazz band was to materialize I would have to beg the instruments or the money to buy them with or both. In fact it took me two years to get all the instruments we needed; two years during which the urge to beg was so insistent that it was almost like the urge to drink or narcotics—at least I suppose so. But I was lucky.

There was the drum set, for instance. We didn't have very high ambitions at first; just a single bass drum and something to hit it with would do. And one afternoon a friend of mine,



a European woman who had served on the mission committee, gave me a lift in her car. "I want a drum," I said. And before she could ask too much I was explaining the whole thing to her, trying to make her catch the vision I had caught from Menuhin—the vision of African jazz bands as a way to freedom.

"But I'm off to England in three days," she said.

"Well, you can bring that drum to the Priory before you go—please."

And, within a few hours, she drove up to our gates and unloaded a magnificent, deep-throated, booming bass. We were getting started.

But I did not know then just what vaulting ambitions would grip the boys when once they saw instruments of their own; when once I had opened the door to that new world which, for all of them until then, had lain behind the plate-glass windows of music stores or the glossy pages of magazines. To hold in your hands a golden trumpet; to twang the strings of a curved and polished bass—that is an unspeakably wonderful and exhilarating experience. But the cost, particularly the cost of saxophones, was a bit frightening.

I had tea one afternoon with a woman whom I knew to be interested in African problems. I dared to mention my dream. "A saxophone? How much would that be?" And then would come the long weeks of suspense, wondering whether she had really cared, whether she was ready to help still, and the kids, waiting, not too patiently, for the next mad moment when a new instrument would arrive. I would have to screw up my courage to telephone and find out—oh! so

tactfully—whether in fact the promise had been remembered.

Some of the smaller instruments like the clarinets came to hand more easily. I made friends with a musical instrument dealer in town who kept any likely second-hand instrument for me and sometimes even gave it to me. So we got a battered old saxophone, a second-hand side-drum, a strong-bass which I brought back one memorable morning strapped to the top of our small car. And all the time the kids were learning, using every spare minute, teaching themselves by ear, preparing for the day of their first public performance to the school.

I ought perhaps to explain that the African boy in the city listens to jazz whenever he can. Of course, he very rarely has a phonograph of his own. But there are shops in Johannesburg, strangely assorted as to their merchandise, often owned by Indians or Chinese, where, from early in the morning till late at night, through a mass of old bicycle wheels or an odd mixture of medicines and *muti* (African herbs), the strains of "bop" and "Dixie" meet and mingle with the crisp high-veld air. And outside those shops, in the "native" quarter of the city or at the corner of the Township Street, there will be a small crowd of African youngsters listening: their bodies swaying, their feet tap-tapping—and sometimes, when the music is too wonderful, they will join hands and dance.

Frequently in Sophiatown, that dusty outpost of urban Africa, you will hear "Satchmo's" horn and see the rhythm of many brown, bare feet. Yes, the African boy can tell you, generally, all about the latest techniques in America, and the names of those who develop them. Even now as I write this article in the United States, I have before me an air-mail letter from Hugh himself. It came yesterday and he wrote:

How's the States? . . . How I wish I were you, Father. I don't think me and you'll ever meet again unless you come to South Africa. . . . I will be happy if you could get me a jazz pen-pal over that side, especially one who is interested in bop. My favorites are Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Lee Konitz, Oscar Peterson, Lester Young. If you could get me their records, I will be much obliged. . . .

It is from gramophone records that the band gets its only real idea of how jazz ought to be played—records which are far too expensive to be theirs in any number and which are played ragged from overuse. Now that I am recalled to England, it won't be too easy to meet Hugh's

longings, and I can only hope that perhaps someone in America will see this and be interested enough to find a way to help.

FIRST PERFORMANCE

IT WAS a full year from the moment when I bought that trumpet to the first performance of the band. By that time, although Hugh was the pioneer, George, the drummer, had taken over the leadership of the band; and George was the living proof that my theories really worked. He had been, in his first three years, one of the most troublesome kids in the school, had escaped expulsion more than once by a hair's breadth, and had the reputation (one which I have no doubt he greatly prized) of being really tough. If ever there was an embryo "tsotsi" it was George. ("Tsotsi," significantly enough, is a corruption of "zoot suit" and is used to describe the gangster or hoodlum of the African townships who is distinguished by his clothes as well as by his habits.) But once the big drum arrived, and George took charge of it—and the band—his whole character began to change. He was a born leader. All his instincts for leadership now were directed into this new and thrilling business of molding the band; all his toughness was energized into the skillful beating of the bass-drum, the tender, tight tattooing of the side-drum.

They spent the whole morning preparing the stage—and our hall had very little about it that was attractive enough for the purpose. But when all was ready and the curtains (green calico, sagging in the middle) drawn, there stood revealed against a backcloth some shining, spangled letters "H.J.B." and, painted on the face of the drum the legend "Huddleston Jazz Band."

I cannot, in honesty, pretend that the first performance reached a very high artistic level. For one thing some of the instruments were so old that it was impossible to tune them properly. For another, in their great enthusiasm, there was a tendency for the band to draw out every tune to its maximum length, and to play it (with variations) on every instrument they had. But certainly they had an appreciative audience. And from that moment there was ever fiercer competition to learn an instrument, and I had somehow to contrive a system of practicing which would allow each boy his turn. I also saw, unmistakably, that the time had come for better instruments and for professional help. Both were forthcoming, though it took me another year before I had reached the end—or the beginning—of my endeavors.



There are, in Johannesburg, two or three really good white jazz bands; and there is a very big white public for them. Consequently, one evening two or three years ago the City Hall was packed with three thousand hep-cats, jazz-maniacs, or what you like—and I was there. For one thing, the proceeds of this concert were to be given to a scheme I had for building a swimming pool for Africans. I sat near the stage and watched, fascinated, the amazing technique of Bob Hill, recognized as one of the best string-bass players in England and now settled in Johannesburg. Bob and I soon became buddies. For one thing he served behind the counter in the largest music store in the city, and he was always ready to help me choose the right instrument (and knock a few pounds off the price). For another, he was genuinely interested in African musicians and especially in their longing for good jazz—a rare thing to find in white South Africa.

When I knew that I was to go back to England, I turned to Bob for help. "Will you look after these kids for me? See that they keep together, give them the advice they need? Perhaps rehearse them and protect them from any sharp practice? Bob gave his word, and I heard later from Hugh that he is doing all he can to help and encourage them. But that is to anticipate, as Hugh would say, "*too much*."

All of us went out and begged. A wealthy

school organized a fete (through one of my friends whose children attended it) and raised enough money to buy a really good alto sax. Alan Paton, author of *Cry the Beloved Country* and one of my oldest and dearest friends, came one day with a check as a thank offering for his own holiday; that meant another trumpet. Occasional secret donations to be used at my discretion provided us with two shining and superb trombones—and so it went on. I never had to look after the band—it looked after itself. My only worry was to prevent the kids playing when they ought to be doing their schoolwork. In this I was not always too successful.

A SAX FROM SKOURAS

AT LAST we had everything a band could need—except the most expensive instrument of all—a tenor saxophone. I have always believed that, if you want something urgently enough you will get it. I wanted that tenor sax. And I had no money to buy it with. But it was just then that I read in the newspaper that Spyros P. Skouras, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, was visiting Johannesburg in connection with a big movie deal. It happened that, three years previously, I had met Mr. Skouras at a tea party. I was sure he would not remember me, but at least it gave me an opening. For three days I tried vainly to make contact with him, and each time I tried I was put off by some secretarial watchdog with a pleasant voice and firm procrastinating excuse. But at last (miraculously I believe) I got through on the telephone to Spyros P. Skouras himself. "What do you want, Father?" "A saxophone—a tenor saxophone for my jazz band." "How much does it cost?" I drew a deep breath, said a brief prayer, answered, as firmly and confidently as I knew how, "Eighty-five pounds." "Well—you're a gold-digger, but you can have it. Send the account to me." Within an hour, in my bedroom at the priory, that glistening, golden thing was there in its case—and the band, *my band*—was all around me gazing at it in wonder and in an enraptured silence. *We had arrived.*

Well, not quite. There were fourteen players, fourteen instruments, but it looked a pretty amateur affair without a uniform. Naturally we ought to have had tuxedos, but the price was way beyond our means. I saw an advertisement in some illustrated weekly—I think it had something to do with Spain or South America; anyhow it gave me an idea. Instead of tuxedos we had gray silk blouses, with a deep collar of red, gold, and

blue, and with a white fringe, a white cummerbund round the waist, black trousers. And I managed to get the firm who made these clothes to let me have them at wholesale price.

By this time one or two influential white friends of mine had become interested. It seemed to me essential, as I was so soon leaving South Africa, to try to get the band established on a permanent basis—an easy enough thing to do in America or England, but not so easy in a country where segregation is so rigid and so all-pervasive as in the Union. For one thing it was desperately hard to find a central studio, a place where they could practice, once they had left school (and all of them were leaving). For another, they would at first need money—money for their bus fares, for their music (they had learned to read), for repairs and new instruments.



ON THEIR WAY

THEY had already tried to raise their own funds—and in doing so, learned that “show-biz,” as they love to call it, isn’t always a bed of roses. Just before term ended, George came to my office: “We want to go on tour, Father—to Durban, Capetown, Port Elizabeth. We could pay our way easy, make a lot of money—then we should be independent.” I told George that, if they went on tour they would have to organize everything themselves. I simply had not the time. Besides, I wanted to test their quality. In the end they decided that Durban would be far enough (400 miles) and they trimmed their schedules accordingly.

Although they did not raise much money; although they found themselves having to go

short of food and to sleep in bug-ridden beds; although some of them lost their clothes while they slept—they got safely home, with their precious instruments, more determined than ever to improve, and to show that they could really be something worthwhile.

A Greek restaurant owner asked me to see him. “I’ve heard about your band, Father; now I want to hear *them*. I’m prepared to risk it. I’m prepared to put them on in my place. And if *I* do it, then tomorrow all Johannesburg will be wanting to copy me.” I tried to persuade him that they were not good enough yet, but he was persistent. Just before I left the city, he came for his audition.

Perhaps one day I shall hear that some of them, at least, have found employment in a white restaurant, have smashed the color bar by their own skill, their own determination. But perhaps

that too is a dream which cannot materialize yet in a land of such fierce, fanatic racialism

What is *not* a dream is the band itself, and the truth of which it is a symbol; the truth that young Africa is capable of finding itself, of proving its vitality and its ability and its talent—if only it is given the chance. I greatly wish I had thought of the band ten years ago and had been able to acquire some skill in an instrument myself. It is one of my deepest convictions that you will never overcome, or over-leap, the fearful barrier of race and color unless you can *identify* yourself with those who stand across on the other side.

Saying good-by to the Huddleston Jazz Band was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. Yet I can look back on the days of its beginning as days of immense, superlative happiness. And there is one small incident that I remember above all others, and which gives me the greatest joy.

One afternoon the band was practicing. I had allowed them to use the veranda, and their music filled the warm afternoon air. A little white girl of six or seven stopped at the gate and listened. “Can I go in, Father?” I took her hand. She stood, open-mouthed, gazing at this band of African boys—or Kaffirs—of those who in South Africa were separate and apart, were servants. Then, turning to me and looking wistfully up, she said: “Father, I *wish* I was a native.”

It was a splendid recompense.

INSIDE SAMARKAND

and Other Unlikely Places

Russia's Wild West is the great dry plain of Central Asia—which our Aryan forefathers (and Timurlane's murderous hordes) came from. . . . A second excerpt from the forthcoming book, *Inside Russia Today*.

WHAT Central Asia means to the Soviet regime can be expressed mostly by one word—Frontier. Obviously, the area makes Russia an Asiatic as well as European power. But what really counts is that this frontier, now being developed rapidly, is an inordinately rich repository of natural and potential wealth—in cotton, grain, oil, minerals without number, and hydroelectric power.

There is no such thing as "Central Asia" from a strict political or geographical point of view. In older days the whole vast area was called "Turkistan" loosely, and its distinguishing marks were bigness, aridity, and inaccessibility. Today it consists of five republics—Usbekistan, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan, Kirgizia, and Tad-jikistan.

Kazakhstan alone is four times the size of Texas. The region as a whole stretches all the way from the Volga district near Stalingrad and the Caspian to the borders of China and Mongolia, from the vicinity of Siberian cities like Omsk down to the frontiers of Afghanistan and India. Here it faces the Pamirs and the Hindu Kush, which merge into the Himalayas and form "the Roof of the World." Most of it is an unending flat plain, and most of its rivers drain into inland seas.

Central Asia is the remote impregnable core of

the Eurasian continent. The first Aryans, our forefathers, probably rose from this ancient heartland, and it was the starting point for the great migrations into Europe led by Genghis Khan and Timurlane. The Tatars and Mongols who sacked Moscow and established the Golden Horde on the Volga came from here; so did the Huns, who reached the Danube.

Tsarist forces moved in on Central Asia in the 1860s, approximately the same time as the development of the American West. The Russians dealt with various Asian princelings as we dealt with Sitting Bull. They slopped over into Central Asia not so much by deliberate design but because it was adjacent, empty, interesting, and of value.

The city of Tashkent was taken over in 1865; Samarkand and Bukhara in 1868. The chief subsequent weapon of penetration was the Trans-Caspian Railroad, begun in the 1880s. Half a century later the Soviets built the Turksib Railway, linking Tashkent with Novosibirsk and the industrial cities of Siberia. The man mainly responsible for this remarkable railway was, incidentally, an American, Bill Shatov, who had been an IWW organizer. Central Asia, an untapped wilderness forty years ago, produced last year 300 per cent more electric power than the entire Middle East. The desert blooms, not with roses, but with factories.

The three most fabulous cities of the Central Asian frontier are Samarkand, Bukhara, Tashkent—all in Uzbekistan. This republic, though not the biggest in Central Asia, is the richest and most advanced. It has a population of about 8.5 million, and it is almost exactly the geographical size of California. (California's population is by now around 13 million). Fifty per cent of it

is desert, but it has about two-thirds of the railway mileage of Central Asia, 80 per cent of the cotton area, and a large industrial development. The people have a characteristic national costume; men wear an embroidered skull cap which they seldom take off, even when in bed.

TIMURLANE'S TOWN

SAMARKAND, the capital of the Emperor Timurlane and the pivot of the ancient silk road across Asia into China, is a perfumed name. People have called Samarkand, "a combined Delphi and Athens," "a green jewel on a withered hand," and "the glory and wonder of the Asiatic continent." The legend, which was difficult to verify on the spot, is that only two European visitors ever reached it in the four hundred years from 1450 to 1850. Nowadays, getting to Samarkand is a routine matter. It is only about seven and a half hours from Moscow by a direct daily flight, and is conspicuous on Intourist itineraries.

Indeed, if it were not for its majestic ruins, Samarkand today would be nothing more than another Soviet provincial town, that happens to be in Central Asia. It lies, nicely situated, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, on an oasis in the Zeravshan Valley, and is surrounded by stout mountains shining with snow. The snow shines in the winter, anyway; in summer, the temperature can reach 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The population is 230,000, with four main communities which do not mix much—Uzbeks (60 per cent), Russians, Armenians, and Jews.

Streets are broad, abundantly lined with pleasant trees, and paved with asphalt; the atmosphere is not "Oriental" or pungent at all, but is businesslike. The Uzbeks look like Moroccans, except that they wear Russian fur caps and tall Russian boots, if they can afford them. Street signs are in Russian and Uzbek, and the airport even has a neat little sign in English, "Exit to Landing." Some little girls wear bright dangling earrings and have their brows marked with kohl; a few Moslem women still wear veils. The first person I looked at carefully sat next to my wife and me in the hotel restaurant. He had a completely shaven skull and a solid mouthful of gold teeth, and was scraping flies off his cropped head with a table knife.

If the restaurant is crowded, people ask to sit down at your table, or sit down without being asked, in the familiar Russian manner. We had, that first evening, a *solenka* (meat soup), delicate little hamburgers made of veal

and onion, a superlative *shashlik*, and choke cherries and pomegranates for dessert.

In Samarkand our escort was Professor Ivan I. Umyakov, professor of antiquities at the local university. A venerable Leningrader, Professor Umyakov studied for the Foreign Office in the last days of the Tsars, kept on with his studies after the revolution, came out to Central Asia, and has taught in Tashkent and Samarkand for more than forty years. Probably he is the foremost living authority on the area, and his career is an interesting example of continuity in a turbulent and changing time. These are the salient sights he showed us:

(1) *The Observatory*. This was built by the Emperor Mirza Ulugbek, grandson of Timurlane, who lived from 1409 to 1449, and was an astronomer by avocation; in fact he was known as "Prince of Astronomers." Sloping stone tracks leading into a deep, dark orifice like a well, on a hilly site on the outskirts of the town, show where his telescope was posted. The instruments have long since disappeared; some, however, are believed to be in a museum in Basra, Iraq. Ulugbek's mathematical calculations have been translated into English, and are indication that, even in Central Asia in the fifteenth century, men had lively scientific minds and did fruitful work.

(2) *The Registan*, which, with its adjacent buildings, was the central square of Timur's city in the fifteenth century. Facing it is the square façade of a mosque, with a tall bluntly pointed arch; adjoining are three *Madrasahs* (schools) with double rows of pointed Moorish cloisters. The blue-tipped minarets, on each side of the central structure, are still standing, but one is aslant, and is wired to scaffolding to keep it from toppling. The impression as a whole is that of a broken-down Alhambra.

Lord Curzon, when he visited Samarkand in 1888, called the Registan the "noblest public square in the world," even outranking St. Mark's in Venice. Its buildings are roughly of the same period as the Taj Mahal in India, but are much deteriorated. All over the place are broken, glowing bits of tile; you can stuff your pockets with them, if so inclined. Nobody knows who the architect of this majestic compound was. Here, for centuries, the Moslems of Central Asia had their heart and focus; here students were trained, pilgrims greeted, and Islam perpetuated.

Across the square I noticed a large statue of Stalin, painted silver. Of these, Russian art factories must have turned out tens of thousands,

and it is not surprising that Samarkand still has one. Then the loud-speaker began to shout—news of Hungary and Suez—and a jet split the sky above us. Indeed, the centuries coalesce in this part of Asia.

(3) *The Debi-Hanum*. Timurlane built this for one of his wives, a Chinese girl; the mosque and school are almost totally in ruins. The mosque was built (1399-1404) to commemorate one of Timur's spider-like military expeditions. A large arch remains, and behind this half a dome and one pure perfect cylinder of a minaret. In all these monuments, what is most notable is the surviving tile, which is radiant; the dominating colors are green and blue. Birds nest in the broken columns of the Debi-Hanum today, and the site is so far gone that, despite all effort, it is impossible to restore it.

(4) *The Shah-i-Zind*. This means "Living Tsar," and is a street—or rather stairway—of resplendent ancient tombs. Small mosques and other monuments sit along a narrow, steep passageway, and some of the graves date from the eighth century. Most members of Timur's family are buried here. Two bulbous turquoise domes are patchily covered with a crisp frizzle of weeds, which grow in cracks in the plaster, and look like hair on a bald green skull. The tile of the Shah-i-Zind is white, coral, chrome yellow, a blue the color of cornflowers, and a deeper blue, like sea water seen at sunset.

(5) Above all, the *Gur Emir*, or tomb of Timurlane himself. Across a small rough courtyard stands this soaring edifice, with its double series of pointed arches on either side of a large arched doorway; surmounting it is an enormous bulbous dome, covered with green-blue fluted tile, in spiral convolutions. The walls inside are made of solid onyx (like parts of the Moscow subway today) and other precious materials. Timur's sarcophagus is black, constructed out of a rare stone known as nephrite; the inscription on it reads, "Were I alive today, mankind would tremble."

Earthquakes make this region unsafe for old monuments, and Timurlane's grave was opened not long ago and his bones brought to Tashkent, where they could be better kept. This Mongol potentate, who liked wide horizons, must have been a small man physically; probably he died of tuberculosis. He was lame, and his right hand was withered. On his death at seventy, in 1405, he ruled the earth from Mongolia almost to the Danube.

Between Samarkand and Bukhara, the plane makes one stop. Distances are short, and I am

prepared to swear that the identical radio program, carried by loud-speakers, saw us off at Samarkand, greeted us at our intermediate stop, and welcomed us at Bukhara. This was the nearest thing to the radio in George Orwell's *1984* that I came across in the Soviet Union. Also the taxi which met us at the Bukhara airport, with a line of checkers around the body, was obviously the same one we had used in a different city two hours before.

Although the plane follows a valley fertile in the summer time, we scarcely saw a road or a house between Samarkand and Bukhara. One decrepit village was laid out in the shape of a gourd. Some of the dry water courses looked as if they had been drawn by a thick brush with pale blue whitewash, against the lion-colored earth. Then came outcroppings of savage, brilliant red rock, as red as fire engines. And then, of all things, came a violet lake, on the edges of which lay lines of white foam, not snow as I first thought, but salt. Close to Bukhara signs of irrigation appear. Villages on the brown-purple land looked like heaps of pebbles, but surrounding them were small green irrigated areas, some of them oblong, some in the shape of jelly beans.

VERMIN PITS OF THE EMIRS

BUKHARA is smaller than Samarkand, much more primitive, and more homogeneous; it is not split between old and new, and a great many people still live more or less as they lived hundreds of years ago. The city walls, dimly crenelated, are so broken down that the towers look like stalagmites, and the black cobbles in the streets are the stoniest, spiniest, and sharpest I have ever seen anywhere—like pointed lumps of coal. Bukhara is famous for its maroon, square-shaped rugs. These, however, were not made in the town; Bukhara happened to be the market where most of them were sold. On a road leading into the city I saw men trampling on what seemed to be white crushed stone—cotton. A road is flat, and as good a place to sort cotton as any.

Remote and off the conventional track, Bukhara is not served by Intourist. One thing may be said about this city with the utmost confidence—here live 70,000 people who have never seen a flush toilet. An estimable English lady, visiting it recently, gave it as her opinion that "to go to the bathroom in Bukhara you need stout boots." Here, too, we enter what might be called gold tooth territory. An as-

tounding number of people have all, or most, of their teeth gold. I asked a pretty girl at a hotel if she were an Uzbek, and her indignant reply was, "Do I *look* like an Uzbek?" I do not know what she was, probably Russian or Tatar, but her mouth fairly yawned with its weight of gold.

Mostly the population is Uzbek and Tadjik, and a strong Jewish community still survives. Timurlane brought the Jews in from Mesopotamia; most Jews of the region have been assimilated now, in several senses of the word. Late in 1956 the Jewish community in Bukhara rose dutifully on the bidding of its Soviet masters and, "in the name of all faithful Bukhara Jews," expressed indignant protest at the Israeli invasion of Egypt.

History has known Bukhara for at least two thousand years. Alexander the Great stopped here, and for a time, around 1000 A.D., it was the most celebrated place of learning in all Asia. Students and pilgrims sojourned to it from afar, until Genghis Khan burned it to the ground and slaughtered most of its Arab inhabitants (1220).

Under the Russians, after the middle of the nineteenth century, Bukhara had a semi-autonomous status, and was ruled, at least nominally, by its own Emir. Slavery existed—on the open market—until about 1870. People tell highly unpleasant stories about the last emir, who was dismissed from his throne and exiled in 1920, when the Bolshevik regime took over after a period of civil war. He tossed people into pits where they were slowly devoured by vermin, and maintained a harem of some four hundred girls and boys.

The site Bukharans are proudest of is the Manari-Kazyan, or Tower of Death, a tall minaret built in 1127, and for centuries the town scaffold. That is, condemned criminals were executed by being tossed to death from its top, if they were not assigned to the vermin pits. A tuft of what seems to be green hair surmounts the Tower of Death today—a stork's nest.

A sleepy sight is the emir's palace, flanked by a stagnant pool. This edifice, with its pale gray lattices, has been converted into a museum. Cheek by jowl with old Chinese porcelain and embroidered metal on cloth we saw contemporary posters, some of which depicted Red Chinese aircraft gleefully knocking off American Saber-jets in Korea.

Bukhara's School of Divinity, nine hundred years old, still functions. We talked with the

Rector, who, with his rich beard, resembled Moslem dignitaries in Northern Nigeria or Zanzibar. He has been in charge of this establishment for more than thirty years, and has one hundred students, who take a nine-year course. Graduates go out all over Central Asia as *mullahs*, or priests. I asked what percentage of the population of Bukhara still attended religious services. The Rector, after a pause, evaded this question and said that many people "prayed at home." I asked if his congregation included any Communist party members. No. "But maybe they pray at home, too." Then the Rector asked us how many practicing Moslems lived in—the United States!

CITY WITH A PLAN

TASHKENT, the capital of Uzbekistan, is an altogether different article. This is a modern industrial city. It is a vital link in the Soviet air route into Afghanistan and India, and is the metropolis not merely for Uzbekistan, but for all five of the Central Asia republics. Tashkent—the name means "city of stone"—is the seventh biggest city in the Soviet Union, and has roughly 800,000 people. When the Russians occupied Central Asia, their procedure was the same as that adopted by the great French colonizer, Marshal Lyautey, in Morocco decades later, namely, to build new quarters for the Europeans without wrecking the existing native cities. So, as in Rabat and Marrakech, Tashkent has modern and old cities side by side. The old native ruler of Tashkent, from whom the Tsars took over in 1865, was known as the "Half-King."

According to Soviet statistics, the population of Tashkent today is 65 per cent Uzbek, 11 per cent Russian. (Tadjiks, Kazakhs, Tatars, and Armenians make up the rest.) A more detached estimate is that Russians, coming in in greater number year by year, now comprise at least 50 per cent of the total population. Tashkent has, among other things, the largest cotton mill in the world. Juxtapositions are quite sharp here; men tend the most modern machinery, while their wives, if Moslem, may still be seen wearing absolutely opaque black veils made of horse-hair. The night we arrived "Trovatore" was playing at the Opera—what a thing to find in the middle of Central Asia!

Nature can be generous in the Tashkent garden. We ate strawberries that looked like pieces of marzipan—one could not believe that they were real—big as plums, pale pink in color,

and deeply pitted. Yellow-red apples are shaped like pears, and grapes have the form of cashew nuts, or small blunt boomerangs. We visited the son of the venerable Mufti of Tashkent. He gave us some roses that must have been six inches wide. Our chambermaid, when we returned with them to the hotel, at once embraced them as if they were like no flowers ever seen before. As always with Russians, the transition from emotion to gesture is instantaneous, and the gesture is as a rule extravagant.

One night we went to the circus, and saw, in what was otherwise a disappointing performance, the foremost of Russian clowns, Durov. Later, a man strolling with his wife followed me down the dark street. He caught up, took me lightly by the shoulder, and peered into my face. "Tourist!" he exclaimed. Then his hand shot out like a piston, he shook mine, and said no more. But with that one word he expressed more than amply his envy of the outside world and his subconscious alliance with it.

THE OUTCASTS

THE most startling thing in Tashkent, as well as in several other Central Asian towns, is the astonishing number of amputees. Within moments of arrival, along the streets and in the markets, we saw cripples hobbling. Some begged; some sold pencils and shoestrings. One man had both legs and an arm gone. There were hundreds of others less drastically crippled. At first I thought that these unfortunates might have shipped down there because the climate is salubrious. I should have known better. A few years ago the authorities decided to clean up Moscow, Leningrad, and other great Russian cities of their more obvious disfiguring elements—confirmed alcoholics, incorrigible juvenile delinquents, and the like. Of people who deface society, amputees are, of course, the most conspicuous. So tens of thousands of them were simply picked up, corralled, and shipped out to remote places in Central Asia, and here they stay.

The Mayor of Tashkent, Minavar Tursunov, is a forty-two-year-old Tashkenter. We sat with him and his associate, the secretary of the Communist party, Rassul Goulamov, for several uninterrupted hours. (The telephone did, it is true, ring twice, but our hosts did not answer it.) Soviet officials believe in concentration. Once every two years the city council is elected—by secret, direct ballot, we were told. Of course there is only one ticket. Then an executive com-

mittee of nine is named, and the nine choose the Mayor from out of their own number.

These men talked, most of the time, as officials in Cincinnati or Leeds might have talked. They were hard-headed, alert, and proud of their municipal accomplishments. Their biggest problems were housing and utilities. I told them that, in most large American cities, mayors stood or fell on the efficiency of their police, and that crime, graft, gambling, and transportation were important items. Mr. Tursunov raised his eyebrows. Crime and graft do not exist except on a petty level, and such things as automobile traffic, parking, and so on, present no problems to Tashkent as yet.

Housing is an extremely serious and in fact agonizing issue, as it is everywhere in the Union. "Before the Revolution, nobody had a plan!" exclaimed Mr. Goulamov. The idea that anything could ever have existed without planning was, to these young men, utterly unbelievable. "People could put up houses where they wished!" Now, residential building in Tashkent is carefully controlled, but there isn't nearly enough of it. Last year 42,000 square meters of new living space was built, enough for about 4,600 people. This year, the state hopes to provide 74,000 more square meters of housing, and 45,000 is to be built privately. "We are a rich state. We can afford this. Also the Union government helps us. Moscow gave Tashkent an 800 million ruble grant this year." Even so, this amount of new housing is no more than a drop in the Tashkent bucket.

Tashkent had no running water before the Revolution, and little electricity. Only one street, Karl Marx Street (formerly Cathedral Avenue), had electric lighting at night. Nowadays a modern sewage system functions, and citizens get running water to the amount of 160 liters per person a day, which is not very much. Next year the quota will be 200.

Tashkent's most urgent problem, when the Bolshevik regime took over, was the liquidation of illiteracy. This has been successfully accomplished. Forty years ago exactly one Uzbek in Tashkent held a college degree; he was the son of a merchant, who became a lawyer. There were no schools of higher learning at all. Today education is compulsory for everybody, and illiteracy has disappeared, except among a few surviving old people. In addition to its university, Tashkent has 17 colleges or institutes, 153 schools, and 125,000 students.

Nasrulla Axundi, a poet and the secretary of the State Publishing House of the Uzbek SSR,

gave us a glimpse of things literary. Five hundred titles were published in Uzbek last year, with a total distribution of nine *million* copies; this is the more remarkable in that almost all Uzbeks speak and read Russian in which many of the same books are available.

I asked about Western literature. "Othello" and "King Lear" appear on the Uzbek stage. *The Gadfly*, by Mrs. Voynich, has been translated, and so has Howard Fast's *Freedom Road*. As usual, polite incredulity greeted my remark that Mr. Fast is not particularly well known in the United States. It was interesting that Mr. Axundi had never heard of John Steinbeck, and that the names Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene meant little. But he knew all about Jack London. All Russians do. Any American who tells any Russian that Jack London is *not* a supremely great writer will have heavy going.

There are ten large functioning mosques in Tashkent, and several smaller, to serve the Mohammedan population. We happened to visit the Barracan, a religious school, on a Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, and the adjacent mosque was crowded. The Grand Mufti, who is ninety-six, is titular leader of the Moslem community not merely in Uzbekistan, but in all Central Asia. There are about thirteen million Moslems in the area as a whole. Soviet policy is, in theory, to respect Islamic institutions. Religious practices are not (again in theory) interfered with. In plain fact, the Moslem church exists only on sufferance, and has been cut off from all its vital roots. Obviously, a Soviet public school does not stress Islam, to put it mildly. I asked the Mufti's son if any members of his congregation ever got to Mecca. Yes. A limited number of pilgrimages—say twenty or thirty—are permitted every year; an applicant addresses himself to the Moslem authorities first, and his name then goes to the government for approval.

I asked about the position of women, who, in most Moslem lands, lead severely circumscribed lives. Here women have equal rights with men, and all Mohammedan girls are obliged to go to school. Polygamy is, of course, illegal by terms of Soviet law, but it is not actually forbidden; polygamous marriages are, however, very rare.

Professor T. D. Dzhusraev, formerly a deputy Minister of Education for Uzbekistan, is the representative in Tashkent of VOKS, the Society for Cultural Relations. His father, illiterate, was a worker in a textile factory, "who dyed thread all his life." (Soviet officials are always astonished to hear that, in the United States,

Left Hand Bites Right Hand

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur . . . who is chairman of the Sperry Rand Corporation, spoke for two hours at the annual meeting of stockholders. . . . General MacArthur's sharpest remarks were directed at excessive spending by the Federal Government. . . .

Discussing the company's operations, General MacArthur said the largest single contributor to company sales during the past year was the instrumentation and controls division. The largest part of its output went to the military. . . .

—*New York Times*, July 31, 1957.

thousands of prominent citizens have fathers who were workers.) He graduated from Tashkent University after World War I, became a specialist in the history of the Communist party, and has been a party member since 1943.

He told us something of Uzbek history, which is romantic. But before the Revolution, Uzbekistan was "nothing." Heavy industry scarcely existed and the population was 98 per cent illiterate. Nowadays not less than 65 per cent of the local budget goes to education. Uzbeks are fond of music and have their own characteristic musical forms, and their literature goes back to a poet of the fifteenth century, Alishir Navoi, who wrote epics known as *dastans*.

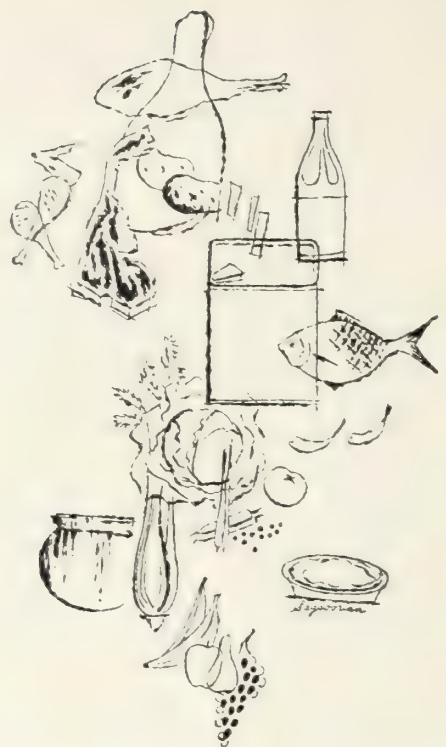
What about relations today with the neighboring republics?

"Very close!"—particularly with Kazakhstan, which bounds half of the Uzbekistan perimeter. The two neighbors recently set up a joint enterprise for the irrigation of a desolate area known as the Hungry Steppe. Basically relations between the republics consist of "exchange of experience, plus friendly competition." This was talk exactly like what we heard in the Ukraine and Georgia.

I asked about local nationalism, and the Professor was bewildered. He sought to explain that Uzbekistan *was* a nation, and had, like the other republics, the "right" to secede from the Union at any time. I did not ask what would happen if any Uzbek political leader tried to put the right into effect.

By DAVID CORT

Drawings by Paul Sagsoorian



The Variety of American Cities

One clue to a nation's character is its palate. A social observer discovers the answer to the myth of American uniformity in the eating habits of its principal cities.

ONE of the prevalent myths about America is that it is losing its regional characteristics. We are being ironed smooth by mass communications, the myth runs, and we persuade ourselves that one American city is becoming essentially much like any other. In any event it is true that American cities are conscientious, even when they are blowing their own horns loudest, to avoid any opinion of the cultures of other cities.

I have recently indulged in a modest experiment which seems to me to demonstrate that the essential flavor of our cities is extremely varied. I conducted my experiment not by travel but by sitting still. My impressions are based on what people eat and what they are willing to pay for their food. I consulted the Thursday afternoon newspapers (December 13, 1956) of eleven cities, and two other cities two weeks later, and I include a table of what I discovered. The prices, I would like to point out firmly, are in real currency at an actual time and place; they are not

"weighted," as official figures always are, or "indexed," or otherwise bewitched. If I read the cash prices correctly, which isn't difficult, there is a very considerable difference in the tastes and social structures of the cities from which they come.

My market list is short, comparable everywhere, and, I believe, significant, since most of the family food dollar goes for meat. One pound of beef is about as nourishing as another, but the price of the best steak tells as much about a city's standard of living as the price of the cheapest chuck roast, so I have included both (with bone). I have also included leg of lamb, canned peas and corn, a "giant" box of detergent, and a quart of table oil because they are standard items and tell us something about the people who buy them.

Reading newspaper advertisements must seem a childishly direct way to collect food prices, since the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics has already done the work. At great trouble and expense it assembles first-of-week food prices every mid-month at chain stores and independent grocers in forty-six cities and towns. Unfortunately, what it issues annually are indexes, currently based on "1947-49 equals 100." An index, it should be noted, is not legal tender.

By writing the Department of Labor one can indeed get a monthly list of apparent money

| | <i>Las Vegas, Nev.</i> | <i>Miami, Fla.</i> | <i>Houston, Tex.</i> | <i>Peoria, Ill.</i> | <i>Baltimore, Md.</i> | <i>St. Louis, Mo.</i> | <i>Portland, Me.</i> | <i>New York, N. Y.</i> | <i>Laredo, Tex.</i> | <i>Providence, R. I.</i> | <i>St. Paul, Minn.</i> | <i>New Orleans, La.</i> | <i>Charleston, S. C.</i> |
|---|------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| lb. chuck roast..... | .52 | .39 | .39 | .39 | .29 | .33 | .29 | .33 | .35 | .30 | .39 | .39 | .25 |
| lb. best steak in town (porterhouse, Delmonico, T-bone) | 1.59 | .99 | .99 | .89 | .85 | .79 | .75 | .79 | .65 | .69 | .79 | .79 | .65 |
| lb. leg of lamb..... | .79 | .53 | .59 | .49 | .59 | .59 | .55 | .49 | .47 | .49 | .59 | .29 | .45 |
| no. 303 can corn..... | .18 | .15 | .10 | .15 | .17 | .16 | .14 | .18 | .18 | .18 | .10 | .15 | .19 |
| no. 303 can peas..... | .19 | .20 | .22 | .18 | .17 | .13 | .16 | .17 | .19 | .18 | .10 | .23 | .18 |
| giant-size detergent (Tide, Duz, Dreft, etc.)..... | .78 | .74 | .73 | .75 | .77 | .75 | .82 | .75 | .83 | .77 | .61 | .69 | .74 |
| qt. Mazola, Wesson oil... | .79 | .65 | .55 | .69 | .69 | .69 | .67 | .67 | .69 | .67 | .59 | .55 | .39 |
| Totals..... | \$4.84 | 3.65 | 3.57 | 3.54 | 3.53 | 3.44 | 3.38 | 3.38 | 3.36 | 3.28 | 3.17 | 3.09 | 2.85 |

Figures in italics are estimated or adjusted. Prices were taken December 13, 1956, except in Las Vegas and Laredo, where they were taken December 27, 1956.

Market Prices Across the U.S.A.

prices for eighty-one different food items* but these too have been precooked in the statistical witches' caldron. They are "weighted" by a formula prescribed in the January 1947 *Monthly Labor Review*. The "weighted" price for chuck roast in St. Louis was 49.1 cents while the price in real money last December ran from 33 to 43 cents. A weighted price is not legal tender either.

Conventional economic theory, which still fondly believes that economics is the cause of everything, would say that local prices are based on labor, rent, and transportation costs, and that the differences are quite unremarkable.

My table takes this pleasant theory, turns it upside down, and tears it into little pieces. Cities close to production areas do not *sometimes* pay high, they *usually* pay high (Houston and Peoria on meat, for example). Great ports simply do not follow any rule at all—Houston and Baltimore are high; Portland, Maine, and New York City around the middle; Providence and New Orleans low. New York, the city with by far the

highest rent and labor costs, does not noticeably reflect them. St. Paul, which pays its only high prices for meat, is a meat-packing center. Distributing centers like New York, Providence, St. Louis, Baltimore, but not St. Paul, are just as likely to pay high for packaged goods. Entirely insane, on the economic plane, is the marked similarity between New York City and Laredo, Texas.

Yet there must be some answer.

I would like to suggest that it is a city's individual and provincial character that dominates its price levels and that people in one city are simply resigned to paying high prices, and people in another are not. A self-confident, orderly culture that has some tradition, status, and bounce is recognizable in what it pays for what kinds of food. The cities that obviously have a well-established tradition are Charleston, New Orleans, Providence, New York, St. Paul (and evidently Laredo); and these are indeed at the bottom of the price table.

If my theory is tenable, the expensive cities are equally understandable. Las Vegas and Miami are filled with crowds of people who have just arrived from somewhere else and are timidly showing off. Houston is a self-inflated city

* Too many, too variable, many too cheap or too exotic (pickles, frozen strawberries, and baby foods) to mean anything for the average family or any specific family that could be imagined. Of the eighty, thirty-two are fruits and vegetables, one is eggs.

telling itself it is having a wonderful time. Baltimore, notorious in some ways, is still a genuine good-time city priding itself on a little extravagance. Peoria is a sad case of a certain kind that must be explained later.

There seems also to be an intermediate group of perfectly respectable cities with medium-high prices. Their characteristics are civic consciousness, the domination of big corporations, an atmosphere of discreet social climbing, and an insecure sense of superiority. Such would probably be, on our list, St. Louis and Portland, Maine; and off it, Rochester, New York; Knoxville, Tennessee; Portland, Oregon; and Wichita, Kansas, etc. These latter cities are often used by the mass media as "the typical American city," perhaps because the mass media are most successful there. Yet even this rather similar group has distinct, and growing, differences. Their individual senses of superiority are leading them in very different directions.

Where prices are high I think we can properly look for civic corruption, extremes of wealth and poverty, and a red-light district. Where prices are low, we can expect to find a preponderantly middle-class city of some antiquity and self-assurance.

Even these generalized differences suggest if they do not prove, that our cities are evolving toward a wider variety of more distinctly differentiated cultures. A Chicagoan, looking at his lake, is different from a Peorian, just a little way down-state, and still more different from a citizen of Cairo, which, unlike its Egyptian namesake, lives on two great rivers.

These differences rarely get mentioned and are never formulated, perhaps because they run counter to the fashionable belief that we are evolving instead into the uniform, undifferentiated mass state. It is a view that I believe exaggerates the influence of mass communications and minimizes the strength of provincial character, childhood influences, and states' rights. Look, for example, at the cheapest and most culturally distinct cities on this short table. They happen also to be the oldest. Compared to Charleston, for example, both Richmond and Atlanta are "new" cities. Baltimore, which is thought old, was the third site to receive the name and only became a county seat in 1767. Of the cheap cities, the youngest, St. Paul, was a temporary trading post before 1700.

Eating habits fluctuate and often the food that

is actually put on the table of a city is different from the city's mythical cuisine. Charleston's boast, for example, is that it dines on potted quail and she-crab soup. But the Negro servants long since decided to go home at three in the afternoon, and if the grocers believed in myths, they would all go out of business. In Charleston, A & P sold five frozen chicken pies for 99 cents, saving a lot of quail and certainly earning a citation from the Audubon Society. In fact, Charleston lives on a starch base of rice and grits, plus raw fruit and nuts, pork but hardly any lamb, much canned meat and store pies. The shrimp of the street vendors and garden vegetables help to lower store prices.

New Orleans carries this diet further in every direction, adding fruit cakes, lamb, porterhouse steak, a lot of breaded shrimp and fish sticks, citron and fruit peel, and plenty of liquor.

In St. Paul lamb comes back strong with potatoes, plums, chile con carne, peanut butter, and kidney beans.

Providence is not very different but it puts more weight on local apples, French fried potatoes, tomatoes, haddock fillets. Wesson oil, which does well in the South, here gives way to Mazola.

Portland, Maine, does what you would expect on its cold northern bay, but with an unexpected variation. Of course, it depends on those fortifiers of the outer marches of the Yankee world, such as baked beans, doughnuts, piccalilli, oysters, chowders, squash and turnips, and mayonnaise. Oddly, it duplicates New Orleans taste in fish sticks, Italian sausage, fruit cake, marshmallows, Texas shrimp, and fruit peel.

Now go to the top of the list. Miami, like Las Vegas to a lesser degree, is an eclectic, characterless combination of all tastes: bananas and pears, grapefruit and pineapple juice, sauerkraut, chow mein, deluxe dog food, kosher corned beef, Long Island cauliflower, avocado, liverwurst, smelts, kingfish steak, and yams.

Houston is strong on hams, cakes, papaya, candies, beer, egg-nog, kosher wines, oysters, soft drinks, chili, canned tuna, "Worcester Sauce," both dog and cat food, and potatoes.

Baltimore, like New Orleans, gives the impression that it enjoys life and food. Oysters, ocean perch, flounder, and fried shrimp vie with frying chickens, sausage, "knockwurst," steaks, Brussels sprouts, sweet potatoes, baby lima beans, and apricot pie. The papers are filled with



liquor advertisements; the food ads are in very big, black type, suggesting a hearty appetite.

St. Louis, on the contrary, uses advertising type that is fine and delicate; beef is surprisingly expensive; there are meats called braunschweiger and beer salami; spaghetti, macaroni, and noodles are in demand.

Laredo is poor, with a heavily Mexican diet.

Peoria, our sad case, seems to have no city pride, yet it has a brilliant, if abortive and forgotten, history. It has a red-light district, some very rich people, and a large proletariat. The fact that there is little or no lamb in the markets seems to be an indication of a feeble middle class. The Peoria diet has no distinction until one reaches the poor man's stores: catfish at 49 cents a pound, buffalo-fish at 29, rabbit at 59, and live geese at 29 cents a pound. In Peoria, you'd better strangle your own goose.

This leaves on our list only New York City, where almost anything may be found at any price, if you look for it. New York's Peoria is Harlem, and New York Negroes try to shop elsewhere. On this particular Thursday, A & P fea-

tured rib beef, lamb shoulders, and tangerines; Bohack stores featured prime ribs, pot roast, and prefluffed rice; Safeway, chuck beef and fresh broccoli; and Daitch stores, leg of lamb and cheezlox. At the Grand Union it was McIntosh apples and hinds of beef.

This tea-leaf sort of reading of the culture of American cities, though it may seem superficial compared with the lofty surveys of the professional pollsters and of the statistical wizards, is surely not without its uses. We are all too submissive to the statistical rendering that levels the landscape of its delightful irregularities and eccentricities and reduces it to a great plain. When statistical myth begins to swallow human fact, which it can, of course, do, it is useful to look at the landscape from a man's-eye view.

The point is that the United States is a very big store offering a wide selection. It is incredible but true that the real variety of its charms has not begun to be fully appraised and defined. This country is not a promoter's or statistician's monolithic dream: it is filled with real and different cultures, people—and prices.

ALL SOULS

MAY SARTON

DID someone say that there would be an end,
An end, Oh an end to love and mourning?
Such voices speak when sleep and waking blend,
The cold bleak voices of the early morning
When all the birds are dumb in dark November,
Remember and forget, forget, remember.

After the false night, warm true voices, wake!
Voice of the dead that touches the cold living,
Through the pale sunlight once more gravely speak.
Tell me again while the last leaves are falling:
"Dear child, what has been once so interwoven
Cannot be raveled nor the gift ungiven."

Now the dead move through all of us still glowing,
Mother and child, lover and lover mated
Are wound and bound together and enflowing.
What has been plaited cannot be unplaited—
Only the strands grow richer with each loss
And memory makes kings and queens of us.

Darkness to light, light into darkness spin;
When all the birds have flown to some real haven
We who find shelter in the warmth within,
Listen and feel new-cherished, new-forgiven
As the lost human voices speak through us and blend
Our complex love, our mourning without end.

the Seal that couldn't swim

By ALEXIS LADAS

Drawings by Roy McKie



IT IS disproportionately distressing to me to hear people confusing ordinary seals with sea lions. Sea lions balance things and blow horns at circuses. They are slapstick clowns. Seals are sad-eyed creatures full of pathos and sentimentality. Clowns they may be, but of the school of Emmett Kelly. Their humor is often mixed with tears. If they had any musical talent it would be to sing "Sonny Boy." They don't grin like sea lions; they smile, and that rarely. Mostly they look helpless and forlorn. At least that is how Panayoti looked most of the time.

Devotion and a passionate need to be loved seemed to be the mainsprings of his character, but perhaps that was because he had lost his mother when he was still very young and I had saved him from a dreadful death at the hands of the fishermen who had found him in a cave. I say "him," although I never found out what his sex really was; probably because when I first saw him he looked and acted like a frightened little boy who is trying his best to be brave.

In those days I was abysmally ignorant about seals. I had no idea what I was letting myself in for when I ordered that the creature be brought aboard my raiding schooner. The last thing that crossed my mind when I determined to adopt Panayoti was that I would pass the closing phases of the war in the Aegean playing nursemaid to an inexperienced seal and have to face something approaching mutiny among my crew. All that I knew was that it was intolerable to watch a helpless little creature left to die of thirst under a pile of stones in a sun-baked courtyard. My blood boiled at the

thought that six brawny fishermen were too superstitious to dare to kill the little animal outright, but had to immure it collectively so that the bad luck would be spread among them.

Greek fishermen are poorer and more omen-ridden than most seafaring people, so it is not surprising that they both hate and fear seals.

The Mediterranean seal (*Monachus Albi-venter*, the white-bellied monk, the solitary one) is a clever animal. Long ago he discovered that it is much easier for him to gather the fish that are caught in nets than to go chasing after free ones. *Monachus* is neither very considerate nor very finicky, and he has extremely sharp teeth. When he gets into a net and starts feeding, he doesn't trouble to disentangle the fish. He simply swallows them, together with large pieces of the net itself. Often the net is ruined beyond repair, and nets are a fisherman's livelihood. They are also expensive. Thus in a Greek fishing village the cry "seal" is a cry of despair.

The superstitious dread in which the creatures are held is just as real as the hate, although it is more complicated to explain and more difficult to understand. Twice in his life the porter at my grandmother's house in Athens, who had once been a schooner captain, had put back into harbor at great expense because when he set out a seal had crossed his bow. The loss of his ship in a collision, he was unshakably convinced, was due to his having ignored a third such warning.

It was from him that I first heard the old, old story of the Gorgon, that monstrous mermaid who frequents the blue Aegean Sea. She rises

out of the water and stops ships with her hand. She looks into the eyes of the captain and asks him whether Alexander the Great is alive. If he says, "Yes. He is alive and reigning," she lets the ship go on its way. If he has not heard of the legend and says, "No," then he and his ship are dragged down to the depths.

The legend is that Alexander acquired a tiny phial of water from the spring of immortality. His sister found it in a cupboard and drank it out of curiosity. When Alexander was on his deathbed, he called for the water and was told that his sister had drunk it. With his dying breath he cursed her. In desperation she tried to kill herself by jumping off a cliff into the sea. Since she had drunk the water, it did no good, and she has lived ever since with her intolerable guilt. From time to time she rises to the surface, hoping to find some seaman who will tell her that Alexander did not die.

How it has happened that a seal should be identified with a mermaid, the mermaid with a snake-haired monster of antiquity, and that monster with the great Alexander's sister, I don't know. I don't suppose anybody knows just how beliefs are changed and molded and transferred. But to the old schooner captain there was no incongruity in believing simultaneously that the little round head which showed for a moment among the waves was both an animal of no great strength and a female demon who could root his ship to the spot. And he was no exception among Greek seamen.

BUT I myself did not learn all these things until later, and as far as seals went I lived in a fool's paradise. First of all, I was under the illusion that they knew how to swim and that they lived on fish. It never occurred to me that these things did not come naturally. All I had wanted to do was to rescue Panayoti, provide him with a good meal of fish to restore his strength, and then give him his freedom. I was quickly disabused.

From the very first moment everything went wrong. To begin with I antagonized the whole village by curtly ordering the fishermen to deliver the seal to me. They may have been too frightened to kill the seal outright, but they were damned if a young whippersnapper of a reserve lieutenant would boss them around, even if he did control the hungry island's supply of food and had enough fire power at his command to blast the village to hell. What is more, my own crew was not at all enthusiastic.

Since I could not very well open hostilities

with my countrymen over a seal, I found myself in the position of having to swallow my anger and negotiate. The villagers for their part did not wish to press matters too far. After a decent interval the fishermen offered to sell me the seal. I paid for him with food which they would have received anyway, together with some discarded clothing, and everybody's pride was saved. Panayoti was brought aboard, looking filthy and miserable after his ordeal.

Then and there I found out that I had made a second and more serious mistake. Panayoti simply refused to have anything to do with the fish which I bought for his dinner. Every time I offered him one he would turn his head away and start crying. The noise he made was heart-breaking—something between the wail of a baby and the bleat of a lamb. I tried everything. I rubbed his nose with the fish, but he only cried louder. I pushed the fish into his mouth. He spat it out. Thinking that perhaps the fish was too big for him to swallow, I cut it up into



small pieces and tried to force them down his throat. He spat them out too. I decided that the only thing to do was to let Panayoti go on his way without a meal, since probably he preferred to catch his own fish.

I dropped Panayoti overboard, expecting to see him streak off. The next thing I knew he was drowning: his head went down and his tail flippers came up out of the water. They beat wildly for a time, then more and more feebly. A stream of bubbles rose from his mouth. There could be no doubt that Panayoti did not know how to swim. I dove overboard and fished him out, which took some doing, since he was very slippery and I didn't know then that the best way to pick up a seal is from under the flippers, the way one picks up a baby. Besides, I was still not at all sure he wouldn't bite.

I needn't have worried. The poor creature was more dead than alive when I got him aboard again. I was afraid he might die and gave him artificial respiration as best I could. After a

while he revived and started crying again weakly, moving his head from side to side in the most dejected manner. In a few minutes he seemed completely recovered and went crawling about the deck in that hopelessly inept, broken-boned way seals have out of the water. But at least he was clean now and his fur was fluffing up in the sunshine, turning from black to a soft dove gray on top and ivory underneath.

By then it had belatedly occurred to me that Panayoti was only a baby. I know it sounds stupid that I had not thought of it earlier, but I had never seen a seal before and I had no basis for comparison. A length of nearly three feet did not seem to me conclusive one way or the other. I began suspecting it when I found out, on trying to feed him more fish, that he had no teeth. So I tried milk. First I gave him some in a saucer, but he only turned away and spilled it with his flippers. Then I made a feeding bottle out of an empty gin bottle with a nipple made from the little finger



of a rubber glove which we used for handling the smoke-screen apparatus. It was a complete flop. Panayoti didn't even want to look at it. The mere sight sent him into tantrums. He became hysterical when I tried to force the nipple into his mouth and went dragging himself round and round in circles across the deck screaming his head off.

More in self-defense than from compassion I opened a can of New Zealand butter, of which we had a lot, and stuffed his mouth full of it. He spat most of it out, but a good deal stuck and for a time he was too busy choking and spitting to make much noise. He was so quiet that I almost forgot about him, and when I looked for him later I discovered to my delight that he was engaged in licking the butter off his nose. I spent the rest of the day carrying the

can of butter around with me and smearing Panayoti's nose every time I passed him.

Since this method could not be used in the darkness and Panayoti was still very hungry, nobody got much sleep that night. The following day I decided that a new system had to be devised. It was, after all, unseemly for a raiding captain to spend his time buttering the nose of a seal, nor could I very well ask any of my sailors to take over the duty. Watching Panayoti crawling over the deck in his endless rounds, it occurred to me that a self-smearing technique could be devised. If a part of the deck were enclosed with cases to limit him in his movements, and pats of butter were scattered at random all over it, he was bound to run into some of them and butter his nose automatically. It worked like a dream.

Then there was an alarm. The lookout reported an unidentified vessel on the horizon. I ordered action stations and the men streamed aft to man the machine guns. Those on the starboard side forgot about the butter in their excitement and ended up in a cursing, tangled heap in the scuppers. The boatswain, a very irascible man, was among them. When he managed to pick himself up, dripping butter, he scowled at me and delivered himself of a dire prophecy: "It was an evil day when you brought that animal aboard. It will go ill with us, Captain, but with you worst of all. Mark my words," and he stalked off.

By good fortune the ship which had caused all the commotion turned out to be one of ours, and the incident fizzled out. But the obvious drawback of slippery decks gave me a brilliant idea. I drilled a hole in the deckhouse wall near the level of the deck and stuffed it full of butter, leaving a big, tempting pat on the outside. When Panayoti eventually found it and began to suck, I dashed down into my cabin and very gently inserted the nipple of the milk bottle into the hole. Finally all the butter was gone, but Panayoti kept on sucking, and, triumph of triumphs, the milk in the bottle started going, at first slowly and then, as he got a taste for it, so fast that I thought for a minute the nipple had come off.

When I saw the last drops disappear I was exultant. I filled the bottle again and scrambled up on deck thinking that all I had to do now was offer Panayoti the bottle and he would feed. Not at all. The moment he saw it he set up an ungodly racket and crawled away. I tried all sorts of ruses. Nothing worked. It was mortifying and also extremely undignified. The

original curiosity of the men was rapidly giving way to surreptitious snickers.

So I decided to go to extreme lengths. I had the carpenter make a sort of wooden shield with a hole in the middle, which I stuffed with butter. For a couple of days I left it standing in the same place until Panayoti got used to it. Then I let him go for twenty-four hours without any butter until he was good and hungry. His complaints were heart-rending, but I was adamant. On the following day I passed the nipple through the hole, covered the projecting end with butter and advanced upon Panayoti, hidden behind the shield. It was absurd but effective. Panayoti made a beeline for the butter and began to suck. No sooner had he taken one swallow than I pulled the bottle away and slid the shield aside. Panayoti gave a cry of anger and frustration, but before he could do anything else I stuck the nipple into his open mouth. For a moment he looked surprised. Then he settled down to sucking steadily, eyes closed and a beatific expression on his face. That was the first time I saw Panayoti smile.

FROM that day on the feeding problem ceased to exist and he started gaining rapidly in size and strength. Our relationship also became much more intimate, not to say exclusive. Panayoti had at last become convinced that he had a friend in the world, and Panayoti was not a seal to do things by halves. His gratitude and affection were embarrassing. He would not let me out of his sight. When I was standing on deck, day or night, he would come and rest his head on my bare feet. If I moved he gave forth pathetic little moans. To avoid hurting his feelings I often found myself rooted to the same spot for what seemed like hours. To stumble into him, as I often did on dark nights, was a major calamity. It upset him terribly, and he would go on whimpering until he was picked up and comforted.

As his strength and devotion grew, he would not even let me go down into my cabin unescorted. When I was below for only a few minutes, laying a course or checking a bearing, he would get so restless and unhappy that he even overcame his dislike of heights. He would come to the open hatchway and cry. If I paid no attention he would wriggle forward over the combing until he overbalanced and slid forward down the ladder to land at my feet with a bump. I often watched him at it from between parted fingers. He obviously did not like doing it. He always looked miserable and reproachful

as he prepared to take the plunge, and at the last moment just as he was about to tip forward, he always closed his eyes tight. But apparently being picked up and stroked was compensation enough.

The matter of getting out of the cabin up the almost perpendicular ladder was something else again. That he never mastered. He always had to be lifted out.

Sliding down into the cabin and setting up a to-do until he was taken out was nuisance enough, particularly if it happened at night when we were sailing and had to keep our ears open for the first, faint sound of enemy engines. But when he took to falling overboard every time I rowed away in the dinghy or went swimming over the side, it became really insufferable; for in spite of several unpleasant experiences, Panayoti had learned neither how to swim nor the obvious truth that he couldn't. He had to be rescued from drowning every time.

In desperation I decided to teach him how to swim. Every morning after the schooner was moored against the rocks and camouflaged under



nets, after the machine guns were emplaced and the lookouts posted, I took Panayoti in the dinghy to some secluded cove. First we began in the shallows with Panayoti barely awash. I would walk away on the beach following the edge of the sea, and Panayoti would try to wriggle after me, splashing and thrashing about in the foot-deep water. As often as not he would give up his allegedly native element and crawl out onto the sand. If he didn't, the lesson usually ended up with his swallowing a mouthful of water and choking.

If I set him out on the sand and went and squatted in the water a few feet away, he would try to come to me. All went well until he got beyond the depth of his flippers. Then his head went down and he had to be pulled out by the tail. It never fazed him. After I had picked him up and he had spluttered for a few seconds, he would put his head on my shoulder and nuzzle my neck contentedly.

In spite of the disappointing results, I persevered with the lessons, using every method that I had ever heard of. I took him out beyond his

depth and held him under the chin while swimming away backward. In the beginning this seemed promising. He began to move his flippers in a reasonable imitation of a swimming stroke, and his tail assembly, that absurd appendage which on dry land looked more like the wet hem of a skirt than anything else, became an admirably contrived instrument of propulsion. The trouble was his head. Whenever I let go of him it sank like a piece of lead and his tail beat uselessly in the air. I even strapped a Mae West on him, but he was so slippery in the water that after a few minutes it worked loose, and he slid out of it head-first to assume his usual perpendicular position.

THEN one night we had an unpleasant experience. We were making a long crossing to one of the more distant islands, in company with another schooner, and we were caught in the open by a German Ems Craft. Being shelled at night on the sea by a more powerful enemy vessel against which you have no means of retaliating is very unnerving. We spent a desperate half-hour dodging right and left until the Germans lost us in the darkness. In the morning when we had made port the atmosphere on the schooner was distinctly ominous. Much as I tried to laugh it off it was clear that the crew attributed the previous night's alarms to the presence of a seal aboard. This was a serious matter, for a discontented crew could mean disaster. I was a worried man when my fellow captain hailed me and invited me to go swimming. I put Panayoti in the dinghy and rowed across.

My friend and I discussed our narrow escape and my crew's disaffection as we swam slowly round and round, with Panayoti propped up in the dinghy's stern, watching our every movement. We got so engrossed in our conversation we did not realize the boat was drifting further and further away, until with a splash Panayoti, unable to stand the separation any longer, slipped overboard. We dashed to rescue him, but he had disappeared. We dived and dived. There wasn't a trace of him. Then my friend pointed with his hand and shouted, "There he is!" A hundred yards away a little black head was bobbing up and down among the waves at the mouth of the cove. I was torn between a terrible sense of loss and the joy of knowing that Panayoti had come into his own at last. After all, I thought, this was the best, the only way, for it to end. I waved to him, and he disappeared.

My friend and I stood treading water, both of us wondering, I suppose, whether Panayoti

was well enough equipped to face the challenge of the open sea, when, with a flurry of churning waves, his glossy head bobbed up between us. His face wore the broadest, most triumphant smile I have ever seen. He kept on looking from one of us to the other, his whiskers twitching with excitement, his round eyes opened wide as if to say, "You see, I've done it." Then, as though he needed to prove the point, he dived, nipped me playfully in the calf and was off at such speed that I had hardly time to turn around before he had served my friend in the same way.

We tried to catch him but he always slipped between our fingers. He darted through our legs and brushed across our backs; he dived, he leaped out of the water, and every now and then he surfaced to look at us and make sure that we were enjoying it too. Then he'd be off again like a cockeyed torpedo. We spent a wildly exciting quarter of an hour until he got tired and came to me and put his flippers on my shoulders, wanting to be lifted back into the dinghy. From that time on the days became one long delight. We were in the water whenever we had a chance. From early morning Panayoti would start worrying me to take him swimming, and by nightfall we were both exhausted.



Fortunately the war in the Aegean was drawing to its close and all we had to do was follow the retreating Germans. Even so, fate had some further blows in store for us. A fierce gale sprang up one night and separated us from the rest of the flotilla. A man was injured falling from the mast. Another was killed in an encounter with a German patrol vessel. And the temper of the crew grew uglier and uglier. One night while I was below they picked up Panayoti and dropped him overboard. I missed him half an hour later and much to their disgust put back and found him in the darkness by his cries. He had been desperately trying to keep up with us and was utterly exhausted. The following day they sent a deputation to me to say the seal must go or else. I told them to be their age and sent them packing. But I don't know what would have happened if the war had lasted longer.

Even so, I had a very hard time of it for the few remaining days. To make things worse Panayoti was growing teeth and he began to bite. It was all in fun, but it could be very painful. It was this new development which put an end to his career aboard one of His Hellenic Majesty's men o'war.

Our commanding officer was a brave and charming man, but somewhat pompous and with a passion for showing off. As we approached Athens he put his miserable little flotilla of raiding schooners through fleet maneuvers. Now that the danger of enemy aircraft was passed he made us practice blue turns and white turns and lines ahead and lines abreast until our heads were spinning. Then, on the day of liberation when we anchored off Piraeus harbor, he went ashore and returned to carry out an inspection, accompanied by several dignitaries and some pretty lady friends. We had to pipe him aboard with our men in summer whites drawn up at the rail as if we were real warships and not filthy little wooden death traps.

The men were understandably angry. After so many years we were returning home as liberators, but instead of being allowed to go ashore we had to be stared at like strange animals and listen to a silly speech about the gratitude of our country. It was at this stage that Panayoti intervened. The captain was delivering his oration when Panayoti crept up behind him and bit him smartly in the calf. There was a most undignified yowl of pain and the speech came to an abrupt end. The men had a hard time of it trying to hide their grins. Afterward they came one by one, the boatswain first, and patted Panayoti on the head. The commanding officer said nothing at the time of the incident, but a few hours later I received a curt, formal signal ordering Panayoti ashore forthwith.

For one last time I tried to coax Panayoti into starting a new life on his own, but he would have none of it. So having no choice I decided to take him to Athens with me. Taxis were scarce and when we finally got one, seven of us piled into it. I sat in front with three others and with Panayoti on my lap. He was very curious and kept sticking his head out of the window the way dogs do.

When we arrived at my aunt's apartment the maid who opened the door nearly fainted at the sight of the seal. My aunt too only managed to overcome her revulsion for a rather grimy Panayoti because of her great pleasure at seeing me return from the wars. But she put her foot down when I suggested that Panayoti should be

bathed in the bathtub. We struck a compromise eventually, and a tin hip bath was brought out to the balcony overlooking the street. Panayoti hated getting soap in his eyes and started an awful ruckus. The strange bleatings attracted the attention of the people sitting on their balconies in the flats above my aunt's, and they leaned over to see what it was all about. The sight of so many people staring at something that was going on above the street intrigued the passers-by and soon a large enough crowd had formed in the street below to block the traffic. Drivers, after honking their horns futilely for a while, got out and joined the others. The people in the street started calling up to those in the balconies above, "What is it?" The people in the



balconies answered, "We're not sure. We think it's a seal," and presently the whole crowd started shouting in unison, "Show us the seal!"

When I had rinsed Panayoti, I picked him up from behind and he bowed to the people of Athens right and left as if he were a young prince. He was roundly applauded. Perhaps for many of those people he was as good a symbol as any for the end of the occupation. A seal being bathed on a balcony may not be what one ordinarily conceives of as a return to normalcy, but it was certainly a departure from the grim mood of the previous years.

A few days later I was ordered to go on a patrol to the north where the Germans were still fighting a rear-guard action. I took Panayoti to my mother and left him with her in our home in the country. We put him in a kennel next to the pool so he could take a swim.

When I returned a few weeks later, after the last German had been driven out of Greece, my mother told me that Panayoti was dead. The weather had suddenly turned bitter, and she thought that he had died of a cold. She had had him buried in the garden at the foot of a young cypress tree. I went to say good-by and standing next to the little grave with the icy wind moaning mournfully in the branches, I couldn't help thinking that Panayoti had died of loneliness.

What happened to the **FARM BLOC?**

The vote in Congress on the soil bank showed up a crazy quilt of ayes and nays . . . and proved that major changes in farming have already split one of the most powerful alliances in American politics.

HISTORY often is made without notice—even by those closest to the event. The Republican-Southern Democratic alliance, a powerful force in American politics since 1876, dissolved, perhaps for good, in the civil rights fight in Congress last summer. That development has been recognized and generally commented upon. But the death agonies began much earlier, probably in the Taft defeat at the Republican Convention in 1952.

Now another grand alliance, related to the first but never dependent upon it, is threatened with destruction, or may be already dead. It is the farm bloc, that conglomeration of commodity interests which has run roughshod in Congress for generations and which has decided many a Presidential election. In 1957, the commodity interests which make up the farm pressure groups were as surely split as the old Republican-Southern Democratic coalition.

The future of both major political parties will be greatly affected. At the moment, the GOP appears to be the chief beneficiary of the farm bloc split. This may seem strange, for Republicans suffered real losses in the farm states in 1956 and most probably will suffer further losses in 1958. But Republicans today, as the civil rights battle demonstrated, are putting their bets on the urban and suburban vote. They know they have gained little or nothing in the rural Midwest championing the Negro. But their purpose is to strengthen their positions in

the great urban centers of the Far West, the North, and the East, where the modern centers of power rest. Vice President Richard M. Nixon, who with the advice and guidance of Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell has taken the lead in trying to shift the GOP's moorings in this direction, may reap the benefits in 1960.

Smart politicians are gradually waking to the fact that the farm vote no longer is so important as it once was and that it is becoming less important every year. In 1956, the Democrats thought they had an issue in farm unrest. They knew that Harry S. Truman had won a spectacular victory in 1948 largely because of a strategically-placed farm revolt. They hoped it might happen again.

For their Vice Presidential candidate, they chose Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, the Democrat with the strongest appeal in the farm states. As one who traveled through the farm country with Kefauver, and then through a much wider area with Nixon, I know that the Tennessean made an impact in the agricultural Midwest. But Nixon made an impact in the cities, where it counted.

Kefauver helped defeat a number of farm-state Republican Congressmen. In the twenty Congressional districts that rank highest in dollar value of farm products produced, Democrats made a net gain of six seats in 1956. But Republicans picked up six seats in districts where less than 5 per cent of the population is employed in agriculture.

Behind the convulsions in the farm bloc is a farm revolution which is changing the face of American agriculture. The subtle but explosive developments that began years ago reached the boiling point in the last session of Congress.

Farm lobbyists recognized their difficulties more promptly than the public at large. Before Congress adjourned, leaders of nearly a dozen

commodity groups met in Washington at the invitation of the National Milk Producers Federation to organize an informal group, over and above the farm organizations, in an attempt to draw the dissident factions together again. In calling the meeting, the lobbyists tacitly acknowledged the failure of the old farm organizations to deliver the votes in Congress as they have in the past. They recognized that the once-dominant American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Farmers Union—one a partisan of the GOP and the other of the Democrats—had contributed to the farm bloc split by their politicking and their refusal to view the farm problem whole.

On occasion, no doubt, the old alliance of Southern cotton and tobacco interests and the Midwestern corn and wheat interests will come together again. If it does it should be able to have its way on many things, especially in the Senate, where farmers have power beyond their numbers because state rather than popular representation is the rule. But even in the Senate the basic power of the farm bloc has been undermined by the already sharp drop in farm population. Every year should bring further attrition. Congress in the future is going to listen increasingly to urban and suburban voters, in other words, to consumers. And it may not be too bad for the farmer.

MOONLIGHT FARMERS

AS RECENTLY as 1920, farm population in this country was 30.1 per cent of the total. Today it is 13.3 per cent. Between 1950 and 1956 alone, farm population declined by 2.8 million persons, or 11.3 per cent.

Even these figures fail to give a complete picture of the decline in farm voting strength. Of persons living on farms, more than a third receive part or all of their incomes from non-farm employment. There is a steady increase in commuting by farm residents. Moreover, there are fewer young persons on farms today than at any time in many years.

When President Eisenhower visited the Great Plains drought areas last January he was surprised that, despite the truly terrible condition of the land, there was so little human suffering. The reason was that there were jobs for farmers in town, not the jobs the farmer may have preferred but jobs to tide them over until the rains came. Even the farmers are becoming urbanized to some extent in their politics.

For years, there has been talk of suitcase

farmers and weekend farmers. Under Secretary of Agriculture True D. Morse now talks about moonlight farmers. Their votes are influenced by many other things than by how they think a politician stands on parity.

Behind the decline in farm population is the "technological explosion" on the farm, as Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson calls it. Production per farm worker has doubled in the past fifteen years. Indeed, farmers are employing so much more efficient practices that they have in large part nullified the government's efforts to reduce surpluses by limiting the number of acres planted. Total crop production in 1956 was at a record level—and the record was made from the smallest number of acres harvested in two decades. In 1820, 70 per cent of the American labor force was in agriculture compared with 15 per cent today.

A significant factor that also bears on the farm bloc split is the changing regional pattern. The following table shows the percentage of farm population to the total population in the four geographic areas:

| | Percentage 1920 | 1954 |
|---------------------|-----------------|------|
| Northeast | 8.6 | 4.7 |
| North Central | 29.7 | 15.2 |
| South | 51.3 | 22.2 |
| West | 24.7 | 9.1 |

The South, once predominantly agricultural, now has less than a fourth of its population on the farm. The movement away from the farm between 1920 and 1954 was more rapid in the South than in any of the other major regions except the West—a major factor in the declining strength of a producer group with a West-South political axis.

Another set of figures shows this pattern still continuing: the greatest percentage change in farm population between 1950 and 1956 took place in the South, where there was a 14 per cent decline. Such a rapid movement away from the farm is certain to force a change in the voting records of Southern Senators and Representatives. Eventually this population shift will undermine rural control of most state legislatures, but that has not yet happened.

The new jobs open to farmers in all regions explain why the House this year voted to kill the main feature—the acreage reserve part—of the Eisenhower-backed soil bank program. Southerners in the past nearly always voted in a bloc as farm interests required. But in this

year's soil bank vote, Southerners were split. Those who voted against the soil bank were speaking, in the main, for urban interests. They explained privately that while they had not heard many objections to the program from farm constituents they had heard objections from bankers, fertilizer manufacturers, merchants, and processors.

Those groups opposed the soil bank because its object is to limit the acreage cultivated and thus to reduce the total amount of farm activity. When a farmer retires land from cultivation under the soil bank, he cuts down on the amount of seed, equipment, and fertilizer he buys; the amount of labor he employs; the total amount of business he generates. The result is that business in the community suffers.

These, then, are the facts behind the crumbling of the farmers' political pressure front: fewer farmers; bigger produce per farm unit; business income for farmers working at other jobs; breakdown of regional homogeneity.* The split became plain as day in the first session of the 85th Congress, which convened last January. The first blowup came when the House voted 217 to 188 to kill the corn bill—a measure designed to put a floor under corn prices. Voting against the measure, which would have given corn producers a price-support program that a majority of them had endorsed in a referendum only a few weeks earlier, were 61 mainly urban Republicans and 155 unexpectedly defiant Democrats. Voting for the bill were only 65 Democrats and 125 Republicans—the hard core of the West-South farm alliance.

This vote marked the first complete and open break of Southern cotton and tobacco interests with their Midwestern corn and wheat allies. The divorce was caused partly by the South's conviction that Benson, in an attempt to influence the 1956 election, had favored Midwestern over Southern producers in the distribution of soil bank checks. Sharp and angry words were exchanged between old allies.

A similar corn bill when brought up later in the Senate suffered the same fate—by a vote of 45 to 35. Fifteen Democrats and 20 Republicans voted for the measure while 26 Democrats and 19 Republicans voted against it. A significant factor in both the House and Senate was the desire of farmers who are consumers

* In *Farm Trouble* (1957), Lauren Soth commented on the non-partisan nature of farm policy in Congress but noted that "in the last few years the farm bloc has not been nearly as solid . . . or non-partisan as in the 'twenties."

of important grain crops to keep corn prices low. Dairy, poultry, and livestock interests were lined up with consumer interests.

Much the same scramble as was noted in the corn vote was followed in the House vote on the soil bank. Thirty-eight Republicans and 154 Democrats voted against the soil bank, which Congress had approved in a bi-partisan vote only a year earlier; 141 Republicans and 46 Democrats tried vainly to save the program.

After the Senate later voted to restore the soil bank, the House went along because it realized that its earlier action, purely negative as it was, would leave farmers without a substitute for this basic farm program. But the House, still playing politics, insisted on reducing the appropriation, and it ordered the Department of Agriculture to make no payments after September 15, 1958—a good six weeks before the polls open for the mid-term Congressional elections!

THE BIG FARM FAMILY

EARLY this year the Census Bureau reported that the number of farms in the United States is decreasing and that the size of the average farm is larger than at any time in history. Such news usually produces cries that the small farm is being gobbled up by the big commercial operator and that the family-sized farm is being destroyed. Nothing of the sort is happening. This is a rational and desirable adjustment to the farm revolution. The farmer with 40 acres and a mule is starving. The man with 640 acres and a barn full of expensive machinery is doing pretty well. He is maintaining a family-type operation with virtually no hired labor.

Most politicians with farm ties still refuse to admit these facts, however, as Senator Stuart Symington, the Missouri Democrat with Presidential ambitions, demonstrated in July when the Senate Agriculture Committee was considering Don Paarlberg's nomination as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Symington gave Paarlberg quite a lecture for admitting that there are too many farmers. But, Paarlberg protested, "we have in agriculture 13 per cent of the people of the United States, including 30 per cent of all the people in the country with incomes of less than \$1,000." And these 13 per cent produce much more food and fiber than the rest of the population needs.

Politicians like Symington who complain that the farm family is being destroyed and that col-

lectivization is around the corner don't know what they are talking about. The proportion of family farms to the total number of farms has held steady in recent years. There are fewer corporate farms than two or three decades ago, and there certainly are fewer plantations. There also are fewer hired men. In 1910, there were 3,381,000 hired workers on American farms compared with 1,860,000 today.

It would be too much to say that under these circumstances and with all these conflicting pressures and political myths about the farm vote a solution to the farm problem may be in sight. Republicans under Benson have made some efforts without too much success to deal with the basic problem of supply and demand while the Democrats still talk as though price supports at 100 per cent of parity represent the beginning and the end of wisdom. A "solution" to the farm problem may never be in sight, yet it is possible to find some reason for rejoicing

at the disruption of a farm bloc that has attempted to play workers against farmers and that has talked of nothing but price, price, price, all the while refusing to grasp the fundamental problems of overproduction *and* overpopulation in agriculture.

If there is even a modest degree of statesmanship on the part of non-farm representatives they should be able to direct more attention to the basic problems when Congress attempts to write new farm legislation in 1958. The overpopulation problem deserves national attention, but because representatives from agricultural states must constantly talk about protecting the family farm they find it awkward to think constructively about encouraging the migration to the cities.

Congress ought to be working on ways to induce more of the marginal farmers to move off the land, and to develop a producer-consumer relationship that has some basis in reality. Already there are stirrings in Washington to indicate some awareness of the consumer's basic importance to the farmer.

Now, for the first time, there is an all-city representative on the House Agriculture Committee: Victor L. Anfuso, a Brooklyn Democrat. He is conducting an investigation to find out why there is such a big spread between the prices a farmer receives and the prices a consumer pays for food. This is a consumer-inspired investigation that should benefit farm and city.

Consumer representatives in Congress, now that they hold the balance of power on farm legislation, have a responsibility to help find a workable farm program—one in the farmer's and the nation's interest. With the rapid decline in farm population, the heavy cost of a farm program no one really likes, the complaint of the consumer against mounting food costs, the merchant-middeman opposition to the soil bank, and the dispute between representatives of various farm organizations, the old pressure for handouts should diminish. Under these circumstances, it should be possible to tackle the crucial problems in a more rational way.

At least, that is one of the hopeful possibilities from the disintegration of the farm bloc.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

THE STAR IN THE HILLS

A STAR hit in the hills behind our house
up where the grass turns brown touching the sky.

Meteors have hit the world before, but this was
near,

and since TV; few saw, but many felt the shock.
The state of California owns that land
(and out from shore three miles), and any stars
that come will be roped off and viewed on week-
days 8 to 5.

A guard who took the oath of loyalty and denied
any police record told me this:

"If you don't have a police record yet
you could take the oath and get a job
if California should be hit by another star."

"I'd promise to be loyal to California
and to guard any stars that hit it," I said,
"or any place three miles out from shore,
unless the star was bigger than the state—
in which case I'd be loyal to it."

But he said no exceptions were allowed,
and he leaned against the state-owned meteor
so calm and puffed a cork-tip cigarette
that I looked down and traced with my foot in
the dust
and thought again and said, "Ok—any star."



Flight of the Circle Heart

A Story by William Eastlake

Drawing by Gil Walker

LEMAITRE was coming back. Now he was a city cowboy, riding out of the East back to the West. From the high mountain road he looked down at the bright country below, but he could not distinguish the blood-red adobe-built, northern New Mexico town of Coyote from the red earth around it. He could see only the yellowish new-wood construction of the rodeo grounds, the maze of fence, corral, and tower, virgin but faded—alien to a gaudy land.

Lemaitre got back in his car—a powder-blue Imperial Chrysler pulling a regal, air-conditioned horse van done in quiet gold and small-lettered in caliph flourish, LEMAITRE. He took one last look at the judges' tower rising below before he slammed the door.

The tower of the judges' stand was built of number five raw timbers, two-by-twelves that, according to local wisdom, shrank one inch a year. Since this was only the second year of its life the tower still had ten years to go. The corrals surrounding the judges' tower were built of the same timbers, and out in front of all this was an arena one hundred yards by fifty, enclosed by an eight-foot-high hog-wire fence. Behind this were the pick-up trucks and the Indian wagons, and in front of these, their faces pressed against

the hog wire, were the watchers—the cowboys and Indians and Spanish-American farmers, caked already with the red dust, watching the prisoned animals in the corrals around the reddening tower, watching particularly the chutes, the final pens from which the animals and bronc people were shot into the arena.

Near the tower a small boy made for the wire fence.

The first time Sant had heard of the bronc people he was nine. Now, the first time he saw them, he was nine and a week. He crawled between the Indian wagons and under the fence and watched as the announcing man made the announcement.

There was a hush over everyone as if a fuse had been lit. The big gate of the chute swung open, there was an explosion, and out shot the rider without the horse. They tried it again; the announcing man made the announcement, a hush fell, there was the explosion, and out shot the horse without the rider.

"In case you, some of you, ain't never been to a rodeo before," the announcing man announced, "they was supposed to come out together. Watch again," he said, and someone behind that barricade must have lighted a third match and after the explosion the horse and rider came out together, but only for an instant, only for the half second it took the horse to nicker into the earth and sling the man against the fence. The bronc man attempted wildly to land on his face, failed, and crashed all in a heap next to Sant. Slowly he unwound himself from his own wreckage until

he reached a sitting and face-stroking, hard-thinking position.

Sant leaned over, concerned, inquiring into the burning red face of the bronc man,

"Is it fun?"

Now the announcing man had something else going—the steer-wrestling contest. A square steer shot out of the chute and made for the other end of the arena, chased by one of the bronc people on his blue quarter horse. Another bronc man rode on the other side of the steer so that the steer ran down an alley formed by the bronc people. Then one of the bronc men fell on the horns of the steer and wrestled him to earth, tied him up, and walked off proud. The next time it happened it seemed it was the man who was tied up because it was the steer who walked off proud. The bronc people retrieved the man, gathered him up as if he were a sordid, soiled, discarded pile of old cowboy clothes and threw him, not without tenderness, behind the bull chute. Sant found him there reminiscing to himself of better days and ways.

"Isn't this," the bronc man said, "isn't this a hell of a way to make a living?"

"Is it fun?" Sant insisted.

SANT now climbed the board barricade that surrounded the judges' stand until he could look down at the corral maze below. He walked the fence maze, looking down on calf pen, bull pen, steer pen, horse pen, Brahma pen, cow pen, and, yes, here was a pig pen. Whatever did bronc people do with these?

What they did with these was to put a clutch of pigs in a pick-up truck out at one end of the field; then all the horse-mounted men came hell for leather, dismounted, grabbed a greased pig, remounted, held the flashing object high like Montezuma's men the golden mantle, like offerings to the god, the animals flashing and screaming, fighting along the arms, upwards to the sun.

Sant could not see from his position above the maze what they did with them finally. Maybe et them, he thought, or put them someplace first and won a prize.

He had now reached the tower where the judges sat, way up in ultimate wisdom. They pulled on their chins and stroked their thighs and squirted down wild brown juice on lesser heads as wise men will.

Sant slowly twisted and twined his way up the tower by the ladder the timbers formed to the seats of the judges. One of the judges leaned forward with solemn weight and raised a finger. The chute was flung open, the watchers yelled,

and out plunged a Brahma bull, twisting to catapult the bronc man on its back. The watchers froze. The judge stroked his elk ring and placed a square of tobacco in his jaw before his ice-blue eyes, narrowed hard in awe, froze too.

"If José Lucero Cipriano de Godoy is determined to get hisself kilt—" one of the Anglo judges said and rubbed his horny hands together in a working gesture and finally relaxed as judges must.

By climbing the boards in back of the judges' stand Sant gained the top, the roof, and he looked out at the new world below, feeling within as small boys do, as Cortez did upon that peak.

"Oh Lord! Stay with him, José Lucero Cipriano de Godoy!" Sant shouted.

Away from the arena toward the mountain a plume of dust rose from the scar of road to the east. It was the arrival of Lemaitre, king of the cowboys—of the pulp novels anyhow, one of the judges thought, watching it, expecting it, although no one had had the courage to bill it. No one had had the credulity to believe Suds Lemaitre, his cousin—the cousin of Lemaitre the King whose plume now feathered in the east.

"He said he might make it up on his way, iffen he had a mind to, on his way to see the President," Suds had told them.

"President of what?" someone asked.

"The United States," Suds said.

"Then why would he stop here?"

"We're kin."

"I see. Then he'll stop here when the only place can afford him is Madison Square Gardens, the Cow Palace, and the Court of Something?"

"Saint James, he said," Suds said. "But we're kin."

Sant watched the plume increase to tornado size as the entourage neared. Then the plume of fairy-red dust collapsed as the caravan paused, revealing the powder-blue Chrysler and the horse van.

A loud hush fell over the arena as Lemaitre pulled in and parked his caravan, got out and stretched.

"Cousin!" Suds said. Suds was standing at the end of a long line of pick-up trucks and he advanced on Lemaitre as a committee of one.

"This way, cousin," Suds said and he conducted him among the abruptly silenced world—even the animals now—to the board ladder that reached to the judges. Sant watched down as the big winged orange hat mounted toward him, then the face tilted up to check its progress. The clean hard slanting jaw of Lemaitre. Big as an

axe, so close Sant could reach out a small monkey hand and touch it. The face of Lemaitre.

"Howdy, pardner." The voice of Lemaitre.

Sant stared back without speech.

The man bent down, entering the seats of the judges. The rear end of Lemaitre.

Sant, safe now in the center of the roof where he had retreated, moved a miniature grimed hand over an equally grimed face and whispered secretly, "Howdy, pardner."

The judges, now feeling judged, stood up and fumbled embarrassed for cigarettes and whiskey. At last a judge who had been selected to judge because he read books and had no friends among the contestants—among anyone—leaned forward in sincere diffidence.

"How, sir—" he said. He stared at the man in the bat-winged orange hat, the two-hundred-dollar alligator boots, and the green phosphorescent shirt that lit up at night and in the daytime too. "How, sir, are you?"

"Right smart," Lemaitre said, and he took the judge's seat, sprawled down into the chair, placed the alligators on the railing and splayed his jeweled hands, the hands that whipped a thousand broncs, on the rough pine arms of the judge's seat.

"Right nice of you to ask," Lemaitre said.

The crowd now had recovered enough to go off, to explode, to stampede, knock their children together, and toss whiskey bottles in the sun. The crowd settled into a rhythmic roar, "Lee Mater Lee Mater Lee Mater!" The gaudy man finally rose from the rough pine seat of the judge, approved of what he saw, bowed in brilliant humility, and sat down with a nod that said that whatever they had been doing before he arrived they could continue to do it now.

Sant could watch the gods without leaning over the edge. The two-by-twelve roof boards had sun-crept apart so the structure was more a lattice than a roof, and he could look down on the shadow-striped gods with ease through the interstices and hear them if not understand.

One of the judges who did not read things but was awfully social leaned forward and said to Lemaitre, "Sam Tollerfield wants to get hisself kilt. I hope he's no kin."

"All men are kin," Lemaitre said.

Lord, the judge who read books thought, our hero's a philosopher too.

Lemaitre's eyes narrowed on a palomino that looked fancy. The palomino knocked down the first barrel in the obstacle contest.

"Yes," another said. "Yes. We are all everyone's children."

Lemaitre winced and winced again when the palomino touched the second barrel.

"Now, when you meet a king—" one of the judges said. "Now, you are a man who has met many kings. Now, what do you say when you meet a king?"

"Hello," Lemaitre said.

"Now, I mean, do they talk as we're talking now, say the things we say—presidents and kings?"

"Yes," Lemaitre said.

"Well, but you're kind of a king yourself," another judge said. "King of the cowboys. What would they say if they was to meet ordinary people like us?"

"Hello," Lemaitre said.

"I mean if they was to meet us the second time, we'd already had this conversation and they was to meet us the second time, what would they say?"

"Hello again," Lemaitre said.

"What we're getting at," the tallest judge said, "is you mean that if you met us again—" Lemaitre was trying to follow the palomino. "If you was to meet us again all you'd say was hello again? You'd treat us like dirt?"

"Yes, yes," Lemaitre said. "Anything."

Sant retired from his crack to the middle of the roof self-consciously and scratched his ear. They should show more respect for Lemaitre.

NOW Sant watched the horses that were swimming in the tight corral below. They had whipped up a circular motion and flowed loose, intertwined and clockwise without touching the boards, the crimson dirt fluid and spraying out, reddening the judges' stand, with a stud's mouth sharklike leaping out and up toward the blue sky, then falling back into the pool of red and flowing horses as if a fish had been wounded and turned the water thus, the horses churning, still-white teeth snapping and bright in the overwhelming sun, the quiet, whipped dust settling upon Sant from the vortex beneath his feet, his eyes trying to count and failing. Now he selected a white mare and lost her as she was dyed the same pink in the mad churning, deep aquarium of horses.

"Zowee!" Sant said.

And now the announcing man, whose name, STACEY, was written on his shirt, announced that his father had driven a stage through this country way back when times were desperate—a stage without wheels, without any wheels, folks. And how was it held up, folks? Well, it was held up by bandits.

"Now," a judge said, "wouldn't Stace go over big in New York City, New York?"

"In New York City, New York. Yes," Lemaitre said.

Sant watched, below, some gaudy-rigged cowboys beginning to work on the killer. The killer horse was not in the aquarium with the others but prisoned in a heavy cell of logs that fitted him exactly. They had brought him off the mountain yesterday with seven ropes and twelve horses. He had never been ridden. Rumor had it he had killed five men. Actually he had killed two and crippled another. The killer had been brought off the mountain once before, last year, to sell to a city rodeo, but the city man, the buyer, said, "Hell, that's not a horse, it's an electric chair. It would be an execution, not a bronc ride. Keep the down payment and wait till my truck gets five miles away before you turn him loose."

No one knew where the horse came from. He had suddenly appeared on the mountain one day, full, enormous, black. All the people and half the dogs from Coyote had climbed up to see him. The mangled, bloodied remains of an ancient, high-backed Spanish saddle hung downwards around his belly, and a man, quickly killed, went toward him with a rope.

On Spanish fiesta days when the town was lighted with provoking torches for the feast of San Antonio, the killer was sure to come off the mountain and tear through the streets, scattering the pilgrims and sending the dark-robed people retreating back into the church. Caballo de Muerte? Or He Alone Who Was Free?

The crowd at the rodeo knew what was up. The crowd had quietly turned into a mob, no longer going off in individual shouting, whims, and directions but all intent now on helping the men with the ropes and poles and pick-ups strain and inch the killer into the chute.

"The great Lemaitre will now favor us country folks with a ride," the announcer said flatly and evenly, and he removed his hat.

Sant looked through the cracks. Lemaitre seemed to have collapsed. He seemed to be holding one hand on the other hand to keep it from moving, but only for an instant, then he placed the bad hand in his pocket to make it behave and with the good hand he reached slowly up to the Bull Durham label drooping from his electric shirt, removed the sack, and made a cigarette with one hand. He blew out a cloud of smoke and removed the bad hand and it seemed good again. He looked, narrow-eyed, down at the mob and nodded his head.

The bright-crested, swearing, pushing men were trying to work the big black forward into the chute. A fenced alley led from his prison to the chute beneath the judges' stand, but he would not go. They prodded and heaved him forward with ropes, squeezing and pulling until they reached parallel posts at four-foot intervals in the alley, then they placed a log through the fence on the forward side of the post so the big black could not retreat, and then they swore and heaved him to the next post. In this fashion they finally got him to the chute, whereupon he smashed the log they held him with and backed back to his prison where he waited. They began again, this time with a larger crew, larger log, larger cussing, gayer hats, and this time three men with three horses pulled from ropes out in the arena until the big black was safely chuted—cussed, sweated, pulled, and prodded—until the gates at both ends of the chute were sealed.

"Now," one of the judges said, "we are all ready. We can commence as soon as they get this strap tied around his back you can hold onto." The judge paused. "Like as not they'll try us for murder and yet it was they," he indicated the mob, "asked for it. Demanded it."

"Listen," the fattest judge said, "I can raise my finger, turn him back. It will be all right with them. They'll all laugh and go home happy. They'll have had their joke." He watched Lemaitre.

Lemaitre was slumped down in the big pine chair in advance of the judges, slumped there between the people and the judges. To catch the eye of the fattest judge he had to roll back his head and look partly upward and into the face of Sant. Their eyes gripped together a full instant, then Lemaitre leaned far back and caught the judge's eye, hesitated, then said quietly, "No. No, it's all right."

"You think the people care?" another judge said. "They don't care. They'll take their satisfaction either way."

SANT ceased looking down, looked up at the over-powering sky, and scratched his head.

Lemaitre began to roll another cigarette. "Maybe, maybe not," Lemaitre said. "Maybe we got to do what we're expected to do. The horse is ready, expecting me. The people are expecting me." He looked down. "Particularly the horse. To keep the horse waiting—" he fretted the cigarette and placed it in his mouth, "it wouldn't be polite."

Below the men were trying to get the sur-

circle around the horse. Sant watched as they slipped the strap through the crack in the boards beneath the horse's furious belly. The man on the other side of the chute reached in, cautiously, deliberately, to intercept the strap. The horse fired out his hooves like a shot and the man fell.

"Who fired that shot?" the announcing man demanded. "He'll be all right, folks," he said as they pulled the man beneath the shade of an Indian wagon, waved fans in his face, and applied things to the slow trickle of blood.

"Here's the horse what did the shooting, fired that cannon, folks. Well," the announcing man paused, "let's have a moment's silence in memory." The announcing man sat down and Sant watched as Lemaitre worked on the bad hand again, held it to keep it from moving, then finally placed it in his pocket, blew out a huge cloud of smoke and waved it away with his good hand, leaned back and winked up at Sant.

Now another volunteer rushed forward, uncoiled a long piece of baling wire, and fished down between the boards and beneath the great horse, and speared the strap and passed it up to the man atop the barricade and above the horse. The man above the horse reached over to the other side of the barricade to receive the other end of the strap.

"Folks, he shouldn't have done it," the announcing man announced.

The horse had fired again, raising up in his chute to twice his height. He jackknifed and shot the man clean over two Indian wagons, a pick-up, twenty bales of hay, and a Coca Cola stand. The man landed and bounced twice in the red dust and then, without ceasing his movement—he was running now—he made toward the hills, followed by his wife, an only child, and an old Indian retainer who chased zigzag and kicking like an antelope as though pursued—all four of them shouting and shouted to, distant and disappearing, hushed at last in the far hills a mile and one half from where the black horse stood contained, recoiled again, and trembling for other victims.

"Well, folks, that wasn't nice." The announcing man paused and watched Lemaitre. "Maybe we shouldn't ask a man with a city reputation to ride a country horse."

The people laughed.

The announcer seemed to be reconsidering, tapping quietly with a stick on the railing in front of him. "No, folks, I mean this. Let's go home, call it off. You've had your fun."

The crowd booed.

"I wash my hands." The announcing man

stepped aside and the show seemed over. People began to move toward the trucks and wagons.

"One moment," Lemaitre stood where the announcing man had stood. "One moment. We got one more rider." Then Lemaitre began to climb down the judges' stand toward the chute. The crowd paused, not going on to their trucks or back to their wagons but hanging there watching.

Sant beat Lemaitre to the chute, swinging down the tower like a monkey. As Lemaitre neared the chute he saw Sant talking to and stroking the head of the horse. When he got to the chute Sant was down there below the horse someplace, disappeared beneath the barricade, beneath the big black, among those hooves, still talking soothing horse gibberish. Now Sant passed up both ends of the strap to Lemaitre waiting above the horse. With the same movement of taking the strap Lemaitre grabbed Sant's wrist and gave it, not a pull or even jerk, but a flip that landed Sant on a pile of hay ten yards away.

"The horse might get bored with your conversation. We don't want to push the luck."

Now the horse gave a high gyrating lunge that shook the stands as Lemaitre tightened the surcingle and Sant regained the barricade. Some other volunteers too now crept up to the barricade with advice.

"Don't," they said in chorus.

"Oh," Lemaitre said, looking down on the horse. "It's too late."

THE horse with one great series of furious kicks was toppling the barricade. As the barricade fell, dissolved in huge splinters, the men leaped clear and Sant remained standing in the air. Lemaitre on his way down to gain the horse plucked Sant and with no leverage to fling him clear, kept him in his right hand and grabbed the surcingle with his left. Together they shot straight upwards into the nearing sun, Sant held even further upward like some trophy, up and up until they seemed to stall at leaving the earth and glide heavy downward and hit to rise up again and again, like some wing-broken bird failing above tree height. Now the horse in huge bird fashion laid a serpentine pattern in the sky so that those on the occasional ground on which he hit fled under the trucks and wagons to watch safely the three up there that all came down together in unexpected places.

The horse now tried the earth, careening like a mad jet, earth-bound at sudden right angles and with awful breaks to fling the riders over the

mountain. But they seemed now part of the horse, even as they left the arena, flew over the fence like Pegasus, and made toward town. The audience emerged to watch the three nailed together tear around through Coyote before threatening them again with their return back over the same fence to make one final flight in the air. Then the horse quit.

Lemaitre stepped off, still holding Sant high and precious as though they were leaving a rocket to the moon. The mob was still stunned, noiseless, as Lemaitre led the horse with a nose hold into the quiet gold air-conditioned trailer and bolted the door with a combination lock, placed Sant in the front seat alongside him in the powder-blue Imperial, and drove off.

Lemaitre held the wheel and made a cigarette with the other hand. Then he looked at Sant. "We won him," he said.

They rode hushed between huge yellow rocks in the red earth, smelling the pure New Mexico air, feeling the huge space around them, sensing a roof now as they entered beneath cottonwoods at the sulphur springs, then passed between the low clay mounds which looked like melting elephants, then emerged finally, climbing and gliding into bright hills the horse had known.

"He'll get used to being a bronc horse," Lemaitre said. "Fed regular every day and such, catered to and primped. He'll get used to the aquarium." Lemaitre paused. "You think he earned his freedom then. You think we should turn him back loose. You think with all the catering and feed and primping there is nothing worse than not freedom." Lemaitre studied the lost cliffs in the pure distance and dropped the twisted Bull Durham stem into the ash box.

Sant stared ahead in childish profundity, thinking of nothing. Then he said as though absent, "You're studying—?"

"Maybe," Lemaitre said. "But I'm driving you home wherever you live."

"The Circle Heart Ranch on your way back to Albuquerque."

"Yes, maybe so," Lemaitre said as though listening for another voice. "Yes. I guess maybe that's it. I guess that's the worst there is."

"The Circle Heart?" Sant said.

"No," Lemaitre said, and he stopped the car



and got out and fiddled with the combination lock on the trailer, and then there was a great noise, kind of a smooth rushing of wings into the high hills, and then Lemaitre got back in and said, "Not freedom. That's what it was. That's what I was studying."

They rode now through the darkening hills in their shared secret, their mutual conspiracy, as though together they had broken jails for strangers. They had released him who had tried to murder them; against justice, against all man-laws of not freedom, they had conspired together and were linked as one in the act.

"My card," Lemaitre said, proffering Sant a small paper. "Maybe one day, you never know, maybe one day you'll want to join the bronc people. Look me up. Lemaitre's the name."

"Sant's the name," Sant said, taking the card.

The car paused in front of the gates marked The Circle Heart. Sant got out and watched the dazzling caravan pull away down the long road to Albuquerque.

"Sant's the name. Sant Bowman," Sant said.

The boy started down a cow-trail short-cut to the main house, the path beaten hard by the passing herds and the punishing sun. Now he entered a grove, a thicket of tamarisk trees and greasewood brush and came upon a sudden deer. The buck paused, staring in wild disbelief before he turned, and whipped imperiously off. As the buck leaped he flashed his white card of tail. Now the two, shocking each other in sudden encounter, were fled as quickly as they were joined.

As Sant began to enter the house gate his mother came fluttering.

"Where've you been, boy?" She had Indian blood and generally didn't excite this easily. "Where've you been?"

"Up there," Sant said, pointing to the tough sun, the clean distant sky.

"Come, boy," she said, still fluttering. "Where you been?"

"Here," Sant said, taking out the small white card and passing it to her. "Up there," he said still pointing. "Up there where I've been telling you. And I've got that paper," he said, watching the card she examined. "I've got that paper to prove it."

THE CARDINAL WHO "CO-EXISTS"

The chief Roman Catholic prelate of Poland has won freedom of worship for his people—and his own release from prison—at the risk of Papal disapproval and a martyr's end.

WHILE Soviet tanks were smashing the Hungarian rebellion on October 26, 1956, Poland's leading churchman decided to make a compact with the Devil. The two events are related, as our story will show. The churchman was Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, and the Devil was his old enemy, the Communist government of Poland.

For more than three years the Cardinal had been a prisoner while the Stalinists ruled and terrorized his country. Then the "October Revolution," or reformation, of last year put Wladyslaw Gomulka in charge of the tottering Communist regime. The new government quickly ended the secret police terror and promised the Poles a better deal. But how, without secret police power, was it to control a stubbornly anti-Communist people? Its only recourse was to enlist the power of the Cardinal and the Catholic Church to which 95 per cent of Poles belong. For a people's uprising might bring Soviet tanks into Warsaw and result in a blood bath far worse than the Hungarian tragedy.

The Cardinal knew the danger. In the convent where he was detained under guard, in the Carpathian foothills, he had been permitted for several weeks to have newspapers and a radio. The roar of Russian tanks in Budapest had penetrated his forest clearing. He had also heard the rumblings of revolution in his own country, the cries of "Bread and Freedom!", the mass demonstrations of students and workers in Poznan,

Cracow, and Warsaw. He saw the Polish people balanced on the edge of the same kind of abyss that had engulfed the Hungarians. For the first time, the Cardinal and the Communist government had one interest in common: to save Poland from the fate of Hungary.

This was the moment when Gomulka sent his two most trusted friends to the Cardinal. The emissaries were Wladyslaw Bienkowski, as intelligent a Communist as there is in Poland, and Zenon Kliszko, a lawyer with high seniority in the Party. On October 26, the two men confronted the Cardinal in his small, bare reception room. They had never met him before.

They saw a tall, spare man of fifty-five in a black cassock piped with red silk. The face was strong and humorous, topped with graying sandy hair. The three sat down together and talked—not as enemies or friends but as patriotic Poles—about the bloodshed in Budapest, the tension in Poland, and the appalling danger of an explosion. Then came the offer.

The Cardinal could have his freedom, come back to Warsaw, and use his undisputed influence to quiet the Polish people. There was no time to work out details of a new Church-State relationship. That, Bienkowski promised, would be done later by a joint Church-State commission.

Wyszynski could not have consulted the Vatican even if he had wanted to. He was still a prisoner without means of communicating with the outside world. In any event, the Vatican traditionally allows its cardinals a high degree of autonomy. A bishop or cardinal on the firing line is expected to make hard decisions and face the consequences. The Cardinal made his decision quickly. He accepted the offer. He asked only for an opportunity to consult two of his bishops before leaving his prison-house.

The bishops visited him the next day. They advised the Cardinal to insist on certain broad guarantees: of religious instruction in the schools, full freedom of worship, and the right to appoint the clergy without interference. The Cardinal asked for these guarantees and got them from the government. Only then did he set out, by car, for Warsaw and freedom.

Thus began an experiment that has no exact precedent. Never before have those two implacable enemies, the Catholic Church and Communism, gone to such lengths to "co-exist" for a common purpose. The experiment has survived its first precarious year. The Polish people have not slipped into disaster, as the Hungarians did; they now enjoy a surprising amount of individual liberty—thanks largely to their Cardinal who dared to accept his freedom, and to the commissar who risked setting him free.

On a recent trip to Poland we tried, as independent reporters, to find out how this extraordinary experiment is working, and what its prospects are. We talked with principals on both sides. And we searched especially for clues to the character of Cardinal Wyszynski, who, we believe, towers over everyone else in Poland today.

OPPORTUNIST AND REBEL

ALTHOUGH Wyszynski looks like an aristocrat, he was born into a village organist's family in one of the poorest parts of northeastern Poland. He once called himself "a son of the meadows and sandy fields along the River Bug." The portrait of himself as just a country boy was deceptively simple. Actually he is simple only in his personal tastes, in his dislike of pomp and pretense.

In a country that has had more than its share of narrow and ignorant parish priests, Wyszynski is an educated man of the Western world. He might have concentrated on theology or Church history; instead, he studied sociology long and hard, in Poland and in Western Europe. In Paris, at the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques et Sociales*, he perfected the elegant French which he enjoys practicing on foreign visitors. His paramount interest is the Church, but his approach to his own people and their problems is that of a social worker.

As a labor priest before the war, he learned how to talk to working people about their everyday concerns. He also edited a small Catholic daily and a monthly magazine, and developed

a style of writing and public speaking which scatters kernels of corn among lines of Churchillian grandeur. In private and in public, he loves to pour out ideas and think aloud. Often his listeners feel that in his flood of comments and reflections he has forgotten the original thought. But, having wandered down many byways, he will come back to the central theme and make his point.

Somewhere along his unusual route to a cardinalate, he lost or rejected the conventional manner of a cleric. His gestures are anything but sanctimonious. His deep voice has no trace of an unctuous sing-song. He holds himself straight and talks crisply, whether discussing church affairs in private or addressing a multitude.

Like so many Poles who lived through the Nazi occupation, he learned to be both an opportunist and a rebel. He continued to practice both roles when, after the war, the Church plucked him from obscurity to become first a bishop and then an archbishop. The Stalinist terror had already gripped the Church in Poland. Secret police were arresting many priests and blackmailing others into joining a Communist-front association.

To stiffen the backs of the clergy, the Vatican, in 1949, issued a decree threatening excommunication for Catholics who "knowingly and freely" showed favor to the Communist party, who read or distributed its publications, or who defended and spread "the materialistic and anti-Christian doctrines of the Communists." In Rome and abroad this was interpreted as a ban on any collaboration whatever.

Yet in April 1950, in a last-ditch attempt to save what he could, Archbishop Wyszynski made an agreement with the Communist, "anti-Christian" government of Poland. The live-and-let-live agreement collapsed almost at once. Within six months the government and the hierarchy were accusing each other of breaking promises. By the time Wyszynski was named Cardinal in December 1952, he was battling the Communists with all the strength of an outraged man.

He decided not to go to Rome to get his Cardinal's hat for fear the Communists might not let him back into Poland. After one mass arrest of priests, he stood up in his half-rebuilt cathedral and thundered that the position of the Church in "the so-called progressive countries" was worse than in "the so-called Dark Ages."

His anger rose to defiance and outright incitement to rebellion. He told his people that they

"must be ready, if need be, for martyrdom." "They must," he said, "resist state pressure even to the point of bloodshed."

The new Cardinal was inviting arrest, and he got it. In September 1953, the secret police came to his palace in Warsaw. They told him that he had been "deposed" as Cardinal and as chairman of the Polish Board of Bishops. They took him away to the first of four convents where he was to spend the next three years as a prisoner.

He was not mistreated during his long detention. In this respect he was luckier than his closest friend, Bishop (now Archbishop) Anton Baraniak, who was jailed, tortured, and for many months broken in health. The Cardinal was in fair enough mental and physical condition to cope with the Church-State problems that faced him when he was released and returned to Warsaw.

TERMS OF THE DEAL

HE STAYED in the background while two of his bishops sat down with two Communist officials to hammer out an agreement. By December 7 their first report was out. It showed for the first time how far the Church and the state were ready to go down the new road of "co-existence."

The first part of their communiqué, translated from the official government paper, *Trybuna Ludu*, must be quoted in full:

The representatives of the government underscored their readiness to remove obstacles which had appeared in the previous period as far as the realization of principles of full freedom of religious life was concerned.

The representatives of the Episcopate stated that as a result of the changes in public life, intended to secure legality, justice, peaceful co-existence, raising the level of social morality, and redressing wrongs, the government authorities will find in the hierarchy and clergy full understanding for such endeavors.

The representatives of the Episcopate also expressed full support for the efforts undertaken by the government directed toward strengthening and developing People's Poland: toward consolidating the efforts of all citizens toward harmonious work for the good of the country, the faithful observance of its laws, and the fulfillment of the citizens' duties toward the state.

From both points of view, Communist and Catholic, this was an astonishing document. The

Communists promised, in effect, that no more bishops, priests, and nuns would be jailed, and conceded that past attempts to silence the Church had not worked. The Church, in turn, conceded that the government was doing some patriotic work which should have the "full support" of all good Poles, Communist and Catholic alike.

The communiqué then listed four points on which the bishops and commissars had reached agreement:

First, the Church was free again to appoint its own bishops and priests.

Second, the government "guaranteed" the teaching of religion in the public schools, for all children whose parents desired it.

Third, chaplains would be admitted again to hospitals and prisons.

And fourth, the appointment of five Polish bishops to the former German territories, now under Polish rule, was approved.

The Vatican lost no time in dissociating itself publicly from this agreement. It was a purely Polish affair. The Holy See viewed it "with reserve." None of its cardinals (so far as we can discover) had ever independently pledged "full support" and "full understanding" for an avowedly atheistic regime.

At that moment, Wyszynski could not go to Rome to explain and defend his action. The Polish election, in which Gomulka was seeking a vote of confidence, was only six weeks off. There were no opposition parties on the ballot; the people could reject Gomulka either by boycotting the election or by voting for candidates far down the list. The Cardinal had to stay to see that neither of these things happened. The Devil that had offered the Church even a limited freedom was preferable to chaos and a return to outright Soviet domination. Both honor and expediency bound Wyszynski to help Poland's new regime to survive.

He spoke not a word about the election. His second-in-command, Bishop Choromanski, was delegated to urge the people to vote. And the word went out to the parish priests, quietly but clearly, to see that Catholic voters went to the polls.

The people gave the new Gomulka government a resounding vote of confidence although most of them hated Communism. They, like the Cardinal, understood the alternative.

Although Cardinal Wyszynski took no part in that election campaign, he was constantly on the move around Poland, re-establishing his old ties with the clergy and the people. He re-

visited ancient shrines, such as Gniezno, the seat of Poland's first Catholic bishopric, and Czestochowa, revered by Catholics for the miracle-working picture of the "Black Virgin." His appearance at Church festivals, after more than three years, brought out the crowds in unprecedented numbers. And at every opportunity he talked not only in sermons but also in extemporaneous remarks from some balcony or convenient platform.

What was he saying to his people? Was he urging them to be good Catholics, to come to Mass and confession? Not at all. He was sounding strangely unlike a conventional churchman. He was talking as a Polish patriot. To a nation that had been humiliated by conquest, he said: Be proud of Poland's past of a thousand years. To a nation demoralized by Communist misgovernment and tyranny, he talked about freedom, law, and justice. To a people seething with discontent and hatred of authority, his advice was: "Poland does not need sacrifices of blood; Poland needs sacrifices of work."

He sought out the most difficult audiences of all, the university students. These disillusioned victims of ten years of Communist indoctrination listened to him in wonder. "Seek for pure truth," he urged them. "Seek it in your mind, in your intellect. Do not accept leaflet propaganda truths. . . ." He counseled them to tidy up their lives, to control their desires for drink and sex. "This is not only a problem of ethics," he said; "it is a problem of reason and wise action." He reminded them of social responsibilities: "less money for vodka and dissolute living, and there will be more left for clinics, schools, hospitals. . . ."

Students at Warsaw University told us that this approach made a far greater impact on them than if he had begged them to sin no more and to come to Church to pray.

Early in May of this year, Wyszynski was ready for his long-delayed visit to Rome. At last he would receive his Cardinal's hat from the hands of the Pope, "although," he once said, with a smile, "I have already received it from other hands." He meant, of course, the honor of imprisonment handed him by the Communists.

He was ready, too, to make his report to the Vatican. Not a single nun, priest, or bishop remained in jail as a political prisoner. The people were flocking into the Church as never before, and Catholic children were again learning their religion in the public schools.

There is a debit side to this ledger, and not only for the Communists. The return of Cath-

olic teaching to the schools has been hard on the few Protestants, Jews, and agnostics in Poland. These parents bitterly resent the fact that their children are marked off from the majority. And the children themselves are made cruelly conscious of the differences among them, when a few go home after school and the rest remain for an hour with the priest. Nor have the parish priests done much to minimize these differences. We heard of village priests who scolded parents as "doing the work of the Jews" because they refused to let their children stay for the class in religion. Catholic teaching in the Polish schools is an anti-Communist force, but it is also a divisive force and therefore a mixed blessing.

Still, from the point of view of the Church, the Cardinal felt reasonably content with the results of the experiment in co-existence—thus far. He boarded a special car, provided by the Communist government of Poland, and journeyed southward.

ON THE CARPET IN ROME

EXCITED crowds all but mobbed the Cardinal when his train pulled into Rome on May 8, 1957. Although the correct number of monsignori were on hand to greet him, the Vatican gave him a cool reception. Its reserve had two or three possible explanations.

In the first place, any show of rapture from the Vatican would have embarrassed Wyszynski in his dealings with the Polish government. Gomulka, and especially those of his Communist colleagues who had opposed the Church-State agreement, would have sniffed politics in a visit which the Cardinal had pictured as merely routine Church business.

Besides—and this is a second explanation of the coolness in the Holy See—that many-minded organism was not at all united in praise of the visitor from Poland. Some took the short-term view that the Cardinal had done well. But others who took a long view (and the Vatican is inclined to think in terms of centuries) found Wyszynski vulnerable. Hadn't he set a bad precedent in making a deal with the archenemy of Christianity itself? Hadn't his bishops stretched expediency too far in pledging "full support" for the Communists' efforts "toward strengthening and developing People's Poland"? Shouldn't the Cardinal have preferred continued persecution of the Church and personal martyrdom?

These were not theoretical questions. They

involved the position of the Church in other Communist countries. If Wyszynski could come to terms with Communists to save the Church in Poland, why couldn't Cardinal Mindszenty compromise with the bloody-handed Kadar regime in Hungary? Why shouldn't Cardinal Stepinac pledge "full support" to Tito in Yugoslavia?

Wyszynski could reply that Poland was unique, the only Communist-ruled country in which 95 per cent of the people are of one faith. He could maintain that he had not stretched expediency too far in his agreement with Gomulka. He and Gomulka have, in fact, never met. They deal at arms' length, through their agents, in a manner that is correct but not cordial. To explain what the Communists coldly term Church-State "co-existence," the Cardinal might have cited Gomulka's own words at the ruling party's Ninth Plenum in May.

"We do not prevent the Church," said Gomulka, "from marching, in matters of faith, along its road of the Roman Catholic doctrine. The Church should also recognize the fact that Poland has changed her former social system, that she is building Socialism. In matters which are of vital concern for the interests of People's Poland and the nation, we want the Church to march together with us along the Polish road."

German influence at the Papal court may have been a third reason why the priests at the Vatican did not throw their clerical hats in the air over the Polish Cardinal. We say it "may have been" because the extent of the Vatican's pro-German feeling is a subject of endless chatter that produces much froth and little fact. The Pope himself was nuncio in Germany from 1917 to 1929; his housekeeper is an elderly German nun, and he has been consistently friendly, of course, toward the Catholic Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer.

In April, just before leaving for Rome, Wyszynski had affronted the Germans and their friends at the Vatican by a publicized visit to Wroclaw, known until 1945 by its German name of Breslau. There, in the heart of the former German area which the Poles now call their "recovered territories," he made an ardently nationalistic speech to university students.

He spoke of Wroclaw as "Polish earth" and called the "return of Poland" to this area "only an expression of the justice of God and a warning to bloody nations." The Vatican, on the other hand, has not yet recognized these territories as part of Poland. The Vatican Yearbook for 1957 still lists Breslau by its German name, puts Berlin into the same diocese, and says both

are a part of "Germania." This, of course, offends all good Poles.

Whatever the reasons, and German influence may have been among them, the Cardinal was on the carpet during his first days in Rome. He was explaining the situation in Poland, seeking to justify what he had done. Upward, through the layers of Vatican bureaucracy, went the Cardinal's facts, arguments, interpretations.

Not until May 14, six days after the start of the questioning process, did the Pope receive Wyszynski. Apparently the Pope was not yet ready to say, "Well done!" For, two days after their first talk, he signed an encyclical letter praising the example of a Pole who did not compromise. It happened to be just three hundred years since Cossacks from the Ukraine had killed the Polish Jesuit who became St. Andrew Bobola. Addressing himself especially to the Polish people, the Pope wrote that Bobola made them renowned "not only because of the splendors of so many virtues but also because of the blood of martyrdom."

"Following his shining example," the Pope went on, "let them continue to defend their faith against all snares. . . ." The only reference to Wyszynski and the special problems of his Church was a mention of the "spiritual leaders" of Poland "who have suffered sorrow and pain in the name of Jesus Christ."

THE RED HAT

IF SUCH a letter, at such a moment, was not an indirect slap at the prelate who had made a deal with the Communists, then the Vatican mind is far more subtle than we outsiders can fathom. The encyclical was published on May 18, the same day the Pope ceremonially gave Wyszynski his red hat. The ceremony took place in private in the Vatican throne room, and not, as is more usual, in the public splendor of St. Peter's. Having knelt before the Pope, Wyszynski made a characteristic remark. He hoped he would be forgiven if he did not wear his Cardinal's robes of brocade and ermine very often. "Too many of my people are in rags," he said. It was explained that Wyszynski himself had asked for the semi-privacy—presumably to spare himself embarrassment at home. But it could have been explained, too, by the Vatican's desire not to embarrass itself.

If the Cardinal was troubled, he gave no sign. Having laid his case before the Vatican, he plunged into a round of meetings with Polish priests and visits to churches and missions with

Polish associations. His purpose now seemed to be to plead his people's case to the Western world. He recalled the sacrifices they had made through the centuries "in defense of Catholic Poland . . . that distant outpost of Christianity on the Vistula River." His red hat, he insisted, was not for himself; it was "an order of merit on the breast of believing Poland."

Early in June he traveled to Monte Cassino, and prayed for the exiled Poles who had fallen in battle in 1944 alongside Western allies from New Zealand, France, Britain, Canada, and the United States. Thus he was reaffirming Poland's ties of history, culture, and religion with the Western world.

On June 14, Wyszynski had his farewell audience with the Pope. Now, at last, the Cardinal seemed to have won his point. If he did not get Vatican praise for his agreement with the Communists, he at least won understanding and approval. After the private farewell, the Pope came out to say a few words to the Cardinal's entourage and to an assemblage of Polish priests. According to one who was there, he was so moved that he wept and for a few moments could not speak.

Wyszynski left Rome on June 17 with the Papal blessing, and with a greater measure of authority, a wider power-of-attorney, than is granted to most cardinals. He now had emergency powers, delegated by the Pope, similar to those of the late Cardinal Hlond in wartime Poland. For who could tell when communications might again be cut—when the Cardinal might be back in detention or spied upon by a secret police, his letters opened, his telephone tapped, his couriers prevented from traveling to Rome?

WILL IT LAST?

THE day after the Cardinal came home from the Vatican, a procession of 300,000 streamed through the streets in a Corpus Christi outpouring such as Warsaw had not seen even in its most Catholic ages. A less realistic leader might have lost his perspective at the sight of so much religious fervor. Actually—and the Cardinal knew it—the Church was still in trouble.

For one thing, it was not yet free to dispense its own charity in its own name. A Church organization known as "Caritas" used to help the poor with money, food, and clothing, and to administer hospitals and certain schools. In the Stalinist years the Communist government took

over "Caritas" and gave it to a group of pliable Catholics to run in the Communist image. The Church and State are trying to negotiate a settlement of the "Caritas" issue, and the Cardinal is all the more anxious for a settlement now that he is once more getting help from the United States.

A more serious and complex threat to Church influence was an allegedly Catholic organization known as "Pax," led by an unsavory individual named Boleslaw Piasecki. "Pax" is a commercial empire set up by the Communists as a co-operative to manage former Catholic publishing houses and other private business enterprises. Piasecki was a Nazi agent who eagerly offered his services to the Kremlin in wartime. He was appointed head of "Pax" in 1944 by none other than General Ivan Serov, formerly the chief of the Soviet security police in Poland and now the most conspicuous police officer in Russia itself. From the publishing of Catholic literature and the manufacture and sale of religious objects, Piasecki is reported to get six and a half million zlotys a month—about \$270,000 at the official rate of exchange.

Naturally "Pax" is a hot issue between the Cardinal and Gomulka. The Cardinal last June forbade his people to have anything to do with the organization or its publications. Gomulka replied by confiscating the issue of an anti-"Pax" Catholic weekly which had printed the Cardinal's protest.

Why Gomulka continues to support "Pax," why he tolerates the blatantly Stalinist Piasecki as its leader, is a mystery. Perhaps Gomulka was double-faced in his agreement with the Cardinal last year, or perhaps he is not as free of Soviet dictation as he pretends to be. What happens to "Pax" will be a touchstone of Gomulka's willingness and power to set the Church free, to let it "co-exist" with the Communist regime.

But neither the issue of "Caritas" nor that of "Pax" is as dangerous to the Church in Poland as the uncertain future of Gomulka and his reforms. We detected a fear in Warsaw that both might be short-lived. We felt this chill of skepticism even when the Minister for Religious Affairs, an orthodox Communist named Jerzy Sztachelski, assured us that the new Church-State relationship was not just a "tactical deviation" by the Party.

"This is a long-term historical policy," he told us. "And it will not be reversed by any action of ours."

He was giving us the Party line—and avowing an unpleasant necessity from the Communist

point of view. For the present, his government does not dare to contemplate the alternative: a secret police to control an undisciplined people by terror.

Yet Gomulka, respected as he is, does not have the last word. The last word, surely, rests with those who hold military, economic, and political power over Poland—namely, Khrushchev and Zhukov in the Kremlin. The Russians have never concealed their dislike for Gomulka and his "October revolution." Any week, Khrushchev may decide that the reforming process in Poland has gone too far.

The Cardinal is too shrewd not to be aware of this danger. He is content to live from day to day. His attitude is that of a Christian missionary working in some other "distant outpost" in Asia or Africa. As a Pole, he would hate to see the prison doors clang shut on his people once more. But as a Catholic scholar who has read widely and thought deeply, he knows that martyrdom is not failure in the eyes of his

Church. Over the ages it has been the martyrs, not the signers of expedient agreements, who have been canonized and revered.

So Stefan Wyszynski is ready to be a martyr if he has to be. Though he will struggle to the last to keep and extend the new-found freedoms of his Church, jail has no terrors for him. "One can serve God as faithfully in prison as in the cathedral," he says.

We are told that he sometimes gets up at three o'clock in the morning and prostrates himself for three hours on the floor of his austere room. He lies flat, his arms and toes outstretched to their full length, without moving. A priest who has tried it says that the arms and shoulders soon begin to ache under this treatment, and that long practice is needed for the body to stand it.

This is Wyszynski's way of steeling his mind and body for jail. The churchman who made a pact with the Devil may still get a ticket to martyrdom.

RIMER, PENNA., by W. S. Merwin

IT IS HARD to see what made them stay
Nowhere but here, my father's fathers,
By the broad river, among the foothills
Of yellow Allegheny clay,

When they had come such a long way
Out of Wales in heaven knows how many
Years, and seen so many rivers,
So many hills. It is beautiful here.

It is beautiful elsewhere, and not beauty,
I trust, made them choose this spot and stay,
Any more than it is what keeps me now
Watching the eddies slip down the river.

It is quiet here, and their fields
Still rich, and most things could come by river
But not answers, however long
I stand here looking down at their houses.

For not in the country the answer lay
Why they went no further, but in the men,
Who might have been the last to say.
And the land keeps their silence without
their reasons

Up on the hill where they still stay
Above the trains that roar north to Erie,
And the river sliding the other way,
Mindless and old, to its destinations.



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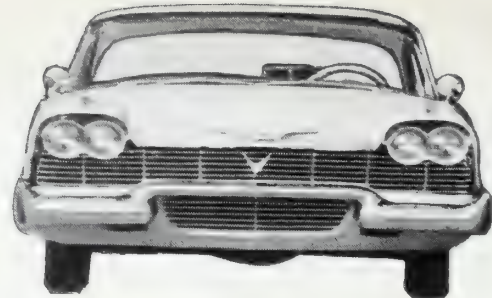
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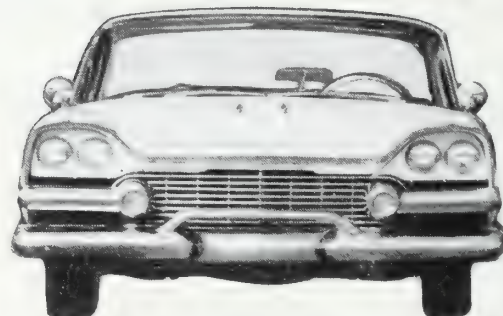
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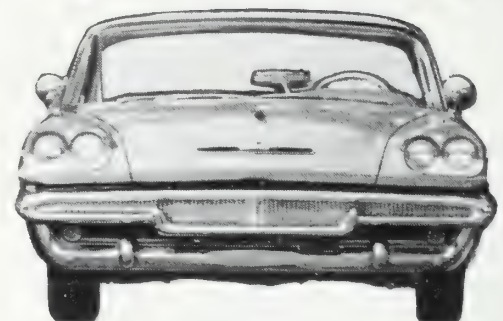
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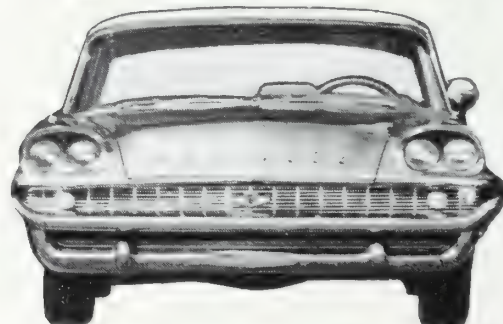
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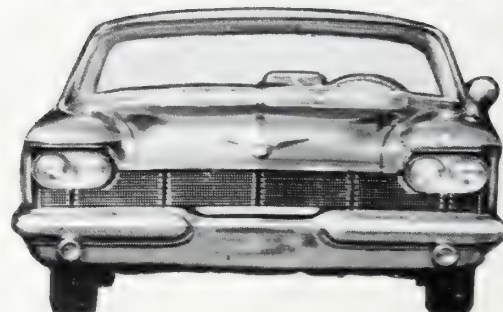
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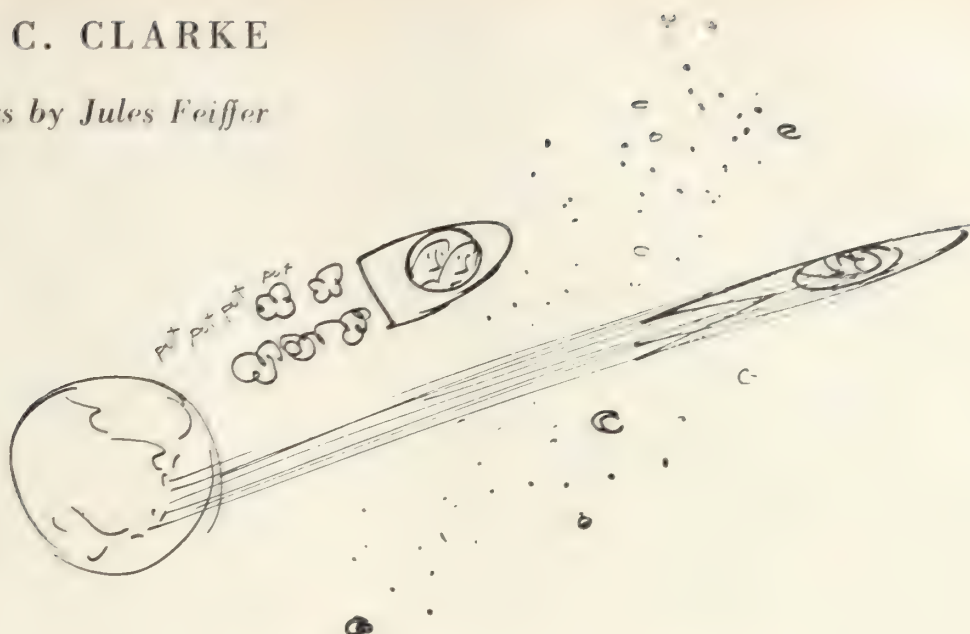


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By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Drawings by Jules Feiffer



WHERE'S EVERYBODY?

A British scientist—author of *The Exploration of Space* and *The Making of a Moon*—tells how we may someday get to certain planets and why we may already have missed some visitors to the Earth from outer space.

AT THIS moment of time, when humanity stands upon the threshold of space and has already launched its first vehicles beyond the atmosphere, there is a centuries-old question which presses more and more urgently for an answer. In almost any astronomy book you will find a chapter devoted to the subject: "Is there life on other worlds?"—the answer given depending upon the optimism of the author and the period in which he is writing (for there are fashions in astronomy as in everything else).

Today, that question needs to be reframed and brought up to date. There must be very few astronomers now who are conceited enough to suppose that only the Earth is the abode of life, or even that it is the only home of intelligence. Assuming this to be the case, we have an interesting problem on our hands. How are we to explain the peculiar behavior of the other intelligent races which share our Universe?

What peculiar behavior, Holmes? Assuming that such races exist, they have done absolutely nothing about us.

Precisely, my dear Watson . . .

Having stated the problem, let's look at it as scientifically and dispassionately as we can. It falls into three distinct sections—astronomical, biological, and technical—and we'll deal with them in that order.

On a clear, moonless night the sky seems so packed with stars that it is hard to believe that they could ever be counted. Yet in reality the unaided eye can see only a couple of thousand stars at any one time; even a small telescope shows millions, and the photographic plate billions. All those stars are suns, many of them larger than ours, most of them smaller. Unfortunately, there is no way in which we can tell if any of them possess planets, except in cases so unusual that only a couple of examples are known.

However, even these examples are enough to suggest that planets are not as rare as they were once thought to be; it may in fact turn out that most stars have small, cold bodies circling them. And if no more than one in a hundred does, that would still be some *billion* planetary systems in our Galaxy alone.

By the laws of probability, we should expect at least one planet capable of supporting life to exist within ten light-years of the Earth. (The nearest star, Proxima Centauri, is just over four light-years away; ten light-years is the approximate distance of the brightest star, Sirius.) On the cosmic scale, such distances are trivial. Our

Galaxy—the island universe of which the Sun is a not particularly outstanding member—is about a hundred thousand light-years from end to end. And the remotest of the myriads of other galaxies we have so far detected lies more than a billion light-years away. (6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles, if anyone prefers it that way.)

Given a suitable planet, the next question is: will life evolve upon it? It used to be thought that life was a very improbable phenomenon, requiring such a fantastic chain of events for it to come about that it would occur only on a very, very few planets—perhaps, indeed, only upon Earth. This argument is a relic of the medieval belief in the uniqueness of Man; it never had much scientific basis, and now it has none.

Though we are still very far from a full understanding of the mechanism of life—and may not achieve that for centuries yet—it is certainly not mysterious. Marvelous, if you like; but no more so in principle than a continent-spanning telephone system, or the complex of factories which makes up a great chemical combine. For a living creature *is* both chemical factory and telephone exchange, and obeys the same fundamental laws.

Quite recently, it has been shown that surprisingly complicated chemicals are produced by purely natural forces—such as lightning and ultra-violet rays—acting on the substances which might be found in the primitive seas and atmosphere of many planets. Some of these chemicals are the basic building-blocks of living organisms, and biologists have been able to construct rather convincing schemes to show how, in the lengths of time available, life could arise from these non-living materials. In a few hundred million years, even most unlikely events are bound to happen, and one of the things that nature possesses in large quantities is time.

It seems, therefore, that life is virtually certain to arise wherever conditions are at all favorable. That is a lesson we might have learned from a study of our own planet. There is hardly a spot of Earth, from the highest mountains to the ultimate depths of the sea, which some creature has not been able to conquer by suitable adaptation. Life may be found frozen eleven months out of twelve in the Antarctic wastes—or flourishing a few degrees below boiling-point in sulphur springs.

Yet even if life is common throughout the Universe, intelligence may still be rare. There are millions of different types of living creatures on this Earth, but only one with the power of abstract thought—and he hasn't been around for very long. Just how late Man has appeared on

the cosmic stage can best be realized by this analogy borrowed, with improvements, from Sir James Jeans.

Let the height of the Empire State Building represent the age of the Earth; on this scale, a foot is about two million years. Now (if the wind will let you) stand an average-sized book upright on the TV tower. It won't look very conspicuous from ground level—but its few inches of height correspond roughly to the entire existence of *Homo Sapiens*.

Now place a slightly worn dime on top of the book. The thickness of the coin corresponds to the whole of man's civilization, right back to the building of the first cities. And if you want to represent the era of modern science and technology—that is about as thick as a postage stamp.

The postage stamp on the top of the Empire State Building is a picture we should bear in mind; it shows how extremely unlikely it is that, on any particular world, intelligence should exist at this moment *at our precise level of development*. Even assuming that evolution takes similar roads on all suitable planets, only upon one world in millions could we expect to find a civilization that had discovered steam power a couple of centuries ago, and which now dreams of the conquest of space as it passes into its Atomic Age.

No—it is far more likely that if intelligent other races exist, the vast majority of them will be at stages of development corresponding to points millions of years in our past—or in our future. The latter, indeed, seems more likely, for our own history is so short that we must surely be among the youngest peoples in the Universe.

HOW TO TRAVEL REALLY FAST

THIS leads us to an inescapable conclusion. Scattered around us in space, at distances which may not be more than a few scores of light-years, there must be not a few civilizations far in advance of ours—and there may be dozens of them. Which brings us back to our opening question: *if* they are so advanced, why haven't they come here?

At this point, I have to pause briefly to deal with the hordes of Flying Saucer believers who have suddenly appeared on the horizon, waving affidavits and smudgy photographs. To dispose of them would need another article a good deal longer than this one, not all of it printable. So I'll merely state my views on this agitated subject, without giving the reasons that have led me



... hordes of Flying Saucer believers ...

to them after several years of thought, reading, interviewing, and personal observations. I think there *may* be "Unidentified Flying Objects" which are exactly what their name implies, and which may turn out to be quite interesting and exciting when we discover their cause. At the same time I am pretty sure that they're not—repeat, *not*—spaceships. If they were, many consequences would have arisen. (The most obvious: we and the Russians would be the best of friends.) If I'm wrong, that still proves the main point of my thesis, so I can't lose anyway.

Assuming, therefore, that during modern times there have been no visitors from space, we have to look for an explanation. It may well be argued (and indeed has been by many eminent scientists) that our apparent isolation can be explained very simply. Travel from planet to planet inside the Solar System may be possible in the relatively near future, so that we shall visit neighboring worlds such as Mars and Venus. But travel to the planets of other suns—*interstellar* travel—may be totally impossible because of the sheer distances involved. On this theory, the Universe may be full of intelligent races, but they must forever exist in total ignorance of each other, quarantined by space itself.

This is a serious and plausible argument, and must be dealt with before we proceed any further. First of all, let us get clearly into our minds the important—the fundamental—distinction between the distances of interplanetary space, which our children will be challenging, and the immensely greater distances which separate us from the stars.

Planetary distances are about a million-fold greater than those of ordinary, everyday life. (For example—Venus at its closest, 26 million

miles; Mars at its closest, 35 million miles.) The stars, however, are about *a million times further away still* (e.g. Proxima Centauri, 25 million million miles). When we get to the remotest planet, therefore, we will be little nearer the stars than we are today.

But distance itself means nothing; all that really matters is the length of time any particular journey requires. In the last hundred years we have seen the world shrink beyond the wildest imagination of our forefathers. Jules Verne was laughed at when he dared to suggest that one might circumnavigate the Earth in eighty days, but now it has been done in two—and the IGY satellites, the harbingers of the Space Age, will go round the globe in almost as many minutes as Phileas Fogg required days.

This steady increase in speed shows no sign of slackening; indeed, in the last decade the development of the jet and the rocket has given the curve an even steeper upward trend. We already know how long the first interplanetary journeys will take, with the fuels and techniques that exist today. Mars and Venus are both much less than a year's flight away with chemical fuels; when *atomic* propulsion becomes available, a few decades from now, the journeys will be measured in weeks, and ultimately in days. This state of affairs will arise nearer the beginning of the next century than its end.

It is partly because interplanetary travel must become possible quite early in the history of any technically-minded race that I think it most unlikely that there is intelligent life elsewhere in the Solar System. It is much more likely that we have missed the Martians by a few million years, and that the Venusians may miss us by even more.

So we must look beyond the Sun's other planets for life—at least intelligent life, for there are good grounds for thinking that there is vegetation on Mars—and pin our hopes upon the distant stars. Can we—or any other race—ever hope to attain such velocities that the interstellar gulfs will be bridged in reasonably short periods of time?

I'll now go out on a limb by saying that this is one question that we *can* answer, even today. And the answer is "Yes, but—"

To put the matter in the right perspective, let's look at the entire gamut of speed, past, present, and future. The past can be dealt with very briefly; from the dawn of history until the beginning of the nineteenth century, no man had ever traveled much faster than 10 miles an hour.

There are men still alive who can remember

when 100 mph was reached; yet 1,000 mph was attained—and doubled—during the last decade. Manned flight at 10,000 mph will be achieved in the 1960s; unmanned rockets have already passed this speed, and the satellites will far exceed it.

You'll notice that we are going up in steps of ten. Each jump seemed enormous when it was made—and nothing much to boast about when it had become history. The next surge forward—to 100,000 mph—will take place when atomic energy is harnessed to rocket propulsion, and today's chemical fuels join the wax candles and kerosene lamps in the museums. (This may be sooner than we think. It has recently been announced that the Air Force has a contract with North American Aviation to investigate the so-called "ion-rocket," a device which produces thrust by electrical means and which, incidentally, can *only* be used for driving spaceships, not airplanes.)

A not-very-efficient atomic propulsion system, such as might reasonably be developed round the turn of this century, would enable us to attain speeds in the 1,000,000 mph category. This would mean Mars in less than two days—and Venus in one (though starting and stopping would extend these times somewhat!).

THE FINAL SPEED LIMIT

A MILLION miles an hour is such a nice, round figure that one is tempted to see what impression it would make on interstellar distances—since it certainly deflates interplanetary ones. The result is startling; even the very nearest of the stars would be almost 3,000 years away.

We want a few more zeroes on our speedometer. What about 10,000,000 mph? Well, there's no theoretical reason why it should be impossible in the frictionless vacuum of space. The atom contains enough energy, if we are smart enough to apply it in the right way. And when a thing is possible in theory, it's usually done in practice sooner or later. So—Proxima Centauri in only 300 years.

100,000,000 mph? Yes, even that's still not asking too much of atomic energy. However, we'll need to learn a few new tricks, such as the *total* conversion of matter into energy, not the annihilation of the miserable fraction of a per cent which is all that our present atomic devices achieve. That would take us to the nearest star in thirty years; still too long, but the figures are beginning to look reasonable at last. One more jump and we're nearly there.

1,000,000,000 mph? I'm sorry—no. A new factor has come into the picture. On our way to that extra zero, we've passed the speed limit of the Universe. It happens to be 670,000,000 mph and is a limit that's rigorously enforced. It is the velocity of light—more usually quoted as 186,000 miles a second.

If the Theory of Relativity is correct—and all the evidence of the past fifty years indicates that it is—nothing can ever surpass this speed, and it would require an infinite amount of energy merely to reach it. Why this should be so is a complicated story which I have no intention of going into here; all that matters at the moment is that the velocity of light is not just an arbitrary figure, but is bound up with the very structure of the universe. Even if you could, in theory, exceed it, you wouldn't be in our space and time any longer; you'd be somewhere else—if there *is* somewhere else.

The velocity of light, therefore, appears to set a limit to the speed with which any object can move through space. That speed may be approached more and more closely as propulsion systems improve, but it can never be reached, still less exceeded. If this is the case, time of travel between even the closest star systems can never be less than four or five years; between *inhabited* star systems, in our fairly crowded corner of the Galaxy, we might not be far out if we fix the lower limit of travel time as ten years.



... prepared to devote a quarter of their lives to the supreme adventure ...

This is a good deal longer than we would like, especially as the return trip still has to be considered. But can anyone seriously argue that it is an absolutely insuperable objection to interstellar flight? Of course not; as soon as the propulsion problems were solved, there would be members even of our ephemeral species who would be prepared to devote a quarter of their lives to the supreme adventure of contacting new races, new civilizations on the other side of the stellar abyss.

Recent progress in medical science may be of assistance here. Suspended animation—the deliberate production of a trance-like state in which the subject is unaware of the progress of time—is no longer a fantasy. It can be induced for short periods by drugs or cold, and it does not require much imagination to suppose that what the dormouse can do, men may also be able to achieve. The distances between the stars will no longer seem so terrifying if we can sleep our way across them.

THE ROBOT EXPLORERS

IN ANY event, there is no need to assume that exploring vessels designed to cross interstellar space would carry living crews; it is much more likely that the first ones would not. All the rockets we have so far launched beyond the atmosphere carried recording instruments; space-ships which set out on journeys of indefinite duration and uncertain goal would be purely automatic, controlled by elaborate electronic brains which had been conditioned to perform one task—to gather all the information they could, and to bring it safely home. Since we will be able to build such robot scouts ourselves in the near future, other races must have had them for ages, and sooner or later they will come sniffing round our Earth.

Sooner or later. That, perhaps, is the crux of the whole matter. Visitors from space may have landed on our planet dozens—hundreds—of times during the long, empty ages while Man was still a dream of the distant future. Indeed, they could have landed on 90 per cent of the Earth as recently as two or three hundred years ago—and we would never have heard of it. If one searches through old newspapers and local records, one can find large numbers of curious incidents that could be interpreted as visitations from space. That stimulating if eccentric writer Charles Fort made a collection of such occurrences in his book *Lo!* and one is inclined to give them more weight than any comparable modern

reports, for the simple reason that they happened long before anyone had ever thought of space travel. Yet at the same time one cannot take them *too* seriously, because before scientific education was widespread even the commonest celestial phenomena—meteors, comets, auroras, and so on—gave rise to the most incredible stories. As they still do, in fact.

Going further back in time, it has been suggested that some of the legends and myths of prehistory, perhaps even the weird entities of many pagan religions, may have been inspired by glimpses of beings from other worlds. But this is pure and unprofitable speculation—unprofitable for the reason that it can never be proved or disproved, but only argued endlessly.

Do we have to wait ten years or a thousand years before the next ship calls? Or if none has ever called before, when will our Earth's billions of years of isolation be ended? It may be that our first meeting with alien intelligences is already far nearer to us in time than Columbus' landing in the New World.

One would like to think that we will be the discoverers, not the discovered. Yet perhaps, when we leave the snug little confines of the Solar System, we may meet a bored reception committee which greets us with the words: "Taken your time, haven't you? Welcome to the Galactic Federation; here's the book of rules."

Or—and this is the most depressing thought of all—perhaps we have already been black-listed. It provides a very simple, and horribly plausible, explanation for our apparent lack of visitors to date.

The neighbors may already know everything about us; who can blame them, therefore, if they've kept a few light-years away?



David Ogilvy

*"O lovely
O most charming
PUG"*

A GOOD many people seem to think that Minou Drouet, the Breton girl whose first book of poems, written when she was eight years old, will be published here in November, holds a record for precocious versifying. They are wrong. More than a century ago a Scottish author of the same age wrote works which have attracted distinguished attention. Leslie Stephen, for example, said of her that "no more fascinating infantile author has ever appeared."

Marjory Fleming—or Maidie as she was known to her family—was born in Kirkcaldy on the Firth of Forth in 1803, and died in 1811, of meningitis following measles.

Robert Louis Stevenson thought that she "was possibly—no, I take back possibly—she was one of the noblest works of God."

Writing about her in *Harper's Bazar* in 1909, shortly before he died, Mark Twain said: "I have adored Marjory for six and thirty years; I have adored her in detail, I have adored the whole of her."

Marjory Fleming's reputation rests on her diary, her poetry, and her letters. Let us start with some extracts from her diary, written when she was seven, and now preserved in the National Library of Scotland:

"Yesterday a marrade man named Mr. John Balfour Esg offered to kiss me, & offered to marry me though the man was espused, & and his wife was present & said he must ask her permission but he did not, I think he was ashamed or confounded before 3 gentelman Mr. Jobson and two Mr. Kings. . . .

"A sailor called here to say farewell, it must

be dreadful to leave his native country where he might get a wife or perhaps me, for I love him very much & with all my heart, bot O I forgot Isabella forbid me to speak about love. . . .

"The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well-made Bucks, the names of whom is here advertized: Mr. Geo Crakey and Wm. Keith and Jn Keith, the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I walked to Crakyhall hand in hand in Innocence and Matitation sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestick pleasure. No body was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking. . . .

"I confess that I have been more like a little young Devil than a creature for when Isabella went up the stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my feet and threw my new hat which she made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me, but gently said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing, letting your temper get the better of you, but I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me. . . .

"I am now going to tell you about the horrible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me you cant concieve it—the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itselfe cant endure. . . .

"I walked to that delightfull place with a delightfull young man beloved by all his friends and espacialy by me his loveress. . . .

"To Day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a ladys lips it was that I called John an Impudent Bitch and Isabella afterwards told me that I should never say it even in a joke but she kindly for gave me because I said that I would not do it again I will tell you what I think made me in so bad a homour is I got 1 or 2 cups of that bad bad sina tea to Day. . . .

"Last night I behaved extremely ill and threw my work in the stairs, and would not pick it up which was very wrong indeed; and all that William could do I would not go out of the room till he himself put me out, and roared like a bull and would not go to bed though Isabella bid me go, which was very wrong indeed to her when she takes so much pains with me. . . .

"Climbing is a talent which the bear excels in and so does monkey apes and baboons I have

been washing my dools cloths to day & I like it very much people who have a good Conscience is always happy but those who have a bad one is always unhappy & discontented. . . .

"Osian's poems are most beautiful I am very strong and robust & not of the delicate sex. . . .

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrable fit of the toothake and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a gost and I thought she was one. . . ."

AS A letter-writer, this pre-Victorian child was equally vigorous. Here she is, at the age of six, writing to her cousin Isabella Keith:

My dear Isa,—

I now sit down on my botom to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life.

There are a great number of Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death.

Miss Potune a lady of my acquaintance, praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Deen Swift and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay—birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horid fat Simpliton says that my Aunt is beautiful, which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature.

Marjory Fleming also wrote poetry. Here is her sonnet to a monkey, written when she was seven:

O lovely O most charming pug
Thy gracefull air and heavenly mug
The beauties of his mind do shine
And every bit is shaped so fine
Your very tail is most devine
Your teeth is whiter than the snow
You are a great buck and a bow
Your eyes are of so fine a shape
More like a Christains than an ape
His cheeks is like the roses blume
Your hair is like the ravens plume
His noses cast is of the roman
He is a very pretty weoman
I could not get a rhyme for roman
And was obliged to call it weoman.

When the rats on a farm where Marjory was staying killed and ate three baby turkeys, she celebrated the tragedy with a poem which included this immortal comment on the mother turkey:

A direful death indeed they had
That would put any parent mad
But she was more than usual calm
She did not give a single dam
She is as gentel as a lamb.

Marjory spent three of her eight years in Edinburgh with her maternal aunt, whose husband was first cousin to Anne Rutherford, Sir Walter Scott's mother. The two families were on good terms, and Scott was captivated with Marjory. We catch a glimpse of them together in an account written by Dr. John Brown for the *North British Review* in 1863:

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjory; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? What can have come over her? I'll go myself and see!" and he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Dougal, with the Sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there in its darkness and dingy old cloth sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy—"hung over her enamoured." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you," and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night. Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equalled. Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them . . . all her repertoire, Scott . . . being oftentimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

When he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down. Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um, Twodle-um, made him roar with laughter. He said Musky-Dan especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behaviour and stupidity. Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over Gil Morrice, or the Baron of Smailholm, and he would take her on his knee and make her repeat Constance's speeches in King John, till he swayed to and fro sobbing his fill.

Candor compels me to acknowledge that latter-day scholars, and notably Dr. Arundell Esdaile of the British Museum, are inclined to think that this account is apocryphal. For my part, I prefer to believe it.



After Hours

LETTER ABOUT ICELAND

Dear Mr. Harper:

This is a sort of bread-and-butter letter to *Harper's* for my trip to Iceland. I would never have got there if you hadn't published that article by Porter McKeever—"How to Throw Away an Air Base"—which was reprinted in the *Reader's Digest* and has had concrete results most beneficial to Icelandic-American relations.

Mr. McKeever, who is a friend of mine, suggested that I stop in Iceland on my way back from England last August. Because the article pleased so many of the ranking officials in that island, and because its author is admired and respected there, his letters of introduction rolled out a carpet of far richer texture than I, a mere friendly visitor, had any reason to expect. I loved every minute of it!

I can give you only the most superficial impressions of the country as I was there for just three days. It seemed like a quick trip to the moon. Picture a flat, treeless, grassy tableland, interrupted by strangely shaped mountains jutting up in unlikely places, a glacier or so in the distance, and an extraordinary expanse of sky. One looks upon barren fields of broken lava with just enough scattered bits of moss to feed some wandering sheep, a great fissure broken open by earthquakes or rushing rivers tumbling in spectacular falls. There is evidence everywhere of volcanoes (Mt. Hekla

erupted vigorously in 1947) and quantities of hot springs which boil and bubble up to the surface. These springs are, in fact, the source of heat and hot water for the city of Reykjavik, and I went through several large greenhouses where tomatoes, cucumbers, even bananas flourished because of this obliging natural phenomenon.

The city of Reykjavik (where some 70,000 of the island's total population of 154,000 live) is a sprawling collection of assorted buildings made of concrete or corrugated iron (no trees, remember), with more than the usual complement of schools and modern hospitals. Most of the old houses are chunky little buildings with two gables, and since the war it has been the fashion to paint them bright pink, blue, yellow, green. They are a cheerful note in a land where there is so much rain and mist. The new houses and apartment houses—there's a rash of building going on—boldly reflect current Scandinavian design.

The harbor bobs with fishing craft (fishing accounts for at least 80 per cent of the country's industry) and I was so fascinated by the sight of a large trawler unloading what appeared to be tons of red fish that I had to follow the fish into a processing plant where neat-handed girls were fileting them on a conveyor belt, whence they were popped (the filets, I mean) into freezing compartments. Some of the fish were being fileted by machine, but the girls seemed to be quicker.

I was taken to lunch on my first day by two witty and informed Ice-

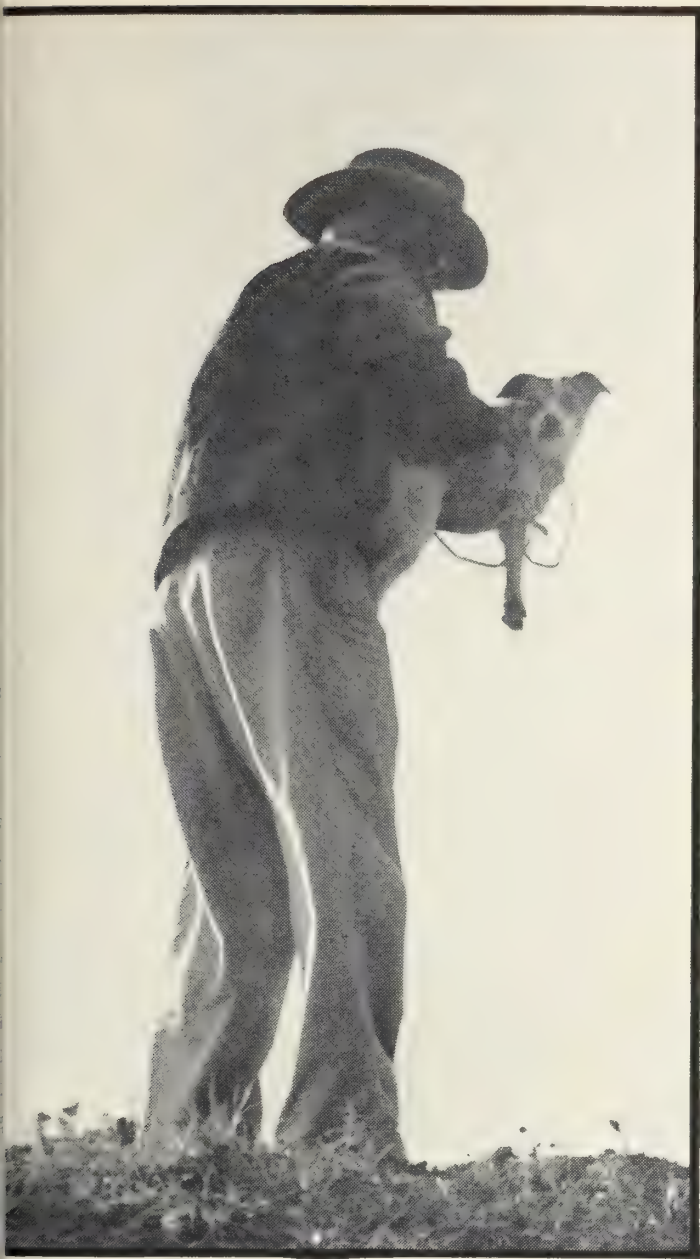
landers, one an M.P., the other an official in the Foreign Office, Naust, Reykjavik's smartest restaurant, where we had a delicious meal that included a rare Icelandic delicacy, *Hakari meo brauoi og smjör* (decomposed shark to you) which according to W. H. Auden, smells appalling that it has to be eaten outdoors. He's pulling your nose. It doesn't do any such thing. The taste is unusual, I admit, but I can easily see how it might be acquired. At the start, a quick gulp of *aquavit* helped . . . maybe two.

Fish get around in Iceland; did I—we kept meeting. In the afternoon I was driven thirty-five miles through the extraordinary countryside to the original site of the Althing, oldest parliament in the world, where in the year 1000, the general assembly, after weeks of debate, decided that Christianity was to be the country's religion but the determined heathens could worship their gods—but secretly. The country's national religion today is Lutheran.

The nearby country inn where I dined was crowded with mayors and other municipal officials from all the Scandinavian countries who were having a convention in Iceland. We encountered another fish family trout this time, newly plucked from a neighboring lake.

Next morning I had an appointment with the U. S. Ambassador John J. Muccio (whose last post was Korea), and somehow or other I got myself invited to a most excellent lunch at the delightful Resident. From there my red carpet led by w

Man and Best Friend Breaking Law



Perhaps George Welkoff's most serious crime—though it was not the one for which he was convicted—was just being different. His speech, for instance. Broken English, with some of those off-beat, Middle-European accents that sometimes mark a man for ridicule. And the sadness that was about him always, as if he carried within him the miseries of eternity.

To the casual—or the ungenerous—observer, Welkoff's way of life must have appeared grubby, even sordid; no family, no friends, completely lacking the drive and motif to think of as the "American way." But then, George Welkoff was not an American. And his neighbors—some of his neighbors at least—didn't like it.

There had been a family once, though the neighbors didn't know it. A son, Zifko, killed by the Communists; a wife, dead now, and a daughter, Zacharina, living still but lost to Welkoff in the dark terror of Iron-Curtain Bulgaria. There had been status, too, during the twenty years Welkoff served in Bulgaria as an army officer.

How had he come to America? Not quickly, nor easily. It had taken him seven years, working his way first through Austria, then Germany. He arrived in the United States in 1950 and settled in Hellertown, Pennsylvania.

Living was hard. There were no white-collar openings for a 54-year-old ex-officer of the Bulgarian Army, and a physical handicap precluded manual labor. Living was hard, but possible. Odd jobs here and there and the proceeds from the sale of vegetables grown in his garden. Survivors of the war in Europe know how to live meagerly.

And there was one friend.

Some people—the same ones, perhaps, who would have said Welkoff wasn't much of a man—would have said it wasn't much of a dog. Just a stray. Maybe there was a look of eternal misery about him, too. The man befriended him, took him home. He became Welkoff's dog. And the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—didn't like it.

On the evening of July 31, 1956, George Welkoff was arrested by officers of the Hellertown Police Department. The charge: Violation of a Pennsylvania statute prohibiting aliens from owning dogs. Welkoff's dog was taken to the pound, earmarked for destruction. Nobody had ever enforced the law, of course. It was one of those steeped-in-time fiats that are so silly they aren't worth the legislative bother of wiping them off the books. So George Welkoff was arrested and the neighbors—some of the neighbors at least—were very pleased.

There is no way of determining whether the Justice of Peace who heard the case thought the law was silly. But he found Welkoff guilty and he fined him. Fine and costs came to \$35.80 and Welkoff didn't have it. So George Welkoff, this 60-year-old displaced person who had broken the laws of the Sovereign State of Pennsylvania, was sentenced to 32 days in County Prison.

James McCombe, a Bethlehem, Pa., newspaperman, reported the story the day after Welkoff was jailed. Now the whole community knew the troubles of the old man and his dog. It made a good many people uncomfortable. But it made one man mad. He was Vincent Leun, a Bethlehem Steel executive. Nothing about the story fitted into Leun's concept of American justice. He did something about it.

Vincent Leun paid Welkoff's fine and had him released from prison (he had already served two days). He claimed Welkoff's dog from the pound and took it into his home until Welkoff could legally acquire it. He received a few anonymous threatening letters, but they were far outnumbered by signed letters from people who supported his action.

Mr. Leun did another thing. Letters he wrote to the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature resulted in repeal of the law which sent George Welkoff to jail.

Now, George Welkoff is a man who is endowed with inalienable prerogatives of freedom of speech, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, and the right to own dogs.

The story of how Vincent Leun helped right an injustice typifies the love of freedom and justice which lies at the heart of America. Such everyday examples provide reassurance that the common principles held by Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln are still very much alive in twentieth-century America.

The American Traditions Project of the Fund for the Republic has compiled hundreds of true stories of contemporary Americans whose actions have advanced freedom and justice. Some of these stories have been published in an illustrated booklet, "The American Tradition in 1957." Free copies are available. Write to the American Traditions Project, Box 48462-AH, Los Angeles 48, California.

of several museums to Iceland's extremely handsome "White House" where I met President Asgeir Asgeirsson and his attractive wife. We exchanged compliments on Iceland and the United States and the McKeever article and drank sherry and ate cakes. The President's study is full of American books and I noted with satisfaction a number of works by Harper authors, several by John Gunther and Frederick Lewis Allen being in evidence. It was good of him to fit me into a crowded day; that morning he'd taken the President of Finland salmon fishing (sportsmen, please notice) and as I was leaving, four busloads of the Scandinavian municipal visitors were rolling up to the house.

Next afternoon I went to a reception given by the Minister of Education, another attractive and well-traveled fellow, and met a number of the professors from the University of Iceland, including the President—or Rector, as he is called—as well as the director of the National Theater and the director of the National Radio. Ambassador Muccio, his information officer, and myself, represented the United States. Iceland, I learned, is pardonably proud of its school system; there is no illiteracy on the island and even remote farmers speak grammatically. The majority of people are bi-lingual or tri-lingual. (Everyone I met spoke excellent English except one cab driver.) All schooling is free and the school of medicine at the University is held in high regard throughout Scandinavia. Artists and poets are so esteemed by their compatriots that they are heavily subsidized by the government.

The visitor might well bear this in mind when he pays 75 cents a package for cigarettes or \$12 for a bottle of Scotch. Shopping in Iceland is not cheap. The shops, however, offer only limited temptations for the souvenir minded: some sweaters and scarves, a few small ceramics, some very pretty (and very expensive) silver, and rugs made of very long-haired sheepskins. Despite the Icelanders' love of the arts—poetry, the drama, painting, music—they have few native crafts. Books, however, evidently mean a great deal to them. There are thirty bookshops in Reykjavik. American magazines

jostle those of England, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and other countries, and there seem to be as many books in English as in other languages. One bookshop is an exception, however; it is frankly Communist.

Anyone planning to visit Iceland—and I for one am panting to return—should abandon such preconceived ideas as that the place is *cold*. The Gulf Stream sees to that. There is little ice, even in winter when the average temperature is about 34 degrees. The thermometer stood at 56 the three clear sunny days I was there in mid-August. The visitor will find no trees, no snakes, no railroads, and—despite generally high prices—no tipping. He will find fantastic natural beauty, a general foment of creativeness, a strong impression of sturdy independence and vigor, and at the same time very warm friendliness and hospitality. At least that's what I found.

—Agnes Rogers (Allen)



JUMPING JUILLIARD

ABOSKY dell near Lenox, Massachusetts, has seen the birth of an institution that is the first, so far as I know, of its kind. It is called the School of Jazz. It ran for three weeks, this past August, on the premises of Music Inn, one of the vicinity's many barn-and-tent shows that combine the open-air attractions of the Berkshires with the pursuit of musical knowledge and pleasure. Wheatleigh, a decaying palazzo that normally accommodates the Boston Symphony when it plays at Tanglewood, was the main building for the School of Jazz. The

day or so I was there it resounded from morning till night with an enlightening variety of non-symphonic noises.

THE School of Jazz seems to have been the idea of Philip and Stephanie Barber, the proprietors of Music Inn. To it they have attracted a faculty of jazz musicians and scholars, drawing in part on organizations that had earlier figured in Music Inn's programs—the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Jimmy Guiffre Trio, and the Oscar Peterson Trio—and reinforcing them with such pillars of the profession as Max Roach, Bill Russo, Milt Jackson, and Dizzy Gillespie. Lectures in the history of jazz were given by Marshall Stearns, the renegade English professor who directs the Institute of Jazz Studies and has taught courses in jazz at Hunter College, New York University, and the New School for Social Research. It must be said of all these gentlemen that they took their responsibilities very seriously.

The executive director of the School was John Lewis, pianist of the Modern Jazz Quartet and alumnus of the University of New Mexico, the Manhattan School of Music, and the Schola Cantorum. He very wisely decided at the start that one of the most important things was to establish an academic routine, in clear-cut contrast to the usual habits of musicians. He decreed that all students would be addressed as "Mister" or "Miss," regardless of age (two of them were fifteen), and that classes were to begin at 9:00 A.M., period, regardless of Teacher's state of alertness. It is generally agreed that some faculty members had never before been seen at this hour of the day. "Eight in the morning," Mr. Dizzy Gillespie was heard to remark, "I can't lift a alarm clock—and my chops, man. I can't even *find* 'em."*

In addition to jazz history the School offered courses in composition and arranging, large and small ensemble playing, and instruction in improvising on the individual instruments. Though regular students were required to demonstrate some

* Chops—that part of a trumpet player's physiognomy (especially lips, jaw and cheek muscles) necessary to produce sound on his instrument.

degree of proficiency before being admitted, a limited number of non-performing auditors were also allowed. Far too many of the aspirants seemed to want to "blow" piano, as they say, but by judicious shuffling and selecting it was possible for the school to emerge at the end with a large ensemble and several small groups capable of holding a graduation concert. Mr. Gillespie had to be persuaded from recruiting entirely within the staff ("Man, I got the oldest group there is")* but the final performance, as John S. Wilson reported in the *New York Times*, was marked by a freshness and quality that are rarely encountered in the normal run of jazz concerts." For myself, I have seldom encountered such an exhilarating atmosphere. There is something electric about the meeting of young people who are hungry to learn with teachers who did not know how well they could teach that more venerable academies have long since lost, if they ever had it. Once the students at the School of Jazz get over the intestinal shock of finding themselves performing side by side with their idols, the great of jazz, they seem to achieve a state of full little serenity in which nothing can stop them. To address this (as was my privilege) is to expose yourself to auditors that not only listen, for a wonder, but almost intelligibly listen and think, turning over every word and testing it, and regarding those that fail to meet their needs. These youngsters know the way before them is far from easy, but if they were not committed to they would not have been here. They came from far and near—in Canada, from Brazil, from all parts of the United States. Several of the practicing musicians who already have LPs to their credit and at least one had a Master's degree in music. The girls had a tendency to bouffant haircuts and the boys, to pomps, but there was otherwise nothing about this summer resort that looked odder than any other—nothing but classes morning and afternoon, lectures in the evening, and the best, as, to the question: "How do you feel this morning, Diz?" the positive answer is: "Man, I feel real good."

and homework on top of that. It could hardly have been more wholesome. One young lady came accompanied by her mother, who wanted to make certain that this was a suitable place for her daughter and liked it so much that she simply stayed on through the course. A father who came on a similar mission, when last seen, had gone fishing with a good part of the faculty's rhythm section.

THE fact is that learning how to play jazz is now unadulteratedly difficult. When I sat in on a composition class I was staggered enough by the offhand discussion between the students and their teacher, Bill Russo, but when he wrote the next day's assignment on the blackboard I knew when I was well out of it—just, among other things, compose six bars in "thickened line" harmony, six bars in the Locrian mode, six in Mixolydian, and so on. Storyville was never like this. The sense of dignity was so strong that it could be invoked at will. Max Roach, having an engagement to play at the Long Island Jazz Festival, persuaded one of the students not to play hooky and go along with him by pointing out that anything so irregular, at this first school in its history, would give jazz a bad name.

Yet the School of Jazz regrets, officially, that it scared away too many students this year by giving them the impression that they couldn't make the grade. The combination of entrance requirements and big names seems to have raised a higher barrier than anyone intended (the two boys from Canada told John Wilson they would never have come if they hadn't dared each other). This, and the other obstacle—expense—seem a great pity, since there is no school I can think of that better deserves to survive. With any luck the obstacles will be overcome, including that of money, since there are increasing signs that scholarships will multiply, to provide for the deserving along with the endowed. Even the School's great rival, the Newport Jazz Festival, has offered to make a grant for scholarships available to Lenox out of this year's Festival profits. There could be no better omen for this admirable venture.

—Mr. Harper

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the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

Public and Private

IN *The Court and the Castle* (Yale, \$3.75) Rebecca West has written her first volume of literary criticism in a good many years. It is an ambitious book with an ambitious subject, for it attempts to trace the relation between the public life of society and the inner life of man in the work of a whole series of English writers, from Shakespeare to the present, and even in the work of several non-English writers (Rousseau, Henry James, Proust, Kafka). The result is a mixed success.

Miss West is a writer to whom too many ideas come too easily. She has read so much and knows so much and has such an abundance of opinions about it all that the surface of her work is very rich (sometimes the interior decorator's word "busy" comes to mind); but she is so reluctant to prune this proliferation of detail that it tends to choke out her argument, and the main ideas undergo little real development or clarification.

In fact, Miss West seems to mean at least two rather different things when she talks about the relation between the inner life of man and the public life of society, and she seems to be unaware of the difference. Part of the time she means what is simply a commonplace of political philosophy, namely that the way you think society should be organized and what you expect of it follows logically from what kind of creature you think man is. If you think man is by nature good, then what is wrong with the world is the organization of society; reorganize it so that it gives expression to man's natural goodness and all will be well (though, as Miss West acutely points out, if you think man is naturally good it is a little difficult to see where bad social institutions come from, since institutions are, after all, the work of men). On the other hand, if you think man is by nature flawed, if you think there is something fundamentally wrong with him like Original Sin, then you are likely to reach the conclusion that any attempt to organize society will be a more or less unsatisfactory compromise between the necessity to establish order and the tyranny that established order

invites. All this is true enough, but in the present era of anti-utopianism and reaction against all schemes based upon belief in human perfectibility it is not very new.

But part of the time Miss West means something quite different and a good deal more interesting when she speaks of the relation between public life and the inner life in the books she discusses. She interprets their accounts of society as a kind of public symbolic acting out of the inner life. Her best examples are too complex for summary, but earlier literature is full of straightforward examples. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is probably the most famous; it represents the invisible inner development of the Christian's soul as if it were a perfectly visible external journey. When Christian meets Mr. Worldly Wiseman, for instance, the encounter as described by Bunyan is entirely public, like a scene on a stage; but it all really goes on inside Christian's soul; he is undergoing a temptation to worldliness, a purely internal struggle.

Miss West is not concerned with such allegorical works, where the characters are obviously abstractions, but with literature in which the characters represent real people like ourselves yet somehow betray or symbolize or dramatize in their public behavior their creator's presuppositions about the inner life of man. (Since all imaginative writers do this and cannot avoid doing it and would have no reason to write if they failed to do it, Miss West has given herself a fairly large territory to work in.)

In her best sections Miss West deals with two writers who earned their livings as bureaucrats and who held in some sense a bureaucratic view of the universe and of man's place in it—Anthony Trollope and Franz Kafka. Few critics would have the boldness or the imagination to link (however loosely) two writers on the surface so totally unlike as the great chronicler of Victorian Church and State at their most self-assured and the Czechish Jew who produced some of the most powerful and prophetic images of twentieth-century violence; but in these chapters Miss West's temerity has its reward. Her abstruse

The Swivel Chair



Book publishing is an export-import business as well as a domestic affair, and Anglo-American publishers may well rejoice that their products need little, occasionally no translation in this exchange.

Often writers on both of these shores of the Atlantic speak to the same point simultaneously. Two young novelists, for instance, have just written about a generation that hesitates in the final moment of decision to look upon that terrible bright Medusa, Security. In England **John Braine**; in America, **Otis Carney**. **Room at the Top** (\$3.75), published three months ago in England, set off a clamor in the British and American press:—"Remember the name: **John Braine**. You'll be hearing quite a lot about him. *Room at the Top* is his first novel; and it is a remarkable one . . . It's a long time since we heard the hunger of youth really snarling; and it's a good sound to hear again."—*John Metcalf, Times* (London). And from New York: "Mature and exceptional in that it, in fact exposes the losses of the philosophy of self-interest."—*V. S. Pritchett, New York Times*. "A novel so telling as to be terrible. Once embarked upon it, the reader cannot break free."—*Elizabeth Bowen (The Tatler)*. "The most discussed, debated and lauded first novel in England this year . . ."—*Harvey Breit*. An American counterpart of this coming-of-age novel, **When the Bough Breaks** (\$4.50) by **Otis Carney** is to appear in late October. The book is a Literary Guild Selection for November, and a novel that goes to the heart of the pressures on this rising generation, posing all the essential domestic questions that most of us have not quite dared to face. This in a way, is a novel about disorganization of man. As young exurbia hurtles to the 8:16 it will be discussing **When the Bough Breaks**.



Two women reflect with humor and serenity and grace on the blending of everyday life and art. One art is teaching, the other that of the brush. **Village Diary** (\$3.50) by 'Miss Read' follows *Village School*, a bestseller of last year. "Writing with warmth and realism and with a seemingly effortless literary skill, Miss Read weaves out of a single school a narrative as satisfying as it is unsentimental. . . . deserves to become a minor classic."—*Dan Wickenden*. "*Village Diary*, which I read at one happy sitting, is delightful. The mystery of Miss Read's identity intrigues me. I accept the publisher's word that she teaches — or has taught — in a village school but I find it hard to believe that's all she's done!"

— *Frances Gray Patton*

The Color of Life (\$3.75) by **Catharine Morris Wright** is the first book by the Philadelphia artist. This collection of thirty short essays reflects the author, now in her mid-fifties, as artist, mother and



woman, in her thoughts on art and life . . . the artist (is) writing as a woman and for that audience to whom Anne Morrow Lindbergh spoke with such response."—*Virginia Kirkus in a prepublication review*.

And then there are books that do not balance partners. Two novels that could come only, at the moment, from the U.S.A. **Corner Boy** (\$3.50) by **Herbert Simmons**. *A Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Novel*. This is the way it has to be, the true dimensions of the world of a boy like Jake Adams, rich by his own efforts at eighteen, the natural leader of a teen-age gang, the smartest dope pusher in the district, the vulnerable lover of a nice girl. This is one way of life in America. And **The Big Boxcar** (\$3.00) by **Alfred Maund**—"As a first novel this is an intense and powerful account of the real horrors and anguish in the lower depths of Southern life today. It may remind us of the early period of Richard Wright—who described in turn the true underworld of William Faulkner's deep southern scene. But Mr. Maund has his own convictions and purpose as a novelist, and what he has written here seems very close to the real thing."—*Maxwell Geismar*



And one that is a product of the movement so strong just now in English letters that is essentially the intellectual's search for religion. **Emergence from Chaos** (\$4.00) by **Stuart Holroyd**. The poet is probably always the most sensitive register of opinion in any period. A critical study of Dylan Thomas, Walt Whitman, Yeats, Rimbaud, Rilke and Eliot is the basis for this plea for a rediscovery of religious values.



And finally two novelists who are being published abroad "ahead of the flag" **Stuart Cloete's The Mask** (\$3.50)—"Not one whit tamer than Robert Ruark's 'Something of Value,' but perhaps because he is a Boer himself and speaks the language there is a feeling of truth in his book . . . The veld has changed in these hundred years, but the basic conflict of cultures remains unsolved. Stuart Cloete's understanding of that conflict is perhaps more profound and accurate than that of any other spokesman."—*N. Y. Times* and **David Walker's, Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy** (\$3.00)—"I am ordinarily highly suspicious of books which have a thing under the title like 'A Fable', but in this case . . . I was able to read a book as I used to when I was a kid, laughing, choking up, believing the world to be full of implacable and placable people, amusing, powerful, funny." — *Robert Paul Smith*, author of "Where Did You Go?" "Out."

"Another of David Walker's quietly humorous masterpieces (he wrote *Geordie*) that follows, without stumbling, in the footsteps of Booth Tarkington and Mark Twain."—*Charles Moore*



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learning and her readiness to piece together scattered details in new designs yield results that are first-rate.

At her worst, as in her section on Dickens, she comes close to being inconsequential. Here she simply addressed herself to the wrong material; she writes chiefly of *Oliver Twist*, a very early novel, and ignores the great books of Dickens' maturity like *Bleak House* which, with their powerful symbolic treatment of the law, would have lent themselves admirably to her subject and would have led her to conclusions considerably different from those she reaches. In her essay on *Hamlet* she is flogging a dead horse (a dead horse named Goethe) when she attacks the idea that the play is a study in irresolution. The idea still has considerable popular support, of course, and Olivier's motion picture in an ill-considered preface gave it a new lease on life, but it is probably not widely held among students of Shakespeare's work.

The weakness of the book is also its strength; though the sheer weight of detail swamps the structure, many of the details themselves are quite wonderful. It is not particularly relevant to Miss West's argument that in the 'nineties the finance ministers of Serbia and Bulgaria introduced their budgets in blank verse or that Parisians call tram drivers "wattmen" under the impression that they are using an Americanism (to cite a couple of pieces of exotic information of the sort Miss West delights in), but no reader with a button-collector's passion for oddities can fail to relish such accessions to his collection. Nor does all Miss West's freshness lie in such fascinating trivialities by any means. Her pages are shot through with new insights of many kinds. She can bring political and economic history to bear on literature in unusual and often dramatic ways; her knowledge of Central Europe frequently gives her a kind of perspective rare in English criticism; she is always shrewd on the position of women in literature; she is sometimes wrong but seldom dull.

ON THE MAKE

ALMOST every month there seems to be another new English novelist published in this country, and many of these newcomers are very

good. In fact, British fiction at the moment is a good deal better than American fiction.

This month the newcomer is John Braine, and his novel, *Room at the Top* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75), is an excellent book—funny, serious, inventive, honest, manly, and full of life. The title is a pun; it is not only the old sloganized invitation to success but also a literal description, in abbreviated form, of the situation of the hero and narrator, Joe Lampton. Joe has grown up in a drab working-class town, and there his working-class parents were killed by a bomb during the war. Joe himself was

taken prisoner in Germany, and used his time in prison camp to take correspondence courses in accounting. As the novel opens he is taking a job as a fiscal civil servant in a new and much more prosperous community. There he takes a room in a select part of town called "the Top"; with such lodgings and his job he is ready to cut into society at a much higher level than he was born to.

The essential conflict in the novel lies between Joe's integrity and his social climbing, dramatized in his relations with two women, one the beautiful daughter of a rich local businessman, the other an older woman of tarnished past and doubtful present. Joe is enormously and genuinely attracted to the girl, and to marry her

would satisfy all his ambitions. But he happens to love the older woman, though to continue their relationship means the destruction of all his hopes of improving his standing in the world.

Room at the Top shows the concern—it is almost an obsession—with social class that is typical of most of England's younger writers. (Fascination with the subject is not limited to novelists, as is shown by the tremendous interest generated by Miss Mitford's lighthearted exploration of upper-class and non-upper-class speech, and by abundant other evidence.) At first glance it seems curious that at a time when war and the welfare state have done so much to mitigate class differences those differences should be the subject of more attention than ever before in English literature, but perhaps the amount of attention people pay to social class does not depend so much on how strong class differences are but on how easy it is to cross them. Braine's Joe Lampton is typical of the heroes of the new English fiction in that he is moving out of one class and into another; in

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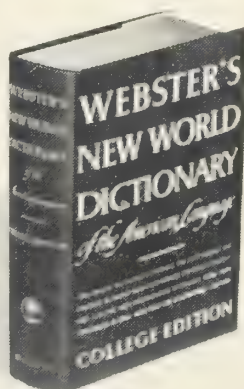
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THE NEW BOOKS

strange territory one has a preternatural awareness of the customs of the old settlers.

The situation is not entirely new, to be sure—both Samuel Richardson in the middle of the eighteenth century and Charles Dickens in the middle of the nineteenth wrote great novels about characters who changed class. What is new is the bitter sense of fraud (often expressed in comedy) that the characters feel when they achieve a place in middle-class life. Even that is not entirely new. Pip, in Dickens' *Great Expectations*, published nearly a hundred years ago, felt in the end that he had given up more than he had gained when he left the village forge for higher status in London, just as Joe Lampton in *Room at the Top* (which might also have been called *Great Expectations*—most modern novels that are worth reading, as well as many that are not, might have been) feels in the end that he has paid too dear for too little.

But Pip was an innocent, whereas the new heroes of English fiction are wise guys. Where Pip was ready to let the good things of the world fall into his lap if they wanted to, the new heroes have deliberately set out to get the good things of the world by playing it smart, by manipulating the system. Then when they win and discover how much more tawdry the prize is in their own hands than it seemed to be on the shelf, they feel swindled. Joe Lampton is honest enough to recognize that he has been his own worst swindler, but not all his contemporaries in English literature are. The almost ridiculous fury against the middle class expressed by the hero of John Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger* (reviewed in this column last month) seems to have little basis except the fact that after successfully completing such a feat of social athletics as leaping up into the middle class for a wife, he finds the poor girl just as dull as a working-class wife would have been.

Along with the sense of having been swindled often goes a sense of betrayal. This is very clear in *Room at the Top*. Joe Lampton's father was a gifted man who might have risen higher in the factory where he worked if he had not preferred to stick by his class, and at the bottom

of Joe's mind lies the reproach that his father's loyalty makes him a better man than his son.

CLASS AND THE INNER LIFE

A READER of Miss West's book is likely to see still another reason for the current preoccupation with social class in English fiction, a much more specifically literary reason. The newer novelists in England have turned away from stream-of-consciousness and other kinds of writing intended to sound the depths of the mind; apparently they think that writers of the generation of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce reached a dead end with that kind of thing.

They have returned to the social surface of life, to plot and farce and comedy. But they are not social reformers and have no ideas about society; they are still interested in psychology. All the young writers of the Kingsley Amis—John Wain—John Braine—John Osborne—Iris Murdoch—Gabriel Fielding group are interested in exactly the same thing; for all their differences they are all writing about the same subject—freedom. And in spite of their preoccupation with social class it is not social freedom they are fighting for but psychological freedom, inner freedom. For this reason their approach to the so-called problem of conformity is much more exciting than the approach of their American contemporaries: they see it not as a pressure but as a temptation, not as something society does to people but as something people do to themselves in order to outsmart society. They tend to see social class as an outward and visible sign of the inner life, the classes perhaps roughly corresponding to the "layers" of the psyche as described by Freud. The middle class would represent, in such a scheme, the restrictive, fun-spoiling, socially conditioned consciousness, and the working class the unconscious, full of energy and the seat of "real life." Such a notion could become very sentimental, as it often did in middle-class writers who tried to write proletarian novels in the 'thirties but sentimentality seldom mars the work of the new English novelists.

A single story in Angus Wilson



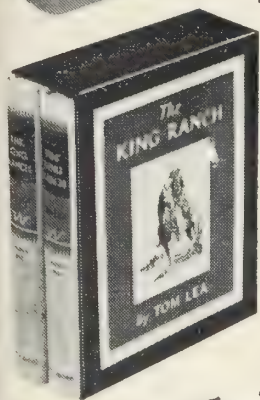
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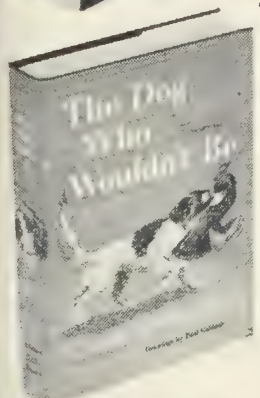
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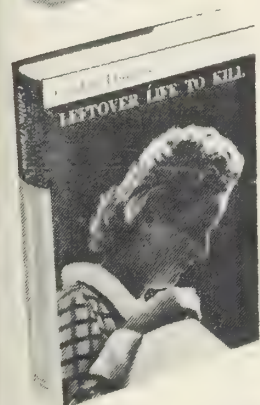


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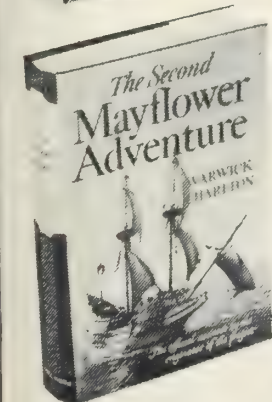
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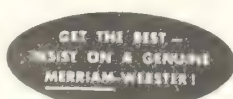
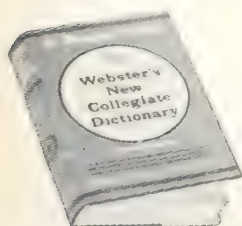
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THE NEW BOOKS

brilliant new collection, *A Bit Off the Map* (Viking, \$3.50), almost summarizes the whole subject. It is called "Higher Standards." The main character is a girl who has won a state scholarship and thereby qualified to teach school. By the time the story begins she is teaching in her own community and living at home with her working-class parents, but she is cut off from them by the step upward in society that her education has enabled her to take, just as she is cut off from the girls she grew up with and the boys she might have married. The seeming opportunity that the scholarship held out to her has actually landed her in solitary confinement, with only the thin comfort of her school-ma'am's respectability as recompense.

It is a fine story, with one beautiful moment: at the supper table the girl behaves rather badly because she thinks her parents' taste in food and manners and topics of conversation is beneath her, but she does have the decency to ask her father what he has done that day. The old man, who has been a gifted lay preacher in his time (again the figure of the father, as in Braine's book, who has used his gifts to help his class rather than to escape it), is now an almost totally immobilized invalid. But he *has* done something this day. He has sat at the window and watched the chickens in the backyard, and he tells his daughter about a hen with a crooked back who has held his interest a long time. He ponders why Providence should have created such inequalities among the fowl, but he marvels even more that the hen, for all her deformity, should show such spirit; "and yet she gets her share of the scraps." In isolation the detail may sound ridiculous, but in the context of the story the deformed hen powerfully suggests the elemental voraciousness for life that the old man's daughter, with her thin pretensions to "higher standards," is denying, though in taking the scholarship in the first place she was doubtless trying to serve it.

Wilson is not only interested in those who are trying to rise in society. He has one story about a woman who has married beneath her (he shows that it has not been

any fun), and another about a Christmas in a classless "new town" in England. The guests at Christmas dinner "in the strange, flat isolation of the housing estate . . . felt justly proud of the emancipation from class they had achieved in marriage and in friendship, but, though they had no wish to live on sentiment and memory, these were the only cement that riveted the fortress they had constructed against loneliness." Actually the characters in the story are emancipated from class only in the sense that a man who devotes his every waking hour to thinking about his remarkable feat of not smoking is emancipated from cigarettes.

As a group the stories in *A Bit Off the Map* are a little more human than some of Wilson's earlier work, but the subjects continue to be sufficiently off the map and the manner continues to be marked by enough fastidious nastiness of mind to declare the stories authentic products of Wilson's remarkable talent.

THREE BY WOMEN

AYN RAND'S new novel, *Atlas Shrugged* (Random House, \$6.95), is longer than life and twice as preposterous. Of its 1,168 pages (plus two pages at the end "About the Author" that the prospective reader would be well advised to tackle first) I have read only 300; to read even so much was a triumph of Will over Inclination, but then Will knew when it was licked. From my 300 pages I did not discover why the book bears the title it does, but I found out everything else that I regard as necessary to know about it.

As far as I got, only one idea emerged for me from Miss Rand's book, and that one, in my opinion, pernicious. The idea is this: there are certain people of such extraordinary talent that they should be permitted unlimited license to work their will in the world. This would not have been a bad point of departure for a novel—Dostoevski, starting out with a character who believed the same thing, explored and developed the idea to write a great novel, *Crime and Punishment*. But, as far as I read, Miss Rand explored and developed nothing; she simply stated and restated and then stated again. Her characters have no spon-

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taneity or individuality; they are simply creatures of her didactic purpose. The scenes do not unfold a story; they simply illustrate a point.

Yet the book will probably give pleasure to some readers. It makes life wonderfully simple, and in a way that is agreeable to many of us, probably to all of us at some moments in our lives: according to its argument there is no contradiction or strain between man's inner life and his social role, for unrestrained egoism solves all problems. In addition, Miss Rand is able to enlist some of the more disreputable human emotions—hatred, contempt, anger—in a pretty powerful way. Oddly enough, though I do not believe in her characters for a moment, I do believe in their wrath.

THE third of Françoise Sagan's novels, *Those Without Shadows* (Dutton, \$2.95), is a slight, graceful, muted account of a year in the lives of a group of artists and hangers-on of the arts in Paris. Though a little careless in their sex lives, these people are not exactly Bohemians; they are too well established and too enervated for that. They are the same sort of people that Simone de Beauvoir presents in *The Mandarins*. Indeed, Mlle. Sagan seems to mean much the same by her title as Mlle. de Beauvoir means by hers: the men and women she is describing are the heirs to a great culture and in their modest way its continuers, but they have no real place in society and play no real part in what is going on; they are as apart from action as Chinese mandarins, socially too insubstantial to cast a shadow.

The trouble with such characters in Mlle. Sagan's treatment of them is that they are almost too insubstantial to cast a shadow on the reader's mind, though in its very quiet way the characterization is distinguished, especially in the instance of an actress who is a very stupid woman and a great artist.

The book is written as if by a very old woman. It is full of aphorisms, rather sententiously put, reflecting on the emptiness of life and other matters aphorisms are likely to reflect on. The tone is elegiac. It all has the color and consistency of a light fog, but a fog with style.

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LADY Emily Lutyens really is as old as Françoise Sagan sounds, being well past eighty, but her superb new book of recollections, *Candles in the Sun* (Lippincott, \$3.95), is without trace of world-weariness. And for good reason: Lady Emily belongs to that wonderful generation of quacks and seers and reformers that Britain produced in the Indian Summer of her Empire, and she had the fun of being closely mixed up with some of the most incredible of the lot.

Though she is the granddaughter of Bulwer-Lytton (author of *The Last Days of Pompeii*), daughter of a Viceroy of India, and widow of the finest English architect of his day, as a young wife and mother in London about 1910 Lady Emily felt that her life was out of kilter, and she sought to repair that condition by taking up theosophical studies. The pope of theosophy in those days was Mrs. Annie Besant, the greatest public speaker and one of the most frighteningly forceful personalities of her age. About the time Lady Emily moved into theosophy, Mrs. Besant, but in India, discovered a little boy who, she decided, was to be the next Messiah. Soon she packed the boy and his younger brother off to England to be educated for his exacting career. (In the end his education was truncated; Cambridge, for which Mrs. Besant had destined him, was not sure that its curriculum was appropriate for a Messiah and declined to admit him.)

In England a very curious relationship developed between the homeless, motherless boy and Lady Emily; in an innocent way, masking her real feelings from herself under the guise of a passion for theosophy, she fell head over heels in love with him. For years she in effect chased him all over the world—to the Mediterranean, to Australia, to India, to America. She gave lectures on theosophy, she edited theosophical magazines, she got mixed up with the whole series of cults and lodges and pseudo-churches and their sometimes doubtful leaders, she interpreted the education of her children, confer upon them the spiritual reward of participation in theosophical undertakings. This turned out to be for them mostly typing appeals for funds, though for a time two of her daughters had the benefit



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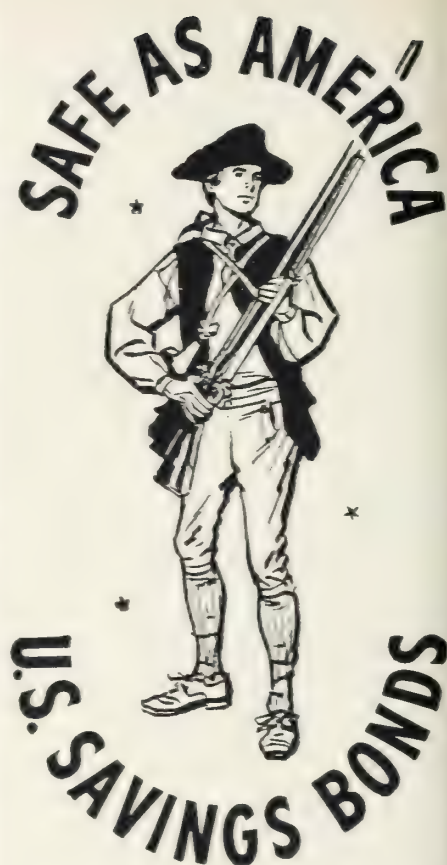
of living in the spiritual aura of "Bishop" C. W. Leadbeater, one of Mrs. Besant's more fantastic cohorts. His aura was of contagious sanctity and an intense blue in color.

Now, "calm in mind, all passion spent," Lady Emily looks back upon it all dryly. She has long since ceased to be a theosophist; she no longer believes in Krishnamurti's divine mission, though she still loves him. She regrets the disruption that "her obsessional pursuit of spiritual advancement" caused in the lives of her children and husband. He certainly must have been one of the most long-suffering men who ever lived; his letters that Lady Emily quotes are masterpieces of loving tact and patience. But it is not clear that she regrets very much else.

There is always something touching in the story of an older woman's love for a boy, and rarely has such a story been more complicated psychologically than in *Candles in the Sun*, or fitted out with a more extraordinary cast of characters.

ANOTHER book with an incredible but real cast is *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined* (Cambridge, \$5) by William F. and Elizebeth S. Friedman. The Friedmans are both distinguished cryptologists: Colonel Friedman served as head of the army cryptanalytic bureau during the second world war. He and his wife were first drawn into cryptology through association with one Elizabeth Wells Gallup, a schoolteacher who was persuaded that she had found the key to a cipher in the works of Shakespeare that proved Baconian authorship; consequently for many years they have made a study of all those attempts to disprove that Shakespeare wrote the plays which depend on ciphers for their evidence.

It is only to be expected that such a study as the Friedmans' should be interesting in its conclusions; what is surprising is that it should be so delightful on every page. The authors write extremely well, with wit and with a wealth of detail about the various people who have endeavored to find ciphers in Shakespeare, as well as with such scientific rigor that their book should (but won't) end forever the kind of activity it describes. To be sure, they



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are so good at cryptology that for them to address their talents to the work of most of the people they write about (many produced volumes deciphering Shakespeare without ever grasping the principle of a cipher) is something like using a bulldozer to move a pebble.

Using the same techniques as the people under examination, the Friedmans can prove anything—that Gertrude Stein wrote the plays, or that the Friedmans did. The one simple principle that emerges from the discussion is that the thing that the Shakespearean cryptologists have counted most in their favor is actually the thing most against them—the abundance of evidence. As the Friedmans show, any piece of English prose or verse can be made to yield “secret” meanings if you are free enough in your choice of method of looking for it. They also discuss books which *do* contain hidden messages about their authorship. It can be done and has been done; it happens not to have been done in Shakespeare’s plays.

ANOTHER very winning new book is *Return to the Islands: Life and Legends in the Gilberts* (Morrow, \$4.50) by the late Sir Arthur Grimble. (This column is becoming very high-toned; pretty soon no writer will be considered unless he has a title, or at least an honorary degree from a university founded before 1800.)

Grimble spent much of his life as representative of the Colonial Office in the Pacific. He must have been uncommonly good at it, for the personality that comes through his writing is extremely warm and discerning and intelligent. He obviously loved the people; he learned their language and legends, studied their sailing, and came to understand their customs and taboos in a way that is only possible by living with a people long and affectionately. His book begins with some rather stiff “official” anecdotes, but it goes on to deal very perceptively with such diverse topics as how a polygamous system can work to preserve human dignity and how a poet goes about making poetry in preliterate society. The book is free of anthropological jargon and thoroughly fascinating.

DESEGREGATION AND THE LAW:

The Meaning and Effect of the School Segregation Cases

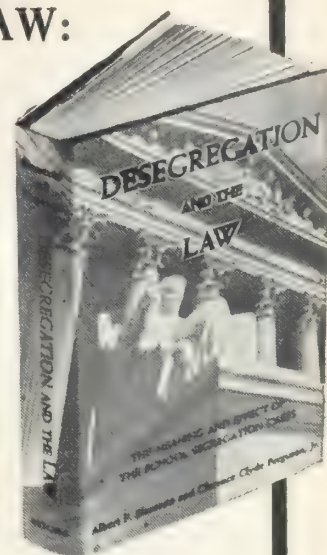
Here is a book, written in layman’s language, which explains the most significant decisions ever rendered by an American court; one in May 1954, which outlawed segregation in the public schools, the second a year later, spelling out the implementation of the first. This is *not* a book which emphasises the philosophy or sociology of discrimination in America, but one written unbiasedly, explaining the legal framework within which the segregation problem must be solved.

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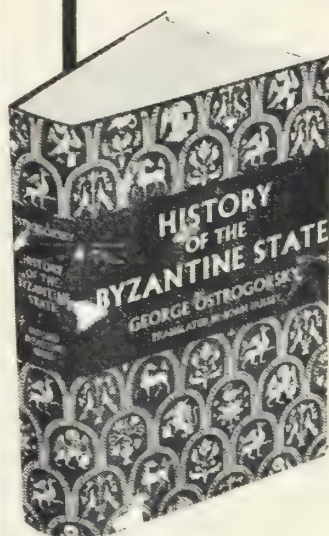
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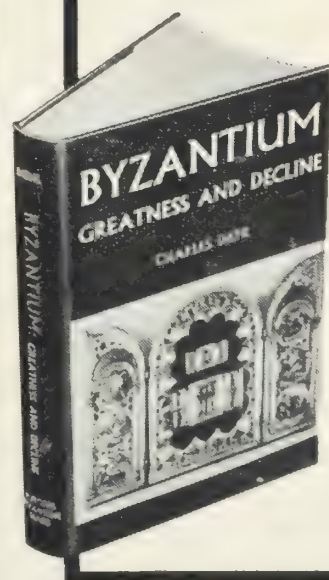
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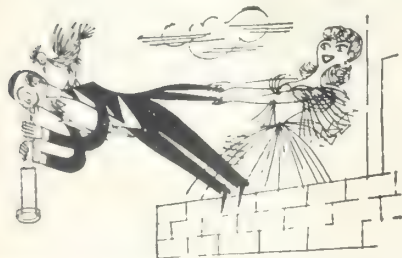
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BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Return of Lady Brace, by Nancy Wilson Ross.

This novel uses as its background the breaking up—after three generations of one-family tenancy—of Fox Meadows, a Long Island estate. It brings back Lady Brace from England and her brother Stephen from Ceylon. The “Now” of the story—it only involves a week's time—moves very slowly as everything reminds Lady Brace of something in the past and she finds herself, now twice-widowed and a grandmother, in need of a new philosophy if life is to make sense. She finds it with the help of her sensitive, adoring, Eastern-oriented brother and his friend the little Indian monk. It is an introspective as well as a retrospective story, a would-be exposition of the greater effectiveness of Eastern awareness and acceptance of the present, vis-à-vis the Western dependence on “Environmental Factors, Maladjustment, Split Personalities, Economic Insecurity, etc., etc.” to excuse and make acceptable man's basic guilt and unhappiness. It is a complicated bit of philosophy to try to simplify in novel form, and Mrs. Ross is to be complimented that she has succeeded in making it partly credible and generally interesting. But not every reader will get deeply involved in Lady Brace's middle-aged soul searchings and her belated acceptance of her too-intense feeling for her brother. By the author of *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer*. Joint selection of the Book of the Month for November.

Random House, \$3.75

The Three-Cornered Halo, by Christianna Brand.

The setting of her previous novel, *Tour de Force*, the fictional island of San Juan el Pirata in the Ligurian Sea, is again the background for this novel of man-made miracles, of fairy-tale dukes and duchesses, of innocents and thieves, of a Scotland-Yardish English spinster and a girl named Winsome. In an atmosphere of pearls and roses, death and fiesta,



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fantastic plot unfolds which should delight all who like mysteries that are literate and exotic, in which murder is lighthearted and only the moral hangs.

Scribner, \$2.95

Andy Was a Soldier's Boy, by David Walker.

This is another novel in the realm of fantasy. It tells the literally fabulous adventures of a ten-year-old cottish boy, son of a piper in the Black Watch; of his run-in with and subsequent devotion to the local laird whose greenhouse windows he had broken with a sling shot and who turns out to be himself, Colonel of the Black Watch. It tells of the boy's summer friendship with the daughter of the great house, a lovely summer for children while only the grown-ups whisper about the Black Watch's Mysterious Mission there in the Highlands. In the end it is Andy who with selfless courage saves the regiment from a surprise invasion from overseas, and is decorated for his heroism by the Queen Mother herself. It is by the author of *Wee Geordie* and should have a wide audience for it is well written and has a credible intensity of its own, but it's a wee bit too charrmin' and manly for me.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3

America With Love, by Kathleen Winsor.

With a conviction that shows, Miss Winsor writes of the separate and self-absorbed life of childhood and its tense obliviousness to the adult world of parents. To a far Western community at the height of the depression of the 'thirties moves in an extremely nice family (mother, father, son, daughter) reduced in circumstances because the father's business has failed. The barely teen-age children are accepted and swept into the life of the street. To the father, deep in his own financial worries, the children seem to be running wild and—as the children (and the readers) know—plenty is going on in the vacant lot nearby and elsewhere on the street to warrant uneasiness. The mother has only one desire: to create a world of gaiety, affection, and trust which will stand the children in good stead no matter

what comes later. How Cassy, the daughter, is affected by the sexual and other goings-on in Laurel Street (any American suburban street); what the children's last happy Christmas costs the parents; how the bitter and credible feud between Cassy and her father is finally on its way to resolution is the burden of the novel's plot. But though it lacks literary quality, it is no burden to read, for Miss Winsor is a storyteller. And though the story is a curious mixture of John O'Hara and Louisa May Alcott, the truth and trouble of our times is woven into its fabric. It is obvious that the author of *Forever Amber* cares about her subject and her people. Putnam, \$4

Two distinguished collections of short stories have just made their appearance here. They are alike only in that both authors are, shall we say, genre painters. Mr. O'Connor writes, as one might guess, of the small-town Irish, Mr. Mankowitz of either small-village Russia or of his great-grandfather's day, or of the world of small London art dealers and secondhand men, both Jewish and cockney. And each author, as is essential for this kind of writing, has an infallible ear for his milieu.

The Mendelman Fire and Other Stories, by Wolf Mankowitz.

This collection starts with the title story—almost a novella—touching and very funny, of a Russian-Jewish secondhand dealer in London, of no formal education, but a great respecter of learning, who builds up a huge business in order to send his daughter to Cambridge. There is no way to guess what happens. Then there is a group of stories of the great-grandfather's day in Russia—fantastic and embroidered fairy tales. And a final group of small-business stories—a man who starts a business in antique toilet bowls; another who accidentally invents a laxative, etc., etc. As you can see, they are all earthy, but as sharp and fresh and full of delight as the spring wind over plowed fields.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75

Domestic Relations, by Frank O'Connor.

These Irish stories have perhaps a shade less wit, but every bit as



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much humor and concern for the human predicament as Mr. Man-kowitz'. And Irish as they are, their readability depends less on their setting than on the universality of the problems they discover. Here, too, are stories long and short, on love and hate, and the emotions in between. The last story in the book, "The Paragon," is also nearly novella length and a memorable family and mother-son saga.

Knopf, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

American Panorama, edited by Eric Larrabee.

Sometime last year the Carnegie Corporation asked Eric Larrabee to compile a critical guide to the 350 books about America which it had chosen to send to libraries abroad as illustrative of American life and literature. In this one volume are "profiles" of the books by fifteen distinguished critics, representing all shades of lively opinion—Jacques Barzun, Lyman Bryson, Carl Carner, Clifton Fadiman, Cary Grayson, Frank E. Hill, John A. Kouwenhoven, Eric Larrabee, Russell Lynes, Elting E. Morison, Paul Pickrel, John Andrew Rice, Lionel and Diana Trilling, Mark Van Doren. The books they review range from *Little Women* to *Look Homeward Angel*, from the works of Thoreau to *The Lonely Crowd*, from *The Uprooted* to *The Theory of the Leisure Class*—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, biography, sociology, philosophy, humor. And there is a thought-provoking introduction by the editor, who explains toward what end the books were chosen and what, in his opinion, the collection seems to indicate about American culture. A must for every library, public or private.

New York University, \$4.95

Get Away From Me with Those Christmas Gifts and Other Reactions, by Sylvia Wright. Illustrations by Sheila Greenwald.

If *Harper's* readers are put off a little by this title, we must take part of the blame. We published the original essay—and have published at least ten of the others included here—and delicious and hilarious they were too. Now under the same

somewhat unwieldy heading are collected some two dozen reflections on herself, humanity in general, various literary subjects, housekeeping, and the mores of our times. I who have read most of these confections before, picked up the galleys and was at once convulsed and finally had to put them aside as not suitable for office reading. This woman is not only a wizard with words, but she has an eye that sees everything and her wry comprehension of human foibles is as deliciously sharp as it is unobtrusively compassionate. Since she writes so feelingly of food and drink perhaps it's fair to say that though she offers her work in a casual, offhand way, as one would offer beer, after the first taste you know that what you have is vintage champagne.

McGraw-Hill, \$3.75

Subways Are for Sleeping, by Edmund G. Love.

The title story in this collection of pieces also appeared in our pages—the experiences of a man who lived for months in the subways, subsisting on almost no money at all. Here he describes other derelicts of the city—a man who stole bums from the police to save them from jail; another who built a fortune on a park bench; a woman who took off her clothes to escape eviction. Mr. Love writes of these people so that their lives, while you read, have the reality and tension of a nightmare. But as with a nightmare, when you are a little removed from them, distortion sets in and you can't be quite sure where reality stops and imagination begins.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75

Rand McNally Atlas of World History, edited by Robert R. Palmer.

The publishers tell us that this is the first time an historical atlas has been compiled to include text (60,000 words) and maps to "provide a continuous story of the march of civilization." It is the work of seven scholars, specialists in their fields, from as many universities. It contains 96 pages of color maps, 36 of black and white. It begins at 100,000 B.C. and comes up to August 1957. It presents—graphically—important social and cultural changes in world history. It is not an enormous or

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HARPER & BROTHERS (a Corporation)
RUSSELL LYNES, Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1957.

EDWIN G. BOHREN, Notary Public

(My commission expires March 30, 1959)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

unmanageable book. Its simple format is something between a text-book and an encyclopedia but more pleasing than either; the maps are beautifully clear and uncluttered; and the information though compact, is also clear and easy to read. The specialists compiling the volume are (in addition to Professor Palmer): Tom B. Jones, Sidney Painter, Charles Jelavich, Charles E. Nowell, John W. Caughey, and Knight Biggerstaff.

Rand McNally, \$6.95

The World of John McNulty.

"It is true that the world of John McNulty bordered on Oz and Wonderland," writes his friend James Thurber in the foreword to this volume, "but it consisted mainly of Ireland, New York's Third Avenue, the city rooms of American newspapers, and the race tracks of the world." Except for the city rooms, all of these regions—and some enchanting borderlands—are well represented in this collection which includes most of the stories from *Third Avenue, New York; A Man Gets Around; My Son Johnny*; and some twenty others which never appeared in book form before. McNulty fans will need no further recommendation. Readers who do not know his work couldn't have a better opportunity to make up their lack.

Doubleday, \$4.50

FORECAST

Book Club Choices, 1958.

The Reader's Digest Book Club has chosen Pantheon's *Sharks and Little Fish*, a great story of naval warfare of World War II told from the German side by Wolfgang Ott. The novel will be published on January 16. Random House has announced the postponement of Henry Beetle Hough's novel, *The New England Story* because it has been selected as the January choice of the Literary Guild; and St. Martin's Press has postponed Robert Traver's *Anatomy of Murder*, a novel telling a lawyer's story of defending an army captain who killed a man who attacked his wife. It is being held until next year because it has been chosen as a reserve selection of the Book of the Month.

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Judith Anderson reading the Book of Judith. Claire Bloom reading the Book of Ruth. Caedmon TC 1052.

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Ordinarily the Bible is read by professional preachers; these readings are by actors and may on that account bother some. No one with an ear for beauty of language will be bothered for long. Anderson's somewhat stagy style, deep-voiced and dramatic, nevertheless is marvelously suited to the epic emotions of these great stories though somewhat less suited to the Psalms, which she makes a bit sententious. The story of Judith is overpowering; the David passages are almost as good.

Claire Bloom is sincere but less effective, mainly because of the common British mannerism of "punching" the first words of each sentence, then dropping off in volume and pitch. The mike will not stand for such treatment and so she is distorted. But the story is convincing, all the same.

Ecclesiastes. Read by James Mason. Caedmon TC 1070.

The long, wise, disillusioned philosophizings of the Preacher who says that all is vanity, and yet manages not to be defeatist, are spread forth here in a homespun style, too much on the acting side for my taste. Mason *is* the Preacher, even to sighs and that tired feeling. The strength of the great lines is there, just the same, the words clearly spoken and easily understood.

The Uses of History. Our Heritage of History. Lectures by Prof. Preston Slosson, Univ. of Michigan. Westminster Spoken Arts 702.

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the lecture hall and the crowd of casual, sophisticated young men and women, ready to take it or leave it. So beautifully is this presentation tuned to an exact academic frequency that you can even date it in the college year, as of that first breathless week when the big sticks and the exam schedules are tactfully muffled, the professorial appeal to Interest and Intellect at a temporary maximum. (It's still not too late to change courses.)

What I'm getting at, I guess, is that for all its advanced educational status, as of the catalogue description, college education is remarkably schoolboyish. Definitely, good teaching like this must appeal straight to the eighteen-year-old (as the ads appeal to the twelve-year-old), to the raw, wide-awake simplicity of the child carefully dressed up in its brand-new grownup intellectual clothes. It must be schoolboy material, too, and that is what these lectures are. The whole institution of undergraduate education is in them, for better or worse. They might pass for satire if they weren't the real thing, and tops of their kind.

Leaves of Grass Centennial, Library of Congress, 1955:

Whitman the Man. Gay Wilson Allen. P L13.

Whitman the Poet. Mark Van Doren. P L14.

Whitman the Philosopher. David Daiches. P L15.

Walt Whitman Speaks For Himself, Parts I and II. Read by Arnold Moss P L16, L17.

Five LP records of the Leaves of Grass Centennial exercises of 1955 and I have just belatedly got to playing through them—with great interest and some reservations.

Gay Wilson Allen's "Whitman the Man" is of outstanding recorded interest, in spite of a voice that could not be less suited to the recorded medium—a wiry Western cowboy sound that telescopes words into jumbles! Doesn't matter a bit; the very homeliness of his style adds force to a remarkably persuasive and warm picture of Whitman as a complex personality, full of egoism and of compassion, showmanship and sincerity. Allen's talk is clearly aimed beyond the strictly professional area, to all who have intellectual curiosity and, especially, an interest in the working of great men, as persons. Surely, Whitman's big, clumsy genius has seldom been so beautifully described, in both its sublime and preposterous moments.

Mark Van Doren's lecture makes a good prelude to the Allen; it is not dramatic and not convincingly read, but a bit of extra attention brings reward, for this is a quite scathing modern criti-

cism of Whitman's diffuse poetic intentions and accomplishments in the early and successive later editions of "Leaves of Grass" which, however, ends on a note of sincere praise for greatness.

The Daiches lecture, presented in an agreeable diction with a bit of Scotch burr, is so full of polysyllabic philosophical professionalism that I had to give up after a few minutes. Fine for the professionals in that field. Arnold Moss's extensive readings, two whole LPs, are not to my taste, overly dramatic and sententious; but tastes differ.

The Library of Congress recording is no better than it has been, which means decidedly so-so. Amateurish sound (even allowing for the situation), no highs and weak sibilants, some distortion and considerable electrical noise, not very good plastic surfaces. Even so, the material is easily intelligible; Gay Wilson Allen's edgy voice comes through very easily though Mark Van Doren's gentler tones have a cold-in-the-head sound.

Joyce: Ulysses—Soliloquies of Molly and Leopold Bloom. Read by Siobhan McKenna and E. G. Marshall. Caedmon TC 1063.

It is wonderful what the spoken word can do to supplement, interpret, and enlarge the meaning of the written word in print. "Ulysses" is hardly a play though there is much in it that is, so to speak, playworthy. Not the least are these monologues which, aside from their once-controversial content, are a challenge to the interpretive eye and, therefore, to the speaking voice, which must add not only inflection and emphasis but even punctuation, which is entirely omitted from Molly's stream of consciousness. Molly's soliloquy, imbed next to Bloom asleep, is as I remember entirely in one "sentence" for dozens of pages.

The McKenna reading, I would say, provides support for the great decision that allowed this book to be published in the United States; for, though by no means all of the outspoken passages are included, there remain all that would not be distorted by the public sound of a speaking voice (Molly was, of course thinking, not talking) including words normally evaded, which occur here with the utmost in simplicity and unsentimentalism. Cuts, I would say, were made as much with space limitations in mind as with any sort of self-censorship.

The McKenna Irish accent is appropriate and natural to the part and her low-toned, close-up reading makes fine use of one of the great advantages of microphone technique, one not often admitted by those who feel that the mike is a crass degrader of the stage art. Not here. Indeed, this particular spoken art

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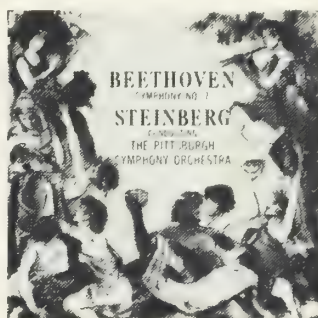
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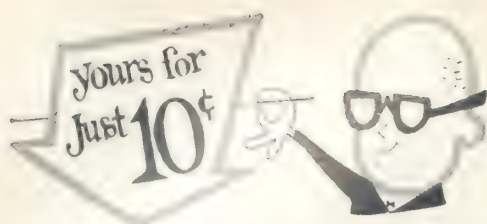
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would not be possible or convincing in any traditional stage form. More reason to appreciate the new area of communication we have in the LP record.

Leopold's day-dreaming soliloquy on the beach seemed to me lesser stuff than Molly's to begin with, and the reading here is for my ear doubly false; first, it was done independently of the Molly production by a non-Irish, non-matched voice hard to imagine in the same frame with McKenna's, as one must try to do, and secondly it has a professorial, tweedy sound that I simply cannot make into my own private image of the Bloom personality.

A stunning cover, like so many of Caedmon's, blends a Miro into a larger and appropriate composition.

Incidentally, this disc brings up the interesting question of the proper and practical degree of "decency" applicable to the LP record. Our standards for other media differ widely, from TV and the films and radio to the opposite pole on the legitimate stage and in printed literature. Where does the semi-private LP record fit in?

I doubt if there is any well formed moral opinion yet on the subject and I know nothing of possible legal precedent, but I can imagine some interesting controversy in both areas. This record is certainly not fit for broadcast as current standards go—why, then, is it fit to come out of the same radio-phonograph loudspeaker via a record player? The right of choice exists in both cases. And in both, the hearing is in private, not public. Is our present conception of radio and TV as "public" quite honest? Does the difference between "public" and "private" depend in effect on sheer numbers—and is censorship, then, determined by quantity rather than quality? Evidently.

But is not this in itself an invasion of the individual's rights and privacy—this pre-judging of what is suitable to our private needs by the arbitrary law of numbers? Nice points for argument and you can start a good one with "Ulysses" any evening.

T. S. Eliot reads his Four Quartets.
Angel 45012.

This sounds to me like the 78 rpm recording that was issued some years back, reissued in joined-up LP form. The Eliot voice has never been too good for hi-fi with its gravelly persuasiveness, its bobbing emphasis, and yet, paradoxically, it is one of the most effective imaginable in terms of dramatic power. Even the slightly tired sound, the odd mannerisms of pronunciation, the sturred T, the anglicized Americanese, add up to positive, not negative values.

The recording here is unobtrusively

distorted, with a modest background hiss occasionally broken as (presumably) the 78 sides are joined. For hi-fi in the Eliot voice, see the Caedmon catalogue.

Gertrude Stein Reads from her Works.
Caedmon TC 1050.

People may laugh—but I find this series of short readings, from low-fi 78 originals of the 1930s, both moving and very illuminating. The plain fact is that though Stein didn't write grammar she did write music, in terms of words. I mean that quite literally. She treats words, groups of words, ideas, phrases, precisely as composers treat musical ideas. She repeats, develops them, elaborates on their sound and rhythm, and on their suggestive content. There is no lack of ideas—merely a lack of conventional sentence construction. It is no lack, really.

You may laugh, again, when I suggest that the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with its "fate" (V-for-Victory) motif is astonishingly like the structure of Stein's "The Making of Americans, Part I" with its theme of Family Living, but if you will make the comparison, you will hear for yourself. Or try middle-period Stravinsky; sample Picasso in the same time with his long sequences of designs based on a same subject; Stein is not really far away from either of them. A great lady and, like other strong and obstinate individuals of the sort, already showing up as a pioneer, if only in our own not-so-happy art of suggestion-by-non-grammar and endless repetition!

For best listening, turn your HIGH tone control up, to bolster the weak recorded sibilants. The surface noise is low, luckily.

A Round of Poems Selected from "Invitation to Poetry." Lloyd Frankenberg.
Columbia ML 5148.

The second Frankenberg opus for Columbia based on a printed anthology, this one is a "round" in the sense of a good sampling or (as Frankenberg puts it) a three-way get-together of poet, reader, and listener. From Shakespeare to Tennyson, Arnold, Dickinson, Donne, Mother Goose, "Little Musgrave," the sampling is classic and comfortably conservative. The Frankenberg reading, somewhat dry in tone, is expert and highly intelligible, somewhere in between the professorial and the actor approach. In a few items he is distinctly influenced by that great stylist, Dylan Thomas, and to no great harm either, though I'd say the two were worlds apart. Clear, close-up recording without room-sound.



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Harper's MAGAZINE®

DECEMBER 1957



VOL. 215, NO. 1291

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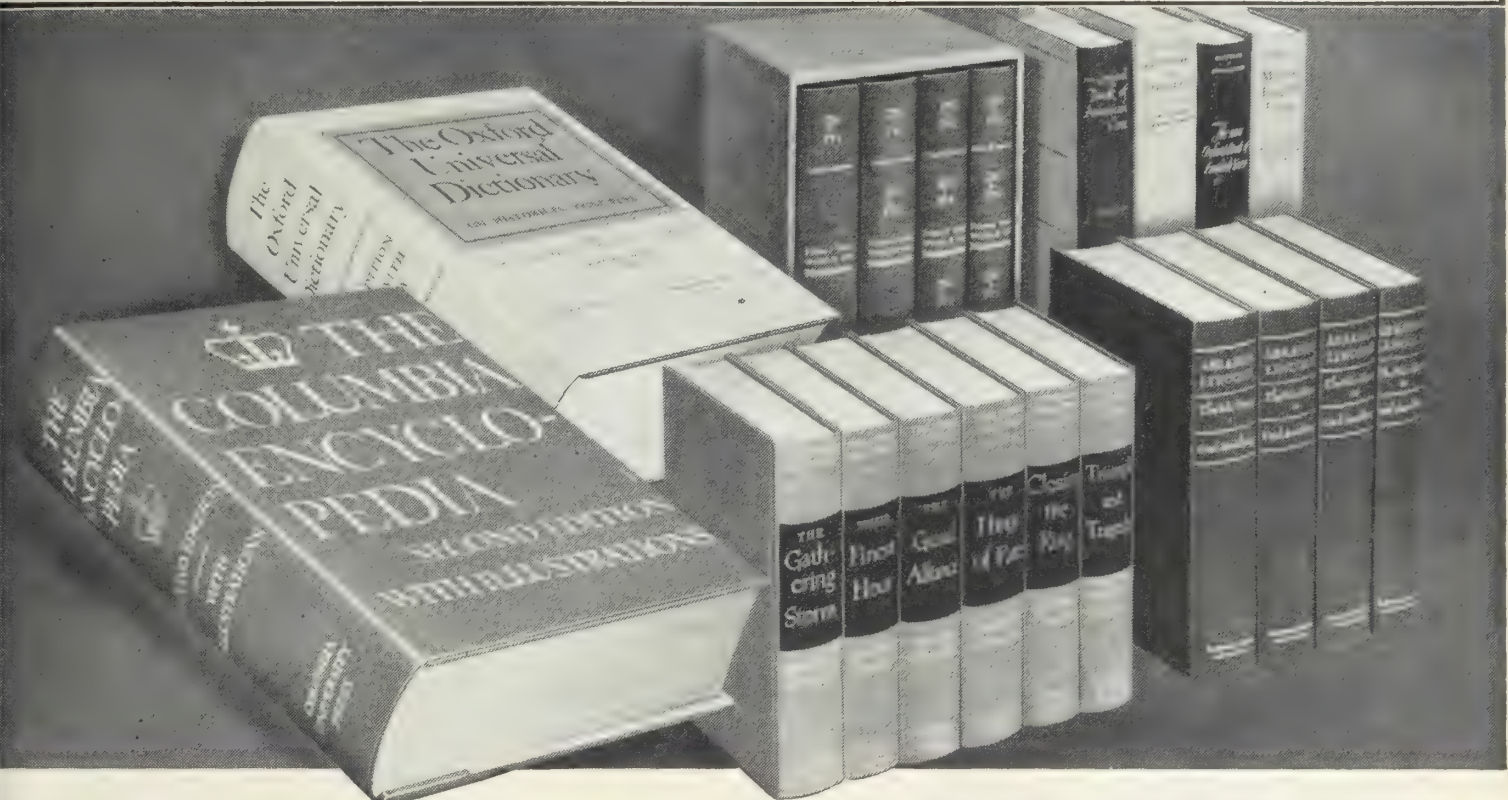
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Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, the work I have indicated below with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.
PLEASE SEND ME, WITH MY FIRST PURCHASE SPECIFIED ABOVE

(Choose one of the reference works or sets illustrated above)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }
(Please print plainly)
Address.....
City.....Zone No.....State.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

LETTERS

Wanted: Men

TO THE EDITORS:

I do not know when I have read a more concrete, to-the-point, and practical article about important matters than Leo Rosten's "Wanted: Men" [The Easy Chair, October]. What a relief to get away from the undoubtedly well meant, but platitudinous advice to the TV industry that it use more of its potential to "do good." As for the men to whom Mr. Rosten offered his very "strong" material, they seem a bit long on public relations and a bit short on genuine respect for what people can handle.

PATRICK J. HENRY, S.J.
Loyola University
Chicago, Ill.

... I am surprised that Mr. Rosten did not foresee the refusals he encountered.

The stories make good reading. . . . That is not to say they would make good television. I speak only of the dramatic quality of the stories. All of them deal with man's inhumanity to man and with the singular individual who protests this cruelty and "does something about it." This is a noble theme, but the moral obtrudes and this rather dulls the dramatic development. However, this is merely personal opinion.

What is not personal opinion, though, what is based on long experience in the field, tells me that Mr. Rosten's material (apart from the possible dramatic value) would never get on television.

These stories would make the viewer feel uncomfortable. . . . Now is the time to ask why the TV viewer should not be made to feel uncomfortable? Here lies the crux of the matter. Business controls TV. And business pours out millions of dollars to keep the customer happy. . . .

Mr. Rosten writes: "If I were an advertiser, I would launch a crusade to try to get the men who run television to act like men. I would only want responsibility for the commercials." Of course if Mr. Rosten were an advertiser he would do nothing of the kind. He would do what every other advertiser does, that is if he wishes to stay in business—he would cater to the anxieties and prejudices and whims of the viewer.

But who is going to answer the question: how did business get into the TV and radio saddle in the first place?

ESTELLE MENDELSON
New York, N. Y.

Leo Rosten's article infers that television networks and sponsors of television programs are so fearful of criticism that only safe and innocuous story lines are used. Because my department in its function of interpreting and implementing network policies has a broad perspective of the matter of "acceptability" . . . I feel that I must take vigorous exception. . . .

CBS Television has in the past and continues to present on sponsored programs dramatizations dealing with most of the subjects cited as unacceptable . . . by Mr. Rosten. . . .

Here are examples of fairly recent sponsored dramatic programs dealing with the categories Mr. Rosten lists:

Racial, Religious, Social Intolerance

Studio One:

"Thunder on Sycamore Street"
"Dominique"
"The Hollywood Complex"
"Walk Down the Hill"

Playhouse 90:

"The Family Nobody Wanted"

U. S. Steel Hour:

"Noon on Doomsday"

Unfavorable Portrayal of Law Enforcement Officers

Studio One:

"The Defender" (2 parts)
"The Arena"

Alfred Hitchcock Presents:

"The Hands of Mr. Ottermole"

Controversial Army Themes

Studio One:

"The Furlough"
"The Star Spangled Soldier"
"Fair Play"

At this moment we are scheduling a mercy killing theme on Studio One.

The above, of course, are just a few examples.

I am not denying the authenticity of Mr. Rosten's study, but I certainly feel he hasn't explored the whole dimension of television broadcasting as it relates to the point he has raised.

HERBERT A. CARLBORG
Director of Editing
CBS Television, N. Y.

Unending Bonanza

TO THE EDITORS:

Since reading the delightful "Great Coupon Bonanza" by Peter Margolies [October] I have switched to Safeway

Stores and from cash to coupons which had accumulated in my drawers for years, unnecessarily waiting for the merchandise indicated on the coupons.

I have informed my friends about this and my skeptical ones are now providing me with sufficient usable coupons to make a good dent in my food budget. If I can find a few more skeptical souls I will be on my way to complete financial independence, at least as far as my culinary needs are concerned. . . .

You got any loose coupons you can spare?

WALTER GERSTEL
Berkeley, Calif.

... How did "The Great Coupon Bonanza" get printed in *Harper's* and worse still, featured there?

... Can you imagine using your wits and your wife's wits and your children's and your neighbors' to run till panting for days and days with no thought but to cheat a company out of the food they produce? . . .

How long could any honest business, such as Swift & Co., who proffered the coupons he used, stay in business if all people set out en masse to cheat in organized fashion as did he and his family? It would wreck our country. National economy would be gone. . . .

RUTH F. PARMELEE
E. Grand Rapids, Mich.

... Mr. Margolies says there were rumors of conflict between Swift and Safeway. He says nothing about what, it seems probable, was going on between the Madison Avenue media man and his client. . . .

VIRGINIA FANNING
Glencoe, Ill.

Poetry & Theology

TO THE EDITORS:

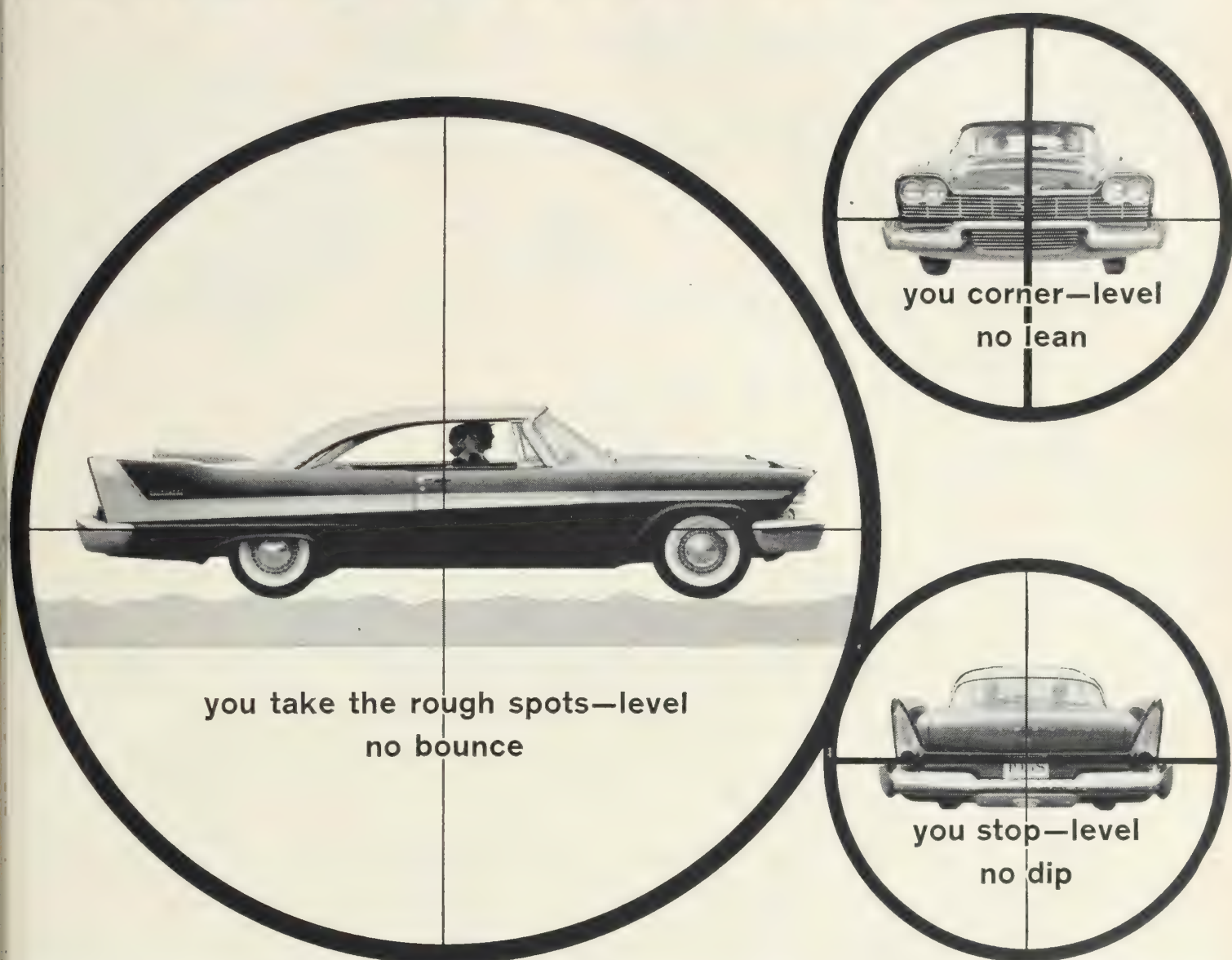
Praise God! You finally got around to printing a poem written in the word-age, sense, and spirit of fifty years ago. Phyllis McGinley's "The Theology of Jonathan Edwards" [October] is a honey.

E. A. ANDREWS
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

I wish to object to Phyllis McGinley's poem because it perpetuates a threadbare stereotype of America's most distinguished theologian as a scare-monger. As Perry Miller's book makes clear, Edwards possessed a first-rate and creative philosophical and theological mind. Revivalistic exploitation of the *terror anti-cus* was but one phase of his theological work. The late Dean Sperry of Harvard Divinity School used to comment that of America's theologians only Reinhold Niebuhr could approach Edwards in influencing European religious thought.

EXCLUSIVE WITH THE CARS OF THE *FORWARD LOOK*—

TORSION-AIRE RIDE...



you take the rough spots—level
no bounce

you corner—level
no lean

you stop—level
no dip

the only completely controlled suspension system—and at no extra cost!

When you first drive a *Forward Look* car, you're in for the surprise—and ride—of your life. Such constant, utter control you've never experienced before. From the moment you take off, you're the boss. Bumps . . . curves . . . quick-stops . . . all are ironed out, as you experience a degree of unmatched riding comfort.

What is Torsion-Aire? It's more than just new springs. It's a scientifically balanced total levelling system. Torsion-bars . . . shock absorbers . . . levelizer rear springs . . . super-cushion tires . . . smaller wheels . . . ball joints . . . rubber insulation . . . all combine to give you the only truly new way of cradling your car, and you!

Torsion-Aire has been tested by over a million owners . . . proved by billions of driving miles. Torsion-Aire helps make possible The *Forward Look*'s striking—and strikingly popular—low silhouette. There's generous, new, leg-sprawling roominess, too. And—most importantly—it's all yours to enjoy at NO EXTRA COST!

For '58 . . . more than ever, **THE *FORWARD LOOK*** is the Advance Design

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

THE GIFT THAT CAN KEEP ON GIVING

Have you discovered the pleasure of giving shares in some fine American company?

This is a gift that can keep on renewing itself, year after year.

For when you give shares of stock you make someone part-owner of a company. As an owner he can share in the company's prosperity through dividends paid on the stock. And he can share in any growth through increase in the value of the stock.

You also give pride in the ownership of some part of American business.

When you present stock to young people you give all this and more. You give them a splendid start to a better understanding of the possible rewards of thrift. They learn about business and how the American system depends on the individual's sharing risks as well as profits.

It's not easy to think of a finer gift.

New way to give stock to children

In all but a few states new laws make it easier to give stock to children. The child actually owns the shares. Yet you may buy, sell, collect dividends and reinvest for the child with normal prudence.

When you make a gift of stock you will want to observe the sound rules for investing—as you would if you were buying for yourself. Don't buy on tips or rumors—get facts. After all, stock prices can go down, a company may not do well or pay a dividend. And get advice from a friendly broker—making sure he's with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange.

Two helpful free booklets

There are many good prospering companies on the New York Stock Exchange. In our superbly useful booklet "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS" we've listed more than 300 companies that have paid dividends *every year* from 25 to 109 years.

And if your gift is for a child, you'll want to read "GIVE THEM SECURITIES." Both booklets are free. Any broker who is a Member of the New York Stock Exchange will see that you get them. Or send the coupon and you'll have them by return mail.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

Send for new free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. E 5-7, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.
Please send me your new free booklets "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS" and "GIVE THEM SECURITIES."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Surely that could not have been the case if "The Theology of Jonathan Edwards" was only, or even chiefly, what Miss McGinley represents it as having been.

Plato's warning in the *Republic* against poets taking up theological matters is still timely.

This criticism is *not* to be taken as applying to most of Miss McGinley's poetry, which I find delightful; nor to Claude Marks' fine drawing.

WILLIAM D. GEOGHEGAN
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Me.

Post-Dated Warning

TO THE EDITORS:

I have always flattered myself that I know something wrong with advertising that no one else knows. . . . When I saw Sylvia Wright's lead paragraph on ompremity [October] I was afraid your penetrating exposé of monde-greens had lighted on it. But as I read on, I found she hadn't. . . .

What I know that's wrong with advertising is the Post-Dated Warning. Here's a peach of an example from the *New York Times Magazine*: a full-page ad that shows a dragon breathing fire on the pretty blonde hair of a pretty blonde model. It says, "Don't burn the beauty out of your hair with drying alcohol sprays. . . . Every other leading spray-set sprays your hair with 80 to 95 per cent alcohol. And alcohol can dry, dull, deaden hair. . . ." Right under that it says, "New! The only spray set with *no* alcohol."

This temperate liquid is "A new Richard Hudnut discovery." . . . Mr. Hudnut has been around the hair business for a good many years. Until his New discovery then—by the logical consequences of his advertisement—his *own* spray was one of those evil liquors tanked to the scuppers with alcohol.

Why didn't he warn us about that alcohol then?

This is the Post-Dated Warning—the habit among advertisers never to tell you what evils their products are perpetrating on your flesh, viscera, hardwood floors, children's future, country's welfare, or automobile's engine until they've licked the problem; and then to issue panicky warnings about their competitors' products. . . .

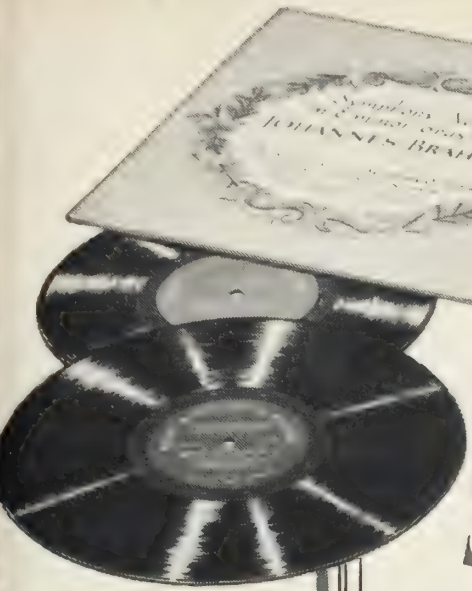
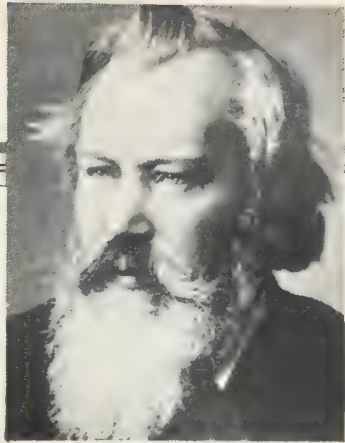
RONALD S. BONN
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Safer Jets

TO THE EDITORS:

Perhaps it is picayune to bring up these questions regarding Colonel Lay's

"Beauty linked with eternity...his last symphonic will and testament"—OLIN DOWNES



JOHANNES BRAHMS'

Symphony No. Four

CONDUCTED AND ANALYZED BY

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

CONDUCTING THE STADIUM CONCERTS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

"Music - Appreciation Records are the greatest thing that has happened for music-lovers since the introduction of long-playing records"
—DEEMS TAYLOR

Given to you... AS A DEMONSTRATION OF Music-Appreciation Records

...IF YOU AGREE TO BUY TWO RECORDINGS DURING THE YEAR

A Trial Subscription to show:

you enjoy music more when you know what to listen for

A DOUBLE-DISC MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDING is made available every month. One of the records is a twelve-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. recording of a great work of music, played without interruption by an outstanding orchestra or soloist. This is accompanied (but only when the subscriber wants it) by another long-playing record — usually a ten-inch disc — containing lucid commentary about the work, and filled with musical illustrations performed by soloist or orchestra. This latter record makes clear "what to listen for" in order to enjoy the music fully.

The Club recently commissioned Leonard Bernstein to perform and analyze five major orchestral works on MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS.

The latest of these — a performance

of Brahms' *Symphony No. Four* and an analysis of the work also written and conducted by Mr. Bernstein — is now ready.

Because these two records demonstrate in a particularly exciting way the MUSIC-APPRECIATION idea, we will be happy to send them to you, *without charge*, if you agree to buy two other MUSIC-APPRECIATION selections during the next year—from at least forty that will be available.

You receive each month a descriptive announcement of the next work to be offered. *You take only those you want—* and may reject all others! You may cancel your subscription any time after buying two selections. The regular price for each set of paired records is \$3.90 (plus a small handling charge).

PLEASE RETURN ONLY IF YOU HAVE A
33 1/3 R.P.M. RECORD PLAYER

MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS R9-12
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me at once the 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. Demonstration Record of Brahms' *Symphony No. Four* together with its Analysis Record, without charge, and enroll me in a Trial Subscription to MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS. I may return the recording within 10 days and be under no further obligation. Otherwise, on this special offer, I need buy only two MUSIC-APPRECIATION selections during the next year, and I may cancel my subscription any time thereafter.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....

STATE.....

Record prices are the same in Canada, and the Club ships to Canadian members, without any charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

The more they know
about Scotch, the more
they'll like Ballantine's



"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

"The Jet That Crashed Before Take-Off" [September], but flying is based on many picayune points. I do not dispute the Colonel's "thefts," but I wish to point out that improved procedures, already in practice, would have eliminated some of these errors.

The majority of control towers will report the runway temperature to jet aircraft when clearing them into position for take-off, if the temperature is above 90 degrees.

Most aircraft now use a fuel quantity gauge which actually measures the weight of the fuel remaining, as jet aircraft develop power in relation to the density of the fuel, rather than the volume. Thus the pilot would have a continuous indication of the remaining pounds of fuel on board.

Finally, the major in the article was an experienced pilot, and for this reason should still be alive. A pilot taking off in a heavily loaded aircraft will never retract the landing gear until safely airborne for two reasons: (1) The majority of jet fighter aircraft experience additional drag, while the gear is being cycled, due to door panels in the wing or fuselage opening to receive the gear; (2) both Air Force and Navy safety doctrines now preach the value of leaving landing gear down as shock absorbers for normal as well as crash landings, whether on prepared or unprepared surfaces.

EDWARD ROBERTS III

Lt. JG, USNR

Fighter Squadron 171

USS Franklin D. Roosevelt

Advertising Bloom

TO THE EDITORS:

Your readers enjoy, of course, the glamor-charged legend of Madison Avenue, even—or especially—when its mythical lushness is attacked in a tone of moral superiority [John McCarthy, "Is the Bloom Off Madison Avenue?" September].

However, to one who has contact with the reality of advertising-agency financial management, specific elements of the legend are more annoying than amusing. Unfortunately for the legend and its . . . attacker, the following facts exist. . . .

The advertising-agency business is a relatively low-profit industry. Before-tax profits in the business average less than 1.5 per cent of sales! In comparison, General Motors' before-tax profits are about 16 per cent of sales, and Standard Oil of New Jersey earned more than 18 per cent of sales. . . . Sears Roebuck's before-tax profits are nearly 10 per cent of sales. . . .

The advertising-agency industry is a

No other gift brings
such rich rewards!

...yet only \$6⁰⁰ a month!



Order
by mail
today

small down payment
-pay nothing more
until January

Here is truly the gift for a lifetime — a gift that helps develop the habit of success for school and career years. World Book in the home creates excited interest, encourages learning, inspires confidence. Its benefits will be seen and felt for years to come. Nothing else you might choose can give so much . . . *for only twenty cents a day!* Give this Christmas added meaning with a family gift of the brilliant new World Book Encyclopedia.

WORLD BOOK

ENCYCLOPEDIA

TO ASSURE CHRISTMAS DELIVERY,
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MY ORDER FOR THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA

133B

Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

Please send me one set of the World Book Encyclopedia. I am enclosing a check or money order for \$10.00, and agree to pay the balance at the rate of \$6.00 per month. I hereby certify that I am of legal age.

CHECK ONE . . .

☐ Please send the Ivory Aristocrat Binding. Price \$169.00 plus tax and transportation.

In Canada, \$189. \$10 down \$7 mo.

☐ Please send the President Red Binding. Price \$129.00 plus tax and transportation.

In Canada, \$149. \$10 down \$7 mo.

Signature _____
(Write—Do not print)

Mr. _____
Name Mrs. _____
Miss _____
(Print Clearly)

Mail _____
Address _____
Street and Number

City _____ State (in Full) _____ County _____

City _____ State (in Full) _____

SHIP BOOKS TO

In Canada, write Field Educational Enterprises of Canada, Ltd., 85 Bloor St., East, Toronto 5, Ont.

1st in sales!

More people buy World Book
than any other encyclopedial

Field Enterprises Educational Corp.,
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois



Just ask the guy who does the work...

Niagara Falls Machinist says:

"I'm right there! I see how much research, skill and plain hard work goes into today's top products...

I'm always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!"



MANUFACTURER: "I'm satisfied it's the most modern, the best of its kind on the market. That's the only way to win satisfied customers—with a top quality product. And, that's the way to keep them, too!"

DEALER: "I know my customer is really satisfied. That's the way with well-known brands. They offer the latest improvements and widest choice. Name brands certainly save everybody a lot of headaches."



CUSTOMER: "I'm satisfied it's the best for my money. I'd be lost without brand names to guide me. My wife and I can even order by phone without taking any risk. We know we're getting what we want."

• • •

**THE BRANDS
YOU SEE ADVERTISED
IN THIS MAGAZINE
ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!**

They stand firmly behind
every product and claim they make.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.
437 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

relatively small one. Even the largest agencies are very small businesses compared to the industrial and merchandising giants. Annual sales of the sixteen largest agencies are from 59 to 255 million dollars; the ten largest industrials are from two to twelve billion dollars; the ten largest merchandising firms, from one-half to four billion dollars.

The advertising-agency business is as stable in personnel and activities as is most business. By stating that seventy-six "major" accounts changed agencies in 1956, Mr. McCarthy tried to create the impression that the big advertisers were constantly changing agencies. Of the country's 100 largest advertisers who were reported on by the authoritative *Advertising Age* (August 19, 1957 and December 24, 1956) *eight only* had changed agencies nearly a year later. The figures reveal that the average life of an agency-advertiser association is about ten years.

The truth which most fundamentally upsets Mr. McCarthy's propaganda is . . . that often agency profits resulting from the operation of one client's account will show inadequate (less than reasonable) profits, not excessive ones.

IRA W. RUBEL

Ira Rubel, Inc., Advertising
Agency Management Consultants
Chicago, Ill.

Motel on the Mountain

TO THE EDITORS:

Harper's has a fine tradition as the magazine of conservationists, but I think your memorable Mr. DeVoto would arise from his grave could he see the boost you have given one of the worst offenders in your October issue.

Indeed it is true that the Motel on the Mountain [After Hours] has occupied one of the best locations in New York state—but is there no law which prohibits this amazing enterprise defacing the landscape by its outrageous advertising?

Every time I drive past the Suffern exit of the Thruway I promise myself never to patronize an establishment which inflicts itself on public viewers with such violent disregard of good taste. . . .

HENRY M. PACHTER
New York, N. Y.

The Doctors' Dilemma

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Paul's story ["What It Costs to Train a Doctor," October] is all too true. Also all too true is that too many of the men who have struggled and sweated to become doctors are prone to deep-seated albeit subconscious resent-

ment because of these difficulties and tal it out on their patients by charging e orbitant fees.

The self-sacrificing wife who works to put her husband through medic school all too often becomes the demanding wife who insists on [luxuries]. . . .

It's a vicious circle because the same young medico who sweated for his education becomes the middle-aged member of the county medical society who does all he can to make it as tough as possible for the young guy who comes after him.

The real loser is . . . John Q. Public and only when he . . . insists that medical education be government-supported . . . will the problem be solved.

ALFRED D. ROSENBLATT, PH.D.
Laconia, N. H.

The Leaning Tower

TO THE EDITORS:

You have been running some fine stories and articles lately, for which thank you. But the one I'm writing about now particularly is Herbert Mitgang's "The Night the Leaning Tower Didn't Fall" [October].

Less than two pages long, but I read it over and over with pleasure and admiration. To me, it's a perfect lit gem of concision, exact statement, humor, and (though just the faintest suggestion) hidden horror.

ROBERT M. COAT
Old Chatham, N. Y.

Re "The Night the Leaning Tower Didn't Fall" hooray for [illustrator] David Royce and a cheer for Herbert Mitgang!

I wish they'd give us a few Leaning Towers to shoot at out here, just for variety's sake.

2ND/LT. ORION M. BARE
The Artillery & Guid
Missile School
Fort Sill, Okla.

The Huddleston Band

TO THE EDITORS:

In "The Huddleston Jazz Band" [Nov.] Father Huddleston wants records for the band, but no address given. . . .

MRS. BRUCE E. STUBBS
Portland, O.

Records should be sent to: Mr. Huddleston, c/o Mrs. Hole, 74 Meyer Street, Sophiatown, Johannesburg, Union of South Africa. They may be for a speed, but 33 1/3 rpm are preferable since they do not break so easily in transit.

THE EDITOR

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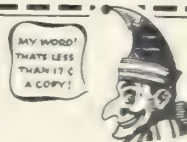
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the editor's EASY CHAIR

Christmas List

SPECIAL Christmas greetings to a list of remarkable people, whose deeds—splendid, eccentric, or merely outrageous—have not received the attention they deserve:

1. A Steuben crystal ball to John J. McNeely, part-time elevator operator at the Capitol, for out-guessing all the reporters, pundits, and political soothsayers in the Senate press gallery. He won the gallery's pool on last year's election by predicting correctly the outcome of more Senate races than any of the professional journalists—missing on only three of them.

2. A two-quart stein for the Augustinian monks of Salzburg, Austria, who serve God and man in their own delightful fashion. They operate a brewery and beer hall where, in all their centuries of prayerful labor, they have never yet sold a drop of light, dry beer. Unlike American brewers, they do not design their product (and advertising) primarily for women who fear a calory worse than the devil. They make it for men who like their beer heavy and wet, and their women plump. The result is a brew which tastes the way God meant beer to taste—and which has been unknown in the United States since our unconditional surrender to the womenfolk.

3. While we are in this reverential mood, a neon halo for Mickey Cohen, the most illustrious reformed racketeer in Southern California. After a conference with Evangelist Billy Graham "about Christianity and stuff," Mr. Cohen announced that his soul was looking up.

"I am," he explained, "very high on the Christian way of life."

4. A lifetime membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy to Mrs. Pearl C. Anderson, a leading Negro citizen of Dallas. In a year which was not otherwise memorable for racial harmony, Mrs. Anderson—the widow of a physician who had invested shrewdly in real estate—gave more than \$200,000 worth of property to her local

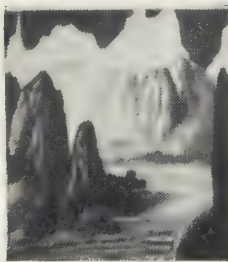
community chest to help the needy "regardless of race, color, or creed." She is a regional director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (an organization not universally popular throughout the South) and also a director of the Dallas Council of Social Agencies. She got her first impulse toward a lifetime of philanthropic work when she was a pupil in a Winn Parish, Louisiana, school which had been started by the Rosenwald Foundation. That pioneer experiment in education for Negroes led her to decide that someday she too would "do something like that for others."

5. And to the doctors of Muskegon, Michigan, a set of gold-plated stethoscopes for another heartening example in human relations. One of their Negro colleagues, Dr. Edward Williams, fell ill with tuberculosis—probably because of overwork, since he had not taken a vacation in seven years. While he is in the sanatorium, his practice is being taken over by the other members of the Muskegon County Medical Society. They are dividing up his office and home calls and hospital work among themselves, and are turning all fees over to Dr. Williams.

6. A million new customers for Reese H. Taylor, board chairman of the Union Oil Company of California, for his decision to stop using billboard advertising. He cited two reasons that might well be noted by other firms which are still committing this sin against nature.

"First was the traffic hazard, which a great many experts have indicated billboards tend to increase," Mr. Taylor said. "Second is an apparent and growing resentment on the part of many people and residential communities to obscuring our natural beauties with this type of advertising."

7. A slightly tarnished policeman's badge to Constable Ike Franks of Galveston County, which is notorious even in Texas for the malodorous state of its public morals. He correctly interpreted the views of his fellow Galvestonians



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PLEASE NOTE: Since the Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum.



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toward law and order, by running for re-election while serving a three-month jail term for selling wild ducks in violation of the game laws. He won, 638 votes to 274.

8. For a different kind of prison record, a flaming stack of *crêpes suzettes* to Claude O. Lerche. He spent twenty years at the federal jail in Danbury, Connecticut—not as an inmate, but as the cook. Repulsive food is, of course, the commonest cause of prison riots; but not at Danbury. When Mr. Lerche announced that he planned to retire this year, the convicts signed a petition asking him to stay on, because he “served some of the finest meals some of us have ever had in institutions.”

9. A park bench upholstered in eider down for the weary old bones of Bernard M. Baruch. Not for his half-century of public service, which is adequately celebrated in two current books, but for his gift of two islands in the Lower Bay to the City of New York. Eventually, when the shallows between them have been filled in, they will provide 250 acres of new park land for a metropolis which needs open space more than anything else. And his example might—who knows?—encourage William Zeckendorf to donate some of his vast Manhattan acreage for the same purpose.

10. To another elderly benefactor, Pablo Casals, Mozart's original Magic Flute—for his encouragement to all men who are beginning to suspect that they are no longer as young as they once were. At the age of eighty he married one of his cello pupils, Marta Montañez, a twenty-year-old of notable beauty.

11. For an historic contribution to the ethical standards of the public relations industry, a niche in the legal Hall of Fame for Judge Thomas J. Clary of the federal district court in Philadelphia. He held that a New York public relations firm, Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., and the twenty-six railroads which paid for its services had violated the Sherman Anti-trust Act by the methods they used in their joint campaign against the trucking industry. (The details of this campaign were reported by Robert Heilbroner in *Harper's* last June.)

Judge Clary noted that the main technique involved was “to take a dramatic fragment of truth and by emphasis and repetition distort it into falsehood.” His ruling is, so far as I can discover, the first instance in which a public relations firm has been legally censured for such behavior; and it may stand as a warning to other press agents that there are some things they can't get away with. (Or it may not: the railroads and the Byoir firm have announced that they will appeal.)

12. A hi-fi recording of Gilbert & Sullivan's “To Make The Punishment Fit the Crime,” to each of the California judges who has helped clean up that state's once-messy highways. When a culprit is haled into their courts for littering the roadside with beer cans, sandwich wrappers, and similar debris, these judges do not impose a fine. Instead they sentence the guilty motorist to a term—ranging from a few hours to a few days—of picking up trash along the highways. Their system might be of interest to Oklahoma, which is now widely believed to have the most unsightly turnpikes in America.

13. And a wig from G & S's “Trial By Jury” to yet another legal trail-blazer, Richard Owen: the only lawyer who ever wrote, composed, and staged an opera for the New York City Bar Association. His “Dismissed with Prejudice”—a one-act confection about a law clerk in love with his boss's daughter—was presented with a professional cast in the Association's lordly Meeting Hall. It did not bring in any offers from La Scala, but it did suggest that lawyers may have a lot more fun outside the courtroom than most of us ever suspected.

14. A lock of Frank Lloyd Wright's hair to Eleanor Lansing Dulles and Hugh Stubbins, for getting built what may well be the most exciting piece of architecture since the war—the Kongress Halle in Berlin.

As the American contribution to that city's International Building Exposition, it demonstrates a new concept of design, construction, and use of materials—all handsomely adapted to its purpose: to serve as a meeting place for scientific, literary, musical, and other cultural groups in a community which had no place where a sizeable convention or exhibition could be held. Located literally a stone's throw from the Iron Curtain, it is also a permanent reminder to the East Germans that freedom of thought and expression still exist.

Mr. Stubbins—of Birmingham, Alabama, Georgia Tech, and Harvard—was the architect. Miss Dulles (who has been working in the State Department a good deal longer than her brother) was mainly responsible for hatching the project and guiding it through the governmental labyrinths of two countries. As a sort of wry tribute, the Berliners now generally refer to their new building as The Dulleseum.

15. A can of cleaning fluid to Louis Hollander of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, for warning his fellow labor leaders that they can't look like White Knights while riding in black Cadillacs. Too many union bosses, he said, “live in a world apart—a world in which the badges of achievement are high salaries, expensive automobiles, membership in country clubs, and the other appurtenances of wealth.” Unlike



Subversion in Dallas

This is the way action at home plate looked one day to Ben Shahn, the artist. Titled "National Pastime," it was included by the publishers of *Sports Illustrated* in a traveling exhibition called "Sports in Art," which was composed of 12 pictures from American collections. The selection covered a wide range of sports activities—from Goya's bullfighter to Frascini's rope-jumping children.

The collection went from Boston to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. The first showing was in Louisville, after which it was scheduled to go to the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts on March 25, 1956.

But in January a group calling itself the Dallas Patriotic Society demanded that the Dallas Art Association refuse to show four of the pictures in the exhibit.

The Society's complaints were not directed at the pictures or their content. The demand for removal was on the ground that the artists who painted them were reported to have "Communist or Communist-front records." The Trustees of the Art Association investigated these charges with care and diligence.

The Trustees rejected the demand of the Society. In part, they said "**...One of the basic principles of American Justice is that a person is presumed innocent until proved guilty, viz. Article VI, Bill of Rights, Constitution of the United States...** the fundamental issue at stake is that of freedom and liberty—not just for the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, but eventually for our school system, our free press, our library, our orchestra, and the many other institutions of our society. We believe that democracy cannot survive if subjected to bookburning, thought control, condemnation without trial, proclamation of guilt by association—the very techniques of the Communist and Fascist regimes."

Thus the Dallas Trustees spoke out for the people of Dallas.

President Eisenhower has said "that freedom of the arts is a basic freedom... For our Republic to stay free, those among us with the rare gift of artistry must be able freely to use their talent. Likewise our people must have unimpaired opportunity to see, to understand, to profit from our artists' work."

The right to see was not impaired in Dallas.

The stand of the Trustees of the Dallas Art Association is an example of the countless ways in which Americans are strengthening the tradition of fair play in their daily lives. In ways like these the principles of Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln live in twentieth-century America.

The American Traditions Project of the Fund for the Republic has compiled hundreds of true stories of contemporary Americans whose actions have advanced the cause of freedom and justice. Some of these stories have been published in an illustrated booklet, "The American Tradition in 1957." Free copies are available. Write to the American Traditions Project, Box 48462-CH, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

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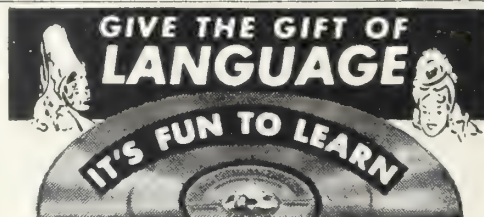
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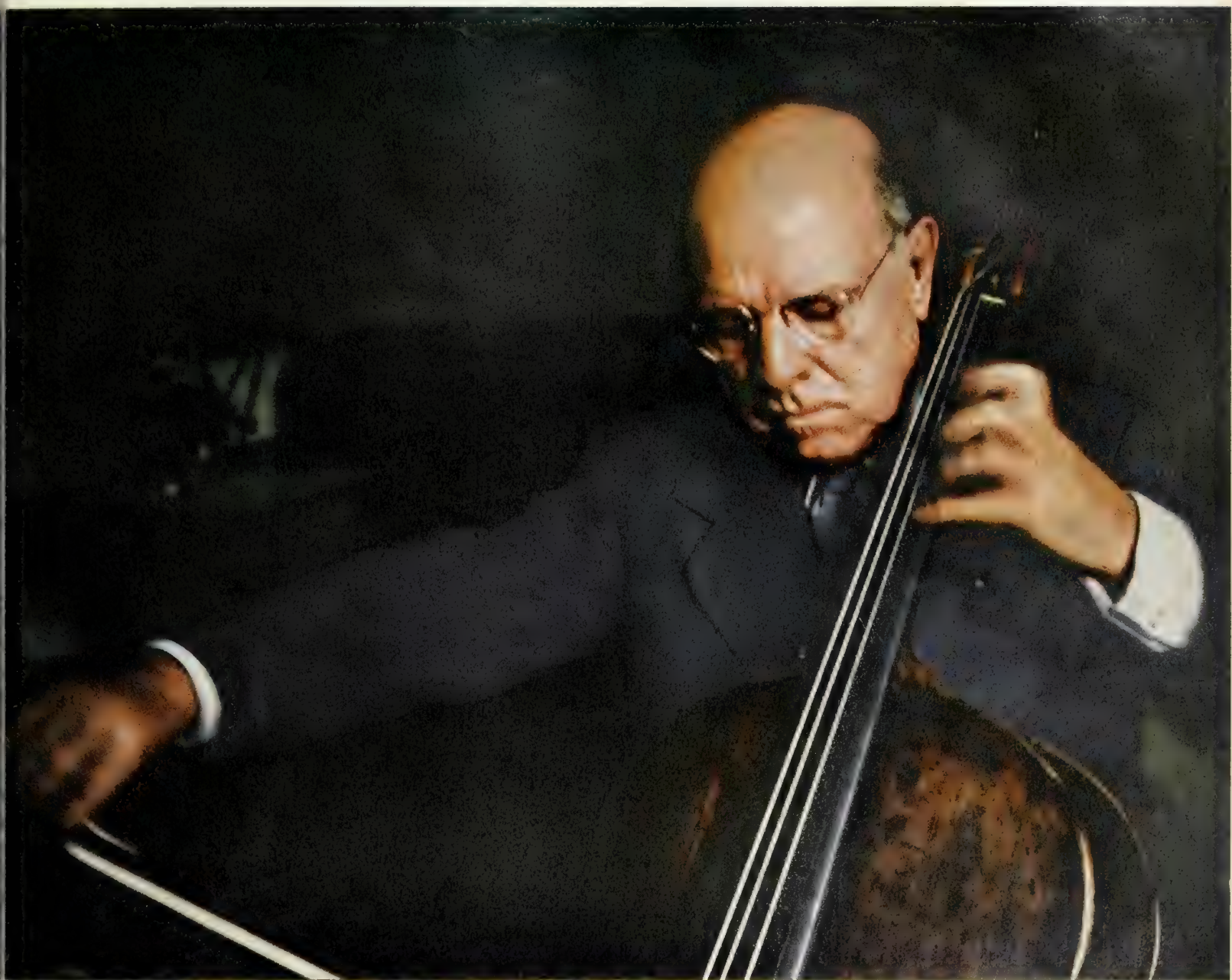
FREUD ON FOOTBALL

AS THE football season ends, the Haroun-al-Raschid Fund for Benevolent and Hell-raising Purposes is preparing to launch the first serious scientific study ever undertaken of this curious tribal ceremony. It has assembled a team of eminent psychologists and anthropologists from Vienna, Heidelberg, Vassar and the Trobriand Islands, which will try to find some rational explanation for the emotional frenzy which engulfs the American people each fall.

The research will be supervised by Thomas Hornsby Ferril, the Denver poet and publisher, who originally suggested the study in the September 10, 1955, issue of the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, Colorado's oldest weekly newspaper. Here, in his words, are the main lines along which the investigation will proceed:

"Obviously football is a syndrome of religious rites symbolizing the struggle to preserve the egg of life through the rigors of impending winter. The rites begin at the autumn equinox and culminate on the first day of the New Year with great festivals identified with bowls of plenty; the festivals are associated with flowers such as roses, fruits such as oranges, farm crops such as cotton and even sun-worship and appeasement of great reptiles such as alligators.

"In these rites the egg of life symbolized by what is called 'the oval,' an inflated bladder covered with hog skin. The convention of 'the oval' is repeated in the architectural design of the vast outdoor churches in which the services are held every Sabbath in every town and city, also every Sunday in the greater centers of population where an advanced priesthood performs. These enormous roofless churches dominate every college campus... and bear witness to the high spiritual development of the culture that pro-



Pablo Casals to play again—in Puerto Rico

LAST SPRING, the Casals Festival in San Juan ended on a note of singular poignancy. The audience applauded an *empty* podium. Pablo Casals was ill with a heart attack.

Now it seems that a thousand prayers have been answered. The beloved master of the violoncello has made a remarkable recovery. In fact, Pablo Casals has already consented to lead San Juan's *second* festival, which is planned to run from April 22 to May 8, 1958.

Once more, this gentle man will accept the role of festival director with no thought of glory for himself. It is a son's tribute to his Puerto Rican mother—and a gesture of love to the enchanted island that is now his home.

As for the people of Puerto Rico, who are meeting their challenges in such good heart, Pablo Casals makes an artist's comment. "*They walk in dignity.*"

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THE EASY CHAIR

uced them. Literally millions of worshipers attend. . .

"Subconsciously, these hordes of worshipers are seeking an outlet from sex-frustration in anticipation of violent masochism and sadism about to be enacted by a highly-trained priesthood of young men. Football obviously arises out of the Oedipus complex. Love of mother dominates the entire ritual. The churches, without exception, are dedicated to Alma Mater. . .

"The rites are performed on a rectangular area of green grass oriented to the four directions. The grass, symbolizing summer, is striped with ominous white lines representing the knifing snows of winter. The white stripes are repeated in the ceremonial costumes of the four whirling monitors who control the services through a time period divided into four quarters, symbolizing the four seasons.

"The ceremony begins with colorful processions of musicians and semi-nude virgins who move in and out of ritualized patterns. This excites the thousands of worshipers to rise from their seats, shout frenzied poetry in unison and chant ecstatic anthems through which runs the Oedipus theme of willingness to die for love of Mother.

"The actual rites, performed by twenty-two young priests of perfect physique, might appear to the uninitiated as a chaotic conflict concerned only with hurting the oval by kicking it, then endeavoring to rescue and protect the egg. However the procedure is highly stylized. . . The group in so-called 'possession' of the oval first arrange themselves in an egg-shaped 'huddle,' as it is called, for a moment of prayerful meditation and whispering of secret numbers to each other.

"Then they rearrange themselves with relation to the position of the egg. In a typical 'formation' there are seven priests 'on the line,' seven being a mystical number associated with Jung purists might contend, with the 'seven last words' but actually with sublimation of the 'seven deadly sins' into 'the seven cardinal principles of education.'

"The central priest crouches over the egg, protecting it with his hands while over his back quarters hovers the 'quarterback.' The transposition

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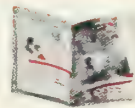
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THE EASY CHAIR

of 'back quarters' to 'quarterback' is easily explained by the Adler school. To the layman the curious posture assumed by the 'quarterback' . . . immediately suggests the Cretan origins of Mycenaean animal art, but this popular view is untenable. Actually, of course, the 'quarterback' symbolizes the libido, combining two instincts, namely (a) Eros, which strives for even closer union and (b) the instinct for destruction of anything which lies in the path of Eros. Moreover, the 'pleasure-pain' excitement of the hysterical worshipers focuses entirely on the actions of the libido-quarterback. Behind him are three priests representing the male triad.

"At a given signal the egg is passed by sleight-of-hand to one of the members of the triad, who endeavors to move it by bodily force across the white lines of winter. . . . At the end of the second quarter, implying the summer solstice, the processions of musicians and semi-nude virgins are resumed. . . . The virgins perform a most curious rite requiring far more dexterity than the earlier phallic Maypole rituals from which it seems to be derived. Each carries a wand of shining metal which she spins on her fingertips, tosses playfully into the air, and with which she interweaves her body in most intricate gyrations. . . .

"The foregoing, I confess, scarcely scratches the surface. Space does not permit interpretation of football as related to dreams, or discussion of the great subconscious reservoirs of thwarted American energy that weekly seek expression through vicarious enjoyment of ritualized violence and infliction of pain. To relate football to the Oedipus complex alone would require, as it well deserves, years of patient research by scholarly men. . . ."

If any readers would care to suggest possible alternative explanations which deserve scientific study, their memoranda will be forwarded to Mr. Ferril.

FOR YEAR-END
TOASTS TO 1957

THE Sputnik Cocktail: one part vodka and two parts sour grapes.

Or you can mix your vodka with Geritol, to make a Tired Bloody Mary.



WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD NIXON MAKE?

A Pulitzer-prize-winning political correspondent, who has known Vice President ever since he came to Washington, tells why he would handle the job in a way very different from Eisenhower's.

by William S. White

SAN FRANCISCO: NEW SERPENTS IN EDEN

It still has everything its natives have always claimed—charm, culture, and a character all its own. But this paradise is now being invaded by a lot of problems Californians seldom mention.

by Bruce Bliven

THE CASE OF THE FURIOUS CHILDREN

A team of doctors, psychiatrists, counselors, and case workers are studying six ferocious boys as the subjects of one of the most thorough studies of human behavior ever attempted. What they are discovering may lead to new remedies for juvenile delinquency—and a better understanding of misbehavior in ordinary children.

by Charles B. Seib
and Alan L. Otten

Harper's
magazine

NEXT MONTH

At a time when the future of education is one of the most important problems facing the country, it is reassuring to find American industry assuming its responsibilities. Here General Electric tells how the development of a sound philosophy can lead to a broad program of aid to education that goes beyond philanthropy, and works to the advantage of both donor and recipient.

One Viewpoint on Corporate Aid to Education

By GENERAL ELECTRIC

BY NOW, most responsible people in industry are convinced that, both as individuals and as corporate citizens, they have some obligation to help American education solve its growing problems. Scarcely a week goes by without a high-level conference, somewhere, taking up the question of corporate support of education. This question, today, is seldom phrased "should we or shouldn't we?" but rather "how much and on what basis?"

The result has been a growing number of corporate aid-to-education programs. Some are amplifications of older activities. Only in this sixth decade of the century has there been much research, analysis, and thinking through to a logical and consistent philosophy of corporate support of education.

Yet today, many programs are being built on a sound theory of the case. These programs are all different; they reflect the individualities of the sponsoring companies. This variety is good. As some prove workable and others not, there is nothing but corporate pride to prevent the borrowing and copying of successful patterns. This is the American way to progress; it avoids the rigidity of frozen compromise which would inevitably characterize a single federal policy.

Here on these pages is an attempt to present the philosophy evolved by one company—General Electric—and show how it has been used to organize a wide variety of almost unrelated projects, and to create new ones, to produce a comprehensive program geared to education's

needs and appropriate to a business like General Electric.

In Search of a Philosophy

Some wag has said that there are no problems in education that would not vanish at the wave of some tens of millions—or maybe it's billions—of unrestricted dollars from industry. This viewpoint overlooks several important facts. Irresponsible money never solved anything. There are moral responsibilities in giving away money, just as there are in earning it. The dollars involved are originally business dollars; they must either come out of capital or be added to the cost of products or services. Therefore they should be invested, rather than given, for businesslike objectives.

At General Electric this is interpreted to mean the careful, planned use of the shareowners' money in a way that benefits both parties to the transaction. The attempt has been to devise programs which help to attain three broad objectives that can be demonstrably related to the company's long-range well-being:

1. Developing new knowledge through research and inspired, competent teaching.
2. Insuring an adequate supply of educated manpower for the Company, for industry, and for the economy generally.
3. Maintaining and improving the eco-

nomic, social, and political climate necessary to the continued existence and progress of competitive free enterprise.

In practice, these objectives introduce few limitations. The programs could be, and often are, the same ones erected from purely philanthropic motives. Yet philanthropy is not the ruling concept. We do not believe it is enough simply to generate a warm, generous feeling around the vague locality of the corporate heart.

Some Working Principles

Several working principles have evolved from studies of educational needs. One is expressed by the search for a "multiplication factor" in any programs devised for financial assistance. For example, in the choice between helping to pay a faculty member a higher salary, or assisting a student with a scholarship, the advantage lies clearly with the professor, whose improved teaching can influence a whole generation of students. Similarly, between an institution and an individual, the benefit to the institution is passed on to many. Practically all the General Electric programs in force today have this multiplication factor, in some degree, built in.

Another working principle derives from the belief that education is a good investment for the recipient. Therefore, so far as he is able, and as soon as he can, he should pay his way. This accounts for the recent institution of a loan plan for employees and their children.

A third working principle calls for a genuine belief in education and the established educational institutions. Not that these are perfect, or sacrosanct and above criticism. But they exist; they have produced the general level of education we have at present; they offer the only practical and foreseeable agencies for continuation and improvement. Therefore, in our belief, it behooves those who wish to help, to work through these existing channels.

The Education Public

In reducing principles to practice, what aspects of education are the legitimate concern of a national company like General Electric?

The Company has plants in more than 100 communities in 31 states. It has upwards of 380,000 shareowners. It has about 280,000 employees, including close to 30,000 college graduates drawn from 760 institutions.

Obviously regional considerations are ruled

out; there can be no truly "local" or "favorite" colleges. Neither is there any point in setting up arbitrary distinctions as between private and tax-supported institutions. The majority of Americans start their education in tax-supported public schools, and the colleges, whatever their internal structure, have similar aims and achieve almost identical results.

All levels of education, from elementary through graduate school, make important contributions. And, in the development of assistance programs, all regularly constituted educational institutions that meet accepted standards should be given equal consideration. Choices, when they have to be made, should so far as possible avoid preconceptions, prejudice, and the pressures of special pleading.

The Current Programs

The aid-to-education programs instituted by General Electric and now in effect fall into two distinct categories. One is direct financial or equivalent aid to institutions or individuals. The other involves non-financial considerations—usually in terms of information, teaching aids, guidance helps, and co-operation in support of basic educational objectives.

Most of these programs, taken individually, are not the largest of their kind supported by American industry. Some are new; some date back nearly a half-century. Because they are under constant study, some will probably be drastically altered. Obvious gaps will be filled. They are listed and briefly described below to show how it is possible to meet a wide variety of educational needs and at the same time concentrate on not more than three fundamental objectives.

PROGRAMS OF DIRECT FINANCIAL AID

Most of the programs of direct assistance are now financed by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund, an independent charitable trust, directed by Trustees and administered for the Trustees of the Fund by the Company's Educational Relations component. Any company's earnings are subject to fluctuations with the times; yet effective programs of educational support depend on continuity. Therefore, the creation of the Fund and the periodic transfer of assets from earnings to the Fund's capital are insurance against interruption of support of important educational activities.

A Public Interest Advertisement Addressed Especially to the Readers of *Harper's*

Corporate Alumnus Program

This program was instituted January 1, 1955; its provisions and objectives were described in a message similar to this one in the January 1955 issue of this magazine. Under this Corporate Alumnus concept, the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund offers to match the gifts of General Electric employees to the four-year accredited colleges they attended. The offer is made to employees with at least one year's service with the Company; the limit on individual gifts that will be matched in any year is \$2,000.

Over the first two-year period of the program, 427 colleges received a total of \$764,760—half from General Electric alumni and half from the Fund. Incentives of the program significantly increased the average size of alumni gifts; colleges were encouraged to step up their solicitation of their graduates. More than thirty other companies and foundations have now instituted some form of gift-matching program.

Fellowships for Graduate Study

At the present time, 88 fellowships a year are being financed by the Educational and Charitable Fund for pre-doctoral graduate study. Of these, 34 are competitive; 54 are assigned to selected universities and the recipients are chosen by the institutions. The fields of study, while specified, are widely various and embrace most of the areas of advanced knowledge. In addition to substantial stipends to the individual Fellows, grants are made to the institutions in support of the educational costs incurred. A recent survey of this program, which dates back to 1923, shows that nearly two-thirds of the Fellows have subsequently gone into teaching.

Loans for Undergraduate Study

This program, beginning in 1957-58, authorizes the components of the Company to make loans up to \$1,000 a year to employees for their own or their children's higher education. In the first year, almost 300 loans were locally negotiated, totaling just over \$200,000. The majority were for first-year students, for whom most college-operated loan programs are not available.

Scholarship Awards

For the first time, in 1957, the Educational and Charitable Fund Trustees made scholarship

awards of \$650 to 50 of the applicants for undergraduate loans, with accompanying grants of \$350 to the colleges attended. Nominations were made by the Company components, based on scholastic standing, character, and with special emphasis on financial need. This program, incidentally, is the only one of a strictly scholarship nature. Neither the Company nor the Fund provides any scholarships for students not employee-connected.

Summer High School Teacher Fellowships

For six weeks each summer, the Educational and Charitable Fund finances, through six universities, graduate-level programs of study for 300 secondary-school teachers of chemistry, physics, and mathematics. The purpose is to allow these teachers to refresh and update their knowledge in the fields they teach, and to see first-hand how these subjects are applied in the industrial world. Selection of applicants and the academic program are in the hands of the universities. This activity began with a single program for 50 teachers in 1945. Since then, 1,900 teachers have had an opportunity, through improved teaching since their Fellowship experience, to influence an estimated 750,000 pupils—perhaps the best example of the “multiplication principle” in action.

Equipment Assistance

General Electric makes a number of products suitable for instructional use, usually in college engineering and science laboratories. For many years these have been made available to educational institutions at what is essentially cost. In special cases, some additional financial assistance is provided, totaling in a typical year some hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Special Grants

There are some educational projects which, though they do not fall logically into continuing programs, contribute quite directly to the overall objectives. In 1956, modest grants were made by the Fund to five medium-sized colleges, as part of a study of the relationships between industry and the liberal-arts institutions. In 1957, the physics departments of 20 colleges received grants of \$2,500 each—again to determine how a modest increment in budget can strengthen the work of a single department. Another type of grant, on a few occasions, has

enabled educators to re-evaluate curriculum needs in important disciplines. And grants have been made to institutions experimenting with possible improvements in teaching. In each case, the benefits of the knowledge gained went further than the benefits to the individual recipients.

NON-FINANCIAL PROGRAMS

The traditional pattern of education in America, up through high school, is the public school, with control and support a local responsibility. The independence bred of this local responsibility is too important to be imperiled by outside influence. To attempt to offer financial support would be impractical, and perhaps impertinent.

Fortunately, there are contributions that an industry can make, with complete propriety, that may transcend monetary support in ultimate value. The first and obvious thing is to find ways to help the individual teachers do their teaching and counseling job better.

Subject-matter Information

Because General Electric is a company built on scientific research and engineering application, it is a natural source of knowledge too new to have reached the textbooks. This presents an opportunity and an obligation. So secondary school teachers are offered posters and booklets dealing with such current subjects as principles of electricity, jet propulsion, atomic power. A "comics" series of booklets is most popular. Since 1945 science and mathematics teachers have requested over 65 million copies for use in classes. They report increased interest in their subjects as a result.

Guidance Information

If today's trend continues, more and more pupils will find their careers in industry. They will get better jobs and be better employees if they know how to prepare themselves and take full advantage of educational opportunities. Messages entitled "Why Study Math?", "Why Study English?", "Why Stick To Your Studies?", "Start Planning Now For Your Career", embodying General Electric experience, have been offered to teachers and guidance counselors.

These messages, which reinforce the teachers' advice with authority of a large company, have been widely used. The total of all school publications, both subject-matter and guidance, requested by teachers since 1945 exceeds 100 million copies.

Research and New Knowledge

One major obligation of industry to education is a genuine attempt to understand its objectives and problems. Paying out money without this understanding is not only poor business, it is an insult to the recipients. It says, in effect: "Please take this check and go away; don't bother me." There are times when studying the business use of the education product, applying what is learned, and feeding the results back to the educators can be of greater value than dollar support.

A recent report on what 13,500 college-graduate employees of General Electric think of their college courses has been used by curriculum groups in the colleges. A study of problems to be faced by colleges in the next twenty years will be released soon, summarizing the predictions of 110 college presidents. A survey of opinions of undergraduates of twenty colleges on such things as attitudes toward politics, awarding of scholarships, and going into debt, is being tabulated. Information of this kind, difficult or impossible for individual institutions to obtain, and often the result of active co-operation with educational associations, is made available both to educators and to other industries.

A FEW CONCLUSIONS

To the people in General Electric who are administering these educational programs, some things have become evident. The problems of education are real, not illusory, and are important enough to industry to merit serious attention. The number of things which can be done in support of education—all good and worthy in themselves—is infinite. Some basic philosophy must be developed as a guide. It is then possible to reconcile the needs of education and the legitimate interests of an industrial company, and develop programs involving a *quid pro quo* that makes no demands on educational freedom.

[Additional copies of "One Viewpoint on Corporate Aid to Education" are available from General Electric Company, One River Road, Schenectady 5, New York.]

PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Among Our Contributors

THE CASE OF THE CONFIDENTIAL TUNA

WHEN Dr. Ralph E. Lapp was looking into some of the incidents connected with the much-publicized accident that trapped twenty-three Japanese fishermen in radioactive fall-out in March 1954, he learned that there had been some commotion at a California tuna-fish cannery. An official of the Food and Drug Administration told him that the government had seized some contaminated fish about to be packed. He asked how radioactive they were and got the answer, "Insignificant," to which he replied:

"What would that be in counts per minute?"

The official asked him why he wanted to know, and when Dr. Lapp said he might want to write about it, he bristled.

"I'm sorry, I can't tell you. We had a meeting of people from the State Department, from the AEC, from the West Coast tuna industry, and from our department. We decided that the information would be kept *confidential*."

"We might call this the case of the confidential tuna fish," Dr. Lapp commented in his book, *Atoms and People*. "Actually, I am sure that these fish, if eaten, would not have been dangerous, but officials feared a near-panic such as occurred in Japan; so they invoked censorship. I am sure that the security laws of the U.S.A. were never designed to apply to tuna fish."

Dr. Lapp believes that science is too important a part of society to remain isolated and misunderstood. As he puts it in the Postscript to his new book, *The Voyage of the Lucky Dragon*,* the world has become too small to ignore an adventure which may someday rank in men's minds with the voyage of Columbus.

* To be published in February 1958 by Harper & Brothers. The first of three articles adapted from the book begins on page 27.

The opening episode of the story could have been a classic of folk literature: the humblest of fishermen set sail on an ordinary voyage but bad luck trailed the ship; one morning a strange light flared in the sky and later a stinging dry rain coated the ship and the crew; they became ill and crept back to port afraid.

In the modern story, scientific and international implications take the place of the supernatural powers that would have dominated the folk tale. It is apparent that, as men of our era, these fishermen were at least halfway wise about the cause of their misfortune and their dangerous future; and their fears came from memories of Hiroshima, not from superstition.

If the *Lucky Dragon* is a "natural" story that was bound to be told sooner or later, Ralph E. Lapp seems to be the destined man to write it. His preparation actually began many years ago, when as a graduate physicist he trained in Chicago under Dr. Arthur J. Dempster, discoverer of U-235. During the war he was a technical director of the A-bomb project, and after it ended he worked for three years in the Pentagon on the military application of atomic energy. At that time he led the scientific group at both of the Bikini A-bomb tests of 1946. By 1949 he was head of the Nuclear Physics Branch of the Office of Naval Research.

At the age of thirty, he decided to resign from government work and to brush up on pure science by writing a textbook, *Nuclear Radiation Physics* (with H. L. Andrews). Since then—without access to secret or restricted documents, but also without the need of submitting his work to security officers—he has written books and articles for the general public and has been director of Nuclear Science Service in Washington.

A few months after the news of the accident of the *Lucky Dragon* broke, Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, who is professor at the University of Illinois and editor of the *Bulletin*



Cher Papa

Little Jeannine tried hard to smile for the photographer because he said that this Picture would be sent to her daddy in North Africa. But Jeannine's mother has had nothing to smile about since her husband was drafted to serve in Algeria. His small pay is insufficient to provide the necessities for Jeannine and her mother who barely manages to get by on the meager allowance provided by the small town in Brittany in which they live; a town still depressed from the economic effects of World War II.

Little Jeannine's mother has no relatives to turn to. You can replace a loving grandparent for a child like Jeannine and give a helping hand to needy mothers and babies.

What \$5 A Month Means To A Baby Like Jeannine

Your sponsorship of a baby like Jeannine through Save the Children Federation will purchase and place in an anxious mother's hands nourishing baby foods, warm clothing, blankets, and many other essential items — in your name. Full information about "your" baby and a photograph will be sent to you. Won't you help today?

SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

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I want to sponsor a baby in Greece... Korea...
Finland... West Germany... Italy... France...
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of the *Atomic Scientists*, suggested that he look into the problem of fall-out and write an article on it. Dr. Lapp holed up in his Washington apartment with air-conditioning, slide-rule, and scientific data from Japan, to solve the problem of the large dose of radioactivity which the fishermen were reported to have received.

What looked at first like a simple problem in physics became a complicated and dramatic search that lasted more than three years and took him to Japan and the homes of the stricken seamen, to the hospitals where they had been treated, to the boat owner, and to the scrubbed decks of the *Fukuryu Maru* itself. As he traveled about gradually uncovering the details of the unlucky voyage and the present condition of the crew, Dr. Lapp and his wife became so well known that even the porter who carried their bags in Osaka recognized them from newspaper photographs. The sailors and their families received the Lapps with great courtesy and impressed them as being above average in intelligence.

The March 1954 H-bomb test, Dr. Lapp says, dusted roughly seven thousand square miles of the Pacific with serious or lethal fall-out. The significance of this destructive force for life on this planet is still unknown; but it may well be that the human test has already taken place—in the lives of these twenty-three common men. "The Voyage of the *Lucky Dragon*" is, therefore, not only a folk tale in twentieth-century dress, but a scientific study of the human predicament in the atomic age.

... Dorothy Heyward, who tells the adventures of "Porgy's Goat" (p. 37), collaborated with her husband, the late DuBose Heyward, on three plays about Negroes. Two of them, "Porgy" and "Mamba's Daughters" (dramatized from DuBose's novels), were respectable successes. But the music drama, "Porgy and Bess," has become a full-time traveling salesman for American culture in its three European and African tours since 1950.

Almost every major film company has angled for the movie rights to "Porgy and Bess" in the past seven years. The contract with Samuel

Goldwyn mentioned in Mrs. Heyward's article represents their triumph over her long-ingrained habit of *not* signing.

Born in Ohio, Mrs. Heyward met her husband at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire.

... Not for the first time in history, the lowly fish seems likely to influence international relations. According to **Richard L. Neuberger**, the Sockeye salmon of the Fraser River has stopped the Canadian government—so far—from diverting the Columbia River and so jeopardizing one vast potential source of power on the Canadian Border (p. 42).

Senator Neuberger, elected in 1954 as the first Democrat in forty years to be sent to the U. S. Senate from Oregon, had served in the state legislature since 1948; he has continued throughout his busy political career to write for national magazines, mainly about the Northwest. His background for discussing hydro-electric power includes an article in *Harper's* as far back as 1938 on "Hells Canyon, the Biggest Yet," more recent pieces on Grand Coulee and the Kitimat project, and service during the war in the Yukon Territory as Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier General J. A. O'Connor, who was in charge of building the Alcan Highway.

The Senator is author of several books, including *Adventures in Politics*. On his current article, he tells us, he is indebted for technical assistance to Hans A. Linde, his legislative assistant, formerly law clerk to Justice William O. Douglas, and to Milton C. Mapes, Jr. of the staff of the Senate Interior Committee.

... The Yankees may have all but vanished from Vermont, as **Miriam Chapin** implies in her *Vermonters*'s analysis of the Green Mountain state (p. 50), but the legend of their Calvin Coolidge style of speech lingers on. Still current, for example, is the story told by a Brattleboro man, F. J. Nash, in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*:

Two old Vermonters went to a political rally. One forgot his hearing aid and, after a long harangue from the platform, he said to his friend: "What was he talking about?"

The friend replied: "He didn't say." . . .

There is a Vermont story of *Harper's* too. Some years ago, a editor of this magazine got off the train in Montpelier and, idly indulging a habit, searched the magazine stand—in vain. He asked whether *Harper's* was all sold out and was informed by the man in charge that they didn't stock it.

"How does that happen?" the editor asked.

"No call for it," said the Vermonteer. . . .

Mrs. Chapin, born a Hitchcock in Vermont, spent her childhood at long periods later in that state. She returned—after being in South America and in Montreal during her married life—and bought a run-down farmhouse with 160 acres of wood land and meadow. Now she has a snug all-year home, long since paid for by logs and pulpwood off the place. She has written several books, including *Quebec Now*.

... In the charged atmosphere over Syria this fall, the United States and the Soviet Union have been exchanging warnings and threats with regularity almost equal to Sputnik's beeping. To the common reader, this verbal battle gets to be boring; as he feels it, tension cannot forever mount, except in headlines. In contrast, it is a stimulating mental exercise to follow **Charlton Ogburn, Jr.**'s straight logic in "Divide and Rule It in the Middle East" (p. 55).

During the war, Mr. Ogburn was a lieutenant in the Burma campaign of Merrill's Marauders, and he wrote a moving account of it for *Harper's* last January. He was with the State Department after the war for eleven years, most recently in intelligence in the field of the Near East, South Asia, and Africa. He resigned in July in order to write. Houghton Mifflin has brought out two of his books, *The White Falcon*, a juvenile, and *The Bridge*, a novelette.

... Since glaucoma is the major cause of blindness in Americans over forty, it damages more lives than most people care to think about. But, as **James Robbins Miller** shows in his article, "The Sinister Hand" (p. 62), a great deal is being done to save the sight of glaucoma victims.

who get the right treatment in time. Mr. Miller has been a writer and editor ever since he finished college—except for three years in the Navy in World War II. He has been staff writer or contributor to many magazines—from the old *Literary Digest* and *Scribner's*, to *Look*, *McCall's*, and *Collier's*. He is now in the News Bureau of the California Institute of Technology.

... "Fable for Flipped Lid" (p. 65) is *Harper's* first poem by **George Starbuck**, a Californian-Chicagoan Harvard graduate student.

... **Elsa B. Ruedebush**, who argues that "Your Child Can Sing" (p. 66), was head of the choral department of the Cambridge (Massachusetts) Lower School for fifteen years until 1955. The spring concerts of the school became so popular that Harvard turned over Paine Hall for them. But Mrs. Ruedebush took special interest in the three or four children in every grade who had been deprived of choral participation because they had been thought to be hopeless monotones.

Mrs. Ruedebush studied at the Sherwood Music School in Chicago, and at the University of Wisconsin. She learned choral techniques from Professor G. Wallace Woodworth of Harvard and other directors, and she also trained for an operatic career.

... Midway in **Robin White's** story, "House of Many Rooms" (p. 69), Mrs. Fisher, the leading character, finds herself, unexpectedly, looking at a Sannyasi, or holy man, seated under a banyan tree. This rather eerie encounter may remind some readers of Mr. White's story, "First Voice," which appeared in *Harper's* last January and concerned Mrs. Fisher's fifteen-year-old son who experimented with the life of a Sannyasi. A book of Mr. White's stories about the Fisher family will be published next year.

Mr. White was born and brought up in South India; he was graduated from Yale and now lives with his wife and three children in Connecticut. His stories have appeared in a number of magazines, and last year he attended Stanford University on a fellowship at the Creative Writing Center.

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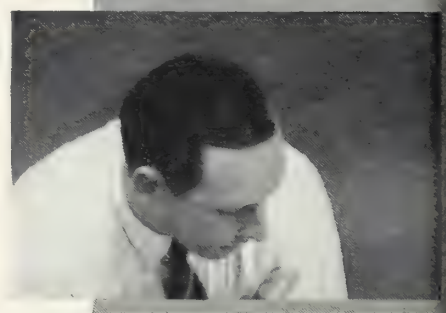
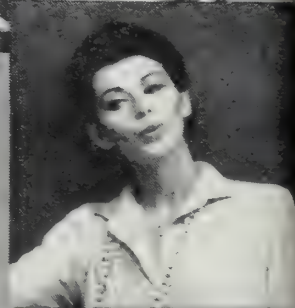


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THE VOYAGE OF THE LUCKY DRAGON

By RALPH E. LAPP

Drawings by Ben Shahn

Something not quite like snow fell over the South Pacific and 23 Japanese fishermen were caught in a chain of circumstances that concerned everyone everywhere. . . .
The beginning of a three-part serial.

AT TEN o'clock that Friday morning the last of the crewmen ran down the Yaizu fishing pier and hurried aboard a ninety-three-foot wooden trawler. Feeling a little self-conscious at his new command, Captain Hisakichi Tsutsui stood at the bridge of the *Fukuryu Maru* (*Lucky Dragon*) No. 5. Twenty of the twenty-three seamen aboard were older than he was but this did not overawe him. Anyway he realized that the man really in charge of the boat was Yoshio Misaki, whom the crew called Yoshio-san, or simply *Gyorocho*, meaning "Fishing Master."

The Fishing Master had been one of the last to board the ship, for he had been attending a farewell party at his home. Much sake had been drunk and he had arrived with somewhat un-

steady legs—a fact duly noted by the radioman, Aikichi Kuboyama. Ordinarily the whole crew would have been under the weather, for it is traditional that the boat owner and ship suppliers throw a big party the night before a fishing vessel departs.

A small crowd of well-wishers gathered at the pier as the crew made last-minute preparations for their long voyage. It was a gay occasion and the children held strings of brightly colored balloons in their mittened fingers. Finally a sailor scrambled, monkey-fashion, up the rigging of the aftermast and fastened a cluster of colored streamers to the top. The ends of these inch-wide strips of paper he tossed down to a companion who in turn passed them out to the wives and children and sweethearts. This was the signal that the ship was preparing to get under way. A loud-speaker blared out a brassy military march.

A cry went up from the crowd as the ship's brilliant blue and red flag was broken out and run up the mainmast. The barrel-like boat owner had a final word with his Fishing Master, waved to the Captain, smiled at Kuboyama, and then hopped ashore. Some of the women on the pier wept as water opened up between the boat and the concrete dock. The *Lucky Dragon* was under way at 11:30 A.M., Friday, January 22, 1954.



At 11:40 the *Lucky Dragon* cleared the Yaizu lighthouse and headed out to sea. Shortly after lunch the chief engineer, a muscular and intelligent man named Tadashi Yamamoto, reported that they had left a spare part for the engine on shore. To return to port would be not only a bad omen but it would also cause them to lose face, so they decided that they would proceed instead to Ogawa. Ten minutes after one, the *Lucky Dragon* put into Ogawa and promptly ran aground in the shallow anchorage—also a bad omen. Yamamoto went ashore, borrowed a motorcycle, and dashed to the nearby shipyard for the spare part while the others tried to free the ship. A mackerel boat tried to tug the ship loose but its 2½ inch line parted—another ill omen. He returned quickly but the boat was stuck fast; they had to wait for high tide.

A strong northeast wind came up and the *Lucky Dragon* put on canvas, tacking on a south-southeast course. Before departure the boat owner and the Fishing Master had secretly decided that they would fish in the area around Midway Islands, over two thousand miles east of Japan. But when Misaki broke the news the crewmen were angry. In the first place, the Captain, radioman, chief engineer, and the Fishing Master were all supposed to be consulted about the fishing grounds. Moreover, the area selected was noted for its rough water. But Misaki stood firm and, since the Fishing Master was in absolute control of the ship, the crewmen could only mutter their dissatisfaction and hope that they would survive.

The *Lucky Dragon* ran into rough weather the second day out of port. But though the hull

groaned in agony during the storm, the engine never faltered and, the weather improving, they were able to work topside on the fishing gear.

The weather cleared during the last week in January and a spanking west wind pushed the little tuna boat steadily through the Pacific. Aided by winds, it covered about two hundred miles each day. On February 5 Captain Tsutsui noted in his log-book that they were approaching the International Date Line. In the cramped quarters called the "chart room," Fishing Master Misaki bent over the fishing records which he had obtained in port. Two hundred miles southwest of Midway, Misaki decided to give the order, "Begin throwing the lines!"

The Japanese "long lines" fishermen practice a unique art. It consists in draping a curtain of baited hooks two hundred or more feet below the ocean's surface. Five branch lines are fastened to one section of the main line, usually at intervals of about thirty yards. For every three hundred yards of the main line a float line is clipped on and a green glass buoy thrown overboard on the end of it. The two buoys, no larger than basketballs, suspend a "set" of five baited lines deep below the surface of the ocean. Having thrown over twenty sets, or one hundred baited hooks, the fishermen substitute a lighted metal float for the ordinary green glass buoy. They reckon their catch in terms of fish caught per hundred hooks. The floats in between the lighted buoys carry a six-foot bamboo pole topped with a hemp palm or a square foot of red and white cloth.

It took almost four hours to throw the lines and the men knocked off to have breakfast while

THE VOYAGE OF THE LUCKY DRAGON

the boat drifted with its engine off. The morning sun revealed a long line of dancing buoys stretching away until they were lost in the waves. Actually the line stretched beyond the visible horizon for a distance of about thirty miles. Beneath the waves over fifteen hundred baited hooks dangled, to tempt some roving fish.

IN SEARCH OF TUNA

AFTER the boat was put about, the Fishing Master stood on the bridge watching the buoys as the *Lucky Dragon* retraced its course. Experienced seamen have what amounts to a sixth sense for guessing what a bobbing buoy means. It could mean a big tuna thrashing about, or a smaller but more spirited fish. When the men spied a buoy which behaved strangely they would argue about what was happening below the surface, but on this day there was little to excite their curiosity.

Four hours after having thrown all the lines, the crewmen starting hauling them in, a much more arduous task than throwing them out. A medium-size swordfish was hauled in, promptly gaffed, and pulled onto the main deck, followed by a good-size spearfish and sometime later by a big-eyed tuna. Only nine big-eyed tuna were boated and two of these were quite small. Crewmen quickly "gilled and gutted" them with sharp knives. As tuna are very warm-blooded fish, they must be put on ice quickly if their flesh is to stay firm. For this purpose a brine tank was kept on deck in which the tuna were immersed until cool; then crewmen carefully wrapped them in dark green vinyl to protect them in storage.

Over thirteen hours were required to haul in the full length of line and it was past midnight when the work was finished. The crew grumbled at their first catch, which totaled only fifteen fish. Some of them said, "We should have gone to the South Seas."

The next day, February 8 by Captain Tsutsui's log, the Fishing Master ordered the boat farther east. The winds freshened and the sea began to kick up. Radioman Kuboyama, who had been holed up in the radio shack listening for fishing reports from other boats, told Misaki that boats from Yaizu north of Midway were getting only fair catches, but longer-range tuna boats in Hawaiian waters were doing better.

The next day, well before sunup, the lines were thrown for the second time. Late that afternoon Chief Engineer Yamamoto reported engine trouble and the ship drifted while the engine-room crew spent half an hour repairing

it. The hauling in of the lines continued until two hours before sunset, when the sailors discovered that the main line had separated. This was a major disaster, for they had just started fishing and unless they could recover the lines they would go back to port with an empty hold—and empty pockets, too. Worse, in fact, for they would owe money for their expenses.

The crewmen took heart several hours later when they saw the welcome blinking of a buoy lamp. They set to work hauling in the line, anxious to see how much would be recovered. Only a short section of line was adrift here, and the men again searched the ocean for some sign of the missing buoys. Before noon of the next day they sighted the No. 9 lamp, but it had only a few fathoms of line attached to it.

Twenty sets of lines were recovered the next day, February 11, but the engine continued to act up and the engineers worked all night. By early morning it was running again but the crewmen held their breath, fearful that it would not last. To make matters worse, a storm began to brew up and the Fishing Master despaired of recovering more of the lost lines. On February 12 Misaki gave orders to cease searching.

Misaki knew that the crew were angry with him, but he steadfastly kept his mind on fishing. The situation was not hopeless if they could find a good place. But where? It didn't really matter much what they did now, he thought, but it did not look like a good idea to go to the Marshall Islands, as the crew suggested, for that would stretch the limit of the fuel tanks. However, he finally agreed. The crew seemed to think that the big-eyed tuna were abundant in the Marshalls and perhaps they might be right.

Ironically, the *Lucky Dragon* headed south to avoid rough seas and the next day ran smack into another storm. A howling north wind drove the little boat southward and heavy rains beat down upon the deck. When the worst was over the Captain ordered full sail raised in order to take advantage of the favorable winds, and on February 16 they were treated to fine weather. A cloudless blue sky overhead restored the men's spirits and the warm sun brought them to life again. Three days later the boat was due east of the Marshall Islands and their luck changed for the better; they hauled in twenty-six fish, mostly big-eyed tuna, adding up to 1,600 pounds.

This encouraged the fishermen and the next day they were hard at it, using somewhat unorthodox techniques in order to make up for lost time—disregarding wind direction while hauling the line and rebaiting the fish lines frequently.

They could not repeat their luck, however, though they did haul in some tuna weighing a hundred pounds each—prime tuna which flopped on the wet deck with resounding thumps. Their silvery gray scales glistened in the tropical sun and the men grinned with satisfaction, knowing that back in Japan the spring festival days would mean high prices for such fish.

But, between February 20 and 26, they boated only seventy-nine fish—a small fraction of what they would have considered a decent catch. The men were discouraged and exhausted. But they still hoped. Though there was only enough fuel for a few more days of fishing before they had to head back to Yaizu, there was always the long-shot chance that they might make a big catch. Every tuna would mean a few more yen; or, since they had caught so few, it would mean that they would owe less money.

Every day saw the *Lucky Dragon* edging closer to the heart of the Marshall Islands, closer to the atolls of Utirik, Rongerik, Rongelap, and Bikini. "Keep away from Bikini," Kuboyama had warned both the Captain and Fishing Master. "That's where the United States had A-bomb tests." But there had been no tests at Bikini since 1946. They had all been held at Eniwetok Atoll, six-hundred miles due west, the area about which the Maritime Safety Board had warned Japanese fishermen back in 1952. Surely there could be no danger at such a distance.

The lines were thrown for the thirteenth time on February 27 as the *Lucky Dragon* passed midway between the low-lying atolls of Bikar and Utirik. The weather held fair and the temperature was in the high eighties, but their luck did not change; only sixteen fish were caught that day. The ship headed west and Chief Engineer Yamamoto, concerned over the fuel supply, conferred with Misaki. They agreed to make the fourteenth and last try on the morning of March first. Perhaps the new month would bring them luck.

Before the last throwing of the lines the Fishing Master went over his record book and added up the catch already on ice. They had caught a total of 156 fish, which weighed about nine tons. All the fish were in the hold below except for the shark fins, which were strung up to the rigging, drying in the hot sun. It was almost a shame to go back to port with such a catch but it was better than if they had lost all their lines at Midway and been forced to return with no fish and no lines. As it was, the catch would just about pay for the expenses of the ship; there would be little left for the crew or the owner.

The *Lucky Dragon* had been heading on a course slightly north of due west during the last few hours of February. At 1:05 (Tokyo time) the morning of March 1 the Fishing Master took his sextant, stepped to the bridge, and observed with approval that the sky was clear. He took a fix on the stars with his sextant, ducked back into the chart room, and entered the notation "L. 12°03½'N—L. 166°56½'E" in his log. Then he gave the order to start fishing and told the wheelman to keep on a west-southwest course.

At 3:42 in the morning the lines had been thrown and the Fishing Master again checked the ship's position. It was rather warm and the wind was east-northeast at two miles per hour. Misaki ordered the ship to hold a north-east course and after ten minutes he signaled the engine room to stop the engine. In the darkness before dawn, the *Lucky Dragon* drifted on the calm Pacific, rocking in its almost imperceptible swells.



SUNRISE IN THE WEST

THE night was warm and somewhat sticky. Shinzo Suzuki, unable to sleep any longer, climbed out of his bunk and went on deck. Standing on the stern of the ship, he looked out over the water and wondered where the farthest buoy was. The nearest bobbed gently on the starboard side about a mile away, a friendly winking of light against the dark water. Suzuki rested his arm on the after cabin and gazed absently into the somewhat overcast sky.

Suddenly the skies in the west lighted up

and a great flare of whitish yellow splashed against the clouds and illuminated the water. It changed to a yellow-red and then to a flaming orange-red before Suzuki came to his senses and dashed back to the cabin to tell his mates what he had seen. As he entered the cabin, Takagi, a cabin-mate, was humming a song. Suzuki blurted out, half in jest, "The sun rises in the west!"

"Don't make nonsense," Takagi rejoined.

"I don't know what it is," replied Suzuki. "If you think it is a lie what I tell you, why don't you see it through the porthole?"

Takagi protested, but he clambered out on deck where five or six men stood open-mouthed, gazing at the still visible ball of flame on the horizon. The light had changed color but had grown into grotesque forms and seemed higher on the horizon. One seaman estimated as much as five degrees. Another thought it was closer to ten degrees.

On the bridge Misaki was startled no less than the crewmen by the strange light. He stared at the spectacle, fascinated by the play of colors that resembled those of a setting sun—several times brighter—but not bright enough to hurt the eyes. With a mariner's instinct, Misaki noted the time and direction. The light came from beyond the horizon in a west-southwest direction.

The men on deck jabbered in excited voices. "It's a *pika-don*!" Another said, "I wonder if it is a *pika-don*?" *Pika-don* is a word fairly new to the Japanese tongue. Born at Hiroshima, *pika-don* is a compound of thunder and flash.

The bright glare in the west diminished in brightness as the colors seemed to spread out over the horizon and climb farther into the sky. Those who crowded on deck after the first few minutes found it difficult to imagine what all the excitement was about, for by then the gaudy display had faded and could hardly be discerned. Captain Tsutsui was alerted by the burst of light flooding through the porthole near his bunk, but he was so drugged with sleep that he was slow to react. By the time he joined Misaki and the boatswain on the bridge the color in the west had gone.

The darkness of pre-dawn settled on the tiny boat rocking in the limitless Pacific. All was quiet. Gradually the crew's wonder turned to more earthly thoughts, namely breakfast. They went into the galley, got some bowls of soup, and returned to the deck, where four or five other companions were still discussing the

event. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed. The men began to eat their breakfast. A few minutes later the ship seemed to tremble as though shaken from below and a great sound enveloped it, seeming to come at once from above and below. This was followed in a few seconds by two concussions like distant rifle shots. The men instinctively threw themselves on the deck and covered their heads.

Suzuki and his friend turned pale in terror and threw their soup bowls into the sea. Still holding their chopsticks, they rushed to the cabin. "What will become of us?" they wondered as they sought shelter in the only refuge they had. Hearing nothing more, they rushed with the others toward the bridge and shouted, "What exploded?" The Captain and the Fishing Master answered, almost in unison, "I don't know."

Looking to the west the men could make out the outlines of towering clouds which billowed up from the horizon. They shuddered and cried: "What shall we do?" Many already had the answer. "Stand by, da!" "Stand by, da!"—the bastard English inherited from the British.

Theoretically, it was up to the Captain to make the decisions, but the lines were out and the Fishing Master was in command. His first impulse was to start up the engines and leave at once. But mindful of having lost part of the long line at Midway, Misaki did not want to return to Yaizu not only with a poor catch but with no line as well. Furthermore, the line stretched away from the source of light and it might be safe to haul it in. The officers held a quick conference. Then Misaki gave the order: "Start up the engines and begin hauling in the lines." The men turned to the task quickly, anxious to leave these waters.

As they worked they speculated on what had happened. Kuboyama, the smartest man on board, took out a booklet he had and looked up the speed of sound. Multiplying the time between sighting the flash and hearing the sound by the speed of sound would give the distance from the ship to the explosion. For 7 minutes as the time period, the distance turned out to be 87 miles. This agreed roughly with an observation Misaki made with his sextant, putting the ship's position 85 miles from the center of Bikini Atoll. There could be no doubt that the bright flash had come from Bikini.

Misaki told Kuboyama to keep a sharp lookout for any aircraft, for if it had been a bomb test the area would be under reconnaissance. No

aircraft had been heard or sighted up to that time and the men feared what might happen to them if they were spotted. They had a deathly fear of running afoul of authority, especially the American military. They did not doubt that if the U. S. authorities found the *Lucky Dragon* it would be blown out of the water.



ABOUT three hours after they had started hauling the lines, the sky began to change appearance in a rather odd way. It was as though a high fog were forming. A light rain or drizzle began to fall. Except for two engineers at work below decks, and the radioman and steersman, all the crew were on the main deck hard at work. They were puzzled at first when tiny bits of sandy ash came swirling down. "It looks like the beginning of a snow storm," one man said. Winchman Masuda wiped his hair with his hand and rubbed his eyes in irritation; he was soaked in sweat and salt spray.

Takashi Suzuki was somewhat sleepily hauling in the lines with his mates when he suddenly felt pain in his eyes. When he asked another crewman if his eyes ached, the deckhand nodded. Takashi observed, "Some kind of white sand is falling from the heavens."

On the bridge, Kuboyama removed his straw hat and brushed the dust from his head. He pinched some between his fingers and looked at it closely. It consisted of whitish gray flakes, some of which had a salty appearance. Wondering if it was salt, Kuboyama put it between his

lips and tasted it. He was not the only one who was curious. Others tasted it, but they could not agree, some said it was salt and some said it was sand. It seemed odorless and tasteless, but they all agreed it was a nuisance.

Shinzo Suzuki was on engine duty for two hours when his friend Takagi came to him and said, "It looks like it is raining, but some kind of white thing is coming down." Up on deck engineer Suzuki found a light wind blowing from the east and he noted that the white ashes were accumulating on the flat surfaces of the ship and even drifting indoors.

Misaki also wondered about the queer dust. It was solid and resembled volcanic ash, but it might be coral sand. Thinking of Krakatoa, the great volcanic eruption which had spread dust for thousands of miles, he studied his charts to see if they indicated the presence of any active volcanoes. None were to be found. Captain Tsutsui, who was at the wheel, complained about the dust blowing into the pilot house and closed the cabin windows. He told Misaki that since the Americans conducted their atomic tests on coral reefs the ash might be coral dust.

Only nine fish were boated that day and shortly after midday all the lines were in. The strange white dust finally stopped falling and Misaki ordered the wheelman to head due north. He would have preferred to take the shorter northwest course and make a beeline for Yaizu, but he decided that the safest course would be in the direction of Wake Island, the tiny landing strip in the Pacific which many Orient-bound planes still use.

Some of the crewmen set about cleaning up the main deck. Takashi Suzuki sloshed water on the deck with a hose. He thought that there was something queer about the white sands which had fallen from the sky. They seemed gritty and did not wash away easily. When he knocked off for lunch he discovered to his surprise that he had little appetite—an unusual thing, for he was always hungry after working all night and all morning. He noted that some of the other crewmen ate rather listlessly, and he attributed it to their dejection at going back to port with such a poor catch.

After lunch they set about cleaning the fishing gear and putting the last of the *bindama*—the green glass floats—atop the deck of the rear cabin just aft of the engine room and directly over the crew's quarters. The long bamboo poles with their hemp palms were lashed to the ship's rail around the rear cabin, directly over the side passageway, and just next to the buoys. As for

the metal buoys with their electric lamps, these were given a more secure berth directly over the Captain's quarters. The miles of rope were coiled and packed away in wooden boxes. These were then stacked up on the stern just aft of the galley. Such details may seem inconsequential, but as things turned out they were most significant. Even more important was the matter of what the men did during the four hours that the strange dust fell on the *Lucky Dragon*.

Those who had been assigned engine-room duty were fortunate. Some of them were on deck for only an hour or so. Here again, as events were to show, the men who were on deck during the first hour or so of the ashfall were not so fortunate. Masao Ikeda, an oiler, was one of these. He was on deck for about an hour, and when he returned for a three-hour duty in the engine room he noticed whitish ash on his head and shoulders.

After lunch, Ikeda fastened a six-foot hose to one of the exhaust connections for the cooling water for the diesel engine and all the engine-room men washed. They used *Monogen*, a kind of detergent which works better with salt water than ordinary soap. Some of the men from the forward compartment also washed themselves. Radioman Kuboyama took time out from his duties in the wireless room to take a bath with the others.

The crew did not talk much about the queer dust which had settled over the ship. Some of it was washed away from the main decks but other places on the boat were still coated with a white mantle. The wet ropes seemed to soak up the dust. The ash clung to parts of the deck, especially in corners and along the calked seams of the pine boards.

Chief Engineer Yamamoto had worked on deck throughout the dust fall and had been bothered by the ashes which got into his eyes. At lunchtime he had been nauseated and had not eaten. When he looked into the engine room to check the instrument dials, he had trouble reading them. Yamamoto decided that maybe the heat had gotten the best of him, so he took a nap. When he awoke, early that afternoon, he vomited up his breakfast. His eyes were sore and the lids felt gummy and again he had trouble reading the engine meters when he went below deck.

That evening many of the crew complained of poor appetites, so Kuboyama broke out a bottle of sake which he had hoarded "for a special occasion." He passed the bottle around but it did not restore their jaded appetites. The men

went off to sleep as the *Lucky Dragon* held to its northerly course.

Just before midnight, engineer Suzuki was awakened by a crewman who told him he had engine-room duty. Suzuki swung out of his bunk and stood up. He felt slightly giddy and he had a headache. Nausea seized him and he stepped to the port side and vomited into the sea. Then he told a crewman that he was sick and could not stand duty. With that he crawled back in his bunk.

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

IT WAS an unhappy and strangely sluggish crew that awoke aboard the tuna trawler on its second day of the homeward voyage. In his bunk winchman Sanjiro Masuda found to his dismay that he could not open his eyes. They were glued together by a thick yellow discharge which had dried to a hard crust during the night. The winchman proceeded to crack the foreign substance with his fingers and cautiously opened his eyes. He had been exhausted when he had crawled in his berth and he still felt very tired, although he had slept a long time.

Chief engineer Yamamoto, who always made a habit of dropping down to the engine room to run a quick check on the meter readings, again found it difficult to see properly. Young Captain Tsutsui, too, complained of pain in his eyes and a crewmate managed to extract a small piece of gritty material from one of them. "It's that damned ash," the skipper exclaimed.

Hearing the complaints of the crewmen, Kuboyama went the rounds asking them how they felt. He discovered that two other men had been nauseated but that only one crewman, Shinzo Suzuki, had been so sick that he could not stand duty. This was a strange malady, thought the radioman; he would have to read through some of his books and see what this meant.

Takeji Hattori, the thirty-seven-year-old cook who had been signed on at the last minute, set about preparing breakfast that day grateful that the sea was calm and he could cook rice and soup without sliding all over the galley. He noted that the crewmen had lost some of their appetite the day before but most of them ate a normal breakfast. The cook set about preparing one of the small fish caught the day before; he would serve it raw with hot pickles and some strong horse-radish to restore the crew's appetites.

As the *Lucky Dragon* churned her way across

the Pacific, an event took place over seven thousand miles away which was of supreme importance to her crew. On March 2 (March 1 the other side of the dateline) the following announcement was released in Washington, D. C.:

"Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, announced today that Joint Task Force SEVEN has detonated an atomic device at the AEC's Proving Ground in the Marshall Islands. This detonation was the first in a series of tests."

There is no evidence that Kuboyama received any radio message about this announcement. There was no prior announcement by the Atomic Energy Commission that a nuclear test would be conducted on March 1, though it was known that there would be a spring series of tests.



Both the skipper and the Fishing Master aboard the *Lucky Dragon* knew about the danger area in the Marshall Islands. The Maritime Safety Board in Japan had received two notices, one prior to the first hydrogen bomb test on November 1, 1952, defining a forbidden area around Eniwetok Atoll, and another (October 10, 1953) prior to the 1954 test series, blocking out a larger area to the east, around Bikini.

While the Japanese Maritime Safety Board had received the U. S. Bulletin warning about the new tests slated for 1954, it is a long step from the Board's office in Tokyo to the pilot house of every Japanese fishing boat. Neither Captain Tsutsui nor Fishing Master Misaki knew that Bikini Atoll was to be the scene of 1954 nuclear tests. Although he had been warned by Kuboyama, the Fishing Master assumed that he was not near the danger zone. Actually he had approached a point some twenty miles to the east of its eastern limit.

By sunset on March 2, the *Lucky Dragon* passed a point about two hundred miles due north of Bikini Atoll, well outside the danger area. Engineer Suzuki stayed in his bunk, too ill to help the men clean the fishing gear and dry the ropes and line on the decks. Crewmen handling the ropes and fishing line noticed after a while that their hands burned. Some of them felt ill at ease but continued to work on deck in the hot sun. The strange ashes which had fallen upon the boat were still visible but the crew took little notice of them.

The next day they began to complain of itching of the skin, particularly around the hands and neck. Those who were handling the ropes and lines felt a burning sensation in the palms of their hands in addition to an intense itching. It was something to gripe about and took attention away from the poor catch.

On March 3 Misaki got a bowl from the galley and scraped up some of the dirty ashes. He told Kuboyama that he felt there was something "wrong" about the ashes, so he would keep some of them to be examined when they reached port. The radioman watched with interest as the Fishing Master poured the contents of the bowl into a vinyl bag and placed it inside a tea can. Misaki then put the can in a drawer at the foot of his bed.

Shiro Handa, one of the younger sailors aboard, was fascinated by the fall of the white ashes and he, too, collected a sample of the ash. He gave it, wrapped in paper, to Kuboyama, who went into his cabin and put the ash under his pillow. There it stayed until they reached port.

The muscular Yamamoto and his friend Kuboyama were the two most technically trained men on board, and they often talked at length on many topics ranging from technical matters to women. When he looked in on the radioman, who was as usual at his wireless set, Yamamoto exclaimed: "Hey, your face is dark. Are you sunburned so much?" The radioman looked up, peered closer at him, and grinned: "So are you, *Kikancho!*" The engineer was puzzled and looked into a mirror; sure enough, he was darker.

After three days in bed, Suzuki felt well enough to get up, though he too was irritated by an itching and burning sensation on parts of his skin. He had been troubled by loose bowels, as had other seamen, but now he felt better and went up on deck. His appetite returned and he found he could eat rice again.

About the time that Suzuki thought he had recovered, young Ikeda became ill. He suffered

from loose bowels and his eyes exuded a thick, yellowish discharge. Ikeda had no headache but he did experience severe pains in his hands when he grabbed ropes and handled the fishing gear. He worried about his eyes and also about reddish spots on his neck and head. These were beginning to burn as though from a bad sunburn.

The ship was given a wash-down, but it was almost impossible really to scrub down the cluttered decks. Furthermore, there was no reason to worry about cleaning the roofs even if they could be cleared of the hundreds of buoys and stacks of gear. It is quite apparent that no one on board saw any reason for trying to get rid of the dust, so it remained on board throughout the ship. Some of it stuck to the oiled hair of the fishermen, clung to their garments, buried itself in their bunks, and even coated their eating utensils. The engine-room crew kept coming on deck, complaining that they felt ill below deck. This worried Kuboyama, who kept asking the crewmen how they felt. The wheelman, Susumu Misaki, complained to him about being awakened at night when the ship rolled. "My head feels like it is scrubbed with raw rope," he said. "My hands hurt, too. There is no strength in my hands when I raise and lower the sail."

By now, Kuboyama no longer doubted that they had encountered an atomic explosion. He dug through his stack of books looking for one which he recalled as describing Hiroshima. Finally, he found it and read it over; he even read parts of it to the crew. But he could find no mention of any ash at Hiroshima. The book stated that people who had sustained atomic injury at Hiroshima had all been within a few kilometers of the center of the city. The *Lucky Dragon* had been at least 85 miles from the March 1 explosion, so they should not have been hurt. Still, it was strange that so many of the crew complained of feeling out of sorts. Kuboyama himself did not feel sick, although it was true that he looked darker. But then, all the crewmen had taken on a kind of muddy look. Some of them, like Masuda and Yamamoto, were so dark that they were lead-pencil colored around the face and neck.

The weather held fair, though quite warm, and on March 7 at dawn the *Lucky Dragon* passed eleven miles south of Marcus Island, which was visible to the crewmen. Winds continued favorable and the *Lucky Dragon* put on full sail to take advantage of the tailwind. The boat was now on the ship lane for cargo vessels which plied between Yokohama and Samoa. The

men were now halfway home and with luck they would be in port in another week.

Misaki more than ever regretted the ill-fated excursion to the Marshalls. Some of the hostility of the crew seemed to vanish on the return trip, for they remembered that the Fishing Master had been persuaded against his better judgment to go to southern waters. Things could have been worse, for they could have been picked up by the Americans and then anything might have happened. This fear of what American authorities might do was primarily responsible for the men's not radioing for assistance. Kuboyama could have called for help but this would have invited an unwelcome inquiry. The leaders on board agreed that it was better to keep quiet about the whole affair.

The feeling also grew on them that somehow or other the strange dustfall was connected with their illness. Despite Kuboyama's failure to find any reference to dust at Hiroshima, some of the fishermen were inclined to believe that the ashes were in some way connected with the explosion. But no one knew then what the connection was.

ON MARCH 10, the deck crew washed the decks for the last time on the voyage, completing the job after breakfast. Then on the afternoon of March 11 they received the news that there was a low pressure area south of Kyushu, Japan's most southerly home island. The storm hit that night and the boat rode it out. They need not have bothered washing the decks, which were pounded by high waves as the wind drove sheets of salt water against the ship.

The storm passed and the little tuna boat continued on its course. Two more days and, if the weather did not kick up again, the boat would be in port. The boatswain, Masayoshi Kawashima, who shared quarters with the Fishing Master and the Captain, was having a chat with Kuboyama and some others. By chance, the boatswain happened to scratch the side of his head. Some hair fell away and Kawashima, puzzled, reached up and tugged at his head. A clump of black hair appeared in his hand.

"Good heavens," cried the boatswain. "My hair falls out!"

His companions grinned in amusement. Kuboyama was nearest to Kawashima and reaching out he grabbed at his friend's head. The radioman was astonished to find himself clutching a fistful of hair.

"Stop pulling my hair!" the poor seaman yelled and dashed out on the deck.

The boatswain became such an object of horse-play that he went around holding his hands to his head, for fear that a passing crewman would snatch for some of his hair. He ended up with his scalp denuded from his left ear to the top of his head. But he soon found that others suffered from the same complaint. In fact, one crewman had lost some hair a few days before but said nothing about it.

Kuboyama was alarmed over his friend's misfortune and on checking up he found that two engineers, Suzuki and Masuda, had also lost hair. This rang a bell in his mind. He had an aunt who had been at Hiroshima when the bomb was dropped and he remembered that loss of hair was an aftereffect of "atomic bomb-disease." It was at this time that Kuboyama dimly realized the nature of the connection between the sickness and the ash which had fallen from the sky on March 1.

While these events were taking place aboard the *Lucky Dragon*, another announcement came from the Washington headquarters of the Atomic Energy Commission. The newspapers ran the story with the headline, "ATOM RAYS STRIKE 264 IN PACIFIC," and quoted the AEC release:

During the course of a routine atomic test in the Marshall Islands, 28 United States personnel and 236 residents were transplanted from neighboring atolls to Kwajalein Island according to plans as a precautionary measure.

The individuals were unexpectedly exposed

to some radiation. There were no burns. All are reported well.

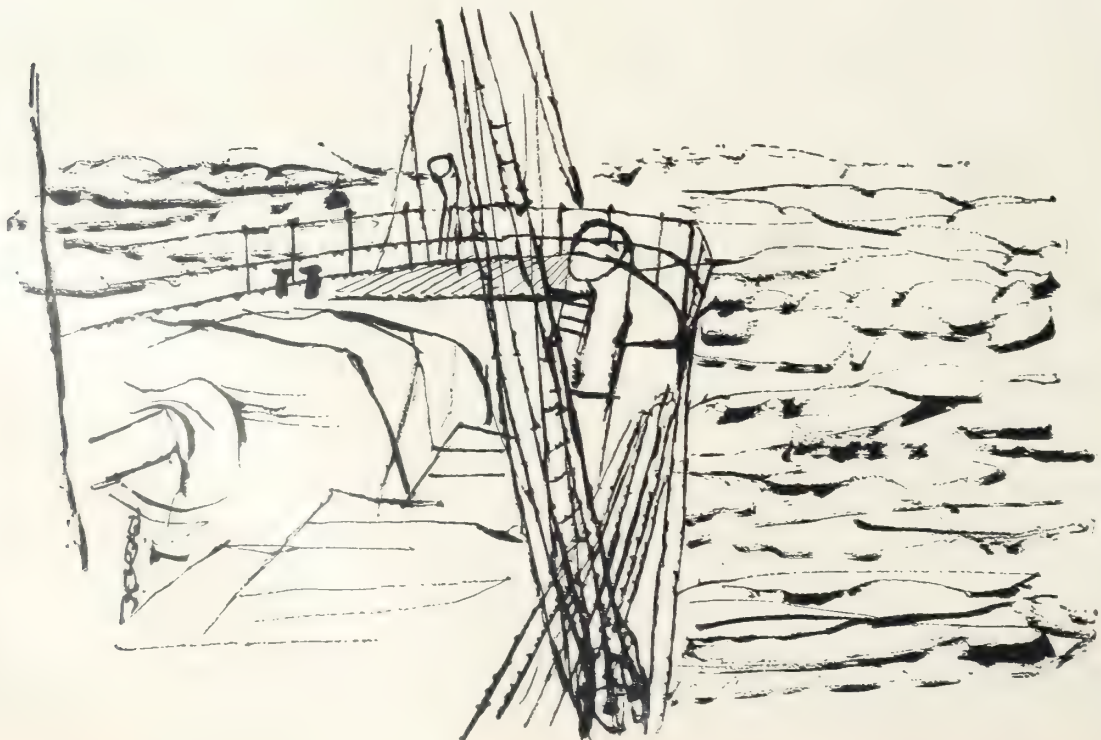
After completion of the atomic tests, they will be returned to their homes.

Tokyo newspapers printed part of the story on page 1 of their March 13 Saturday editions. A night editor of a Tokyo newspaper, the *Yomiuri*, wondered whether any Japanese ships might have been in the area. He put the thought in the back of his head and went on working.

Nishikawa, the flashy-toothed owner of the *Lucky Dragon*, did not read about the accident in the Marshall Islands. He was already thinking about the poor catch the boat was bringing in and about the bad luck he had suffered in having to replace so many fishing lines. The price of tuna was up, Nishikawa knew, and it was unfortunate that he could not take better advantage of it. He received a terse message from the ship, reading: "On the morning of the 14th, we enter port." Later on the night of March 13, he received another message telling him that at 5:30 P.M. the ship had passed Miyake-jima.

The *Lucky Dragon*, fifty-one days at sea, was finally within sight of land. Soon the men would discover the nature of their sickness, but none of them could have imagined the tremendous impact which their forlorn little fishing vessel would have upon the world.

[In Part II next month, Dr. Lapp will report on how the news of the disaster broke—and on its unforeseen effects in Japan.]



Dorothy Heyward

PORGY'S GOAT

You can lead a goat to the footlights, but can you make him act? Mrs. Heyward, co-author of "Porgy" and goat connoisseur extraordinary, raises the curtain . . . and the roof.

A CONTRACT has been signed for a movie. A great many people took a number of years agreeing on it. I was one of them. While the lawyers and executors were disputing about directors, the width of the screen, the color technique, I was privately holding out for the producer who would offer the best goat.

The goat in the case is Porgy's goat. Porgy is the goat-cart beggar of DuBose Heyward's story (and of the play "Porgy" and the opera "Porgy and Bess").

I first met Porgy and goat in 1925 when DuBose—my husband—read me the beginning of his first novel. The hero of the story is a cripple who has had the very fine idea of compensating for legs, powerless from birth, by providing himself with a goat cart made of an inverted soapbox on which the words "Pure and Fragrant" are still dimly visible. "Before him a patriarchal goat tugged with the dogged persistence of age . . . and flaunted an intolerable stench in the face of the complacent and virtuous soapbox."

There once was such a beggar in Charleston known to everyone simply as "the goat-cart beggar." To all who remember him, he and his goat and cart are inseparable. They tell me that, on one of his many arrests, the police picked up and set before the judge the complete unit: goat, cart, and Sammy. Few of his fellow citizens ever knew his name. DuBose called him Porgy.

I was immediately and—I know now—irrevocably impressed by Porgy.

In those early days I was fresh out of Professor George Pierce Baker's famous Harvard 47

Workshop for would-be playwrights. While DuBose continued work on his book he was only two jumps ahead of me: I was busily converting it into a play. Without the consent or knowledge of the author.

At that time, the only successful Negro plays had been song-and-dance and clowning. DuBose was convinced no producer would be courageous—or mad—enough to undertake a play from his story.

BUT the day came when George Gershwin, who was then very young, but already very famous, wrote that he had picked up the novel *Porgy* one night to read himself to sleep but had instead read himself wide awake—and how about making the story into an opera? DuBose was greatly excited by the idea. It seemed that his objections to a Negro play did not apply to a Negro opera with music by Gershwin. He and George arranged a meeting.

By that time, after nearly seven months of covert work, I had an almost finished play. It was a great moment when George said there was plenty of room for both play *and* opera. And plenty of time. He wanted to spend years in study before composing his opera. DuBose joined me in the collaboration I had hoped for while secretly toiling on the play, and we rewrote it in two whirlwind weeks.

Porgy had come into my life complete with goat and cart. And so, as I thought of him always with his goat, I had written the animal into seven of nine scenes.

I remembered a day in class when Professor Baker had grown facetious over a play written by one of my classmates calling for the participation of elephants. The professor, at his wittiest that day, had us hooting at the naïve playwright who wanted elephants. (Billy Rose was soon to produce a play calling for a whole troop of elephants. However, I believe he only proved Professor Baker's point: Elephants *are* impractical—unless, of course, you are renting Jones Beach!)

But a goat seemed to me a horse of a wholly different color. The Carolina Sea Island on which we lived was roamed by a herd of some four hundred goats. They were a beautiful sight on the dunes against the sky. And, if you preferred your sea breezes untinged by goat, you had only to speak sternly to them and the whole herd would depart in obedient haste. They were wild goats, but they respected the voice of authority. The little boy next door had a goat cart. At the age of five he drove all over the island. It is, therefore, understandable, I think, that controlling a goat did not seem to me a superhuman accomplishment.

WITH a few brief strokes of DuBose's blue pencil, the goat retired forever from two scenes. But he held his place in five when the Theatre Guild put the play into rehearsal in 1927.

There is really nothing easier than writing stage directions for a goat.

In one scene, Porgy, sitting on his own doorstep, is given notice by a lawyer that he can no longer make a certain street corner his place of business; the lawyer's clients object to the smell of goat. Porgy eloquently defends his faithful steed. As he argues, the goat—who presumably has the run of Porgy's quarters—sticks his head out the door. Porgy continues the defense with his arm around the neck of the defendant.

For this entrance, I wrote simply: "The goat sticks his head out the door (Goat should be propelled forward by someone unseen off-stage)." There was, of course, always the question of theater temperament: Would the goat someday take it into his head to reverse the pushing process? Our goat took no overt action, but he made it fully clear during rehearsals that this entrance was no idea of his own; he would look back over his shoulder at the pusher with a ludicrous expression of mournful reproach. It was thought best to excuse the goat from Act I, Scene III.

In the hurricane scene, all inhabitants of Catfish Row have taken refuge in an upper room to escape the rising waters in the court below. Porgy grieves for his faithful goat who he is sure will drown. Bess goes to the rescue. There is a clatter of hooves on the stairs, and the goat is triumphantly dragged up to safety. This scene in rehearsal went well, really very well. Porgy's reunion with his old friend was fine. It was touching and it was funny. Everyone was pleased.

But as rehearsals progressed, there seemed to be something wrong with it. The episode occurred early in Act II, Scene III. After the goat had made his triumphant entrance, he could not well make an exit, short of being thrown back into the flood. So the actors had to carry on through the scene—and this was the big scene—coping with terror and sudden death while a restless goat kept them company. At the breaking point, according to stage directions, *all* members of the cast were to join in beseeching Clara not to rush out into the storm to her death. At one rehearsal, the goat—definitely a member of the cast and inspired by the clamor—contributed a loud "ba-a." The effect was not good. The goat was dismissed from Act II, Scene III.

As the opening night grew near, some of the human actors whose parts grew smaller made their displeasure known. The goat, however, was always polite, even when he found his role cut to his entrance in the first scene and his exit in the last. From these scenes he could not be cut. He was essential to the story.

The story is always the same in *Porgy* the novel, "Porgy" the play, and "Porgy and Bess" the opera. The lonely cripple loves and wins glamorous Bess. Porgy loses Bess. Porgy finds Bess. Porgy loses Bess again.

In the last scene when Porgy learns that the cunning dope peddler, Sportin' Life, has lured Bess away to New York, all he knows is that New York is "up Nort'" and "a t'ousand miles" and that Bess is there.

Porgy says, "Bring my goat!" His friends plead with him. They argue. They explain how big New York is, but Porgy keeps repeating "Bring my goat!" Then they bring the goat and lift Porgy into the cart. "Oh, Gawd, Porgy, where you going?" they ask. "You never get to New York that way," they warn. "'Tain't no use." But Porgy says only, "I'm on my way!"

The last stage direction reads: "Porgy is going toward the gate as if he did not hear them, and at last they cease to protest and stand motionless watching him. As Porgy reaches the gate, a boy silently opens it. Porgy drives through the gate and turns toward the north. The gate clangs shut." Those who had tears were supposed to prepare to shed them then.

The goat also held his place in Act I, Scene I, for without some early forewarning that the cripple is dependent on a goat for transportation, the audience could be somewhat confused at the final curtain. They would have had no trouble if Porgy were a blind man calling for his dog; but a man who, upon being told he has

lost his beloved, starts beseeching everyone for a goat, might seem downright eccentric.

The stage directions for Act I, Scene I read: "Maria calls 'Open the gate! Here comes Porgy!' The gates are thrown open and Porgy drives through in his soapbox chariot and downstage center. All his neighbors greet him."

There was one time it was done just this way. The occasion was the first night the play "Porgy" was seen by an audience.

It was also the first night an audience was seen by Porgy's goat.

Goat No. 1 was an amenable and co-operative Thespian and the first Porgy made it his business to get on good terms with him, realizing that in his interpretation of the role of the goat-cart beggar, he needed the co-operation of the goat. Before rehearsals, after rehearsals, and when other people were having a leisurely lunch, Porgy would be found practicing his goatmanship. When the three-storied set was put up, with its great iron gate leading off the court of Catfish Row to the world outside, Porgy, intent on becoming as skilled as possible, drove in and out the gate and round and round the court.

IN THOSE days the Theatre Guild had not yet reached the point of holding costly out-of-town tryouts—nor did their plays open exactly cold. On the Sunday night before the Monday opening they invariably presented a preview. These Guild previews grew famous and tickets, by invitation only, were far harder to obtain than those to the most spectacular hits in town. Their Sunday night audiences outshone and out-dressed the audiences for the official Monday opening. Indeed the preview *was* the opening, except for the absence of the critics.

When our great night came, both Porgy and goat were experts. They could turn on a dime. The curtain rose on a house packed to the chandeliers. On stage, there was some talk among Porgy's neighbors about its being summertime, etc. Then the gates were opened, and in drove Porgy with the goat stepping high and handsome. They were greeted by their friends of Catfish Row—which was according to the script—and they were also fervently greeted by the audience—which was not in the script.

Looking back, it seems to me we were surprisingly callous to the sensibilities of a goat—a goat who had worked hard to give us his best. All other actors knew it was the night of the great preview. A human actor could be knocked for a loop if he thought he was going through just another rehearsal, only to find himself con-

fronted by a large and vocal audience. Goat No. 1 had made that entrance dozens of times in a silent theater—nobody out front but the director, producers, authors. If, on his first performance before an audience, he felt surprise at the commotion his entrance aroused, he did not at once reveal it, for he was led away before he could express himself. Possibly he spent his long, off-stage wait mulling it over.

Came the moment of his re-entrance in the last scene. Porgy said, "Bring my goat!" It was done, and Porgy was lifted into the cart. He picked up the reins and made his usual move to turn the goat toward the gate upstage. He was taken off-guard when the goat walked resolutely downstage to its very edge and peered curiously out over the sea of faces that had never been there before. His own eloquent face told just how he felt about it. He was flabbergasted. Waves of laughter leaped at him from the sea of faces. No ham actor was ever spurred by laughs to greater exertion. He cavorted about the stage while startled performers jumped wildly out of his way.

The show had to go on, so Maria gave her line: "Oh, Gawd, where you goin', Porgy?" Porgy was going right up the façade of Catfish Row if the goat could make it. The audience howled.

Porgy pulled hard on the reins to back the goat away from the scenery. The goat backed and kept on backing until he had reached stage center; then he began to behave like a bucking bronco. Lily said, "You'll never get to New York dat way." Serena said, "'Tain't no use." At the moment there was not much use in speaking lines as the audience could hear nothing but its own yelps of glee.

Porgy carried on. At last he had the goat headed in the right direction. In fact, it was moving toward the gate so fast he had to give his final line quickly. "I'm on my way," said Porgy.

The goat missed his aim. He went through the gate but the chariot wheel locked into the heavy iron framework. Porgy strove to back up. The goat strove to go forward. To fill the interval Porgy cried again, "I'm on my way."

It appeared to the heartless audience that Porgy was *not* on his way. I can't testify that anyone actually rolled in the aisle, but I remember no final curtain that had come down before a more hilarious audience. We had hoped for tears and we got them. Tears and split sides!

On the following night, the official opening with the dread critics present, no one took chances. The carefree quality of Catfish Row was

gone. Maria called, "Here comes Porgy," and two strong men led a subdued animal on-stage and at the final curtain they led him off again.

During the run of the play, the goat led the good life. One night I met him walking on Broadway with his keeper. He wore a red velvet saddle with "Porgy" printed in gold. I tried to speak to him but he was a bit aloof. Too many people spoke to him and undoubtedly he obliged with an occasional hoofprint on an autograph seeker's album. He took to coming to work in a taxi.

In April 1929, he sailed with the company for London and an engagement at His Majesty's Theater. England has very strict laws against the importation of animals. We were told that the goat would have to spend six months in quarantine before he could go on to London. The goat's case was taken before the Lord Chamberlain where the management pleaded the difficulty of breaking in a strange goat in the few days before the opening. The Lord High Chamberlain declared the basement of His Majesty's Theater to be a special quarantine station. The goat must be rushed there without fraternizing with other animals and he might leave the basement only for his nightly appearance on-stage.

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" Many a cold, damp American must have wondered why the poet felt that way about it. In the unheated theater, the cast, half of them Southerners, rehearsed in their overcoats with mufflers around their necks. Crown, the murderer, had lost his voice. Others had heavy colds. And in the basement, the goat shivered and chattered.

The stage manager was filled with pity for the lonely, chilly creature. On many a night when the show was over, most of London asleep, and there could be no possible risk of contaminating sacred British beasts, the goat and the stage manager slipped over to St. James Park for a frolic on the green. Members of the cast took turns standing guard to warn of an approaching bobby. St. James Park, close by His Majesty's Theater, practically serves as the front yard for St. James Palace, where Royalty was then in residence. There they sometimes encountered another gay young playboy, also addicted to late hours. Cats may look at kings, and Porgy's goat took many a look at the Prince who was one day to renounce his throne for the woman he loved.

"Porgy" closed after a third engagement in New York and the goat, his career ended, was

ignominiously offered for sale in *Variety*—together with other used stage properties. I thought that we should buy him and furnish him with a green pasture in which he could live out his days, but my practical husband pointed out that, at the time, we had no green pastures to offer him.

Eight years and a day from the night the first Porgy-goat stepped before his first audience, Goat No. 2 made his debut in "Porgy and Bess—A Folk Opera with music by George Gershwin, Book by DuBose Heyward and Lyrics by DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin." But the day of "Porgy and Bess" had not yet come. It closed after a brief run. I think it had come into the world before the world was ready for it. In 1942 when Cheryl Crawford revived it, it ran for nearly three years, but neither George nor DuBose lived to see its success.

AFTER its long run, "Porgy and Bess" took a long rest. In 1950 the opera was abruptly shaken from its slumbers. This latest version, happily produced by Blevins Davis and Robert Breen, seems to me to border on what Hollywood sometimes calls colossal. It travels with three Porgys, three Besses, three Sportin' Lives, two Crowns, and two sets of the three-story-high scenery. Hundreds of singers were auditioned for it. We listened to fifty sopranos a day, forty-seven of whom sang "Summertime." We listened to so many fine baritones that we grieved there were not enough roles to go around.

Then: "The time has come," the assistant author said, "to talk of just one thing: goats! Granted that in opera, sopranos outrank goats; granted that it is more important for Porgy to be able to sing than to drive a goat cart" (I have sometimes thought I might be misunderstood on this point) "nevertheless—though you won't believe me till you've tried—goats are harder to find."

The director looked mildly startled. So I amended: "*Suitable* goats—reasonably tame, preferably personable, preferably well-horned, preferably well-bearded. A self-assured goat. He must be allowed time," I said, "to get adjusted to the music and lights, and he should be subjected to various experiences that will toughen his resistance to first-night capers." To clinch my argument, I gave the new director a blow-by-blow account of the debacle of the first night of "Porgy." I could see he got the point, he got it very clearly.

The goat of the Davis-Breen production makes his entrance and exit under guard. It may not

be an armed guard, but it is a body of strong men determined to take no chances.

Today's goat is named Jebob. There have been many Jebobs, but regardless of sex or nationality, Jebob is its name. Jebob I, after a warm-up in four American cities, departed with the troupe for their first European tour. He played Vienna and Berlin to SRO. After Berlin, the company was off to London for a long run. But there was a new Lord Chamberlain who lacked the imagination of his 1929 predecessor. He stood firm behind the quarantine law. The basement of Stoll's Opera House could not be declared a quarantine station, and the management was coldly informed that if they attempted to bring the goat into England they would be bringing him forthwith to his death. So the troupe bade a sad farewell to Jebob I, and shortly thereafter he died. It may well be that he died of a broken heart, pining for his friends of the theater, for the footlights, and for his daily taxi rides.

Jebob II was the first of a long series of native goats, some of whom have been memorable for appearance and performance if not strictly the performance for which they were hired.

Jebob II, for instance, was quite small and frail and without any compulsions for a stage career, especially one that involved pulling a vehicle with a large baritone aboard. Among other disadvantages, she had to be milked twice a day. At first the actors thought it was fun to milk a goat, but in no time at all the fun wore off, and there were no volunteers for the job. There were many handsome and companionable goats in the English countryside but the law is so strict that a country goat may not visit London, and London is hardly the perfect shopping center if you're in the market for a goat.

Perhaps only Paris could have produced Jebob III. He was the most glamorous goat I ever hope to see. He was a big snow-white angora with great curly horns and a gorgeous beard. Of course, he did not look like anything that might have inhabited Catfish Row, but—who cared!—except perhaps one actor who discovered that the goat's salary was higher than his own.

Sometime later, when the "Porgy and Bess" company set off on their second European and African tour and were traveling under the aegis of the State Department into the East, they discovered that passports for goats are far more difficult to secure than passports for humans. A new goat was rented at each stand for three dollars per day—a big financial transaction where

the established price of the best theater tickets hovers around thirty-five cents—as in Yugoslavia. Probably they could have bought the goat for \$3.50.

In Cairo, the management found an unusually polite and co-operative goat. They thought their interpreter had made it clear to the Egyptian owners that the money paid them was for rent of the goat for ten days and that he was to be delivered to the theater for each performance. To clinch the deal, the manager paid in advance. Payment without an hour's barter was not the local custom. Such unexpected good fortune called for a celebration. They invited in the relatives. And ate the goat.

In Moscow, the goat suffered from nerves. He had probably been brought from a regimented life on a collective farm and abruptly thrust before the footlights. It affected his bladder. His difficulty came upon him at every performance. The actors were not happy about it. They objected strongly to skidding about in puddles. One of the cast decided to resort to the power of suggestion. He printed in large block letters, "I will not wet on stage for a week," and held the message before the goat's eyes. The goat studied the paper, found it acceptable, and ate it. That the goat ate the message is undisputed fact, the whole cast saw it. And they claim that from that time forth they performed on a bone-dry stage.

NOW that there is finally to be a "Porgy and Bess" motion picture, I am sure the goat will come into its own. For if it goes berserk in the first take, there can always be a second—or a twenty-second.

Since the question of the producer (it is to be Mr. Samuel Goldwyn) has been settled at last, now perhaps there will be an end to the exotic rumors: that it was definitely decided that "Porgy and Bess" was to be shot in Munich, or in Rome, scene by scene simultaneously in three different languages; that it was to be shot in Spain with unknown Spanish actors. (That report was a bit disturbing. If South Carolina Negroes were to be played by Spaniards, I could not imagine what kind of animal would play Jebob.)

Now, too, there is an end to my idea for a personal amendment to the contract. In theater agreements, there is always a phrase such as, "The director and cast must be satisfactory to Ira Gershwin and Dorothy Heyward." The variation I had hoped for would have read something like this, "The director and cast must be satisfactory to Ira Gershwin. The goat must be satisfactory to Dorothy Heyward."

Richard L. Neuberger

U. S. Senator, Oregon

POWER STRUGGLE on the Canadian Border

Millions of dollars' worth of urgently needed water power are currently going to waste—because we can't seem to agree with Canada on how to use the tremendous resources of the Columbia, St. John, and Yukon Rivers.

AT LEAST 20,000 years before men, in a gingerly compromise, located the forty-ninth parallel as the line at which Oregon Territory ended and Great Britain's holdings began, the rivers were already there and geography's stubborn pattern had been set. This explains why some of the world's greatest and most inexhaustible sources of energy are today vexingly split by the border between the United States and Canada. For who, among the backwoodsmen and colonials who argued over these frontiers, could have been aware of the unseen giant of hydroelectricity?

The best-known of these sources are, of course, the St. Lawrence and Niagara Rivers, which share the same ruffled water. And after decades of argument, the long-heralded St. Lawrence Seaway is under construction at last. In addition to providing a navigation channel to the ocean, the Seaway will generate 1,880,880 kilowatts of prime power, to be divided equally by the two nations. Another 1,900,000 kilowatts at Niagara Falls will soon be developed by the New York State Power Authority.

Yet the combined total of these two projects is a full 50 per cent less than the tremendous 5,653,500 kilowatts of water power from the Yukon, Columbia, and St. John Rivers which is still locked up around stalemated conference tables in Washington and Ottawa. By way of

measurement, this unrealized power is just about twice the hydroelectric capacity of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and virtually triple the output of Grand Coulee, the largest single electricity-producing plant in the world. On its development depend the prosperity and future expansion of three great regions in each of the countries involved—Alaska, the Pacific Northwest, and upper New England under our flag; and the Yukon Territory, British Columbia, and the Maritime Provinces in Canada.

Today these kilowatts are lost in the billowing spray of innumerable waterfalls and rapids. But if only the United States and its friendliest international neighbor could decide how they should be apportioned, they could become the fuel for scores of manufacturing plants. This would seem to be a fairly simple challenge. How can either nation lose when the booty to be divided amounts to a pair of TVAs? Nevertheless during recent months some observers have despaired of an agreement ever being reached. Worse yet, relations between the United States and Canada have deteriorated seriously.

Canada actually has under serious consideration a proposal to divert out of the Columbia River one-fourth of the flow of that greatest of all Western waterways, before it crosses the border into the United States. This, of course, would leave stranded all the ambitious plans for the expansion of such existing American water-power projects as Grand Coulee, Chief Joseph, Bonneville, McNary, and The Dalles.

The difference at Grand Coulee alone would be prodigious. If Canada, as it has proposed, siphons 15,000,000 acre-feet of water out of its segment of the Columbia, Grand Coulee will maintain only with difficulty its peak capacity of 1,974,000 kilowatts. But if Canada and the

United States could agree to mutual storage reservoirs on the upper river, Grand Coulee's production might soar to 2,838,000 kilowatts. The difference is equal to nearly our entire share of the St. Lawrence Seaway power plants.

THE EISENHOWER DILEMMA

TWO circumstances are primarily responsible for this sad turn of events. One is the rising tide of nationalism in Canada. There were constant complaints about American influence over Canada's economy even before the Conservative victory at the polls last June. And after that victory the *New York Times* declared: "It is simply a matter of fact to state that the Conservatives are expected to take a somewhat tougher line vis-à-vis the United States than did the Liberals, particularly on trade matters." This certainly includes exports or imports of immense quantities of water power.

The second circumstance is still more alarming—and of more immediate concern to Americans. It is the evident determination of the Eisenhower Administration to abandon the plans of the Corps of Army Engineers for comprehensive development of the Columbia Basin. An unexplained irony of our era is that while the President has urged Congress to spend over \$800,000,000 for power and reclamation undertakings on the Colorado River, where 17,000,000 acre-feet of water flow to the sea, he has balked at any and all new projects in the Columbia Basin, which has a majestic runoff of 180,000,000 acre-feet. And because the Columbia River contains three-fourths of the potential international kilowatts, the attitude of our government toward the Columbia is crucial. That attitude is hostile, to say the least, to any further federal projects like Bonneville and Grand Coulee. President Eisenhower himself epitomized it in his personal insistence upon surrendering the mile-deep Hells Canyon site, located on a swift tributary of the Columbia, to wasteful underdevelopment by what the *Times* has described as "private exploitation, at private cost and private profit."

In view of this position, the Canadian storage potential confronts the Administration with a dilemma. If an agreement is signed with Canada, the projects in the United States which will benefit are federal plants, built during the halcyon political era when a Republican Senate leader, Charles L. McNary of Oregon, cooperated with a Democratic President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, to tap the churning reaches of the river system containing 42 per cent of the

country's undeveloped water power. But adding mighty new generating machines to these plants does not square with President Eisenhower's program for the Columbia Basin, where he quite candidly favors private utility companies. And in 1954, he appointed as American chairman of the Canadian-American International Joint Commission, which is charged with these vital negotiations, the former governor of Idaho, Len Jordan, who spearheaded the long struggle to block the federal dam at Hells Canyon, and whose cuss words to describe public power were the strongest ever used in a region never accustomed to mild political language.

To ex-Governor Jordan the President entrusted the future of the river system which feeds the largest hydroelectric network owned by the American public—the Bonneville Power Administration, which to date has sold \$462,805,892 worth of the energy generated at government dams in the Northwest. And while he was responsible for the dealings with Canada that would determine the fate of Bonneville, Mr. Jordan traveled through the land making speeches which denounced as a scandalous federal monopoly the very agency he was presumed to be representing at the international conference table. A typical such address prophesied that government dams could soon lead to "federally-owned sawmills, federally-owned mines, federally-owned fish canneries, and federally-owned farms and livestock ranches. . . ." The first federal dams across Western rivers were erected, of course, under Theodore Roosevelt.

If Mr. Jordan could have merely preserved the *status quo*, the Administration might have been content. In the absence of a successful agreement with Canada, the federal generating plants could not be expanded. Meanwhile, the Administration itself could distribute, as agreeably as possible from the aspect of the private utilities, such kilowatts as were left. But after May 13, 1955, such a course was no longer possible. On that date the Canadian Parliament approved an appropriation of \$250,000 to study the feasibility of diverting the waters of the upper Columbia into the neighboring Fraser River watershed—a proposal championed by General A. G. L. McNaughton, chairman of the Canadian side of the International Joint Commission.

Such a diversion is no idle fantasy. By drilling a tunnel about twelve to fifteen miles long through the Monashee Mountains, engineers could pour into one of the sources of the Fraser, at Shuswap Lake, a massive segment of the



*Proposed Diversion
of the
Columbia River*

Columbia. As a result Canada would obtain more than 1,200 feet of extra "head"—eight times the drop of Niagara Falls—from a volume of water nearly equivalent to the total flow of the Colorado River, making possible an amount of power equal to the output of two Hoover Dams. And the ten-mile tunnels at the fabulous Kitimat project of the Aluminum Company of Canada, off to the north, have already demonstrated the practicability of such lengthy diversions for hydroelectric power production.

Would Canada dare divert a portion of a great river on which a neighboring and trusted ally is so heavily dependent? Perhaps she would. The Canadians believe they have the legal right to proceed. The Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909, which also created the International Joint Commission, provides that "each of the high contracting parties reserves to itself . . . the exclusive jurisdiction and control over the use and diversion, whether temporary or permanent, of all waters on its own sides of the line which in their natural channels would flow across the boundary." Some international lawyers claim the United States could bring huge damage suits if its power plants are throttled, but under the Treaty these might have to be litigated in the Exchequer Court of Canada—a chilly atmosphere for American complaints.

About the only comfort for the United States in this crisis comes not from humankind, but from the great food fish of the North Pacific

region—the Sockeye salmon. One of the principal salmon runs spawns in the headwaters of the Fraser. Intricate fish ladders and staircases have been built to convoy wayfaring salmon past hurtling chutes of froth, where the river is funneled between rockslides. The Fraser's Sockeye migrations are worth a conservative \$32,000,000 annually to fishermen and canneries. High dams on the Fraser, to take advantage of the diversion of water from the Columbia, would blockade off the fish from their spawning grounds. And so British Columbia politics reverberates to protests over the diversion—not because it would injure the United States but because it would imperil the Sockeye salmon. The upper Columbia, by contrast, is a fishless river. Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the Wildlife Management Institute and one of North America's leading biologists, has said, "I know of no better place to secure large amounts of water power for industry, without doing harm to fisheries, than on the upper reaches of the Columbia River."

Nearly two years ago, when I was in British Columbia studying this question for the Senate Interior Committee, I rode across the forested hump of Coquihalla Pass in a little red-painted train with Howard C. Green, then Member of Parliament from Vancouver. As we looked down on Arrow Lakes, site of a proposed dam to store the Columbia's surplus flow, he said to me: "Really, you Americans ought to be bending over backward to work out an arrangement

with us for our two countries to divide the benefits of Canadian storage. Sometimes we don't understand your intransigence. After all, we hold most of the trump cards. We can divert the river because the river originates in our country. Possession is nine points of the law. We might already have done so, if it were not for the fish question."

Mr. Green is today Minister of Public Works in the new Conservative cabinet of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. And, as these words are written, Canadian crews with transits and diamond drills are searching for the natural spot to drive a tunnel through the Monashees.

THE COLUMBIA'S CHALLENGE

IT IS no trick for two countries to share a river that flows along an international boundary—the St. Lawrence or Niagara, for example. The benefits are merely divided into two equal parts. A river which crosses a boundary at right angles is a sterner proposition.

Even the mathematics of the situation are complicated. The first 465 miles of the Columbia's 1,270 miles flow within Canada. The river leaps full-blown from Columbia Lake and surges northwest toward the Arctic, until it is bent into a spectacular hairpin curve by the ramparts of the Canadian Rockies. Of the final volume of 180,000,000 acre-feet of water that the Columbia contributes to the Pacific Ocean, some 62,000,000 flow out of Canada. And many Canadian leaders feel that Canada has complete custody of the river while it makes its tortured canyon passage inside their borders.

But certain extraordinary physical characteristics of the Columbia make its joint use essential for two nations as determined to get along with each other as Canada and the United States. No river is more mountain-born. Its source lies among the pinnacles and crags of most of the great ranges south of the sub-Arctic. And when the Rockies and Selkirks and Kootenais are mantled with melting snow cushions forty feet deep, the Columbia's volume has risen to five-sixths that of the Mississippi itself. But when winter halts this melting process, the river dwindles down to a modest backwoods stream. No other major waterway has such wild fluctuations—from twice the volume of the Nile to a poky trickle. The average annual maximum flow of the Columbia at the boundary is ten times its low-water average! This, of course, adds up to feast or famine for the huge power plants on the American side of the line. Their pen-

stocks can be either alarmingly dry or filled close to flooding.

But if the Columbia's crest waters could be stored in Canada's gorges and chasms, the contrasting droughts and freshets that dissipate much of the river's strength would be avoided. Ideal receptacles for these reservoirs pock the ranges. At Mica Creek, just below the Columbia's horseshoe bend, for instance, is a dam site where 10,500,000 acre-feet of water can be retained back of steel and concrete. The dimensions of such a project can best be appreciated by realizing that the proposed high dam at Hells Canyon would have stored 3,800,000 acre-feet of water, and the loss of this to a private power company scheme has rocked Pacific Northwest politics for years—and the end has not yet been heard.

The Chief of our Corps of Army Engineers, Major General Emerson C. Itschner, told a Senate subcommittee over which I was presiding that the next logical projects to build in our realm of richest hydroelectric-power resources were definitely within the Canadian segment of the Columbia Basin, where enough water could be impounded to increase by 70 per cent the name-plate rating on generators at such American power plants as Chief Joseph and The Dalles Dams, without pouring any more concrete in the United States. Yet our government has been so indolent and casual about reaching an agreement to make this possible that private corporations and various utility syndicates are now demanding the right to supersede the International Joint Commission and the State Department and to negotiate directly with Canada!

That restless personage, Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, in quest of additional kilowatts for his burgeoning aluminum factories, has proposed that he erect a dam at Arrow Lakes where the Columbia flattens out into a wide belly of blue water. The resulting extra generation downstream at such plants as Bonneville and Grand Coulee would be divided equally between the United States government and Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation. Out of his 50-per-cent share, Mr. Kaiser would reimburse the province of British Columbia for being allowed to impound Canadian water on Canadian land.

When I was in Canada on behalf of Chairman James E. Murray of the Senate Interior Committee, I found the business-oriented Social Credit regime in British Columbia highly disposed toward the Kaiser plan. The industrialist was even said to have deposited \$100,000 in a

bank at Vancouver to demonstrate his good faith. However the Liberal government at Ottawa frowned so sternly on the idea that a bill was hastened through Parliament requiring a federal license before any project could be undertaken on a river bisecting the border. It now remains to be seen what position the Conservative administration will take.

A parallel to the Kaiser proposal, on an even grander scale, is that of the Puget Sound Utilities Council, a combine of power companies and large municipal systems operating in the state of Washington. The Council hopes to build a massive \$300,000,000 dam at Mica Creek near Boat Encampment on the Columbia, and to transfer title to the project to the province of British Columbia, which would receive as an outright gift the 704,000 kilowatts produced by Mica Creek's turbines. This is equivalent to receiving one and a half Bonneville Dams. Presumably, the Council would also arrange with the United States government a method whereby it would acquire, for the booming Seattle-Tacoma industrial area, the 1,076,000 additional kilowatts made possible in our own country by the Mica Creek storage reservoir.

THE UNCOLLECTED BILL

IN A sense, such suggestions lower the dignity and prestige of our government. No Canadian corporations or combines have offered to replace their country's government in the negotiations at stake. And what is to be said for either Kaiser Aluminum or the Puget Sound syndicate claiming as their own the extra power produced at projects belonging to the public?

"Senator," I was told by an Army Engineer officer who must remain anonymous, "if Kaiser or Puget Sound can swing this deal, then Conrad Hilton is crazy if he doesn't ask permission to build an extra wing at the White House and rent it to paying guests!"

The mere hint that brokers or middlemen take over the management of negotiations between nations as traditionally friendly as Canada and the United States is a symbol of the utter collapse of negotiations at the government level. True, the stubbornness which the two chief negotiators ascribe to each other has not helped the solution of questions inherently difficult and complex—ex-Governor Jordan has recently been replaced on the American side by an even more conspicuous symbol of hostility to federal power, ex-Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay.

General McNaughton has argued that the value of upstream storage to the Bonneville system should be measured in terms of the alternative cost of steam-power generation in the Northwest—which might be 6 mills per kilowatt-hour, compared to the 2½ mill power generated by the waters of the Northwest's rivers. Other Canadian spokesmen insist that Canada receive a proportion of the downstream kilowatts, on the theory that no amount of coin of the realm can duplicate for British Columbia the spectacular industrial development they have seen cheap hydroelectric power bring to the U. S.

The United States has made no counter-proposals in response to these demands.

Our government's indifference to the issue is underlined by the situation existing on the Pend Oreille River, a tributary of the Columbia which originates in Montana and Idaho and frets a turbulent course *northward* into Canada. The Hungry Horse Dam, a part of the Bonneville system, provides storage that is helpful to the Waneta plant of the West Kootenai Power and Light Company on the Pend Oreille River in British Columbia. Here the United States might set a precedent which could guide a settlement with Canada about the main stem of the Columbia, where the watershed positions of the two nations are reversed. Accordingly, I wrote Secretary of State Dulles to ask if an arrangement had been made or sought, to exact reimbursement from the Canadian company.

I received this reply from John S. Hoghland II, acting Assistant for Congressional Relations:

I believe no arrangements have been made for payments by the owners of the Waneta project in British Columbia for benefits received as a result of storing water upstream in the Hungry Horse Dam. There have been no diplomatic negotiations regarding this subject, and no requests for compensation have been made through the State Department.

Two weeks before Mr. Hoghland's letter came to my desk, the authoritative Vancouver *Daily Province* reported that "Federal experts in Ottawa agree with Senator Neuberger, and say Canada expects to pay."

Does our government care?

SHORTCHANGING ALASKA

IT IS not only in the Pacific Northwest that vast industrial and economic expansion has been thwarted by the stalemate at the confer-

ence tables. Alaska, until now dependent on the seasonal uncertainties of fishing, mining, and logging, might acquire the first sizable permanent manufacturing establishment in its history.

The mighty Yukon rises in deep upland lakes only fifteen miles from Dyea Inlet on the Pacific. But the 19,000-foot peaks of the Coastal Ranges barricade it from the ocean. So it plods 2,100 meandering miles in the other direction, emptying at last in the Bering Sea. After 840 miles in the Yukon Territory of Canada, it passes a lonely boundary marker and spends the rest of its sluggish existence in Alaska.

But what if the Yukon could be turned around and a substantial segment of it diverted to the Pacific? What if the drop now dissipated in its 2,100-mile pilgrimage to the Bering Sea could be compressed into a slanting fifteen-mile tunnel through the mountains, and then a crashing vertical descent of more than 1,700 feet? This could mean a second Kitimat, where the reversal of the normal flow of the hanging lakes southeast of Prince Rupert has made it possible for the Aluminum Company of Canada to lay out in the wilderness the largest aluminum-reduction plant ever planned, as well as a community which will have 50,000 inhabitants.

"Another Kitimat—this one located in Alaska," observes Alaska's veteran Delegate in Congress, E. L. Bartlett, "could revolutionize the economy of Alaska and move us from the frontier to the industrial age, in one vast stride."

All the ingredients are there. The Yukon rises in five mountain-rimmed lakes connected by stubby rivers, and only the mountains keep them from pouring through penstocks into immense powerhouses which could be built at tide-water. The mountains can be tunneled. They are among the highest in the Western Hemisphere, but an easy obstacle compared to the swath which has been cut through scrub pine and alpine fir in the foothills of the Coastal and Chilkat Ranges. This swath denotes the international border.

The Taiya Valley, where the turbines and generators would be constructed near sea level, is in Alaska. The lakes feeding into the Yukon are in Canada, divided about equally between Yukon Territory and the province of British Columbia. They might as well be in Siberia, for all the progress that has been made in working out agreements with Canada for the joint development of these vast, interdependent Northwestern resources.

In June of 1951 the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation submitted its first extensive report on

the Taiya project. The gist was that it seemed to be technically feasible to produce an eventual 900,000 kilowatts of water power on the shores of Dyea Inlet near Skagway, Alaska, if only some of the lakes nourishing the Yukon could be tapped. This is not only as much energy as the American share of the St. Lawrence Seaway, but, better still, the Bureau's engineers contended it could be developed at the extremely low rate of 2.1 mills a kilowatt-hour. And, the report confidently predicted, "low cost of the abundant power potential would attract numerous industries from more costly power sites in the United States. Added transportation costs would be more than offset." This forecast came true almost before the reports were stitched and bound—the Aluminum Company of America took over McKinley National Park Lodge and announced ceremoniously that it was ready to erect a mammoth smelter at Dyea inlet if the Taiya power project went through.



AT THIS juncture the government of Canada called attention to the fact that, although Canadian water would produce Taiya power, virtually all the benefits would go to Alaska, an insultingly one-sided bargain. In the last days of the Truman Administration a few desultory efforts were made to offer Canada some *quid pro quo*. Because of the immense Canadian light-metal expansion at Kitimat and at Arvida in Quebec, Dr. John R. Steelman of the White House staff told Delegate Bartlett that perhaps some concessions could be worked out

with respect to our tariff on aluminum ingots. Other proposals involved licenses for the importation of Canadian natural gas southward across the border. But none of these ideas got out of the talking stage.

Delegate Bartlett, who speaks for Alaska on Capitol Hill but is not allowed to participate in roll-calls, has been the leading public advocate of Taiya. Admittedly he is a partisan Democrat, but his prime interest is his constituency, and his opinion is worth listening to.

"Taiya originally was proposed when Mr. Truman was President, and a few efforts were made to reach an agreement with Canada over the great possibilities of the project," he says. "The efforts did not reach success. But, since 1953, nothing has happened, and when I say 'nothing' I mean just exactly that. Taiya appears to have been completely forgotten and abandoned. Rarely do I hear from the Administration about what once had been our bright hope for economic independence for Alaska."

Recently the Frobisher interests of Canada have talked of committing the water in the Yukon's lakes for power dams in the vicinity of Whitehorse to process the abundant minerals found in that region. This would probably not match the Taiya potential, because the drop would be infinitely less, but it would avoid the apportioning of benefits internationally.

NEW POWER FOR MAINE

ACROSS the continent, on the St. John River, the same story of interminable delay is repeated. The St. John rises in the state of Maine and empties into the Bay of Fundy from New Brunswick. The projected Rankin Rapids storage reservoir of 1,460,000-acre-feet capacity in Maine could confer valuable advantages on power sites downstream where the river forms the international boundary for seventy miles, and where it lies wholly within the Canadian province of New Brunswick. At five locations, a total of 567,500 kilowatts could be generated—230,000 at Rankin Rapids, approximately four miles above the border, and the rest at sites claimed by Canada.

This power could be of great economic importance, because both Maine and the Canadian Maritime Provinces have lagged behind the recent general prosperity of their respective countries. But some formula must be worked out for requiring reimbursement from Canada for any addition to the production of its powerhouses made possible by water storage in Maine.

Such a formula has completely eluded two nations which together could complete the Alaska Highway, defend the Aleutian Islands from direct invasion, establish far-flung radar networks on Arctic Tundra, and agree trustfully to leave almost 4,000 miles of border without a single blockhouse or pillbox.

Our government's lackadaisical approach to the problem of the water-power bonanza going to waste on the borders cannot be separated from the Eisenhower Administration's weird and inexplicable attitude toward the river which dominates the situation—the Columbia.

A TREASURE TO GAIN

THE Columbia is to power production what the Mississippi is to navigation or the Nile to irrigation. I can remember standing on its shores with a famous Swedish hydraulic engineer who had been a delegate to the 1936 World Power Conference in Washington. Over and over again he exclaimed, "Do you people know what you have here? This is a great river like the Rhine, but it falls as far as our mountain brooks in Scandinavia. What a treasure!"

President Franklin D. Roosevelt and such Senators of both parties as George W. Norris of Nebraska, Homer Bone and Clarence C. Dill of Washington, Charles McNary and Rufus C. Holman of Oregon, Burton K. Wheeler and James E. Murray of Montana, and William E. Borah of Idaho, knew precisely what they had in the Columbia. Under their joint aegis, a vast hydroelectric system came into existence. It not only generated more energy than any other water-power operation in the world, it also reclaimed immense expanses of arid land, retarded floods, and increased by eight or ten times the tonnage being navigated through the towering barrier of the Cascade Mountain Range.

On top of all this, the system has proved financially successful. Entirely as a result of power sales, the Bonneville Power Administration is \$77,000,000 ahead of the repayment to the Treasury, which Congress established about twenty years ago. After less than two decades of operation, the power facilities of Bonneville are more than 41 per cent paid for.

This power system has had a profound impact on the economy of the Pacific Northwest. The decade from 1938 to 1947 was the only period in the history of Oregon and Washington when they showed a greater gain in industrial payrolls than the national average. This

coincided exactly with the time when low-cost kilowatts from the Columbia River system first became available. Not an ounce of aluminum was smelted west of the Mississippi in 1939. By late in the 1940s, nearly half of America's expanding aluminum production was originating in the Pacific Northwest. Every one of these potlines used energy from the Columbia for fuel. And bigger things were ahead. The Corps of Army Engineers had already planned such projects as McNary, The Dalles, and Chief Joseph dams. But there were still many more choice sites left among those analyzed and recommended in the Corps' famous eight-volume *308 Report* of 1948—among them John Day, Paradise, and Hells Canyon.

Then the Presidency passed into the hands of the Republicans. Under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, twenty river projects of greater or lesser magnitude had been authorized for federal construction in the basin of the Columbia. Since Mr. Eisenhower entered the White House, he has preferred to turn over such sites as remain to private power companies.

This has taken two forms. At Hells Canyon, the Administration has simply relinquished the site to a private utility corporation for three smaller dams which develop only one-fourth of its storage potential. At John Day, a site rivaling Hells Canyon in dimensions, the White House has proposed that the government construct the fish ladders, spillways, and other "non-reimbursable" features of the dam, while a syndicate of power companies underwrites construction of the powerhouse. Of course, the revenues would be distributed accordingly.

The net result has been a lid on expansion of the Columbia River power system and a slowing down of the Northwest's economy. Per capita incomes have fallen off by comparison with the national average. In a region without local stores of oil, coal, or natural gas, it has been little short of calamitous to have its one inexhaustible supply of industrial fuel—falling water—no longer tethered to giant penstocks and turbines. The *Oregonian* of Portland has stated that cheap and abundant power offers the best chance for an industrial revival.

To break the stalemate, I have introduced in the Senate a resolution calling for the creation of a North Pacific International Waterways Agency, staffed by engineering experts and technicians of the United States and Canada, to supplant the present International Joint Commission and to plan projects on international waterways along both sides of the

border. The only considerations would be maximum power production, flood control, and other benefits. Accountants and engineers would use their calculating machines and slide rules to decide how the costs and benefits should be apportioned. The two sides of the present Commission, each representing a different nation, are certain to accentuate national interests. A single agency, staffed by both countries, would be far more likely to place geographic realities first and international rivalries second.

Think what one will of President Eisenhower's domestic policies, in the field of world affairs he has put forth what I regard as a sincere and conscientious effort to be a successful leader of the free nations. The bogged-down river negotiations with our nearest ally offer him a magnificent opportunity for leadership at the international level—if only he can overcome his private-utility bias against the expansion of federal power plants.

Energy reserves could help shape the industrial competition now looming between the free and the Soviet world. Khrushchev is committed to a policy of excelling us on the production line. Water power is the most enduring and reliable energy of all, because it lasts forever and consumes not a cupful of such expendable fuels as coal, petroleum, and uranium. The rulers of the Soviet Union understand this. They are tapping Russia's rivers to the maximum. Soviet power production has soared 86 per cent since 1950. Although still considerably behind the output of the United States, the Soviet Union actually tops our entire continent in potential hydroelectricity. I am informed by Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington state, who recently visited Russia, that forty big waterpower plants are under construction there. Three of these—Stalingrad Dam on the Volga, Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei, and Bratsk Dam on the Angara River—will each exceed the power capacity of Grand Coulee.

"If the six major rivers of Siberia were fully developed," adds Senator Jackson, "they alone could produce 600 billion kilowatt-hours of power per year. This is more than three times present Soviet production, double the Kremlin's 1960 goals, and virtually equal to our own national electric-power output."

In view of Russia's urgent hydroelectric program, can the United States and Canada afford to let go to waste indefinitely the untapped resources of the Yukon, the St. John, and the Columbia merely because of obstinacy or lethargy at the conference table?



VERMONT:

Where are all those Yankees?

By MIRIAM CHAPIN

Drawings by Reese Brandt

A strictly non-maple syrup account—
by a Vermonter in good (up to now) standing
—of the professional quaintery
of Vermont and its imitation Yankees.

VERMONT is the most beautiful state in the Union. As a sixth-generation Vermonter, I put that axiom at the head of my credo. It is also more full of assorted boloney, hokum about unspoiled Vermont, snobbery about ancestry, guff about noble Vermonters, maple syrup, and Calvin Coolidge, general antiquery, than any other state with the possible exception of Virginia. Probably the last genuine old-time Vermonter went out to Utah to found the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. Those who stayed were sick, riddled with tuberculosis. In my grandfather's family twelve out of thirteen died of "consumption" before they reached thirty. He, the youngest, bought a substitute to fight the Civil War for him and die in Andersonville, and lived to seventy-eight, superintendent of the local Sunday School and the crankiest old man I ever encountered.

Perhaps there has been at some time a Vermont according to the legend. I remember Fred Aldrich, the carpenter whose helper hung a door askew, and who made him do it over, saying,

"That ain't Aldrich work." And Aleck, who worked for me one summer, and warned me, "When I hand in my time, it's right. But if I sell you a horse, you gotta take your chances." That Vermont, and there never was much of it, has been conquered by the cities. Its present citizens use the slogan of quaintness as tourist bait, and collaborate with the conquerors. Vermont is a fief of Boston and New York. It is about time Vermonters came out from behind the maple sugar bush, out from under the covered bridge, took off their patchwork quilts, and looked themselves in the eye. Vermonters are much like other people, not much better, not much worse. In fact, a great many of them *are* other people, who came from Kansas and Quebec, Milan and Bratislava.

The process of taking over the Green Mountains as an annex of Bronxville and Brookline has been going on for considerably more than fifty years, but since 1945 it has been precipitous. The figures don't tell the whole story, but they indicate it. In 1900 five million acres of Vermont land were in farms, real farms, run to make a living. Much of it ought never to have been cleared of forest, but it was. In 1954 just over three million acres were farmed. In 1900 there were 33,000 farms; in 1945, they were down to 26,500; in 1954, only 16,000. The acreage is a little more than half what it was fifty years ago, the farms fewer than half as many, but

bigger. They produce as much, but they support a smaller number of families. At the four-corners a half-mile from my home, there used to be a schoolhouse where fifty children went to school. It was torn down forty years ago.

The National Forest, federally owned, has taken 230,000 acres along the main range in the southern half of the state, in a praiseworthy effort to help save the watershed. State forests account for another 80,000 acres; power dams and municipal reserves cover a few thousand more. Towns have spread over the land around them. But most of the shift results from two movements, the sale of back-country farms to people who live there a few months of the year, and the growth of the larger farms by absorbing the small ones, whose owners become tenants and hired men or go to work in the new industries. The difference widens each year between the subsistence farms and the commercial ones. The rocky pastures are left to grow up to woodland, as they should be. Industry has become more important than farming.

In a new guise, the family farm creeps back, but as a home, not as practical enterprise. Johnny Wimet (Ouimet, I presume), who lives a mile down my road, could not make a living on a place that will keep only eight or nine cows. So he took a job, driving twenty miles each way, at a plant in Rutland, where he puts in an eight-hour day at a machine. When he gets home, he does a few chores; weekends he hays or chops wood. He works seven days a week, long hours, and his wife and children help with the chores, so that he can stay on the land and still pay for his car and gasoline, keep up the installments on the television set and the refrigerator. In another variation, Al Parks, who is a high-school principal in Worcester, bought a run-down old place and gets enormous satisfaction out of raising a garden, painting the house, putting in his own plumbing, taking his kids swimming where he has built a dam in the brook. He keeps no stock, and if he has any plowing done, he hires someone to do it, but the house is lived in part of the year. Neither of these establishments, though listed as a farm, is one in any true financial sense.

CITY-BRED FARMERS

FROM my window, high in the back-country hills and looking toward the main range of the Green Mountains, I can count eleven farmhouses. Only one is still occupied by a

farmer who actually makes part of his living from a dozen cows, none pure-bred. He couldn't possibly support his family on them alone; it is doubtful if they really pay their way. He makes out by cutting pulpwood on his own land and for other men, hauls it to the paper mill ninety miles away, does haying for the summer people round about, who pay him to cut their fields so they will not grow up to brush—though they have no use for the hay. Nobody has much use for hay unless it grows on a meadow flat enough for the baler to be used. Pitching hay, riding the big, loose load into the barn, is as obsolete as the hand scythe and is seen only far back in the mountains.

Of the other houses in my view, one is inhabited by a couple who are dancers, who hope their latest television show will pay for a septic tank. Higher up on the mountain opposite is a magazine-cover artist, over by the lake are a couple of writers and some college professors, down in the hollow are a retired businessman and two engineers who work in a factory twenty miles away. That big house in a fold of the hills belongs to an ex-editor of *Fortune* who is able to spend much of the year in it. Not many of the new residents are rich, though occasionally in driving over the back roads one may encounter at the end of a lane the vice president of a steel company who comes in from his golf game to negotiate some big deal by phone.

Vermont has only two colonies of the very rich, Manchester and Woodstock, with a Vanderbilt outpost at Shelburne Point, and a few isolated big estates. Most of its farms have gone to professional people and the middle classes. None of them has any real contact with the local people, none of them knows what it is like to live all winter in a house heated by wood stoves, all are distrusted in greater or less degree by their native neighbors, who make what they can out of them, chopping wood, renting horses, selling eggs and vegetables.

The remaining big farmers, who are in dairying as a business, necessarily have a very sizable investment. A few are city men who hire an agricultural college graduate to run their place, while they come on weekends to show to guests their fancy stock—Princess Galooshka of Wide-acres, of such and such butterfat production—and the other sleek cattle. But mostly the farmers are local men who have inherited or bought farms now grown large by acquisition and built up by hard work. They need to have at least fifty milch cows, well-built barns, milking ma-

chinery, cooling stations, sterilizing plants, tractors and trucks and field machines, training in agriculture, carefully kept record books.

The small farmer cannot meet the requirements, stricter each year, of the sanitary inspection, the whitewashed barns, the drains, the curried cattle, the bacterial count. The Vermont dairy industry operates under the control of Boston, except for a few west-side districts which ship to New York. It deals in fluid milk. Butter is seldom profitable, though production is rising somewhat after a big drop. Vermonters eat twice as much margarine as butter, sold in the chain stores where they buy their chemicalized bread and frozen orange juice. The federal administrator in Boston sets the price for milk to be paid the out-of-Massachusetts producer; the Vermont Milk Board sets it for the local delivery. Out of what he gets the farmer must buy his western grain and pay his help, with the aid of what he can make by selling surplus stock. The unpaid labor of women and children becomes less essential as the small farms vanish, though it is still a factor.

The creamery, often a co-operative, that collects and ships the milk, must make its profit between two fixed rates, which vary according to the season, the cost of grain, and the howls of the consumer. Its margin and that of the farmer are both precarious. Cows are stubborn, atavistic beasts, and even when induced to give birth in November instead of May as their instinct tells them to, they retaliate by producing

far less milk in the cold winter months when they are shut in the barn than in June off the green pastures. So the creamery or pasteurizing plant, which also requires a big investment, must dispose of a surplus in summer months. It makes cheese, powdered milk, ice-cream mix to freeze in storage; it separates cream and sells skim milk back to feed the farmer's calves, evaporates and condenses milk, experiments constantly with new outlets. No one has yet succeeded in canning milk without changing its taste, but they keep trying. Apple and chicken farms follow similar patterns, are equally dependent on the metropolis.

THE NEW OVERLORDS

NOT only are the farms adjuncts of Boston and New York, not only are the summer owners increasing each year, but the big corporations are happily moving in. Right after the war Vermont was losing about four thousand people a year, mostly young men and women who saw no future at home. That drain has been checked, but at the cost of a greater dependence on outside interests. Now when the Army cuts back its production, and GE lays off five hundred men in Burlington, the state's economy shudders. GE, IBM, half a dozen other giants, have branch plants in Vermont, whose young executives delight in fixing up old houses for their homes. But they can have no real stake in the community, since they know well they may be sent to another plant halfway round the world on a month's notice. Each new factory links the state more closely to the financial centers, makes it more dependent on continued national prosperity, less cushioned against depression.

The big businesses have their influence on state government. Vermont used to be ruled by the Proctor dynasty, who owned the Vermont Marble Company, an indigenous industry using foreign labor to work native rock. It blossomed with Senators, Congressmen, Governors. The power-tools industry of Springfield came next, and the day of the public utilities, which, except for some small co-operatives and municipal plants, are owned outside the state. So are the main communications systems and the railways, which must now depend on freight, not passengers, for profit. The big industrial corporations will have their turn, and when the badly needed highway program with federal aid is completed, more will flock in, eagerly welcomed.

Since every town, whether it has fifty voters



or fifteen thousand, has one representative in the legislature, this body is absurdly cumbersome and unrepresentative. Lobbying is intensive and effective. Town meetings—celebrated as the epitome of democracy—are often rigged, to the best of my memory going back fifty years. The notables of the village, the storekeeper, some of the bigger landowners, the local lawyer and doctor if the place is big enough to have them, get together and decide who shall go to Montpelier as town representative, who shall be town clerk and who road commissioner or selectman. The word is passed around and the followers vote. When a man gets a toe-hold on a job, he can usually hang onto it, for he gathers about him some who depend on him for favors and employment. Once in a long while the citizens revolt, over taxes or school questions usually, and once in a while they get concessions. Because Vermont has a poll tax which may run as high in some towns as eight or nine dollars—and what was all that hullabaloo we were hearing about the iniquities of the poll tax in the South?—those residents who can't or won't pay are disfranchised in any election. About one per cent come under this ban. They can't get a license to drive a car either. Not in this cradle of democracy they can't. Before issuing a new card in some public libraries, the librarian will inquire softly, "May I see your poll-tax receipt?"

Vermont has problems of power development, rural slums, city ones too, low wages, uneven taxation burdens, management-labor relations (there have been terrible strikes in marble and granite) which it has not yet begun to look at squarely. Part of the reason is that they are screened behind the cloud of "unspoiled Vermont" vaporings. Too many Vermonters are bemused by their own publicity, flattered into complacency. Poems about the pure clear air of Vermont, read into the Congressional Record, printed in the papers, vials of said air sniffed by Vice President Nixon for the newsphoto men, don't do a thing for the little matter of sewage disposal. Many a Vermont stream is a stinking, filthy, open sewer, and the air above is not clear or fresh. Burlington has at long last been obliged to take measures to avoid the pollution of the Lake Champlain beaches by the Winooski River. It might hurt the tourist trade. In some cities the state law against river pollution is broken every time a permit is given for a new sewer connection.

Many Vermont residents refuse to swallow the myths fed to them. A friend of mine, Vermont born and bred, went with her husband

for lunch at one of the "olde" restaurants. After waiting some time, he approached the gent in plaid shirt and galluses who acted as headwaiter, and asked if they might be served, as they had an appointment to keep. The answer was, "Sorry, we can't do a thing for you. Here in old Vermont we believe in relaxation, in taking life as it comes."

This was too much for my friend, who burst out in tones that could be heard at every table, "Don't you try to give me that line, Jake Morton. I live here."

HOOKS, LINES, AND SINKERS

THE collaborators, citizens who make a living out of visitors and new residents drawn by the loveliness of the mountain valleys, are of two kinds. There are the native Vermonters who seize the opportunity to drag out of their attics the spinning wheels and the biz-chairs (predecessor of the bedpan), collect broken-down chairs and old dishes from their neighbors, set out the goods by the roadside and wait for the tourist. Or they sell real estate, start motels and snack bars, open a filling station. The immigrants do those things too, run bowling alleys for a New York chain, slash out ski trails often without heed for the dangers of erosion, and have adventures with the quaint natives. Then they write cute books, detailing their conversations with these characters and illustrating them with cute pictures. Sometimes these are viewed by their subjects with an accompaniment of quaint profanity, learned while serving with the Marines on Guadalcanal. Or the newcomers sentimentalize over the history of the state, and the joys of the rugged winters which develop the rugged individuals.

The cult of the antique requires serious psychological and sociological study, which no one has yet given it. The eager women who throng the auctions to bid on mortars and pestles, hair wreaths and Rogers groups, on grandfathers' clocks that will never be asked to tell time and teapots that will never brew tea again, who just love the old country stores and buy kerosene lamps to be fitted with wires for electricity, who drive up to the museums in Cadillacs to look at the surreys and pungs with laughter and nostalgia, of what are they in search? Are they in quest of an older time that they dream was happier and more secure, though it probably wasn't? Or is the vogue part of the ancestor worship by which the old New England families try to maintain a fragile and simulated superi-



ority, while those of later arrival try to pretend to their background? Along with the Old Home Weeks, the back-country fairs, the exhibitions of old costumes, this nostalgia is a source of income to those who know how to use it.

I asked one dealer, whom I had found at least reasonably honest, how much a small glass pitcher was worth.

"Worth?" he said. "What's it worth? What anybody will pay for it. If I put a fifty-cent tag on it, nobody'll buy it, but if I mark it fifteen dollars, there'll be a dozen women fighting over it."

A very few of the native Vermonters do survive in pristine state. They are the *maquis*, decimated, not entirely uncorrupted by civilization. In many towns a few families live in hovels on the back roads, live as their forefathers did. The men cut pulpwood because the work is paid by the cord and they don't have to punch a time clock. They earn enough to pay interest on the mortgage, and the taxes, or they let the taxes ride, since the town fathers know they can't collect. They get drunk on Saturday nights, pillage the empty summer camps in the fall, go to jail for driving their old cars without licenses, go fishing when they feel like it, pick berries, shoot deer and rabbits without too much care for the seasons set by the game laws. The game wardens don't bother them seriously, for they figure if a man needs meat and a deer walks past him, it is asking too much of human nature not to pick up a rifle. They don't hog all the game, and they know every creature in the woods. They are, of course, looked down upon by the respectable, and they resent it. But in return they get a lot of amusement out of the behavior of the summer folks:

"That new fellow bought the Town Farm,

he left his car out by the woods the other night, and the porcupines chewed every tire on it."

Within narrow limits, closing in each year, they preserve some freedom. Ethan Allen, that atheist rebel, would claim them as kindred souls, his spiritual descendants. So long as they have neither wife nor child, they can live their own lives, in some aspects ideal lives. But women suffer, living in leaky shacks, lugging water, walking miles for groceries. Illness is a calamity. In childbirth they have to depend on relatives. An aching tooth is pried out with a screwdriver, or yanked with pliers. Children get only enough schooling to learn to read and write a little. Pictures of their homes seldom appear in the books of colored photographs of the state—yet these individualists are part of the real Vermont and always have been.

Nowadays, however, their children are gathered in for a few months each year by the truant officer, looked over by the public health nurse, get hospital care in illness. Television, in every cabin that is within reach of electricity, "gives the kids ideas." The backwoods children I know all had Davy Crockett hats, not from coon and bear their fathers shot, as might well have happened, but bought in stores. They will leave their hills to work in shops and factories some day, and be none the happier.

The new Vermont offers little privacy any more. The machine age has come upon it before it was ready, and the state must grow used to public living and learn to regulate it. It has not yet. The seal of the city's conquest is the crowded air, the big transports growling in the sky day and night, so that there is seldom silence. The jets from the Army post a hundred miles away draw white lines across the blue from rocky peak to pine-stabbed horizon.

Neither my parents nor my grandparents, I'm sure, ever thought of sun-bathing in their back yard, but if they had wanted to they could surely have done it with no eye upon them. I like to, and since I have no near neighbors, I go down in my lower meadow on pleasant days to lie in the sun. One day a small plane from the commercial airport in the nearest city sputtered over me, then came back so close to the treetops that I hastily pulled on my terry coat. As it sailed off to the north, I saw a bit of white flutter down. I retrieved it from the bushes down the hill, a tiny parachute bearing a note wrapped around a bit of metal. It said:

"Lady, ain't you lonesome? Call Pete, MI 8-3924."

Ah, the noble Vermonter!

Charlton Ogburn, Jr.

Divide and Rue It in the Middle East

A former State Department intelligence specialist for that area suggests a new and realistic course . . . to replace our present policy which has worked so badly.

WHEN the headlines last August announced that "Communists Take Over Control of Syrian Army," the United States responded as it had to previous Soviet gains in the Middle East. Deep concern was evidenced. The President spoke in most anxious terms of what had happened. A Naval spokesman announced that the Sixth Fleet could steam into the eastern Mediterranean if necessary. A Deputy Under Secretary of State was sent to the area and reported that the situation was "extremely serious" and "might have serious effects on the security of the whole free world." It was announced that the United States would speed up delivery of arms to Syria's neighbors: Turkey, Lebanon, Iraq, and Jordan.

But there was little evidence of determination on our part to come to grips with the root-causes of Syria's action—the Syrian leaders' feelings of fear and weakness and their impression that the Soviet Union was ready "to buy all our surpluses . . . to provide us with necessary experts and technicians" and "to support us and . . . not require anything from our country" while "the West continued to work for selfish interests and to seek political strings in the Arab world."

The most authoritative statement of the Amer-

ican attitude—a reply by President Eisenhower to a question at his press conference—betrayed an extraordinary ignorance of what had taken place. Likening events in Syria to "the type of thing that has gone on in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and other areas," he observed that "the pattern that is seemingly emerging is an old one for the Soviets."

The pattern is not an old one for the Soviets, nor is it being imposed on Syria by the Soviet Union or its agents. What has gone on in Syria bears no resemblance whatsoever to what went on in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In Czechoslovakia the Communists constituted the largest political party (they probably number no more than 20,000 in Syria) and received indispensable assistance from the presence of the Red Army on the frontier. In Hungary it was the Red Army itself which occupied the country.

Moreover, had there been a parallel of the kind the President drew, Syria would have been a clear case for the application of his "Mideast Doctrine," established last January when Congress approved his request for authorization to "employ the armed forces of the United States to secure and protect the territorial integrity and political independence of such [Middle Eastern] nations requesting such aid against overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism."

What is disquieting about our response to the Soviet challenge in the Middle East is not only that the Eisenhower Doctrine, which was especially contrived to meet it, applies only in the event of aggression, and is therefore inapplicable to cases like Syria, but that we seem to be at a loss for a means of contending with the present Soviet program—which does not rely on aggression.

The Soviet Union is combating our plans for the Middle East by arming the neutralists; we are replying by increasing *our* shipments of arms to the states there which are already aligned with the West. Such rivalry inherently leads to war, and one war has already resulted. In the fall of 1956, Israel attacked Egypt, having obviously made up its mind that to do so was preferable to waiting for Egypt to master the vast armaments it had acquired from the Soviet Union and to strike in its own good time. The resulting crisis, vastly compounded by the entry of France and Britain on the side of Israel, was at length resolved with great difficulty, after a period of ominous tension.

But the Israeli-Egyptian war merely interrupted the arms races that are deepening divi-

sions in the Middle East. The Soviet Union has resumed its shipments of arms to Egypt, Syria, the Yemen, and Afghanistan. We are going ahead with shipments to Pakistan, Iran, and Saudi Arabia, stepping up deliveries to Turkey, Iraq, and Lebanon, and air-lifting weapons to Jordan. Israel is making "unprecedented" requests for arms of us.

Suppose one of these arms races—as must be expected—again leads to war. And suppose this time either the United States or the Soviet Union is forced to choose between standing by while its protégé is defeated—with irretrievable damage to its world position—or intervening with its own forces at the risk of all-out war. What would either of them do?

OPENING THE DOOR

IT MAY have been with this ominous contingency in mind that the Soviet government last February 11, when the nerve-racking experience of the Israeli-Egyptian war was still vividly remembered, proposed that the United States, Britain, and France join with it in agreeing to what might be called a military disengagement in the Middle East, including an embargo on the shipment of arms to the area. The offer was rebuffed by the Western powers. Twice recently Soviet officials are reported to have reminded Western officials of it.

Probably the chief reason the Soviet proposal was unacceptable to us—assuming that any Soviet proposal for a joint approach to Middle Eastern problems would be entertained for a moment in Washington—was that it would have required us to scrap the central idea of our Middle Eastern policy. We should have had to give up our widely advertised conception of a "Northern Tier" of Middle Eastern states that would "form a bulwark against Soviet penetration," and to back away from the Baghdad Pact.

The Baghdad Pact, created in the spring of 1955, pledges the signatories to "co-operate for their security and defense," and has come to include the United Kingdom, Turkey, Pakistan, and Iran. The United States has never formally adhered to the Pact, but it has given it its support and has by degrees, like someone allowing his better judgment to be overcome, joined all three committees organized under it. By doing so it has greatly increased both the incentive and the opportunity for the Soviet Union to intervene in the Middle East.

To the Soviet Union, the creation of the Baghdad Pact meant that the United States was

moving to shut Russia out of the Middle East and to create a military base area along its exposed southwestern frontier. Its reaction was swift and vigorous.

Asserting that "plans for the creation of aggressive blocs in the area of the Near and Middle East have nothing in common with the interests of maintaining peace and security or with the genuine national interests of the countries of that area," the Soviet Foreign Ministry on April 16, 1955, stated: "It goes without saying that the Soviet Union cannot be indifferent to the situation which is being created in the area . . . , seeing that the creation of the aforementioned blocs and the setting up of foreign military bases on the territories of countries of the Near and Middle East is directly related to the security of the USSR."

It charged that "things have gone so far that demands in the form of ultimata have been made on Syria that she join the Turko-Iraqi alliance [Baghdad Pact]" and concluded: "If the policy of pressure and threats continues toward the countries of the Near and Middle East, this question will have to be considered in the United Nations. The Soviet government, supporting the cause of peace, will defend the freedom, independence, and non-interference in internal affairs, of states of the Near and Middle East."

The Soviet government had already, earlier in the year, accused the United States of seeking to promote a revolt in Syria against the existing neutralist government, and within a few days of its April 16 statement it had what it doubtless considered confirmation. Colonel Malki, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Syrian Army and a political leader strongly opposed to the Baghdad Pact, was assassinated. A subsequent Syrian military investigation reported that the United States had been an instigator of the murder, which was to have led to the installation of a government prepared to bring Syria into the Pact. The United States' denial could not, of course, have had any effect in Moscow, which was probably now convinced that Washington intended, by one means or another, to have Syria included in the military base area it was constructing. And being so convinced, the Soviet Union took prompt steps to frustrate the plan.

A few years earlier, it would have been heavily handicapped by its own psychology. Until shortly before Stalin's death, it followed the line that all who were not 100 per cent loyal to Moscow—that is, wholly subservient—were to be adjudged enemies and if possible destroyed. But this policy proved quite unsuited to the emer-

gence of Communist China, which if it showed an independent will could neither be brow-beaten into submission like Rumania nor denounced and alienated like Yugoslavia—at least not without handing the West a major victory. And the discovery that Peiping could be dealt with on a co-operative basis may have suggested to the Soviet strategists that similar co-operation for limited ends with neutralist capitals like New Delhi, Kabul, and Cairo might also be feasible. In any case, they reversed their earlier policy and began to treat as potential allies all nations who were not signed up in the camp of the enemy. They offered states that would follow an “independent” course military and economic assistance, and also the political support of a great power, with a right of veto in the Security Council, in any dispute with their Western-aligned rivals.

This was precisely what a number of Middle Eastern regimes were now looking for. The Baghdad Pact, which in our eyes aligned its members on the Western side in the conflict with the Communist bloc, had a quite different significance in the Middle East. There, the Pact was regarded as aligning the United States on the side of the Pact's adherents in their local quarrels. Those who had “stood up and been counted” on the side of the United States in the contest that matters most to it naturally expected that the United States would also stand up and be counted on their side in the contests that matter most to them.

The creation of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization—the Far Eastern equivalent of the Baghdad Pact—had similarly antagonized the neutrals, particularly India. However, apart from the Indian-Pakistani hostility, that area is relatively free from animosities. By contrast, the region of North Africa and the Middle East is rent by conflicts between colonial powers and native nationalists, between neighboring nations, and between rival dynasties, classes, races, and religions. By seeking allies in the area, the United States involved itself in those conflicts.

In allying itself with the member governments of the Baghdad Pact, the United States inevitably aroused expectations on all sides that it would support Iraq in its rivalry with Egypt for pre-eminence in the Arab world and in its desire to bring about an Iraqi-Syrian union; Pakistan in its contest with India over Kashmir—not to mention its contest with Afghanistan; the British in their protectorates around the rim of the Arabian peninsula; and, on behalf of the rulers of Iran and Iraq—as well as those of Saudi

Arabia and Jordan, with whom it had acquired connections outside the Pact—monarchy against any unsettling elements. Such expectations led the opponents of those aligned with the United States to cast about for a source of countervailing support. This, the Soviet Union offered. Having failed since Korea to blast its way into the free world by military force or jimmy its way in clandestinely, the USSR has now been ushered into one of the most vital parts of the free world—the Middle East—by eminently respectable (*i.e.*, non-Communist or even anti-Communist) householders.

START OF THE ARMS RACE

TO SAY that the Baghdad Pact paved the way for the Soviet entry into the Middle East does not mean, however, that Russia would have found the path barred had there been no Pact. The neutralists would still have sought to balance their relations with the United States by similar relations with the Soviet Union, and would have tried to receive if possible material aid from both sides. Moreover, the United States' association with France and Britain was certain to diminish its popularity with Middle Eastern nationalists, and its position as a capitalist and ostensibly conservative power was likely to be suspect among those who—growing in numbers and political awareness—saw in radical social and political change the only hope of a better deal.

Finally, and above all, there is the unforgivable, in Arab eyes, record of American support of Israel. The establishment of Israel in the predominantly Arab country of Palestine and Israel's military victory in 1948 over its vastly more populous Arab neighbors left the Arabs with a sense of not only cruel injury and injustice but also deep humiliation. At any time the Soviet Union was prepared to depart from its rather equivocal position in that dispute and come out on the Arab side, it could count on an enthusiastic reception.

Nevertheless it was probably the Baghdad Pact which stimulated the Soviet Union to intervene in the spring of 1955 in a part of the world in which it had not asserted itself since it evacuated northern Iran in 1946 and suspended its demands on Turkey in 1947. And it chose a moment when circumstances were particularly propitious.

In February 1955, Israel had attacked an Egyptian military post in Gaza, killing thirty-eight Egyptian soldiers and wounding about an equal number. This forced the hand of the

young Egyptian Prime Minister, Gamal Abdel Nasser, who, as a former member of the Revolutionary Command Council of army officers which had overthrown the monarchy, depended primarily upon the army for support. Whether he liked it or not he now had to take a belligerent line with Israel, and he was urgently in the market for weapons.

It seems to have been in May that the Egyptian-Soviet arms deal was put through, providing for the delivery to Egypt of perhaps \$250 million worth of modern Soviet military equipment. The news came out in September—and created a sensation. The Soviet Union was in the Middle East for fair.

Other agreements followed. Soviet bloc arms went in large quantities to Syria and in lesser quantities to the Yemen and Afghanistan. Bids on the construction of a railroad in Saudi Arabia and an oil refinery in Syria were put in by Poland and Czechoslovakia. Numerous trade pacts were signed and cultural and diplomatic visits paid back and forth across the Iron Curtain. Even Western-aligned countries like Iran and Pakistan became involved. Afghanistan obtained Soviet bloc credits of more than \$100 million and India of over twice as much. The Soviet bloc contracted to take large quantities of Egypt's cotton—its major source of foreign exchange—at the same moment that subsidized exports of cotton from the United States were threatening to deprive Egypt of its market.

Soviet diplomatic establishments in the Middle East were strengthened, and the Moscow radio began a campaign of vilification against Israel and attacks on the United States' role in the Middle East. Moscow loudly defended Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal and issued bellicose statements on behalf of that nation after it was attacked by Israel, France, and Great Britain in October 1956. Soviet prestige in the Arab world rose to an unprecedented high. Egypt and Syria became the first countries since the Korean war to extend recognition to Communist China.

The United States' response to these Soviet moves has been wavering. At times, the Administration has seemed disposed to backtrack and mend its fences with the neutrals. It has continued to extend economic aid to most of them, although on a much smaller scale than to the Western-aligned states and Israel. It conditionally agreed to lend Egypt several hundred million dollars toward the construction of the high dam at Aswan—although it later withdrew the offer—and it insisted upon the evacuation of

Egyptian territory when Egypt had been invaded by three nations with whom its relations have been peculiarly close—thereby sending the stock of the United States soaring among the Arabs and in the rest of the non-European world. But increasingly the Administration has pressed forward with policies that have frightened the neutrals and caused them to turn to the Soviet Union for counter-balancing support. The Eisenhower Doctrine, which promises special benefits to those who will line up against Communism but offers no security against attack from other than Communist quarters, is a companion piece to the Baghdad Pact and similar in effect. The Syrian Foreign Minister was probably voicing the fears of many Arabs when he charged that the Doctrine seeks to destroy the independence of the Arab world and deliver it “into Zionism and imperialism.”

THE logical outcome of our policies will be a division of the Middle East into Western and Soviet spheres of influence. Indeed, such a division is already appearing. This is a most alarming prospect, but—at least until the Syrian crisis—Washington seemed to be in a self-congratulatory mood over the lines the division was taking. Turkey, Pakistan, Israel, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, and Jordan are all counted on the side of the West, with only Egypt and Syria outside the fold.

Unfortunately, appearances may be deceptive. Outside of Turkey and Israel, we seem in every case to have engaged ourselves with the political sides having the poorer long-run prospects. The governments of Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Iran, and Pakistan, however well-intentioned, however good a job of national development some of them—certainly the government of Iraq—may be doing, have the color of feudal or traditionally privileged conservative groups. Such groups have been losing power almost everywhere else in the world. Those in the Middle East may be strengthened by our aid. But if we cause them to look to us for the means of political survival rather than to the development of political support among their own people, we shall be doing them scant service. If they become visibly dependent on the United States, as Chiang Kai-shek did, they are likely to suffer seriously, for theirs is an area of increasing nationalism.

As elsewhere, leadership in the Middle East is likely to reside in those who win the allegiance of the new middle class: the professional men, technicians, managers, bureaucrats, and officers who have come up from the lower grades, the

intellectuals, and the labor leaders. Everywhere this class is intensely nationalist and mostly it is neutralist too—just as we were during the first century and a half of our national existence, and for much the same reasons. Mossadegh, who spoke for this nationalism in Iran, may have succumbed, and Nasser, who perhaps more than anyone else speaks for it in the Arab world today, may also succumb; but assuredly the point of view of those whose aspirations they have represented will prevail.

Nor can we expect the balance of power between the Israelis and the Arabs to remain forever to the advantage of the former. A few million Israelis, however talented and energetic, cannot be expected to be more effective indefinitely than fifteen times as many Arabs controlling the world's major reserves of oil and its most strategic inland waterway—particularly if the Soviet Union really gets behind its Arab protégés. They cannot be expected to retain their lead even if they continue to receive some \$80 million a year in private contributions from the United States, which in fact may not be forthcoming as Israel becomes less and less an expression of world Zionism and more and more a nationalist Middle Eastern state.

FACING THE ISSUES

HAVING initially chosen sides in Middle Eastern disputes, it now looks as if we will have to take the next step and choose between those on our side. Can we satisfy both the United Kingdom and Saudi Arabia while their respective protégés in Oman and elsewhere are at sword's points? Can we satisfy both the French and our Arab allies while the French are using 400,000 troops against the Arab nationalists in Algeria?

Above all, can we satisfy both our Arab allies and the Israelis on such questions as what is to be done with the million Palestine refugees who are now in large part wards of the United Nations; where Israel's borders are to be finally drawn; and whether Israel will be able to use the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal? These are burning issues to those involved—and they are issues the Soviet Union can exploit to a fare-thee-well, for they are the kind of issue on which all Arabs must stand as one against the common enemy. The rulers of Iraq and Saudi Arabia are at least as anti-Israeli as any other Arabs, and they have to be unless they want to court the fate of King Abdullah of Jordan who was assassinated for working toward a settlement with that country.

We can always hope, of course, that the Soviet Union will be stupid enough to try to dominate or subvert the independence of its protégés in the Middle East and thus solve our problem for us. There is also the theoretical possibility of healing the differences that now divide the Middle East, but this depends on bringing two near-miracles to pass. First, the ruling groups in the Western-aligned states—the native rulers and also the French and British—must make timely and ungrudging surrenders of power to the up-and-coming elements with a more popular mandate. Second, the key issues in the Arab-Israeli dispute—and other Middle Eastern disputes, like Kashmir—must be settled in a manner acceptable to both sides. If these near-miracles cannot be brought to pass, then force is apt to be increasingly required to maintain the positions of those with whom we have identified ourselves—force we must expect to be called upon to supply.

When King Hussein of Jordan last April put down a revolt by anti-Western elements with our backing, we considered that our policy had been vindicated. It is true that Communist efforts in Jordan were frustrated. But we may wonder how much ground our policy actually gained in Jordan when we remember that the King's difficulties arose initially when Sir Gerald Templer visited Jordan in December 1955 to try to enlist it in the Baghdad Pact. Not only did he fail, the popular outcry was such that the King had to dismiss the British commander of Jordan's famous Arab Legion—Glubb "Pasha"—and eventually terminate the treaty under which British forces were maintained in Jordan.

The events of last April and May may also seem less reassuring when we reflect that the regime's success consisted in suppressing a movement that expressed the discontent of the 800,000 to 900,000 former Palestinians in Jordan who constitute the great majority of the population. When we recall how our Sixth Fleet was dispatched to the area, presumably to make our position plain, we may be even more disquieted, recognizing in the move a portent of a possible future American action in the Middle East that most of the non-European world would view as we viewed the Soviet action in Hungary.

IS THERE any alternative to the thankless course we seem to have set for ourselves?

There is the alternative proposed by the Soviet Union. What the Soviet proposal called for specifically was an agreement by the four great powers to settle outstanding questions in the Middle East exclusively by peaceful means, to

refrain from interference in the internal affairs of the Middle Eastern countries, to make no attempt to draw those countries into military alignment, to liquidate foreign bases and withdraw foreign troops from the area, to refuse to deliver arms to the Middle Eastern countries, and to promote the economic development of those countries without attaching terms incompatible with their dignity and sovereignty.

When the proposal was first announced, Mr. James Hagerty, the Presidential Press Secretary, possibly shooting from the hip, immediately dismissed it as propaganda. But that, surely, it was not, for in it the Soviet Union was putting on the block its new appeal to the Arab world; it was suggesting that it was prepared to dash the Arabs' hopes of avenging themselves on Israel with Soviet arms.

The tone of our reply, delivered a month later, made clear that we intended to proceed in the Middle East in disregard of the Soviet Union. But in the light of later circumstances and of the reckoning we shall probably have to face if we continue in our present course, might it not be advantageous to negotiate, if possible, on the basis of the Soviet proposal?

Getting along in the Middle East without local alliances would be nothing new for us. We did it in the past. We got along without bases or troops in the Baghdad Pact area outside of Turkey—and for that matter still do. There is, of course, the Dhahran Air Field in Saudi Arabia that we should have to expect to lose, but our lease has always been tenuous. There are the

British base rights in Iraq, but these too are less than vital. For the rest, an arms embargo would not in principle be a drastic innovation for us. As we pointed out in our reply to the Soviet proposal, we have made a practice of limiting the arms we send the Arabs and Israelis in order "to avoid an arms race"—an objective which now, be it noted, cannot possibly be realized without Soviet co-operation.

The pre-Baghdad order of things restored through negotiations with Moscow would, of course, have as an important difference this time the fact that the Soviet Union would be a partner in the embargo and would have to be given an equal voice in any international decisions on issues affecting the peace of the area. This raises the question of Soviet motives and trustworthiness.

Experience tells us that the Soviet Union has no compunction about violating agreements if it believes it can get away with it. But experience and common sense also tell us that it will not out of sheer perversity perpetrate transparent violations of agreements it considers in its interests and thus free the other side to disregard them as well. Wherever there has been a confrontation between the two sides in the cold war there have been accords, written or tacit, which the Communists respect: in Korea, Indochina, Berlin, the German partition line. Inasmuch as violations of the agreement the Soviet Union has proposed for the Middle East would be un concealable, it would have no reason to subscribe to the agreement unless it meant to live up to it.

Because the Soviet Union is both an imperialist great power and the leader of a proselytizing ideology, it would unquestionably like to monopolize the Middle East one way or another. But the Soviet Union is also realistic and capable of perceiving that such a goal cannot be realized in the foreseeable future except at the risk of a military collision with the West. This, we must believe it would wish for no more than the United States does. Thus it is not unreasonable to suppose that it would have genuine interest in the only feasible alternative—to declare the Middle East a military no man's land in the cold war.

Such an agreement would be feasible in the Middle East where it would not in Europe because the minimum requirements of the West and the Soviet Union in the Middle East are compatible. There is no divided Germany, there are no Soviet satellites. The Soviet Union can "live with" a Middle East which is neutral, independent, and barred as a launching site for

Drinks on the House?

THE Duke of Bedford is introducing a "cook it yourself" scheme for week-end guests at Woburn Abbey. He is having five self-contained flats installed there. He and the Duchess will occupy one after giving up their Jersey home. The others will be for visiting friends.

Each flat has two bedrooms, two baths, and a kitchenette. The Duke said it would soon be almost impossible to get domestic staff, "and we and our guests will have to do everything ourselves."

—London *Daily Telegraph*, August 20, 1957.

attacks across its borders. So can the West, provided it retains access at reasonable rates to the oil reserves and transit routes the Middle East commands. This it could expect to do since there are no other bidders and the revenues from those assets are vital to the governments that control them.

We may have a better appreciation of what the Soviet attitude toward the Middle East must be if we think of our own attitude toward the Soviet satellites. There is nothing we should like better than to see the present hostile regimes in the satellites booted out and replaced by devoted friends of the West. But we do not want a repetition of events on the Hungarian pattern. We do not wish to have to choose again between standing by while patriots are slaughtered by Soviet tanks or intervening with our own forces and quite possibly finding ourselves in World War III. We would rather settle for a quiet edging toward neutralism on the satellites' part.

THE LONG-TERM GOALS

IT WOULD of course be fatuous to expect that putting the Middle East out of bounds for the military operations of the two sides in the cold war would solve all our problems in that area. The first results would indeed be more painful than pleasant. The undermining of the Baghdad Pact and the end of the advantages the member governments have enjoyed through their special relationship with us would be felt by those governments as a severe blow. There would be an instant cooling of their attitude toward us, and some of our friends would doubtless disappear from the political scene. The present Western-oriented Middle Eastern states would become neutral in our conflict with the Soviet Union. But at the same time we should have acquired the advantage of being neutral in their conflicts and free of the commitments and inhibitions that now handicap our diplomacy. We should be sacrificing present, transitory advantages for the opportunity of retaining an "in" with those who are sooner or later likely to be the dominant forces in the area.

As one immediate compensation, we would vastly improve our standing with India and resolve one of the most ironic contradictions in our present policy—the fact that by arming Pakistan we are forcing India to take resources out of its second Five-Year Plan of economic development, upon which the future of representative government in India and perhaps in all

Asia may depend, and put them into armaments in order to keep ahead of its rival.

Perhaps the greatest advantages we would gain would be in the Arab-Israeli conflict. An agreement with the Soviet Union placing an embargo on arms to both sides and providing for the peaceful settlement of disputed issues would make the Soviet Union a co-guarantor of the status quo between the Arab states and Israel, except as this might be altered peacefully. This would relieve us of the terrible onus of being Israel's guardian angel, and it would prevent the Soviet Union from exploiting Arab emotion on the subject. It would also make clear to each side in the Arab-Israeli dispute that it had nothing to hope for from a war if it started one and nothing to fear from a war the other side started. For the first time, both sides would be forced to realize that, whatever the merits of the case, whatever its history, whatever the rights and wrongs of the matter, the present situation was one they were going to have to live with—except as rectifications of the borders, a solution to the problem of the Palestinian refugees, and a settlement of the question of Israel's rights of passage in the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal might be worked out internationally.

When both sides accept this—and only when they do—it should be possible to look forward to a gradual accommodation to the situation on the part of both sides and the removal of the distraction that prevents the peoples of the Middle East and their friends from tackling the real problems of the area: poverty, backwardness, social and political dislocation, and lack of adjustment to the modern age.

In its reply to the Soviet note of February 11, the State Department charged that the Soviet proposal for co-operation in the Middle East "has been put forward at a time when certain Soviet official acts and statements suggest that the USSR neither desires nor expects such co-operation." Perhaps that is the case. Nevertheless, if there is a chance that an understanding might be reached whereby the probable consequences of the military rivalry between the great powers in the Middle East could be averted, it would be a pity not to explore the possibility.

In any case, we might reconsider the policies that have, by imputation at least, made us a partisan in the quarrels of the area. The more impartially we can conduct ourselves in those disputes, the more assurance we will have of retaining a welcome there in years to come, and the fewer opportunities we will give the Soviet Union to entrench itself.

James Robbins Miller

GLAUCOMA:

the Sinister Halo

**If you treat it soon enough, glaucoma,
a dangerous disease of the eyes,
need not lead to blindness . . . as the author
demonstrates from his own experience.**

IT WAS about 2:00 P.M. a year ago when I walked down the hall toward my office and noticed suddenly that the bare bulbs of the ceiling lights were each surrounded by a circular rainbow, in full color.

I stopped, stared, and blinked my eyes. The rainbows remained. Because I live in Pasadena, California, I thought for a moment that this was an effect of our infamous smog. I went back to the door of the building and stepped outside. There was, indeed, a haze over the campus where I work. But something was wrong. On smoggy days there is an unmistakable odor; now there was none. On smoggy days my eyes, like most people's, are apt to smart. Today they did not.

I went back and looked at the lights, and a chill ran through me.

For a good many years I have studied, and sometimes written about, medical subjects. I have also read a fair amount of James Joyce. What I was thinking now was unthinkable. I went into the office and asked my secretary to come out to the hall.

"Do those lights look funny?" I asked her.

"No."

"You're sure? Look carefully."

She looked carefully at me.

"I'm serious," I told her. "I see rainbows around them."

She peered at the lights. "I don't," she said.

"Okay. Thanks."

I went into my office and did a little thinking,

or stalling. Then I reached for the phone and called an ophthalmologist who some months earlier had removed a splinter from my son's eye.

"I'm probably wasting your time," I said, "but I'm seeing rainbows around lights, and outdoors it looks smoggy, but it isn't."

"Get down here right away," the doctor said. "I don't like to alarm you, but this could be serious."

Fifteen minutes later when I met the doctor, he said automatically, "How are you?"

"I'm scared," I told him.

"Good. If you weren't, you'd have let this thing ride, the way most people do."

He sat me down in an examination chair and aimed bright little lights into my eyes from all directions. He put me in front of a machine that cupped my chin and looked at my eyes through what he called a slit lamp. Then he opened a case and took out a small metal device about six inches long.

"What's that?" I asked him.

"It's a tonometer. And relax. It isn't going to hurt. I'll anesthetize your eyes." He tilted me back in a chair, dropped some Pontocaine into each eye, and told me to look straight up.

"This instrument measures the pressure of the fluids in your eyes," he explained. "I'm going to rest the base of it on each one. The needle will swing across a calibrated scale. All you'll feel is the coolness of the metal."

He was right; I hardly felt even the coolness.

He tilted me up and handed me a paper tissue.

"What you have, sir, is acute glaucoma, both eyes."

"You're certain?" I said.

"Absolutely. Normal pressure on this scale runs from fourteen to twenty-eight millimeters. Your left eye reads forty-four; your right eye sixty. This is glaucoma."

Glaucoma, to me, meant blindness, sooner or later.

"What can we do?" I asked him.

"First—and I mean right now—we're going to get that pressure down."

He did it with drops of pilocarpine, a substance that contracts the pupils of the eyes, thus widening the angle between the iris and the cornea—too narrow in my case—and permitting the fluid in the eyes to circulate freely. It is when the fluids become dammed up that the pressure in the eyes rises and the victim sees haze and rainbows—the doctors call them halos.

A little while after he had put the drops in, the doctor remeasured the pressure in my eyes with the tonometer. It had subsided in both to something under thirty millimeters.

"That's more like it," he said.

He gave me drops to use at regular intervals four times a day, but he warned me that they were not a cure and often failed even to keep pace with the progress of the disease. Nevertheless I was to try them and come back the next afternoon unless I saw the halos again—in which case I was to call the doctor at once. If the drops failed to keep the pressure down sufficiently, I would have to consider surgery.

BLINDNESS AFTER FORTY

GLAUCOMA has been observed for about two thousand years, but understood—imperfectly—for only a century. It is not an infectious or contagious disease, but the result of a structural disorder that blocks the normal flow of ocular fluids. There are two basic types—"narrow angle" and "wide angle"—and either can be acute, with a sudden build-up of pressure and the symptoms I noticed; or chronic, with slow loss of vision but few, if any, warning symptoms. No matter how it attacks, glaucoma is a formidable thing, and the major cause of blindness among adults in the United States today.

It is by no means rare. About 2½ per cent of all people over the age of forty have it, that is, more than a million people in the United States alone. Most of them are unaware of the fact. Many have never heard of glaucoma; and its symptoms are tricky at best. Halos and foggy vision appear at times and then disappear; the attacks may be months apart. Often they occur after a couple of hours at the movies when the victim's pupils have dilated in the dark, causing the pressure in his eyes to rise. As a result, familiar things look strange, and there may be

some pain. But all too often the sufferer calls it eyestrain and ignores it.

Actually every time the pressure in the eyes mounts, it means the eye fluids are backing up on the optic nerve, reducing its blood supply and damaging it. This damage, however small, is irreversible. After repeated attacks—and sometimes without *any* apparent symptoms—the person's vision starts tunneling down. Then he realizes something is wrong and goes to a doctor. Perhaps the disease can still be checked, but the damage to the optic nerve can never be repaired.

Usually glaucoma is a gradual thing, but sometimes it races. There'll be a few fairly mild attacks and then, suddenly, a very severe one. An eye with intense pressure, unless operated on, can be lost in a hurry, sometimes within forty-eight hours. This doesn't happen often, but it is always a possibility. The important thing is to get at the disease early.

Because he feels so strongly about the need to recognize and fight glaucoma, the doctor I went to and several of his colleagues have established in Pasadena's St. Luke Hospital what may be the first thing of its kind in this country—a glaucoma testing center that is free, open to the entire public, and operating continuously. With the co-operation of the hospital authorities, financial support from the Altadena Lions Club, and some generous publicity in the local press, this testing center has in a period of seven months attracted more than 600 people.

Of this total, 150 were found to have some sort of eye abnormality that required the attention of an ophthalmologist. Because the follow-up procedure on patients who are referred to doctors sometimes takes many weeks, the number of glaucoma cases uncovered during the whole period is not yet known. But in the first three months, during which 280 people came in for tests, twelve—more than 4 per cent—turned out to have glaucoma—and none of them had suspected it.

The center is open every Thursday, and each week now it is testing about thirty people who come in by appointment. Its service is so much in demand that it is scheduling visitors seven weeks ahead. The tests, which take about ten minutes, are conducted by volunteer registered nurses, specially trained for the job. When they find what looks like glaucoma, or any other eye disorder, they refer the patient to his own doctor who, in turn, can refer him to an ophthalmologist.

"The only good thing about glaucoma," my doctor told me, "is that you can be almost 100

per cent sure whether you have it or not. But in order to be sure, you have to take the tests. People are learning to check their hearts and lungs regularly. If they'd only do as much for their eyes—particularly people over forty . . .” He shook his head. “It's so easy. A few minutes once a year. No pain. A few dollars at the most—and in our testing center, not a dime.”

As a rule, glaucoma is a disease of the older age group—when it is found in babies or children it is an entirely different type—and its causes have not yet been specifically determined. It seems to be a built-in defect, and it is hereditary to the extent that you can inherit an eye structure that encourages it. There is also some evidence that it may be aggravated by nervous tension—as ulcers or heart trouble may be. In any case, it often runs in families, and people who have it should watch their children's eyes. There is as yet no known prevention, but if it is detected early it needn't lead to blindness.

In my own case, I was lucky because I had the classic symptoms and had read enough to get to an ophthalmologist immediately. The extensive series of tests he put me through on subsequent visits revealed that the disease had not yet done any serious damage to my retinal or optic nerves.

That was reassuring, but it still did not answer the all-important question: What would I have to do?

After several weeks it became clear that the use of drops was, for me, only a line-holding procedure. The pressure in my eyes did not push any higher, but it gave the drops a real fight. I also found that drops four times a day were a nuisance. With my pupils contracted, a lot less light got into my eyes, and I missed it. At night, for example, it seemed as though every bulb in the house were fifteen watts. I was stuck with this situation, however, unless I turned to a very uninviting alternative. Finally the doctor and I faced that alternative together.

“Eye surgery is always risky,” he said, “and we don't rush anyone into it. There are several factors to consider. If you were old, I'd say coast along on the drops, the chances being that you'd have passable vision as long as you needed it. But you're forty-two, and you'll need your eyes for a long time. Furthermore, for what you've got—narrow angle glaucoma—there's a relatively simple operation that could help you a lot. I can't guarantee you a thing, but I'd be very much surprised if you didn't come through it nicely. Ninety-five to 98 per cent of the people who have this operation do.”

“And if I don't have it?”

“Then I think you're in for serious trouble. You don't have to take my word for it. I'll be glad to give you the names of some other ophthalmologists that I respect. Check them with your own doctor. Get some more examinations and opinions if you want to. All I ask is, don't waste any time about it.”

RESORT TO SURGERY

I DID what he suggested. It was a tedious, somewhat expensive procedure, but when it was over I was convinced. I went back to the first doctor and said, “All right; everyone I've seen agrees with you completely, and they all say I couldn't find a better man. What now?”

He took a book from his shelf. “These pages,” he said, “illustrate what I think we should do. The operation is called a ‘peripheral iridectomy.’ As I told you earlier, the angle formed where your iris meets your cornea is so narrow that it blocks the circulation of fluids. To compensate for this, we cut a very small nick in the base of the iris. This becomes an escape valve. Sometimes this is enough to relieve the pressure for good, and you're in clover. Sometimes it's not quite enough and we have to resort to more radical surgery. But one thing is almost certain: this operation prevents your ever having a sudden flare-up of intense pressure, the kind that can blind you in a matter of days.”

“How long does it take?” I asked.

“About forty minutes.”

“General anesthesia, I suppose?”

“No. For this operation we give general anesthesia only to children and to grownups who are too immature to cope with local anesthesia. You know how some people react coming out of a general. It doesn't do an operated eye any good. Risk of hemorrhage. We want you to be as quiet as possible.”

He explained that he would do one eye at a time—the first one, with the highest pressure, as soon as he could schedule me, and the second, if all went well, in another three months.

The result of our talk was my admission to the hospital a few days later. When they rolled me out of my room toward the operating room I was, I suppose, doped to capacity, but I was conscious throughout the entire operation and followed it with considerable interest. I felt a slight sting when I got the anesthesia. I felt nothing during the incision along the upper part of my eye. There was another slight sting

when the doctor lifted the base of the iris to snip a nick in it, but the eighteen stitches he made to close the incision were painless. I remember some conversation with the doctors and nurses, and the whole thing was over before I knew it.

For the remainder of that day and all of the next, both of my eyes were bandaged so that the one that had been operated on would stay at rest. On the third day the bandage was removed from my unoperated eye. To have even one, I discovered, is to have much. It was not an anticlimax to learn, a few days later, that I still had both.

On the sixth day, when it was clear that there were no complications, I was sent home. I wore a patch for a day or two and then, except for minor medications, began using both eyes as usual. Three weeks after the operation, I was virtually unaware of having had one. I felt no discomfort. I saw things clearly. The doctor examined me regularly; then, when he was satisfied with the first eye, he operated on the second. That, too, was successful.

Today, the pressure in the first eye stays between twenty-five and thirty millimeters, high in the normal range. In this eye I use one drop of pilocarpine—of the weakest prescription—each night, just to play it safe. The pressure in my other eye stays at around twenty millimeters, and in it I use no drops at all. My vision in both eyes is better than normal.

This does not mean that I am cured of glaucoma. I will always have to watch it. But both eyes now have effective escape valves. I am not in danger of a sudden, ruinous build-up of pressure. My prospects are good, but they are good *only* because I had the luck to spot glaucoma early—at a time when it was still susceptible to expert management.

I asked my eye doctor a short while ago why that simple pressure test with the tonometer could not be made a part of every routine medical examination. Properly trained, any doctor, any nurse, could do it.

"There's no reason in the world why it couldn't," he said, "if people insisted on having it."

FABLE FOR FLIPPED LID by George Starbuck

THERE was a rat
who whatever
he did, never
stopped getting fat-

ter and fatter fast-
er and faster till at last . . .

but I mustn't get
ahead of my story.
The laboratory
had to keep set-

ting him tougher and tough-
er problems . . . ENOUGH:

I must be chron-
ological.
One. They all
had to run

mazes. Two.
When they got through

a maze the prize
was food. Thirdly,
the more hurriedly,
the more size-

able. Fourthly, the more
. . . What was four?

Listen, I ran
this lab, and it wasn't
so very pleasant
having him an-

swer the questions quick
as the staff could pick
them out of the dic-
tionary IT MAKES ME SICK

all this bother about who
ate up the Grant.
I asked him, "Well can't
you stop?" "Dunno how to,"

he said, "I hate
being overweight,

but in the heat
of competition
I've no volition:
I just compete.

I get carried away.
I'd eat Cape May

if I won it." I would-
n't put it past him.
One day I asked him
if he was so good

why didn't he
go on TV

and make a hundred
and sixty-four
grand, and what's more,
he did. I wondered

where it would lead to,
but I didn't need to:

he choked on a room-
ful of non-retur-
nable furniture
from "Bride and Groom."

Elsa B. Ruedebush

Your Child Can Sing

Have you a little monotone in your family?

You don't need to stuff his (or her) mouth with cotton when you gather round the piano. He (or she) can learn to be a lark.

THERE is a widespread belief, among teachers as well as parents, that nothing can be done for the child who sings in a monotone. A child so labeled is usually set aside, told to be silent while the other children are singing, and forgotten as far as musical training is concerned. Even if he is allowed to sing with the rest, he is frowned upon because a monotone is always conspicuous in a group. As a result he is apt to spend the rest of his life cut off from one of the most enjoyable and enriching of human activities.

Nothing in my experience as a music teacher has led me to accept this opinion. On the contrary I have become convinced that, unless he is deaf, any child can be taught to sing in tune. And I have repeatedly proved my point.

When I became head of the choral department in a private elementary school in Cambridge, Massachusetts, fifteen years ago, I found in every group from kindergarten through seventh grade three or four children who were unable to carry a melody. Whenever I asked one of these children, "Can you sing a song?" I always received a positive answer. The aggressive ones shouted it; the shy ones whispered it. They were not conscious of the fact that they were not singing in tune. And they sang because, like all children and most adults as well, they loved to sing.

The commonest difficulty with these children,

I discovered, was inattentiveness. They had not acquired the habit of paying attention and, therefore, lacked the ability to listen. To stimulate their awareness of sound I resorted to games. One was called "Listening." I asked my pupils to listen to sounds in their homes and in the streets and then try to match each individual sound they heard. They would return imitating the hum of a speeding trolley, the tolling of a bell, and, sometimes, the rustle of leaves tossed about by the wind. Their attempts to reproduce these sounds were instructive as well as amusing, because they revealed to me the extent to which the different children had been listening. In order to reproduce a particular tone, one has to listen carefully. That is fundamental.

With every class at the beginning of the year, I also played a game called "Musical Twins." A "musical twin" is the interval of the octave—middle "C" and the "C" which is eight tones higher. To play this game, the children had to sing simultaneously the words "Good Morning" on the two high "C's" followed by middle "C." This is an interesting experiment to try with any child, because it exposes his inattention and consequent refusal to use his ears, as well as his injurious singing habits.

Whether it was the children's sharper consciousness of the sounds in their homes and in the street, or the game of musical twins, or my constant reminders to listen, *listen* when they became careless, that enabled them to sing in three or four class periods, I do not know. I do know that the sensation of trying to pin down exact sounds usually absorbs even the most inattentive child for a limited time, and in that short period he teaches himself to listen. The children who were inattentive simply because they had never learned to use their ears, needed only these simple procedures to learn to sing in tune. If, however, a child's inattention is ignored or, worse still, accepted by his parents, he may never learn to sing.

WHY JOHNNY COULDN'T SING

THE mother of one of my pupils once visited a singing class in which I was working to focus her son's attention on one tone. I was trying, and had been trying, to teach him to think one tone—to hear it in his mind as well as in his ears before he attempted to reproduce it. His problem was not a difficult one, but I was baffled by the fact that he refused to co-operate with me, to try what I suggested. That day I

happened to glance at his mother as I temporarily gave up the struggle, and I saw an amused smile on her face.

When the class was dismissed, she came up to speak to me.

"You may as well give up," she said laughing. "Johnny will never carry a tune. He's a monotone."

"But he loves to sing—"

"We know he loves to sing," she said, "and we know he can't sing. We have accepted the fact. I know you won't approve, but we sing together every day. He selects the songs, and I accompany him on the piano. We have a wonderful time."

"How does it sound?" I asked.

"Awful—simply awful."

I asked her if she would help me make an experiment by not accompanying Johnny for a while. She agreed but with a rueful smile that told me plainly she thought I was wasting my time.

During the next class period, when I played "E" above middle "C" on the piano—the one tone Johnny frequently sang—and asked him to listen carefully before he attempted to sing it, he burst out angrily,

"I don't have to match that tone, *I can sing*. My Mommie says I can sing."

With the help of the other children, who readily shushed him or told him to stop spoiling the song, Johnny finally began to understand that his way of singing was unacceptable. Then he began to try; and because he tried, he began to listen. The first time he actually matched the tone I had played on the piano, the other children burst into spontaneous applause. Johnny was amazed and delighted. And from that point on the battle was won.

I asked him immediately to sing the tone above "E," namely "F." He tried and failed, but he refused to give up; and after several attempts he was successful. Now he was ready for the next step. If he could sing "E" four times in succession and then "F" four times in succession, he had mastered the first necessary requirements of learning to listen.

Within the allotted time I reserved for Johnny in each class period, using the method I have described, he learned to match every tone of the scale. After he was able to sing the scale with a minimum of effort, he was ready to experiment with intervals. When he had a reasonable facility with the intervals, I started him on a phrase of a folk song, warning him that some notes in the song were neighbors (close together), and

some lived a block away (the intervals). After he had mastered the phrase, singing the melody was easy. He had replaced his bad habit with a good one; his ears were open; he was a contributing member of the class.

MISPLACED VOICES

SOME children who do listen, however, still fail to sing on key because their speaking voices are misplaced. In my experience this was usually a smaller group than the inattentive; most of its members had good ears, but could not sing because they did not use their speaking voices properly. In each case that I met, the parent told me that the child was a monotone.

There was, for example, the girl I call Kate, who was tall, not very attractive then, with a husky, guttural, unpleasant speaking voice. Kate was unable to match any tone. Everything was against her, except her fervent desire to learn to sing. Kate loved music; she loved the songs we sang; she wanted with her whole heart to reproduce the songs herself.

As I watched Kate's desperate efforts and continual failures, I decided to speak to her mother. She was a teacher herself. I approached her at the next parent-teachers meeting. Her reply was instantaneous and direct:

"I have taught school for many years. I have never known of a skill whereby a monotone could be taught to sing a tune, either alone or with a chorus. However, Kate has asked for private singing lessons. She shall have them." Then she added drily, "At least, she will be listening to music."

Kate's pleasure in coming to see me alone showed in her face as she seated herself beside me at the piano. I pointed to the word "hung" on the blackboard, played "D" above middle "C," asked her to open her mouth, drop her lower jaw, and sing the word "hung" in her nose on that tone. I cautioned her to keep the letters "N-G" in the front of her nose.

I use the word, "hung," constantly in my work, because the letters "N-G" place the voice in the nasal passages where it belongs and produce an open humming tone which has resonance and clarity.

After Kate was able to sing and hold the "N-G" in her nose, I asked her to repeat the process and add the vowel "E," placing it in the exact spot she had placed the "N-G" and holding it as long as she could. The process is "hung-ng-eee," with the breath forced through

the nose. Later the vowel "E" was followed by a word, such as pool. The result I wanted was "hung-ng-eee-pool." This detailed method was necessary for Kate, to get her voice out of her throat.

During the seven months we worked together I also used the same procedure I had with Johnny to sharpen Kate's ears. As the control and consequent clarity of her voice increased, it was easier for her to sing, and she added tone after tone to her range. Her singing voice was small, but true and clear. At the same time the unpleasant quality in her speaking voice disappeared.

I have known other children who had trouble singing because they placed their tongues against the roofs of their mouths, instead of resting them gently against the lower teeth. In most instances, these children needed only a few demonstrations of where to put their tongues to correct this habit. In stubborn cases, however, I found that it was helpful to illustrate the difference it made. I did this in an exaggerated way, placing my tongue against the roof of my mouth and contorting my face in an effort to produce sound—but no sound emerged.

Then I put my tongue against my lower teeth, dropped my lower jaw, and sang a clear resonant tone.

TWO YEARS AND THREE SONGS

BUT the greatest help any teacher has is the child's own desire to be able to sing, and often this is the deciding factor, as it was with Norma.

Norma was an abnormally timid eight-year-old, with blond hair and large, blue eyes. Because I sensed it would be a painful experience for her, I did not test her voice when she entered the class. I later discovered that her difficulty was that she always sang one tone, and that an unusually low one—"G" below middle "C."

Norma never caused any trouble. Through each half hour period, she sat quietly, almost motionless. It was evident, however, that she was listening, for her eyes would light up when any particular sound pleased her.

One morning in the classroom a month later, I asked her whether she would shriek if I shrieked. She was surprised, but after a momentary hesitation agreed to try. I sang the highest tone I was capable of and waited to hear the low, guttural, muffled sound she invariably produced with her teeth clenched tightly together

whenever she sang. To my amazement, she dropped her lower jaw and sang a clear, high tone—higher than the one I had sung—which she placed securely in her nasal passages. (She told me later that she had practiced this method over and over again on her way home from school.) But from then on she could not sing the low tone again but only the high one.

Norma's was an unusual case. She was a child of more-than-average mental ability and unusually quick to grasp ideas. Her muscular coordination was poor, but I attributed this to the fact that she was an only child and invariably played alone. Her father was a writer who would tolerate no noise whatever in their three-room apartment; even humming was forbidden. Norma had to become resourceful in such an environment, and she had grown accustomed to helping herself. Through the weeks in the classroom when she had been listening attentively, she had solved one of her voice problems herself. She had learned to place her voice in her nasal passages.

A week later she asked me whether she could study with me alone. She wanted to learn to sing.

I had to discard my usual procedure with Norma, because she was incapable of bringing her voice down to middle "C" or any other tone in that range. She could match only one tone—the one she had sung in the classroom. Of her own accord, she stood up and put her ears close to the piano strings. (We were using an upright piano.) Gradually as the lessons progressed she began to inch away. Each time she moved, she became proficient in matching another tone. By the time she reached the windows, which were on the farther side of a large room, she was able to match every tone of a descending scale. After that she sat beside me, and I followed the same method I had used with Johnny.

It took two years of endless repetition before Norma was able to sing three songs with the class; and three years before she could sing every song. At first she had to be bolstered by strong singers on either side of her, but her confidence grew and with it her ability to sing. Finally she needed no such support.

It is true that only one of the hundreds of children I have taught is headed for the operatic stage; he was unable to carry a melody when he entered the school. The majority of the children, wherever they are, are singing in choral groups. They are not potential opera singers; they have not been given vocal lessons; but they can all carry a given melody.

A Story by ROBIN WHITE

Drawings by Jim McMullan



House of Many Rooms

SHORTLY after the ox cart had passed the first village along the southeast route across the tip of India to Meigudy, Mrs. Fisher saw the little boy come running after her through the early morning shadows. A heavy mist lay close upon the ground, muffling the rumble of wooden wheels and obscuring the river and paddy fields so that the banyan trees which lined the road seemed to be rising out of a vast gray marsh of silence, penetrated remotely by the hooting of monkeys and the hoarse, insolent call of mynah birds and crows. Out of this silence the child emerged without warning as if, like some spirit of the dark hours, the figment of Mrs. Fisher's imagination, he had been conspiring to overtake her unawares.

Her immediate response was one of mild annoyance at the intrusion. The boy had broken so abruptly upon her entranced solitude as to startle her, and at first she turned stiffly to frown at him. Dressed in shorts of old and threadbare cloth, he might have been around six, Mrs. Fisher thought, although he looked to be not more than four. His hair was red brown from the dust caked in it, his dark skin an ashy hue for need of a bath, and his features seemed pinched, almost distorted, by hunger and the wearing effects of having to fend for himself too early in life. Mrs. Fisher had learned to read these signs, and their meaning turned her surprise into sudden fear; for just by his appearance and the way he trailed her she could tell he was

a stray—the dangerous type that would try, if possible, to become attached to her. Resolutely she turned away and focused her attention on her hands. Much as she loved children, strays were definitely not included in her plans for this trip.

By degrees mustering up courage, the boy moved in closer to the bandy. Mrs. Fisher knew he was not going to be easily shaken. She tried not to look at him, but despite herself she was unable to keep from noticing how dreadfully stony and unchanging was the mask of his face. Her heart was torn with pity; only she was afraid that if she revealed any of this the boy would use it to attach himself to her.

"Begone, child," she said in Tamil, waving the boy away. Immediately she realized that, unwittingly or by desire, she had made a mistake, done the very thing that would bring the boy to her. By showing that she had noticed him, she had openly acknowledged her concern. Taking heart, he pressed in close to the bandy.

He did not try to speak to her, and Mrs. Fisher knew this was another bad sign. If he had asked for food or money, it would have meant he was a beggar child who would leave as soon as he got what he wanted. So preoccupied was she with thinking about the boy that she did not see the man on horseback until he had overtaken the bandy and, unable to pass because of the narrowness of the road at that particular section, slowed to a pace behind. He was a well-dressed, middle-

aged man, tall, strikingly handsome and arrogant-looking, and apparently Mohammedan, because he carried a prayer mat. Seeing Mrs. Fisher's anxious glance in the boy's direction, he reined back and drew his impatient, high-strung stallion around sideways to the bandy.

"Madame," he said in English, saluting, "is this filthy urchin causing you annoyance?"

"What? Oh, no, no," Mrs. Fisher said, collecting herself quickly. "Not really."

"Only permit me to be of service, Madame, and I shall gladly drive him off." He unstrung a bull whip from his saddle and turned as if to lash out at the child.

"Please," Mrs. Fisher said. "It's quite all right. Don't strike him." She raised her hand in protest, annoyed at having been put in the position of defending the boy. At the sight of the whip, the boy withdrew prudently just out of striking distance. "See," she said, "he doesn't want to cause any trouble."

"Very well, Madame, if you say." The Mohammedan curled the whip back into place. "But if I may be so bold as to advise, Madame would do well not to encourage him by any sign or word. As a merchant I have had much experience with all types of beggars. It is the little ones like this who seek a home that are most dangerous. They are filled with vermin, and for sheer persistence they cannot be excelled."

"I know," Mrs. Fisher agreed without enthusiasm. "One cannot be too careful."

"I see that Madame has been wisened by experience."

"Yes, I've taken in a few in my time," she said, thinking of the several stray children she had mothered in the past. "The worst of it is they all grow up and go away."

"Quite so, Madame. A completely worthless lot."

"I wouldn't say that exactly," Mrs. Fisher said. "It's just that they find lives of their own after a while, and for a person of my age it is difficult to live through fondness and departure."

"Then Madame is truly charitable," the Mohammedan said. "I myself cannot undertake to provide for more than my own."

"Do you have many children?" she asked, wondering at his almost militant self-interest.

"Five, Madame—all sons, praise be to Allah. And Madame?"

"Three," said Mrs. Fisher. "I had four at one time—three boys and a girl. A sufficient average, I suppose. My eldest son was drowned in a flood, much like this." She nodded in the direction of the swollen river, now visible beyond the trees.

"My deepest sympathies, Madame."

"It's all right," Mrs. Fisher said. "I've lived with it a long time."

"And where are Madame's children now?"

"Oh, they all have homes in America. It wasn't so bad when my husband was still living. But now, sometimes I—well, I have my mission work, and that keeps me busy. I've lived in India so long I wouldn't know what to do in another country."

FOR a moment the Mohammedan studied her silently, taking in her age, her lavender sari, and the easy way she rode cross-legged on the rough floor boards of the cart. "May I ask where Madame travels dressed in Indian garb and riding in a bandy?"

"To Meigudy," she said. Then seeing his questioning glance she added, "It was my home for many years—and happy years they were, too. Mr. Fisher and I went there in a covered wagon like this, when we were first married, to reorganize the mission. It's always seemed like home to me because all our children grew up there."

The Mohammedan was instantly touched by this. "And now Madame is returning to recapture the old memories. Ah, such poetry! such significance! a pilgrimage to the scene of one's youth! I shall compose a poem about it the instant I reach home."

"That's nice," said Mrs. Fisher. But somehow she didn't feel any poetry. It was as if by revealing the purpose of her trip, by putting the thought in words, the whole idea had suddenly taken on an unpleasant air, reminding her of a dream she often had of a house with many rooms. Every time the dream occurred, she would find herself, fully aware that she was asleep, entering a house with the familiar, almost useless feeling that she had seen it all before, knew every crack and cranny of the place; yet to her amazement every time she passed through the house, she would discover new and more beautiful rooms. And when she would finally awaken, it would be with the lonely, thwarted sense of having been cut off from an unfinished task. Restlessly now, her eyes wandered from the Mohammedan's horse to the little boy, trailing at a distance.

Overjoyed by the thought of the poem, the Mohammedan began composing lines of it in snatches and out loud. He even offered Mrs. Fisher his company for the rest of the trip, saying it was dangerous for women to travel alone in these parts. But she told him that she had often traveled alone and that it would be a shame to hold him up unnecessarily. To this the

Mohammedan agreed, and after he had thanked Mrs. Fisher for his pleasant conversation with her, he saluted and rode ahead, giving a final brandish of the whip in the boy's direction.



PRESENTLY the bandy lurched down a short embankment to ford a shallow channel. The brown, swiftly-moving flood water surged against the wheels, and the oxen came to a standstill. The slumbering driver, who had nearly fallen from his seat, leaped up to prod some life into the oxen, jabbing them with his whip handle, biting their tails and crying, "Haaai! Hai! Eeeeya!" As they came up onto the far bank, the first rays of the rising sun penetrated and divided the mist into patches like flocks of sheep. On either side of the road clusters of low, thatched huts appeared, and Mrs. Fisher knew they had reached the second village.

Here the bandy overtook a group of Hindu women. Mrs. Fisher could hear their loud early-morning laughter long before the slow-moving ox cart caught up with them, and from their conversation she knew they were headed for a wedding. They were all dressed in their best saris, their hair washed and combed and braided with gay white and yellow flowers; and their laughter betrayed them. The only time village women were free from work and had time to be happy was on a wedding day.

As the bandy slowly passed them, the women stopped talking momentarily until they caught sight of Mrs. Fisher. Of one accord they quickened their leisurely holiday pace to keep up with her while maintaining a discreet distance. Their immediate presence directly behind the bandy would, under any other circumstances, have been a source of delight to Mrs. Fisher. She had always enjoyed the frank, unassuming manner of village

women when their husbands were not around. But moving in such numbers and so close to the bandy they blocked her view of the little boy, thus heightening her concern for him. All at once she felt irritated by their laughter.

Not realizing that she spoke Tamil, the women began conversing freely about Mrs. Fisher, wondering why she was dressed in a sari and why she rode a bandy instead of taking the bus or train.

"Maybe she speaks Tamil," someone suggested.

"Never," asserted another loudly. "White ladies can't. Their tongues aren't made right for it. Too stiff. Haven't you noticed how they always speak with their teeth. They prefer to bite words. It comes of eating meat."

"You never can tell about these white ladies," someone else said. "They do many peculiar things, like appearing in public with strange men. It's all on account of education. That's what I say." There was a murmur of agreement from the group, and the conversation branched out into a general discussion and condemnation of the sinful ways of educated city women.

"After all," someone remarked, "what else is there in life but hard work mixed in with weddings, births, funerals, and maybe a good fight or two? One can only accept these things and appease the gods. Give a woman a book and she goes to pot."

Accept? Mrs. Fisher said to herself. Was that where the answer lay? Accept? Accept what? Loneliness? Confusion? Defeat? Where then was there room for hope? It seemed to her that she had accepted so much that she was at cross-purposes with herself. She did not even know these women, and yet, whether she accepted them or not, they had insinuated themselves into her life, and their presence frustrated her by cutting her off from the little boy. She kept straining to see over their heads and finally, thinking that he had dropped out of sight altogether, she called impatiently for the women to step aside. They complied readily enough, surprise registered on their faces. The boy was still following.

Far from being embarrassed by the discovery that Mrs. Fisher spoke Tamil, the women now pressed around her, anxious to please, anxious to learn the answers to their questions. With a renewed sense of humor, Mrs. Fisher yielded to them, explaining her reasons for riding in a bandy and wearing a sari. When they asked how old she was, they were amazed to learn that she was nearly sixty. Why, she was a grandmother, they exclaimed, calling her respectfully "Parti." She was older than anyone in the group yet, see, she looked to be not more than forty at the most.

Their words buoyed Mrs. Fisher up, and for a while she was cheered to the point of laughter. Then they noticed her nylon stockings and, after asking permission to touch them, each in turn placed a rough forefinger on Mrs. Fisher's leg. How far up did they go? they asked, all the way?

Mrs. Fisher was fortunately spared further interrogation and exploration by the ox cart's timely arrival at the third village where the wedding was being held. The women abruptly bid her farewell and rushed ahead to join the throng gathered outside one of the huts where a pavilion of thatch had been erected. Because of the crowd, the driver had to climb out onto the yoke to break passage. Although Mrs. Fisher leaned out, she was unable to catch a glimpse of the bride and groom, and when the ox cart finally left the village, she sat back wondering how the women could live simply on the basis of accepting life and relieving its hardships by the amusement of social functions. The very thought of it had a disquieting effect on her. Now, although she tried, she could no longer make herself feel the desperateness of purpose that had forced her on this journey. Instead, thinking about the little boy, she searched the road for some sign of him. He would probably give up following her, she thought, for the more promising prospects of the wedding and hand-outs of food. But she found no joy in that.

BY DEGREES the rising sun forced Mrs. Fisher back under the wagon cover. Traffic had increased along the road, and from time to time the bandy was slowed by encounters with herds of cattle, long lines of coolies, and the caravans of ox carts laden with great bales of hemp and cotton. In the open stretches she could look back on the fields where people worked in bunches, women bent over planting, men cultivating with wooden plows drawn by lethargic black water buffaloes, boys running treadmills that raised water from one irrigation ditch to another. Then there were the monkeys that chased each other along the ground, and in the distance flocks of teal dipped and soared over the fields. Sometimes the road was flooded and boys would be swimming in the brown water. In other places it would skirt the edges of vast groves of coconut and palmyra palms, and the sudden deep shade with its accompanying hollow silence would come as a cool refreshing drink.

There had been a time when the cumulative effect of this changing landscape had filled her with peace and a sense of belonging. But now the monotony of sound and movement

made her feel lonely and dissatisfied, and all at once she knew she could not go on like this, not knowing what was happening to the boy. Frantically she called for the driver to stop and pull over. It was time for lunch anyway, she argued.

Stiffly she unfolded herself from the bandy and got down while the driver unhitched the oxen and led them over to the side of the road to graze. Taking her tiffin carrier in one hand, she sat down on a large hump formed by the root of a banyan tree. On the right the road was edged by a dense shola of palm trees, and on the left the land dipped sharply down to the river. As Mrs. Fisher opened her tiffin carrier and spread a linen napkin on the grass, she was startled to discover that her spot was shared by a Sannyasi, a holy man, sitting on a reed mat near the banyan and contemplating infinity. Now there, she thought, looking at him, was freedom. And yet it occurred to her that withdrawal was not exactly freedom, and avoidance was not exactly happiness. It only created an effect, and even the Sannyasi had to make concessions to life: he had to eat and breathe, and some day he had to die.

The more she thought about it, the more it disturbed her. She tried to eat, but the food would not go down, and after a while she began putting it back in the tiffin carrier. Her worry for the little boy nauseated her, and when he appeared, walking up the road in her direction, she felt such a tightness in her stomach that she thought she was going to be sick.

At the sight of the food, the little boy abandoned caution and came within a yard of Mrs. Fisher. He squatted on his hams and watched her, and she, resigning herself to the inevitable, held out a brass tumbler of milk to him. He took it and downed it swiftly, furtively. The least I can do, she thought, is feed him. If I give him food perhaps he will be satisfied and go his way. She handed him a package of sandwiches and a cup cake, trying not to watch as, in his eagerness, he ate the cake with the paper on it.

"What are you called, child?" she asked when he had finished.

"Krishnan," the boy said in a voice that sounded dead and old.

"Are you from these parts?"

The boy shrugged and Mrs. Fisher could not keep from asking, "Have you no relatives to look after you, no home to go to?" Even before he gave it, she knew the answer.

"I am alone, Amma."

Alone? So alone then little boy? The words seemed to rise up in her despite her fierce sup-



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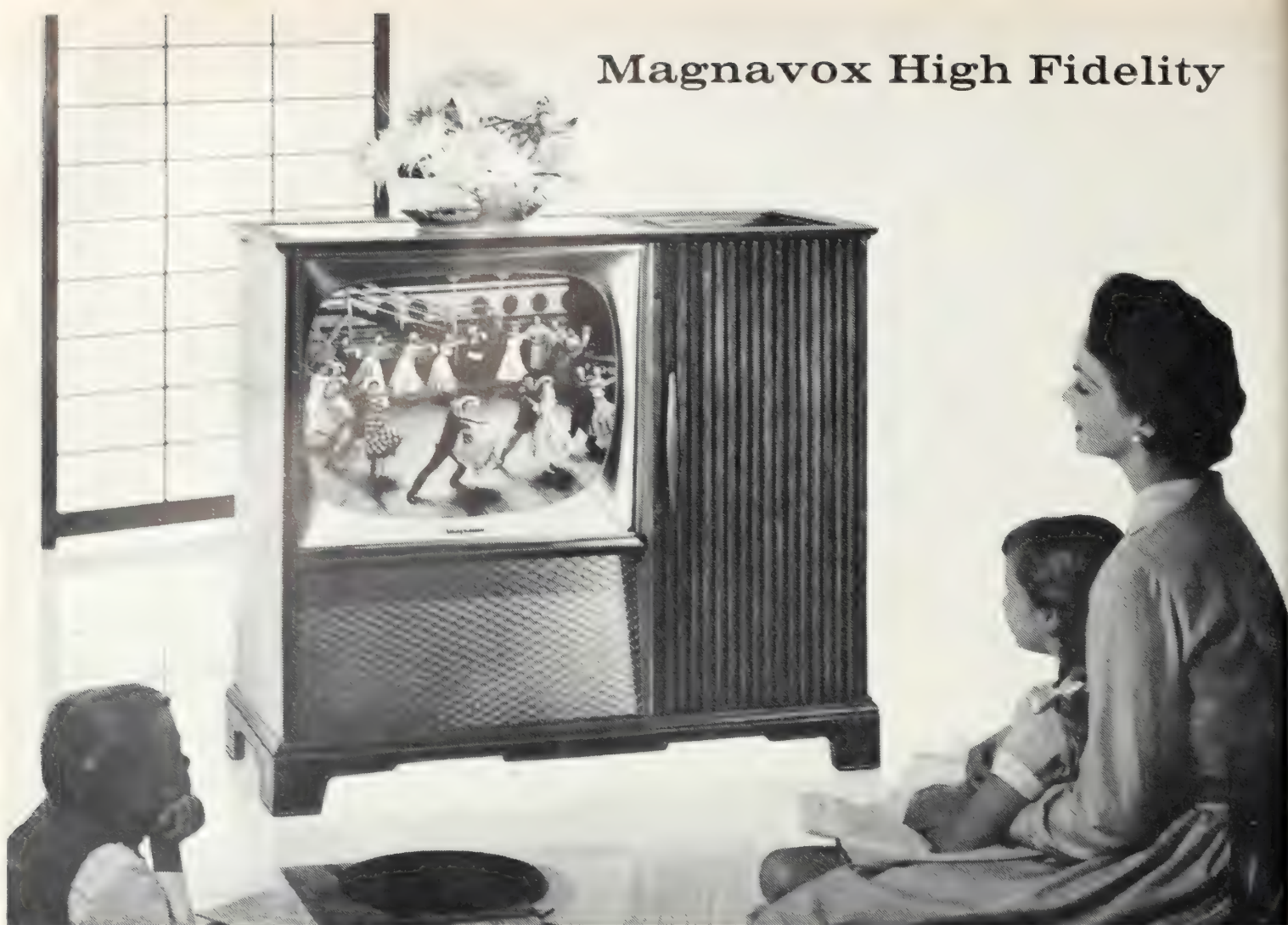
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pression of them. She was yielding unnecessarily. And if she lost her will to shut him out, would he then not become a part of her life and grow up and leave her like all the others? like all that she had ever cared for and loved? In that moment she admired the Mohammedan's ability to take what he wanted and drive off what he did not without suffering the agony of doubt; she admired the village women and envied their yielding ability to accept what came to them; she even admired the old Sannyasi for his complete indifference. Anything, she said to herself, would be better than what I now feel.

Abruptly she rose, thinking that now the child would go and leave her in peace, free of the responsibility of making a decision about him. Yet in a way she almost hoped that he would force the decision on her. As if he knew what she was thinking, he rose and followed her over to where the driver was hitching up the oxen. With a final show of determination, Mrs. Fisher stepped on the foot rail to get in, but even as she did so, her knees weakened and she knew she did not have the strength to let the boy walk on those spindly, worn legs of his. He was so young, so frail, so alone, so innocent, and in his very weakness too strong for her.

"Oh, damn! oh, damn you, Sannyasi!" she said, trying to pinch back the words with one hand across her mouth. "Well, get in boy. You will ride with me." She stepped back and motioned for him to climb up without touching her. She did not want him to touch her, for somehow the thought of contact made her afraid.

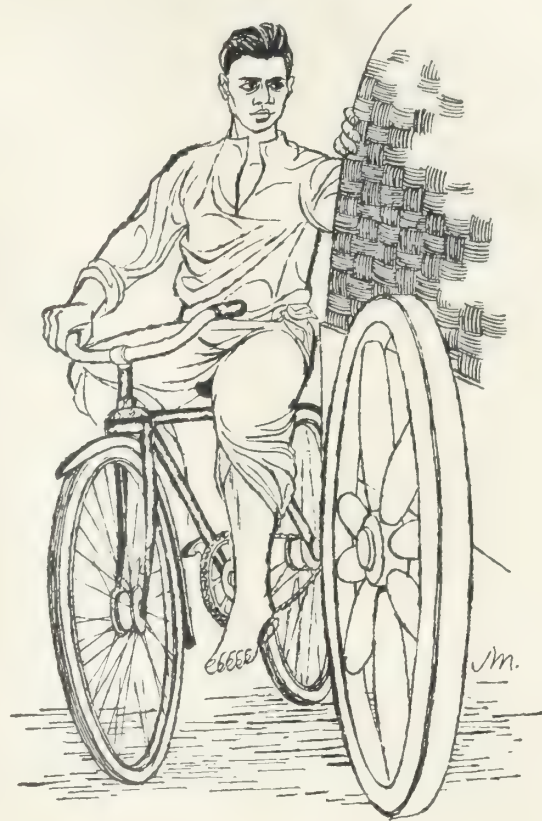
The boy did as he was told, and Mrs. Fisher climbed in after him, telling herself that she was taking him with her only because he was so small, and that she would turn him over to the mission orphanage the moment she got back to the city. They were overcrowded at the orphanage already, she knew, but she would take some of her savings and make a little fund for his care. That was as far as it would go. He was not going to push his way into her life—not under any circumstances would she go through all that again. And as if to make certain of this she said, "I want no misunderstanding, child. I'm taking you to Meigudy, and when we return to the city I will put you in the orphanage where they'll educate, feed and clothe you. But that's all, mind, that's as much as I can do."

Then she realized that he had said nothing, made no demands of her, and that her words had been spoken only for her own benefit. I simply had to do something, she thought. With him tailing me like that I was constantly dis-

tracted. Now I won't have to worry or think about him.

"And just don't touch me," she added sharply, "because you're filthy and I won't have it."

Within minutes after the bandy got under way the boy fell asleep, exhausted, on the straw cushioning. Only then did Mrs. Fisher feel free to turn and study him, as if, had he been conscious and known she was looking, it would have harmed or weakened her in some way.



THEN quite suddenly the ox cart was overtaken by a student on a bicycle. He came riding impetuously around a curve, nearly bumping into the bandy before he saw it. Mrs. Fisher could tell he was a student because he wore his vashti in what was called the "Rumba Regent" style. The style was popular on campuses around South India and involved knotting the vashti on the side instead of in front, twisting the belt off center, too. The young man was perspiring heavily and took this chance encounter with the bandy to slacken his pace. Mrs. Fisher could see that he was anxious to catch onto the side of the bandy and so rest without stopping, but seeing that a white lady rode within, he was not quite sure what to do. Mrs. Fisher nodded and smiled, and instantly his left hand snapped out to catch the side of the bandy. He back-pedaled fancily, like a young acrobat giving out with the footwork before actually stepping on the tight wire. Then he released his hold of the handle

bars and performed a flashy series of one-handed maneuvers with cigarette and match. Inhaling, he peered boldly into the bandy at Mrs. Fisher. He eyed her sari, her tali; he peered at the slumbering little boy; and finally, after he had made certain with deliberate and affected casualness that there was no more to be seen, he asked, "Madame is married to an Indian man?"

"No," Mrs. Fisher said.

He was visibly disappointed. "Perhaps Madame is only married in form to a European and is having an affair with an Indian."

Mrs. Fisher shook her head, in doubt as to whether she should be amused or annoyed.

"I do not understand," the young man said. "Why do you ride in a bandy? Where are you going dressed in this manner? And why is your son so Indian-looking?"

Mrs. Fisher explained.

"Oh, a missionary lady," he said, dejected. "Such a wretched business. I had thought for a moment that you were one of us."

"And what might that be?" Mrs. Fisher asked.

"One of the new set," the young man replied. "We believe in complete abolition of all social, moral, and religious bonds due to the fact that they are largely invented by pettyfoggers to hinder and restrict the free movement of the intellectual. I feel that man should be free to behave exactly as he pleases. For instance, have you ever thought of the daily tragedy of many men and women who are kept from meeting each other and making love by such trite restrictions as decorum? Absence of free love is a tragedy. Absence of free anything is a tragedy. A crime, Madame. Have you ever thought of that? People should be able simply to meet, make love, and separate without attachment. We live in a terrible world of rules, Madame, truly terrible, you know? And every generation adds more to the list."

THE young man had not yet had time to catch his breath completely, and as he spoke with an amazing machine-like rapidity he was soon winded to the point of speechlessness. Mrs. Fisher frowned and turned to look at Krishnan. She wanted to ask the young man where there was room in his philosophy for children, but he anticipated her.

"Take this stray urchin, for instance. You do not really want him along, but you have picked him up out of charity. And what is charity? A foolish manifestation of social coercion. You feel obliged to do what you have done. You do not *want* to do it. And what good does it do the boy,

I ask you? Now he will have impressed upon him all the rules of society, and he will lose that precious freedom that was his."

"Freedom from what!" Mrs. Fisher almost shouted. But the student did not hear her. At that moment they passed a young woman standing beside the road and drying her sari. She had apparently just come from washing her sari in the river, and, it being her only garment, she was drying it, the way village women did, by tying one end to a post and wrapping the other tightly about her body. The sun, however, had made her slightly dozy, and as the bandy rolled past, a sudden breath of hot air caught her sari from her relaxed grasp and whipped it away from her, revealing, for one instant before she could recover her senses and snatch the cloth modestly around her, all the warm, sensual contours of her ripe young body.

"There!" the student shouted excitedly. "That is what I mean exactly! Here for a moment we have a brief glimpse of beauty in its essence, pure, unposed beauty—the ultimate in life—and what happens? She jumps like one possessed in order to cover it up. Why? Because the rules say so. Because of the rules she deprives the world of one moment of realization and makes of it a thing of shame. She covers herself up."

"And so would have I," Mrs. Fisher snapped.

The young man shrugged. "Ah, well. It is to be expected. But for a moment I had thought that perhaps you were one of us and had cast off societal bonds to take up with an Indian."

"I'm sorry to have disappointed you," she said.

"Quite all right," the young man said, overlooking her sarcasm and brushing her words aside as if he were bestowing a favor. "We can't hope for everyone to be saved. New tricks cannot be learned to an old dog, you know." He paused and looked around for a new approach. "Why does Madame not take the bus or train?"

"For the same reason you don't," she said.

"Are you also penniless and unemployed?"

"I simply wish to ride this way," she said.

"When I first came to Meigudy as a young woman, I went by ox cart. And now that I'm going back I want to do it the same way." She wished she hadn't said that. She didn't owe him an explanation, and his reply stung her.

"Such a trite sentiment utterly, Madame," he said. "I exhort you to purge yourself of these feelings. One must never become attached to the past because it constitutes a hindrance to the present. Simply because you are along in years is no excuse to let yourself be shackled by sentimental attachments to the past or to the nuisance

of that child. Strike them off, Madame, while there is time."

Before Mrs. Fisher could hurl back an indignant reply, the young man pedaled off without taking his leave. Mrs. Fisher's hand went to her mouth. "But it's all I've got," she said, choking back the words. "It's all I've got."

From the changing landscape, she could tell they were at last nearing Meigudy; her irritation gave way to mounting tension. On the outskirts of town the bandy passed an old woman struggling along the road. Mrs. Fisher took compassion on her, perhaps through some association of age, and invited her to ride with them. The old woman climbed into the bandy gratefully and cupped her tired feet in her hands. The flesh had withered on her arms and legs, and her face was heavily seamed with wrinkles that puckered the flesh about her toothless old gums as if at one time the lips had been sewn together like a wound. She wore a faded sari, her white hair looked quite lifeless, her eyes devoid of any curious gleam. Mrs. Fisher tried to picture herself that old, wondering what answer so many years of living had taught her.

"Do you go to Meigudy?" Mrs. Fisher asked in Tamil.

"Even so," the old woman replied. "My youngest son lives there with his children, and my old bones have an ache to see him again."

"I suppose you live near by—I mean near enough to make the walk once in a while."

"Yes, I live in the city," the old woman said.

"In the city!" Mrs. Fisher exclaimed. "That's a good thirty miles from Meigudy."

"A good thirty," the old woman said. "In my younger days I could make it from sunrise to sunset. Now, alas, the weight of years is upon me and I must start a day in advance."

"But is it worth all that?"

"Worth? Worth? Amma, when I have an ache to see my son and his children, the question of worth does not come into my mind. What else is there to life but children? Family and children. That's all that counts, I say. And you, Amma, do you go to Meigudy?"

Mrs. Fisher nodded.

"To visit family, or friends?"

"Neither," said Mrs. Fisher.

"But if you go not to visit with someone and have no family with you, what is the purpose of your trip?"

"I make a pilgrimage," Mrs. Fisher explained, "to my old home."

"And no family lives there?"

"No."

The old woman shook her head. Mrs. Fisher tried to explain, but the old woman was unable to fathom her reasoning. "All that sort of thing is beyond me, Amma. It is unnatural for one to be attached to a place where no relatives live."

Her words drew Mrs. Fisher's mounting frustration out to a fine, biting edge. "It's the most natural thing in the world to me!"

"Please forgive," the old woman said. "I am an ancient fifty years of age, and the why and wherefores no longer matter to me. I have only an ache to see my children and my children's children before time is upon me and carries me down with its weight."

Mrs. Fisher opened and closed her mouth several times without a word. She was thunderstruck to learn that this old woman was actually younger than herself. Somehow she had looked upon her as older and more wise, forgetting how many Indian women were aged so early by hard work, and the realization of this bore down on her like a great stone on the back of her neck.

At the bridge the old woman uttered her thanks and left. Mrs. Fisher was still too stunned to think. With dreadful slowness the bandy crept through the streets of Meigudy, past the bazaars and market square, the familiar places crowded with strange young faces, and across town to the old mission compound. Mrs. Fisher was afraid to look out as they swung right over the little bridge and up through the gate to the drive that meandered under tamarinds and margosas past the girls' school and the untended gardens to the bungalow. Every turn, every rut, every bump in the road now had the painful touch of familiarity, and Mrs. Fisher could feel her heart quicken to a pounding, unbearable crescendo. Then the bandy came to a stop, the bullocks snorting from the final sprint the driver had put them through, and Mrs. Fisher's throat went dry as she turned to climb out.

IT HAD been her plan to dismiss the bandy and stay overnight in the bungalow, returning the next day by train or bus. But somehow the moment of fulfillment was as far away as ever, and she knew it had been too late and too hopeless from the start. As she looked up at the bungalow, she could see that everything about it had changed. While it remained much the same in outline—the spacious verandas, the red-tiled roof, the arched porticoes—the insidious fingernails of time had picked mercilessly over everything, pulling down the vines and trellises, scratching off the plaster, breaking in the shutters, pulling off tiles, shredding the wood-

work. Deadness and ruin lay over the place, exuding the stifling oppression of heat.

Almost mechanically Mrs. Fisher forced herself to climb the steps and enter the front room. The key she had taken the trouble to secure from the mission secretary was quite useless because the doors were in such bad repair that it had been an easy thing for someone to break in before her arrival. In mounting torment she passed through one room after another. She knew these rooms—they were the scenes of birth and death, happiness and sorrow and anger—all that meant anything to her had been encompassed by these crumbling walls—and yet in a way she did not know them and they were strange to her. The life that had once filled and made real this empty shell had long since fled. Remembering the plaque she had had inscribed with the 127th Psalm, she went into the dining room and dusted away the wall where it was, nearly obliterated:

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord,
And the fruit of the womb Man's reward.
As arrows in the hands of a warrior
So are the children of one's youth.
Happy is he that hath a quiver of them;
For he shall not be put to shame
When he meets with his enemies in the gate.

The sight drew from Mrs. Fisher a sharp cry of anguish, and, crushed with her own loneliness, she turned and fled from the house. She would never be able to bear the feeling of this place overnight; for as it was now it had no attachment for her. In haste she gathered the awakened little Krishnan up into the bandy and told the surprised driver to take them to the station at once. He complied, bewildered, and in a moment they were on the road again. Mrs. Fisher sat with her head bowed and looked at the road unfolding slowly beneath her like a gravel ribbon from a spool that was the axle of the bandy. It seemed to her, looking at the road, that all this time it was not really the road but her own life that had been unfolding beneath her. She had been riding not into the past, as she had supposed, but away from it. She had started out a young woman, young in hope, and now, unsuspectingly, age had crept up on her to strike its heavy blow. Feeling Krishnan's hand on her arm, she turned to him sharply. "Well, what is it, boy, what is it?"

"Recess, Amma," he said.

Almost hatefully she called for the driver to stop while the boy got out and went to the bathroom. Apparently the call had been urgent, and Mrs. Fisher was annoyed that he had not spoken sooner. "Well, hurry up, hurry up!" she snapped furiously as he came back to the bandy. Her



anger made him hesitate, afraid to get in. Suddenly all the pain and futility seemed to sweep to the fore of Mrs. Fisher's mind, focusing on the boy. If the trip had been a failure, she could blame it on him. Yes, she could blame every last bit on him because it was his fault.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, child, get in!" she yelled. He stood crouching to one side, still afraid, and for the first time his somber face crumpled to reveal emotion: silently he wept.

Mrs. Fisher looked at him in surprise as if she had not really seen him before. His pants were wet slightly where he had not gone to the bathroom soon enough because she had not thought to let him go. At the sight, her anger melted away as if it had never been, and she was crushed with tenderness for him. Gathering him up into her arms, she held him in a maternal embrace, his sweat and tears intermingling with her own. After a while she sat him on the straw beside her, his small brown hand enclosed in her own. Despite the fact that she knew he would some day grow up and leave her, she could not deny his need for her and her need for him. All that was and would be she accepted now unquestioningly at face value, along with the ultimate bitterness that would be her lot—that was the lot of all mothers—when he grew up. She just couldn't help herself. And if there was any mystery in that, then the mystery was also its own answer.

"Come, 'Krishnan,'" she said as the bandy rolled out of the compound on its way to the station, and the town and fields began circling again slowly about some distant immobile spot on the horizon and the place that had held such promise and emptiness for her, "I will tell you the story of a young woman who once lived in a house of many rooms filled with the long-ago laughter of boys and girls."

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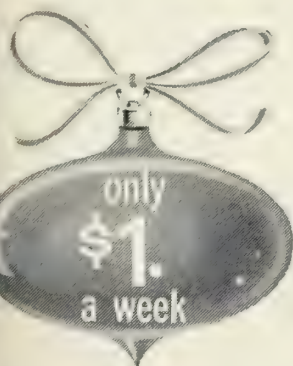
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After Hours

DEATH DEFERRED

RECENTLY I had a chance to talk to a man who believes, of all things, in the future of radio. He is Matthew J. Culligan, vice president in charge of the non-visual network, if I may call it that, of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Culligan is a man of contagious convictions; I came away from the conversation with the distinct impression that television was much too successful to need the attentions of a thoughtful man and was, anyhow, a bit *passé*.

Mr. Culligan did not always think this. He was in television himself when Bob Sarnoff (his boss, to the uninitiate) told him to take charge of the radio side of NBC's operation—an assignment, so he thought, to Siberia. But he gave in, a year ago, to Sarnoff's insistence that network radio *had* a future (despite its then staggering losses) and his assurance of personal support. Since then, and not entirely under the lash of necessity, he has come to have a certain fondness for the old slowpoke, ears-only medium; and he is within sight of making it pay.

"The trouble with radio then," says Mr. Culligan, "was that we had lost the battle of the living-room but refused to admit it. We made the mistake of fighting it." Only when the networks began to recognize the physical location of their present audience—portables in other rooms of the house and, above all, the radios in cars—could they begin to program sensibly for their future. By 1958, Culligan points out, there will

be as many car radios as there now are TV homes.

Exactly how many, of course, is much debated, for existing polling methods reach only the stationary sets. Nobody knows how many radios in cars, or portables at picnics, are on at any one moment—let alone what programs they bring in. Culligan's estimate is that current radio ratings reflect about 40 per cent of the actual audience.

Already the sight of a man walking along the street with a portable balanced lightly on his shoulder is a familiar one, and many housewives must have discovered (if radio stations haven't reminded them) that you can't cook and clean to TV; the polls show even now that radio still has a grip on the daytime hours. Mr. Culligan takes great comfort, too, from a survey conducted in 1953 by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. in which people were asked what they would do to check it if they heard a rumor that war had broken out. It showed 54.8 saying they would turn on the radio, as opposed to 15.4 for TV.

Eventually the technicians (who provided the transistor and, thus, the really *portable* portable) will give Mr. Culligan a new audience count. There are gadgets coming along that will be able to sit by the road and tell, not only how many of the passing cars are tuned in, but to what station; and another, which can unfortunately tell only the number playing and not the programs, will be able to scan a wide area like a crowded beach.

In his office today there is a little gray box he is especially fond of, since it relates to one of his prin-

ciples of programing. There is another like it in every NBC station, and they are called the Hot Line. When a button is pushed in Radio Central in New York, a sub-audible tone is sent over the air which activates a buzzer and a red light, a warning to prepare for a news flash. What it means, in effect, is that any NBC reporter who can get to a phone booth can be on the air over the whole network in two minutes.

Radio is still the natural medium, Mr. Culligan believes, for the "hard" news—stories as they break, the latest and purest information, unadorned. Television has pre-empted commentary, or at least that much of it that still is not done best in print; but in speed and adaptability it still lags behind radio. After the President's speech on desegregation, television could do nothing but report that he had made it; radio went immediately to Little Rock for Governor Faubus' reaction.

Radio, in other words, has restored the Scoop. It puts a premium on split-second margins that no longer matter much to a newspaper, and when they work, they can have spectacular results. When Colonel Abel the accused Soviet spy, was indicted by a Grand Jury, NBC had a reporter in the courtroom and another outside in a phone booth. Forty seconds after the judge handed down the indictment, while the newspaper reporters were still putting on their coats, NBC was on the air.

This is by no means all of Mr. Culligan's argument, but it should give you the idea. He also believes that the new radio audience is more discriminating one, and he

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Already offering more and more varied—and what used to be called more “difficult”—fare along with news and music. He thinks he has found the formula that his competitors are still fumbling for and that he will be able to hold the lead. There are going to be many, many more radio stations in the next few years to come; those that the trade calls “jukebox stations” will tend to drown one another out, and leave space for something better.

“Somewhere among them there will be room for a few Tiffanys, and that,” says Joe Culligan, “is where we come in.”

BEN SHAHN

IT IS nearly ten years since *Harper's* published “The Blast in Centralia No. 5” by John Bartlow Martin with illustrations by Ben Shahn. It was the first time that Shahn's work had appeared in *Harper's* and it appeared in profusion. When the editors asked him if he would like to illustrate the article no stipulations were given. “Here's the piece,” one of them said to him. “If you like it we hope you will illustrate it. We have just so much to spend on illustrations and if you decide you want to do one drawing only that's all right with us. We leave it to you.”

Several days later Mr. Shahn called the editor at home on Sunday morning. “I think this is wonderful,” he said. “I'll be in next Thursday with some drawings.”

He arrived on Thursday with sixty-four drawings. “If you can't find what you want here,” he said, “I have thirty-five more at home. I got started and I couldn't stop.”

He didn't, in fact, stop for a year or more. Out of the drawings for “Centralia” came not only a close friendship (and future collaboration) with its author, but a number of paintings.

A year or so later much the same thing happened again. This time it was a Martin report on a tenement fire in Chicago. The article was called “The Hickman Murder Case.” Again there was a raft of drawings, and distilled from them a painting called “Allegory.”

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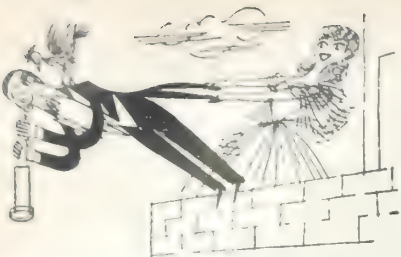
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AFTER HOURS

of a work of art is planted and grows, I recommend that you look at a book that has just been published by the Harvard University Press called *The Shape of Content*. Last year Mr. Shahn was invited to be the Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry [*sic*] at Harvard, and this volume contains the six lectures he gave while reposing in that august chair; it is illustrated with 35 of his drawings and paintings. The frontispiece is a color plate of "Allegory" (which he describes as "... a huge Chimera-like beast, its body arched across the figures of four recumbent children"), and the second lecture, "The Biography of a Painting," is his account of how this picture grew out of the illustrations for *Harper's*.

There is, of course, a great deal more to its origins than that. When the painting first appeared in 1948, Henry McBride, who was then the art critic for the *New York Sun*, blew a gasket. In the painting he found Communist symbolism and said that Shahn should be deported to Moscow along with the Red Dean of Canterbury. Shahn was disconcerted by this attack from a man he considered a friend. He decided that if a critic as intelligent as McBride could so misinterpret his intention, he had better examine for himself what lay behind the picture. In "The Biography of a Painting" he traces his horror of fire to two family disasters. As a small child in Russia he had witnessed the burning of the village in which his grandfather lived.

"I remember the excitement," he writes, "the flames breaking out everywhere, the lines of men passing buckets to and from the river which ran through the town, the mad woman who had escaped from someone's house during the confusion, and whose face I saw, dead-white in all the reflected color." Later his father in the process of rescuing Shahn and his brothers and sisters from a burning house was scarred on hands and face. "Our house," he writes, "and all our belongings were consumed and my parents stricken beyond their power to recover."

But the evolution of the picture, as Shahn traces it, is the struggle between a humanist and the doctrines of Clive Bell, a critic whose book *Art*



... Shahn delivers a drawing ...

published in 1914 changed the attitudes of a whole generation of painters and critics. Bell declared that "The representative element in a work of art may or may not be harmful, but it is always irrelevant." To Shahn human experience cannot be divorced from aesthetic experience nor personal emotion from plastic creation. To the purists this is still heresy. Just a few months ago a critic whose heart belongs to the non-objectivists said to me:

"Ben is a wonderful illustrator, but he is not a painter."

Nonsense.

This seems to be Ben Shahn month in the publishing business. Not only has Harvard published him (and *Harper's* publishes him on its cover this month and in the illustrations for "The Voyage of the *Lucky Dragon*") but George Braziller has brought out an extremely handsome, beautifully printed volume of Shahn's graphic work with an introductory text by James Thrall Soby. It costs \$10 and eight of its hundred plates are in color.

As one turns the pages of this book slowly one keeps seeing other artists. Not artists from whom Shahn has copied but young artists on whose work he has stamped his imprint almost indelibly. Shahn's is an extremely personal style, a handwriting that is immediately recognizable, but it is a very powerful, very descriptive and telling one, and there are a great many young artists who have been captivated by it and who would probably give their eyeteeth to get rid of it.

Shahn is superficially easy to imitate, but he can't be captured. The

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only artists who can be captured, in that sense, are those who know what they are going to do next and can be counted on to do it. Shahn seems to approach each new problem not in the terms of his own style but in the terms that the problem demands. His intelligence guides his hand and he rejects mere facility as dangerous; the economy of his line and statement is the reward of endless study, endless observation, and an always personal point of view. His perception always relates the object he looks at to the world in which it exists, and sentiment does not frighten him. His line can, and often does, draw blood but it can also draw tears. He is fiercely disrespectful of the pompous, the phony, and the unjust, but he is moved to tenderness (not sentimentality) by the simplest human situations. Symbolism (as in the "Allegory") is extremely important to him, but his symbols evolve from the abstract to the universally understood and not, as in Picasso, from reality to abstraction.

Several weeks ago I complimented him on how well-written his lectures are. "I hate it," he said. I asked him why; was he displeased with them? "No, not that," he said, "I hate the process of writing. I really sweat."

He sweats over his drawings too, but to him it's more honest sweat. "Finally last night at nine I had to quit working on the *Lucky Dragon*," he said. "I'd like to go on working on it for a year."

The chances are, of course, that he will.

HOW PIED IS THE PIPER?

RATS, according to Mr. William C. Morrill of Waterbury Center, Vermont, are spooky. By spooky he means that they are easily spooked. A spooked rat, it seems, is a rat scared out of his habitation if not his skin. Where he goes, I can't quite make out; maybe he goes to the neighbor's house or barn. Anyway, he goes.

Mr. Morrill has made something of a career of spooking rats as I have learned from a ten-inch, 78-rpm

phonograph record called "Echoes of the Pied Pipers of Hamlin." I was presented with this record by a young man named Stuart Jackson who had bought it for me in the town of Peacham, Vermont, where the local citizens use it to keep their cellars and barns clear of rodents. (It works on squirrels too, apparently.)

Let me be specific. One side of the record is an introduction by Mr. Morrill explaining how one day a rat in his pigsty got caught on the ragged edge of a tin can and, in his words, "squealed it out." He discovered the next day that the other rats, and there had been plenty of them, had all cleared out. One of his neighbors, an old man, told him then that "rats are spooky." Not long after this a rat in his stable "caught his head on a nail while trying to get under the grain box cover" and he, too, "squealed it out." To make a not very long story still shorter, Mr. Morrill decided to "get a recording on one in trouble"—which he did with the co-operation of radio station WDEV of Waterbury, Vermont. The result is the record. As Mr. Morrill says, "rats are too spooky to live while one has got into his last trouble."

The other side of the record (you might call it the operative side) is a rat squealing it out in his last trouble. I haven't yet tried it on the rats, if any, in my house, but I can guarantee that it will drive your friends away. Our beagle, who is terribly blasé about our record collection, came running down stairs when I first tried Mr. Morrill's record, and sat in front of the loud-speaker cocking his head from one side to the other, fascinated. It was an animal sound to him all right. Beagles, I guess, are not spooky.

In any case, in the sheet of instructions that accompanies the record, Mr. Morrill says: "I have one blanket affidavit signed by twenty-three families, the complete population of the town of Cady's Falls, Vermont, for successfully spooking the rats away from the whole community." Mr. Morrill's address, in case you are interested, is still Waterbury Center.

—Mr. Harper



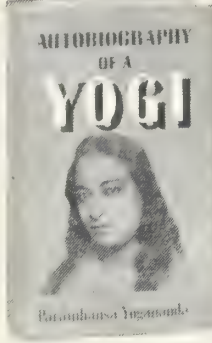
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PAUL PICKREL

Bernard Baruch, Texas, and Some Lesser Subjects

EXCEPT for Helen Keller, Bernard Baruch has probably been in the news longer than any other living American. Many a newspaper reader who no longer has the faintest pretensions to youth cannot remember a time when some plan or program stamped with Baruch's name was not under discussion, or when the front pages were not adorned with his handsome silvery face, masked by an unchanging enigmatic smile and in later years bedecked with a hearing aid as elegant as a monocle.

Baruch is now eighty-seven years old; it has been about sixty years since he began to attract attention as the Boy Wonder of Wall Street, and forty years since he became a national political figure. Unfortunately, anyone who has been so long in the public eye is in danger of becoming something of a bore; he runs the risk of ceasing to be a man and becoming an institution—somewhere between the DAR and the public library, worthy and honorable and of service, no doubt, but hardly sharing that common humanity which is so notable an attribute of those of us who have succeeded in avoiding his riches, fame, and power.

BEHIND THE SMILE

SO IT is interesting to have two books, one by Baruch and the other about him, that make us realize at least that he has not spent all his life uttering wise sayings and posing for photographers on a park bench. Neither **Baruch: My Own Story** (Holt, \$5) nor Margaret L. Coit's **Mr. Baruch** (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50) gets very far behind the famous smile, but between them they provide an abundance of fascinating material about an extraordinary career.

The two books are hardly in competition with each other. The autobiography deals only with Baruch's boyhood in South Carolina, his youth in New York City, and his career as a speculator on Wall Street before the first world war. Miss Coit covers the same ground of course, but it

takes up less than a quarter of her account; her real interest lies in Baruch's career as a public servant, which Baruch himself does not treat.

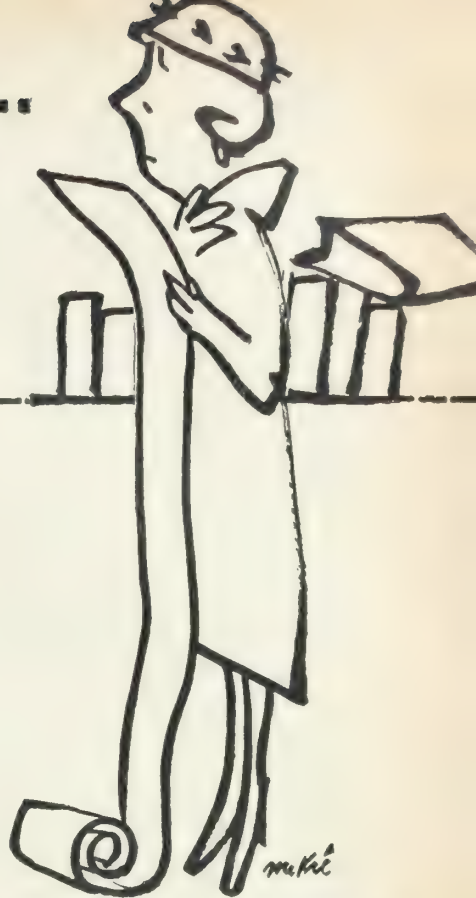
For the period it deals with the autobiography is a little the better of the two books. They tell just about the same stories, but the stories are often slightly clearer and sharper in Baruch's recounting than in his biographer's. There are also slight differences of emphasis: Miss Coit, for instance, tends to stress the importance of anti-Semitism in Baruch's career rather more than he does himself. She suggests that J. P. Morgan refused to do business with him in part because he was a Jew, whereas Baruch says that Morgan declined simply because he (Baruch) used the word "gamble" when he presented his proposal and Morgan ended the interview with the remark, "I never gamble."

This is not to say that anti-Semitism has played a minor part in Baruch's life; indirectly it has been extremely important. As an undergraduate at the College of the City of New York he was banned from fraternities on the grounds that he was a Jew, in spite of the fact that he was the kind of scholar and athlete and "all around man" usually regarded as the best fraternity material. This rankled, and he was first drawn to Woodrow Wilson when Wilson, as president of Princeton, fought to de-emphasize Princeton's equivalent of fraternities, the eating clubs; and Baruch's admiration for Woodrow Wilson, Miss Coit argues convincingly, has been the cornerstone of his public career.

The autobiography is primarily an account of how Baruch made his money, a subject to which the world will never be indifferent. He gives the rules that have guided his operations and relates both failures and successes (the latter the more numerous). Perhaps the most interesting of his observations, in the light of his career as a whole, is his repeated emphasis on the necessity of devoting one's full time to speculation in order to make money at it. Though he has engaged in a wide variety of projects both financial and political, he deeply distrusts versatility, and his advice for success in any (*continued on p. 86*)

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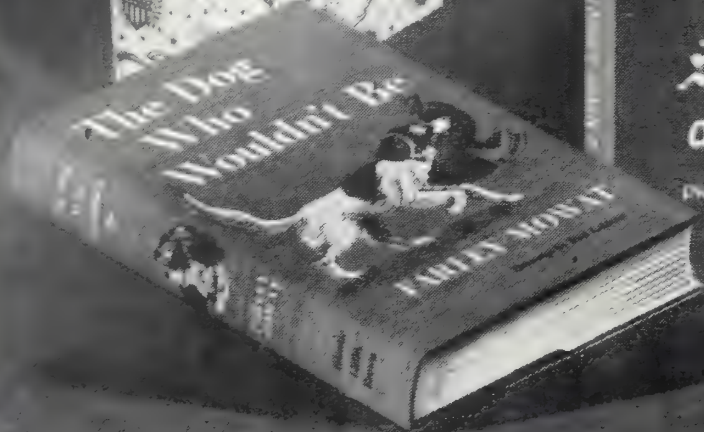
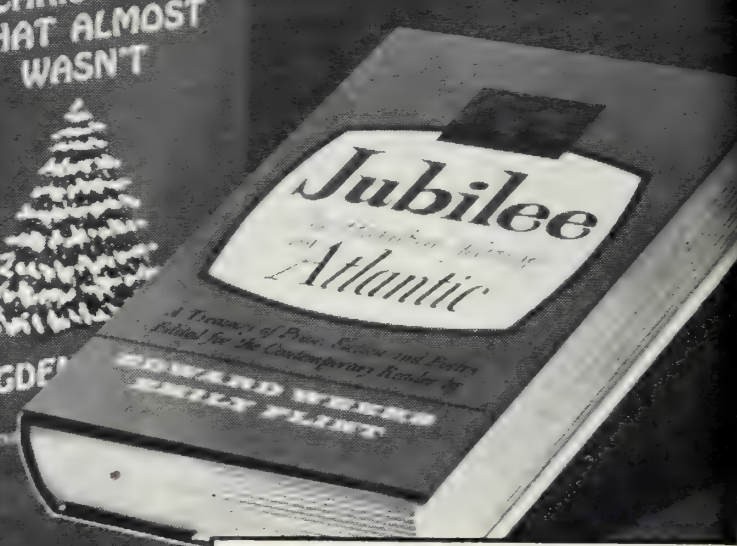
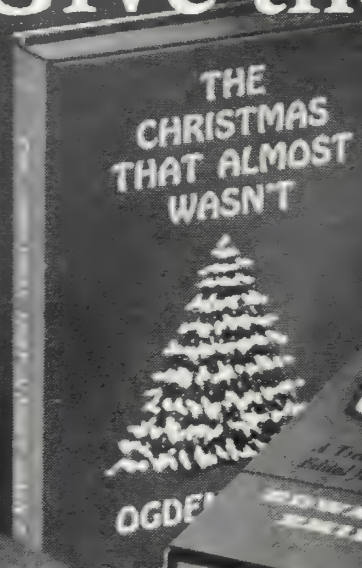
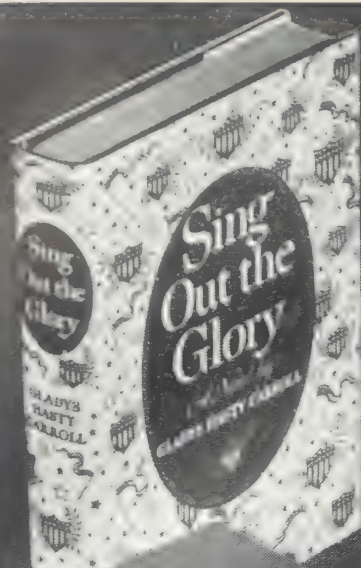
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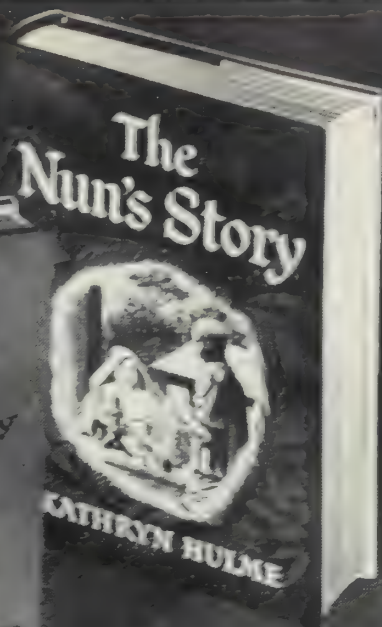
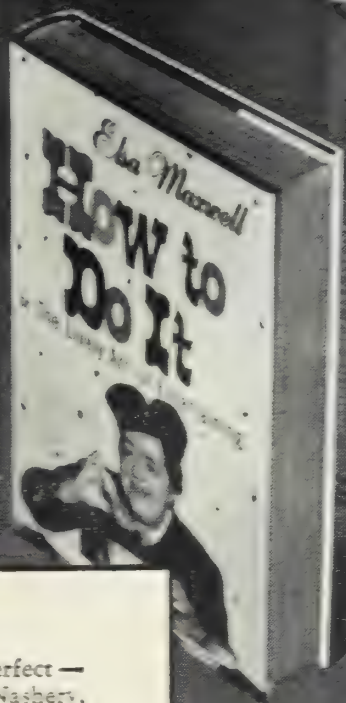
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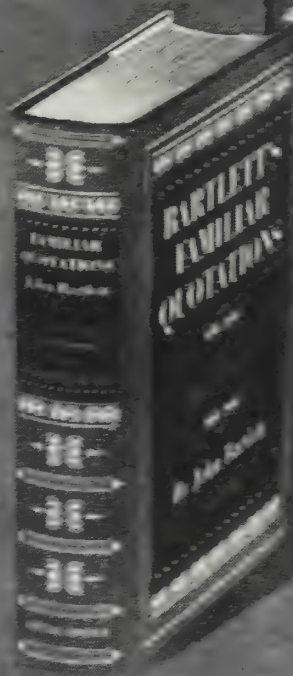
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The Verse of Ogden Nash



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activity is to do one thing at a time. In general, he makes the speculation on the stock market sound extremely simple in theory and extremely difficult in practice. He advises the investor, for instance, to pay close attention to the quality of the engineering staff of a company he plans to invest in—a consideration quite beyond the capabilities of most small investors and, as a matter of fact, beyond the capabilities of Baruch when he started out, before he built up a staff of observers and researchers.

PUBLIC FIGURE

MISS COIT is free to deal with aspects of Baruch's career that he does not touch—his really amazing generosity, for instance. He may sometimes have been generous where it did his career no harm—as in cementing his friendship with Sir Winston Churchill with financial advice and possibly assistance—and his large contributions to the Democratic party (and sometimes to Republicans he admired) have certainly had a lot to do with his celebrated friendships with the mighty, but he had nothing to gain by discreetly easing the financial problems of the proud and incredibly long-lived Georges Clemenceau, whom he met and admired at the Versailles Conference. When the first world war ended, Baruch learned that the pay of the girls who worked in his War Industries Board had been suddenly stopped, and many did not have money to go home on. Washington was not just then a very healthy place for stranded girls, and Baruch let it be known that he would pay any girl's fare who needed the help. It cost him \$45,000 and was not generally known for a good many years. Virtually all the expenses of his public career have been paid out of his own pocket, and Herbert Hoover once said that Baruch was one of the few men in America who would give the Red Cross a million dollars anonymously. In 1939 he had a scheme for Jewish resettlement in Africa which he proposed to start off with a gift of five million. It is no wonder if Baruch is right when he says that he is no longer very rich, though it is unlikely that he is very poor. As Bernard Shaw once said of his wife, "I don't know exactly how much money she has, but from the way she lives it must be considerable."

With many of the details of Baruch's public career it is possible to quarrel, but for its general direction there can be little except praise. As nearly as a layman can judge, he has had a remarkable grasp of the American economy as a whole; he has been generous with both his time and his money in attempts to strengthen its weak spots (his devotion to the improvement of the farmer's lot is largely unknown or forgotten and certainly out of character with the image of the Wall Street speculator); he has fought in season

and out for permanent economic planning for war; and he has seen ahead to the time when the American economy would have to be part of a world economy in a sense that was once unnecessary.

Doubtless Baruch has an ego of impressive proportions, and doubtless he has used his genius for public relations to keep himself in the lime-light. But nothing bores the American public more than economics except in times of crisis, and if Baruch has used his personality to keep before the public large economic issues he has performed a service by no means negligible.

Mr. Baruch is written on a large scale. Miss Coit does a good deal of filling in of the background, perhaps more than some will think necessary. Her style is best when she keeps her eye on the object; sometimes it is marred by a slight imprecision—the misuse of a preposition, or a slight inaccuracy of name. She speaks, for example, of Baruch's admiration for (and campaign contribution to) "George Norris of Pennsylvania," but if that is the George Norris it seems to be, the more conventional way of spelling the name of his state is Nebraska. Samuel Lubell is consistently referred to as Sam Lubell, and so indexed. The style at its worst appears in the account of the first political convention Baruch attended, in 1912: "Never before had he encountered that particular combination of mirth and tomfoolery, of side-show carnival and General Edwin Booth's entry into Heaven, by which the people in their wisdom make their choice for the republic's highest office." The irony at the expense of the people's wisdom is a little too easy, the literary allusion to Vachel Lindsay's poem is not very appropriate, and the poem is about the entry into Heaven of the great Salvation Army leader General William Booth and not the famous actor Edwin Booth (though we may hope he got there too; he had a sad life as the brother of Lincoln's assassin).

But it is unfair to dwell on the worst sentence in Miss Coit's 700 big pages. She has obviously worked long and hard on this book, and she has had access to Baruch's papers, though a carefully phrased prefatory note suggests that he is not enchanted with the result. The book tells a complex story on the whole well.

Miss Coit's final judgment of her subject comes as something of a surprise, for it is far more unfavorable than the preceding account has led the reader to expect. She suddenly presents a picture of a man who has declined responsibility because he was afraid of failure:

"Here, then, was the tragedy," she writes. "Baruch, unwilling to face defeat—Baruch, who has always had to win—has taken refuge behind his legend."

But the tragedy arrives too late in the last act; nothing—or at any rate very little—has prepared us for it. It is true that Baruch has declined

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some public appointments, sometimes because he thought that insufficient power went with the appointment to permit success, sometimes because he knew that being a Jew or having a Wall Street career behind him made him unsuitable, sometimes for other reasons. He has also accepted certain appointments—not many men in their middle seventies would have or could have undertaken to shape a plan for world-wide control of atomic energy and worked to put it through as he did, and he must have known that the chances that it would be adopted were slight.

The reader of these two books is likely to conclude that the chief defect of Baruch's character, and it is not perhaps a very serious one, is that he is a man who likes to be in on things a little too much, that he has been less afraid of failure than of being left out. His family's moving from a little town in South Carolina to New York City when he was ten years old may well have been crucial in his development. Until the time of the move he had never thought that there was any penalty attached to being a Jew (in the Reconstruction South there were other and more obvious minorities to serve as scapegoats); in New York he heard for the first time terms of opprobrium applied to himself, and he was never again quite at home in society. In college he was successful but he did not make a fraternity; he married into an established New York family (Presbyterian), but his daughters were not admitted to their mother's old school; on Wall Street Morgan turned him down and he became a lone wolf; though a friend of many of the famous and gifted people of his time, he perhaps never moved in the most exclusive society. If he has sometimes been a little slow in making his commitments and looked a little too hard for a sure thing, it is probably less that he has been afraid that Baruch will fail than that the show might go on without him.

Yet his position slightly outside things may well have been the source of much of Baruch's usefulness. As a brilliant speculator he had a view of the economy such as a man on the inside of a corporation usually would not have; as a man who knew he

Christmas Book List for

CHILDREN

Best Buys for Ages 2 to 16

A good book is always a good bet for Christmas giving. *Harper's* Holiday Book List for 1957 is full of suggestions geared not only to age and taste, but also to varying reading skills.

Write to Katherine Gauss Jackson, *Harper's* Magazine, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, N. Y., for a copy of the 1957 Holiday Book List for Children. It is the third annual *Harper's* list compiled by Barbara A. Thacher and Jane V. Wylie. They have, between them, eleven children, from two to twenty, and for several years they have been co-editors of a book column for young people.

could never be President he could see things that the candidates could not. In spite of Miss Coit's final unfavorable judgment, her book will probably convince most readers that Baruch's career has been both more interesting and more useful than they had supposed. (Current Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

SOME RECENT FICTION

THE best of the new novels that have come this way must have been written some time ago, for its author, James Agee, died in 1955. Agee was a very gifted and versatile writer; his best-known work is *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, an account of sharecroppers in the depression, with photographs by Walker Evans. He wrote for motion pictures and was the finest critic of films this country has produced; some enterprising publisher should bring out a collection of his reviews.

The most remarkable thing about Agee's new book—*A Death in the Family* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$3.95)—is that it is exactly the kind of novel that a great many people have tried to write and have not been able to bring off, at least not the way Agee does. The subject is extremely simple: a man dies. There is no plot or story, just an account of the reactions of his relatives and one friend. But the writing is brilliant, because

it manages to be sensitive to every nuance of emotion without ever going soft.

The scene is Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1915, and it seems probable that the book is at least in part autobiographical, since Agee was a small boy there at the time. Such drama as there is is provided by the social and religious conflicts within the family, conflicts which are sharpened by death if only because it reveals how imperfectly love has been able to resolve them. Part of the family is Anglo-Catholic and the rest distinctly is not, and part of the family, the main part, is made up of prosperous city people, but they are linked by marriage with poor farmers back in the hills.

There are two long passages dealing with a slightly earlier period in the family's history that were found among Agee's papers; these the publishers have placed between the sections of the novel, as interludes in the action. One of these interpolated sections contains what is perhaps the finest passage in the whole book; it is an account of how a little boy is taken back into the woods to see his great-great-grandmother—an extraordinary encounter.

ANOTHER new work of fiction that holds the reader with the brilliance of its writing is *Last Tales* (Random House, \$4), a collection of stories by the Danish writer, in private life the Baroness Blixen, who writes (in English) under the name Isak Dinesen.

In one of the stories there is a young Italian princess who studies singing; she masters the cadenza, "both the full or perfect cadenza and the deceptive cadenza, the *cadenza d'inganno*, of which musical dictionaries will tell you that it makes every preparation for a perfect finish and then, instead of giving the expected final accord, breaks off and sounds an unexpected, strange and alarming close. Here, . . . the girl's heart told her, was the 'infallible rule of the irregular.'" This pretty well describes Isak Dinesen's own method as a writer, as she doubtless realized in writing the passage, for each of her stories is a deceptive cadenza, devoted to the exploration of the "rule of the irregular."

The stories have a studied ele-



The Swivel Chair

Books are the stuff that talk is made of — from the competitive aphorisms of the cocktail hour to firelight profundities when the roar of hi-fi tweeter is stilled. Without attempting to assign to each of these categories the professional talk that follows or even to introduce everyone by name, the Swiveller, out of this chair, is quoting the *Atlantic* and the *Times*, the *Saturday Review* and Virginia Kirkus, *Harper's* and a dozen assorted critics.



Holiday in France by Ludwig Bemelmans et al. "This frankish omnibus (Colette, Maurois, Buchwald, Perelman, Steinbeck etc.) spans the savoir faire of gastronomy to the proper behavior en famille." **Coronets and Buckskin** by Raven Barratt • "Iris Talbois, whose ancestors had worn coronets and Indian buckskin, tells of her growing up in British Columbia with a good deal of humor and even more deviltry. To us this has some of the best qualities of 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn'". **To Catch a Man** by Rehna (Tiny) Cloete • . . . and that's how "A mouse (Tiny) captured a lion — a literary lion, that is — and will capture your heart in the process." **Parkinson's Law** by C. Northcote Parkinson • "A spoof on inner-directed organization men"?

Religion and the Rebel by Colin Wilson • "A better book than *The Outsider* — cleaner in outline, closer and more concentrated, more definite in its conclusion." **Mr. Baruch** by Margaret L. Coit • "A biography of great stature and much fascination . . . a great deal of 'inside' material very well told." **The Times Atlas of the World, Volume V, The Americas** • "The best of its kind to come along in a generation and probably will remain so for another." **The Crisis of the Old Order** by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. • "I doubt if anyone will recreate those years with more evocative power or reach more deeply into the ethos of the man who was being prepared to be the hero of his time." **Corner Boy** by Herbert A. Simmons • "The discrepancy between the myth of unlimited social mobility and the actual scope of possibility . . . this protean theme is handled with a sensitive and perceptive pen." **Parkinson's Law** • "A series of shockingly improbable assertions which are promptly backed up by incontrovertible evidence."

When the Bough Breaks by Otis Carney • "A probing in depth into the lives of believable people who learn the hard way about the quest for security. Otis Carney has an excellent ear, a good eye. He writes hilariously of the country club parties, beautifully of hunting, lakes, and woods . . . Chicago has



got itself another writer." **Room at the Top** by John Braine • "If I were given to movement-hailing, I would welcome Mr. Braine as the leader of a new school." **The Mask** by Stuart Cloete • "The fourth in the series of novels of the Van der Berg family — a series that began with *The Turning Wheels*. This one has the same tremendous narrative drive as its predecessors, along with an uncompromising fidelity to fact . . . absorbing and rewarding." **The Color of Life** by Catharine Morris Wright • "A remarkable book, a distillation of mind and heart, and a self-portrait that really glows." **A Cage for Lovers** by Dawn Powell • "A subtle and beautifully written novel about some striking aspects of human bondage. It is not lacking in Miss Powell's bright cutting flares of satire. But is more notable for the compassion she once again shows toward her characters, caught in chains mainly of their own devising." **The Peterson Field Guide Series** by Roger Tory Peterson • "The bible of the Ornithologist" and of the mineralogist, lepidopterist, conchologist and amateur. **N. A. I** by George R. Stewart • "When Mr. Stewart profiles a road the reader gets a lot more than highway information. He gets observation and insight, which are the traveler's best companions." **Parkinson's Law** • "Bugs Bunny with a Ph. D."?

The Courage to Be Happy by Dorothy Thompson • "The valkyrie purrs. A serene anthology (her articles from the *Ladies' Home Journal*) from one who usually comes out swinging." **Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy** by David Walker • "Another of David Walker's quietly humorous masterpieces (he wrote *Geordie*)."

Majority of One by Sydney F. Harris • "Much of it could prompt a reader to 'wish I'd said that!'" **Village Diary** by 'Miss Read' • "A second quite lovely book from the pen of a wise, humorous, lively and delightful writer, who knows the use of language as well as she knows the persons, places, and problems so accurately and vividly described." **Parkinson's Law** • It is "down-roarious" . . . it is "lowlarious."



Pagoo by Holling Clancy Holling *The latest in the Holling Series* • "There is, every year, a book or two that is more than good, that is, in fact, a classic. Such a classic is 'Pagoo.'" This is the newest in the incomparable Holling series. Just for Christmas shoppers the set of five can be bought for the price of four, a bargain in treasure trove. \$3.75 each, \$15.00 Set. And (this is addressed to the child who is not eating ice cream) **Parkinson's Law** • "Bound to be devoured with morbid relish." **Merry Christmas, anyway**



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

The man who reads dictionaries

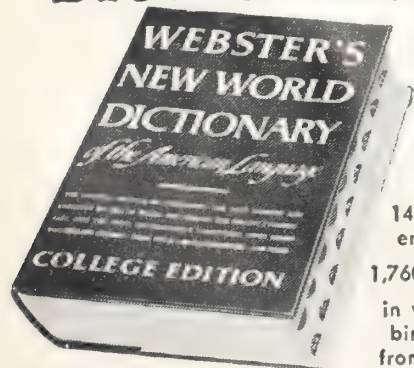


ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, master of the detective novel, says:

"So many dictionaries fall so far short of the eulogistic descriptions in advertising matter that it is a real pleasure to find a dictionary that is as practical, modern, and carefully edited as *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition. When my first copy arrived, my secretaries pounced on it, so that I had to put in a rush order for three more from my bookseller."

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THE NEW BOOKS

gance that will appeal only to certain readers; they are operatic and baroque; like fairy tales, they have little "human interest." With very minor exceptions, the language is perfectly idiomatic, but it is English of a sort that no English or American writer uses. A brief quotation will illustrate the style better than analysis can: "Children whose parents have been very much in love develop a fearlessness toward life unknown to the breed shot in cold beds. They are indeed like those cherubs of old Relievi who are represented riding on lions, spurring the mighty lord of the desert with their little rosy heels, and pulling his dark mane. The dangerous powers of life have kept watch round their cradles; the lion has been their guardian and friend, and when they meet him again in life they recognize him, laughing, as their old playmate."

That may be somewhat mannered, but it certainly has style.

The Dangerous Games by Tereska Torres (Dial, \$2.75; translated from the French by Mlle. Torres' husband, Meyer Levin) is the newest example of what might be called the post-Colette school of female French fiction, of which the most celebrated member is Mlle. Sagan. This school of fiction has not been treated very hospitably in this column in the past, and it is unlikely to fare any better in the future. A little of Colette goes a considerable distance, and a little of her followers goes a very long way indeed. Undoubtedly *The Dangerous Games* will please many a reader; there is enough sex to keep him going and enough, or nearly enough, psychological analysis to enable him to disguise from himself why he perseveres, but there is remarkably little else. The book has one virtue that will not be lost either on a reviewer or on those in search of the painless refurbishment of their literary conversation: it is very short.

Pemberton, Ltd. by Anthony Glyn (Dial, \$3.95) is a lively and entertaining novel about the struggle for control of a family sugar business. The contestants are the chairman of the company, an indolent, self-indulgent man who runs the business from

London, and his younger cousin, the narrator, who works in the British West Indies on the sugar plantation itself. The book recalls a little bit Alec Waugh's *Island in the Sun*; it is a less elaborate novel than Waugh's, but it moves faster, and has more style and wit.

Of the novels here under review, *Pemberton, Ltd.* is the least specialized in its appeal; it tells a dramatic story in a forthright and amusing way. At the same time it is a serious book, for it shows a man struggling to find the courage to face the future and live his own life. The author, Anthony Glyn, is the grandson of the once immensely popular novelist Elinor Glyn, author of *Three Weeks*, *It*, and other books considered very wicked indeed in their day. His only previous book is a biography of his grandmother. Unfortunately, *Pemberton, Ltd.* has been indifferently proofread; it seems not to have passed through the hands of anyone who knew how to spell Hazlitt's name, for instance; but such lapses will not seriously mar a reader's pleasure.

Make My Bed by Nathaniel Burt (Little, Brown, \$3.75) is an unpretentious and ingratiating love story. The scene is a college community that sounds a good deal like Harvard, though it is never named, and the narrator is a young faculty member who (without intending anything more than a pleasant evening) introduces his wife's younger sister to one of his students. They are immediately attracted to each other, but there is another young man involved, a rich and handsome and worthless boy whom the girl despises but cannot reject. The resulting complications make no point except that the course of true love never did run smooth, which will not strike most readers as a revelation, but there is a good deal of freshness in the book, especially in the characterization. The chief difficulty with it is that the girl's psychology, on which the whole action depends, has to remain largely unknown to the reader, since the story is told by her brother-in-law, but this is in part compensated for by the nice interplay between the narrator's settled view of love as something that involves baby-sitters and paying rent,



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and for friends
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and the younger characters' vulnerability before unconditioned passion.

RECENT NON-FICTION

TEXAS is like bullfighting, Lizzie Borden's murder of her parents, and casserole cookery, in that it sometimes seems as if more books were written about it than the intrinsic interest of the subject warrants. The most recent addition to the bulging shelves is **The Reluctant Empire** by George Fuerman (Doubleday, \$4).

Fuerman has collected a good many diverting facts and stories about Texas, and on certain subjects, especially the influence of the Southern Baptist Convention, the state of the political parties, and race relations, he has a good deal to say that is valuable. His main interest is the emergence of liberalism in Texas, and it is a pity that he did not confine himself to that subject and develop it more fully, even at the sacrifice of some of the more colorful material, not all of which is very new.

Fuerman writes with a good deal of journalistic snap, but his prose is sometimes very bad. He speaks of a Texan columnist who "blunts his conservatism," but the context makes it clear that this does not mean that the columnist dulls the edge of his conservatism but that he is blunt about it. In discussing the arts in Texas, Fuerman writes, "Even considering writing alone prompts the bother of fences"—which means that it is hard to say which writers ought to be claimed for Texas, since some were born there and moved away and some were born elsewhere and moved there. Chapters have cute titles like "All Mimsy Were the People" and "Crude Descending a Staircase" and "Rejoice of the Cuckoo"—which apparently means nothing whatever. It is remarkable that so much of interest and value comes through.

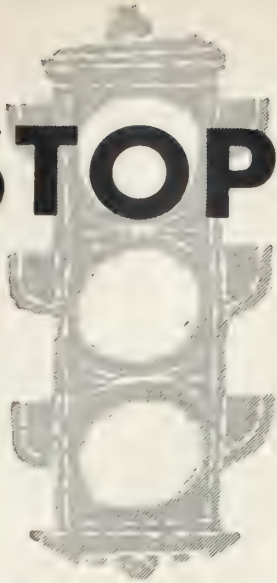
The Road to Tyburn by Christopher Hibbert (World, \$4.95) is a fascinating account of the London underworld in the early eighteenth century. Hibbert gives the center of the stage to Jack Sheppard, an unusually gifted juvenile delinquent whose crimes were prosaic enough but whose repeated escapes from prison

showed genius and made him a great popular hero. But Hibbert also uses Sheppard's career as an occasion to sketch how crime was organized (the head of the criminal syndicate was the notorious Jonathan Wild, who preyed upon criminals and their victims alike, until he was himself hanged), the condition of prisons (unspeakable), and the problems of law enforcement (there was no police force and the courts were corrupt and inefficient in the extreme). Serious reform was hardly attempted until the great novelist Henry Fielding became a magistrate in the middle of the century, and even then it came very slowly.

In the early part of the century London was at the mercy of gangs with names like "The Mohocks," "The Sweaters," and "The Dancing Masters," something like the gangs in big cities today, and their violence was a match for any we can produce. In fact, anyone who reads Hibbert's account of the gin-drinking or housing conditions or criminality of London two and a quarter centuries ago will find reassurance that though the world may not be getting any better it is not getting any worse either. At least one principle applicable to the present emerges from Hibbert's book: the severity of the law seems to bear little relation to the frequency of crime. The law was extremely severe in the period Hibbert describes; there were more than a hundred capital offenses, and many other crimes were punishable by transportation and various cruelties like the stocks and flogging. Yet crime could hardly have been more flourishing.

Hibbert writes entertainingly, with a good eye for arresting details. He knows a good deal, and if he sometimes cuts a Gordian knot of scholarship without apology (he refers to Richard Savage as "the illegitimate son of the Countess of Macclesfield," though there is some doubt that he was), it is not of importance. The book has good illustrations.

The Naked God: The Writer and the Communist Party (Frederick A. Praeger, \$3.50) is Howard Fast's account of his experience as a writer within the Communist party and of why he got out. It is both an ab-



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

sorbing and a disappointing book. It is disappointing because it leaves unanswered the main question it raises. In leaving the Communist party, Fast has not changed his ideas about what society should be like; he remains loyal to the traditional Socialist image of how society should operate. He left the Party not because he thought its announced objectives were wrong but because he was convinced that those objectives were not being realized in Russia and never would be, and because he was convinced that the leadership of the Communist party in this country was incapable of and uninterested in realizing them here. So he is not, if I read his account correctly, really opposed to Communism but to the Communist party ("For me the destination remains unchanged," he writes) and he is not opposed to the Communist party as much as to its leadership. Yet he believes that Communist leadership all over the world is alike, that what comes to the top is always scum, and that there is nothing accidental about the fact; rather it results from "the terrible logic of such an organization."

Now the question is this: how can you accept a destination when the only way to get there is unacceptable?

Although Fast is scornful of the Communist position on the relation between ends and means, I do not see that he has really faced or answered this question. This is not in the least to question Fast's honesty; *The Naked God* is obviously an honest book. It is to suggest that the analysis needs to be carried one step further. Incidentally, it is when Fast speaks of the future of society, and then only, that his style goes opaque. "We are at one of those moments in history," he writes, "when the qualitative build-up of social evolution is about to crystallize into new forms and directions." That is pseudo-scientific jargon, entirely different from the clear, fluent prose Fast uses in describing his own experiences.

The book is absorbing because it contains a lot of extremely interesting information about Russian writers, including some correspondence Fast had with Polovoy after his break with the Party (Fast's last, unanswered letter is really magnificent),

and because it tells how being a Communist affects an American writer. Fast presents abundant evidence that the writer's lot in contemporary Russia is a horrible one. His account of Fadeyev, the novelist who headed the Russian delegation to the famous Waldorf Conference in 1949, is unforgettable. After Khrushchev's famous speech on Stalin's crimes, Fadeyev went home, started drinking, stayed drunk for twelve days, and then put a bullet through his head. Many writers, especially Jewish writers, have met violent death not at their own hands.

So far as Fast's own career is concerned, he shows that being a Communist does not necessarily silence an American writer but it can be very annoying. From within the Party he was subjected to stupid criticism from people without taste or knowledge, and as a Communist he lost his publisher and went to prison. But, as he points out, he was never silenced and is still alive, and he found the prison warden a good deal more humane than the leaders of the Communist party of the United States.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Test, by Pierre Boulle.

The author of *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* in this novel addresses his stiletto-sharp pen to a confrontation of Western (French) education and Malayan in which the French is patently the loser. This is a story, beautifully portrayed, of the child-love romance and marriage of a fourteen-year-old white girl and a Malayan boy who saves her when the Japanese take over their island in World War II. And the villain of the piece is, oddly enough, that most terrifying of all academic tests, the French General Certificate. Two minor and well-meaning villains are a French priest and doctor who meet out in the East and discover the mixed child-marriage on the island of Sinang, a few miles from Sumatra.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Mr. Boule chooses an appropriate moment to make the Western world take a fresh look at educational systems which say: "Pass this now or forever be behind in the race." If the novel is at times pretty discursive, it is also, on another level, a very moving and tender story.

Vanguard, \$3.50

The Wise Children, by Christine Weston.

Miss Weston, author of the Indian novel *Indigo*, and of "The Cub" in our September issue, which also has an Indian setting, here writes a novel with a strictly American background. It isn't called either a "psychological" novel or a "novel of suspense," but any good novel is both of these to some extent and this is a very good novel. It deals with contemporary manners and family relationships with a Something Unknown (to the reader) hanging over it from the beginning, and a Something Else (that the reader knows and the participants don't), waiting to be divulged. The two finally merge at the very end of the book in a climax of revelation that is satisfying both emotionally and aesthetically. Here is a novelist who knows her craft. She demonstrates it in another way, for one of her characters is a novelist and some of the most interesting conversations in the book deal with the problems and rewards of the novelist. She seems to be saying that whatever the cost or the consequences, the novelist must produce his own truth which even though wrong will then have an artistic validity with a truth of its own. And the punishment may be great. As one character says to another, "Your life will always be at the mercy of your imagination." A stimulating, wise, and entertaining book.

Scribner, \$4.50

How to Read a Novel, by Caroline Gordon.

This book is, of course, not fiction, but it seems to me to belong with the novels, especially with Christine Weston's. A call for humility on the part of the reader of novels, a brilliant comparison of the similar methods used in *Oedipus* and *Jemima Puddle-Duck*, a long section in praise of Henry James, several chapters on different aspects of the

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I. The Renaissance

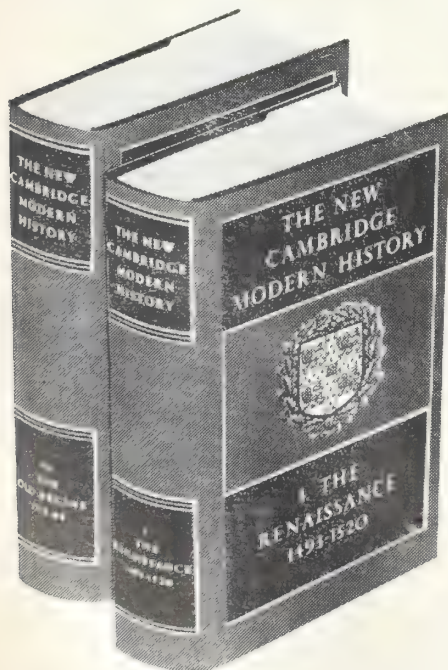
1493-1520 • Edited by G. R. Potter

This exciting era finds Europe emerging from the Middle Ages, about to burst the bounds of a crowded continent and establish colonies and trade in the New World. It is a tremendously vital period whose very name is synonymous with the glorious artistic and intellectual movements it produced.
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VII. The Old Regime

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During these significant years, the culture of Europe took on its specifically 18th-century forms and ideals. It is particularly marked by the rise of Prussia and Russia, the development of the American colonies, and the rivalry of France and England.
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

novel, a chapter on the novelist and his world, and a final chapter on reading for enjoyment make up this rewarding and challenging collection of essays. Of course it is controversial; what discussion of the novel is not? But anyone who reads it will come to his next novel—reading or writing—with a deeper respect and appreciation. By the author of *The Women on the Porch* and *Strange Children*.

Viking, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

The Sledge Patrol, by David Haworth.

Basically this book is about the ethic that the beauty and terror and loneliness of the Arctic can impose even on men at war. But as anyone could guess who read the author's *We Die Alone*, it is also one of the most lively and incredible adventure stories of modern times. The sledge patrol was a group of seven men whose job was to cover by dog sled 500 uninhabited miles of the north-east coast of Greenland in 1943 to see that no Germans landed to set up a weather station there. They did land and what happened when men armed with hunting rifles, whose only enemy heretofore had been the impersonal dangers of the Arctic wastes, met other men with machine guns and tracer bullets, is a fascinating and impossible story that becomes absolutely credible as Mr. Haworth tells it. This reader, who has no special love for the *mystique* of the Arctic, was spellbound. Each of the hunters' huts becomes one's own home and protection and one knows their locations and the passages through the fjords and mountains as one knows Elm or Maple Street in one's own home town. And the men themselves, laconic as they are, become as known and loved as the home town's local inhabitants. It is a superlative job of creative interpretation of one of the most improbable and exciting and little-known episodes of World War II. And against a background whose horizons seem infinite Mr. Haworth manages to raise in a quiet and unpretentious way some very large questions about most of life's dimensions.

Macmillan, \$4.50

Two other books for those who like the frozen wastes:

My Friends the Huskies, by Robert Dovers.

A member of the Third French Expedition to the Antarctic tells of its winter in Terre Adelie in 1951-52. Mr. Dovers was in charge of the indispensable dogs and this book brings out the highly individual characteristics and problems of each dog in amusing fashion as well as telling of the difficulties (a disastrous fire was one) and pleasures of their life in the Antarctic. Some delightful pages are devoted to those comic dignitaries, the Emperor Penguins, of which the Expedition was making a study. But already in this book one feels the difference between the primitive hunters' life as the men in Greenland knew it in Mr. Haworth's book, and the Antarctic life in these later, carefully planned, and semi-mechanized expeditions to the South Polar regions. Lively and entertaining reading.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.95

Antarctic Night, by Lt. Comdr. Jack Bursey, USCGR.

Lieutenant Bursey, who went first to the Antarctic on Byrd's expedition in 1928-30; went again in 1939-41; and finally on Operation Deepfreeze, 1955-57; writes here, in the story of those expeditions, a love song to the Antarctic (he, too, is a dog man). He feels that the tractors and "weasels" and comforts that have come with the latest camps can't spoil the wonder and excitement of the Polar world, but he laments the passing of the dog teams and the sense of lonely adventure which the earlier expeditions offered. Good, if undistinguished journalism, and heartfelt.

Rand, McNally, \$4.95

A Measure of Love, by Iris Origo.

The more one reads of Victorians the more one wonders how the word ever came to stand for an era of rather conventional and strait-laced behavior. In this utterly delightful collection of biographical essays there are three which involve famous characters of that fantastic age. One most tender and pathetic one is about Allegra, Byron's illegitimate daughter, and about the fierce personal battles that raged around

BOOKS IN BRIEF

her till her tragic death at the age of five. Another tells of Carlyle's "Victorian friendship" with Lady Ashburton. The third, of Mazzini in the years when he was an habitué of the Carlyles in Cheyne Row. There is a portrait of Contessa Marina Benzon, a Venetian lady of an earlier time, "the Lady in the Gondola"; and a final touching picture of Marie Lenieru, a Frenchwoman, granddaughter of Admiral Dauriac, who, afflicted by both blindness and deafness, still built a literary world of her own. Countess Origo's biographies, like Cecil Woodham-Smith's, are not "fictionalized." Her characters speak their own words, carefully documented, but woven into a creative chronological pattern by a sensitive mind and a brilliant pen. Pantheon, \$4.50

GIFT BOOKS
FOR CHRISTMAS

At the moment of going to press, the year-end Christmas books are by no means all ready for market, but these I have seen and enjoyed.

Cartoons

"Stop, Miss!" 200 cartoons by the *New Yorker's* Whitney Darrow, jr. Random House, \$3.50

Merry England, etc. Fine lines and refined Britishisms by Ronald Searle. Knopf, \$3.95

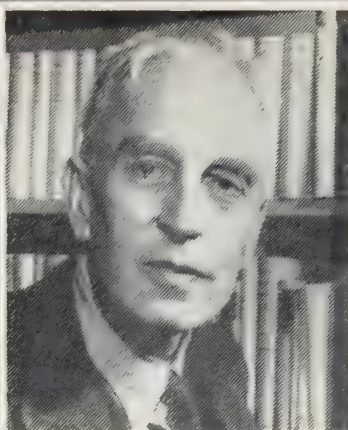
A Treasury of Sports Cartoons, edited by Lawrence Lariar, veteran assembler of cartoon books. Barnes, \$3.75

"One Moment, Sir!" More than 175 cartoons from *The Saturday Evening Post*, selected by Marione R. Nickles. Dutton, \$2.95

Picture Books

The Face of the World. A most distinguished and beautiful book of photographs, sketches and text, about some of the most interesting people and places in the world, by Cecil Beaton. John Day, \$10

Pictorial History of the American Circus. 320 pages of photographs,



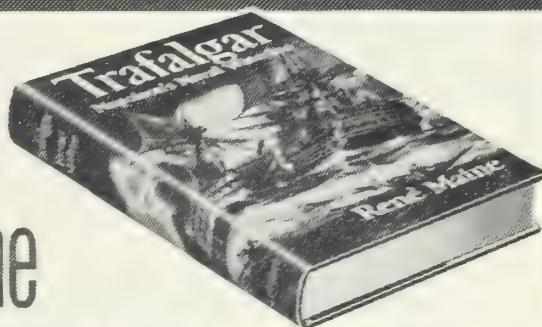
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Arnold Toynbee

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A brilliant analysis of the position of Christianity and the other religions in the setting of the modern world. Dr. Toynbee examines the various religions for points of comparison. He believes that the common ground necessary for such an approach does exist, but feels that in order to approach this common ground Christianity must purge itself of certain attitudes and beliefs. For the future he sees not a synthetic religion, but rather religions existing as historic entities, absorbing more and more from one another. \$2.75

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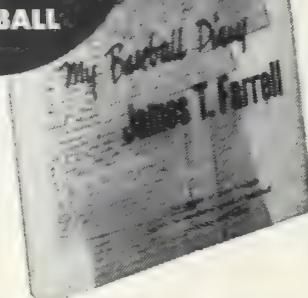
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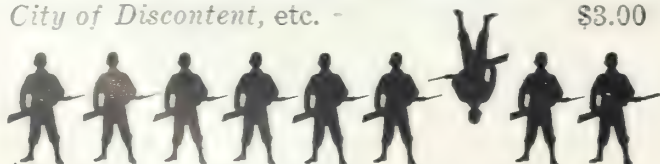
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FORECAST

Big Name Novels in 1958

We'll be finding a lot of old names on new jackets in the coming year. January will see the publication of Erle Stanley Gardner's newest, *The Case of the Long-Legged Models*. Morrow, as usual. Funk and Wagnalls plan to publish in February a novel based on the life of the painter Utrillo, *The Man of Montmartre*, by Stephen and Ethel Longstreet. They say the movie studios are already bidding for it. Simon and Schuster announce for March Sloan Wilson's first novel since *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, *A Summer Place*; on the Spring list of the same publisher is *Purely Academic*, a satirical novel about college life by Stringfellow Barr. And Random House tells us that John O'Hara is at work on a new novel called *From the Terrace* which will be finished presumably in time for publication sometime in the fall of 1958.

the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

STEREO—DISC AND TAPE

It was in November 1955 that this department first sounded off on the first home stereo—which was then the revolutionary Ampex stereo tape player. Since then, stereo has indeed invaded the home field in a big way. Ampex has a cheaper model now and there are dozens of other stereo tape players appearing. Stereo propaganda is at its peak, both for playing equipment and tape recordings, and many record collectors are worried—is the ordinary LP disc doomed in favor of this far more expensive tape medium?

No—far from it; but stereo is actually just beginning. No public announcements yet, but it won't be long before stereo disc bursts upon us, to supplement tape at a lower price. Two new stereo disc systems have just been demonstrated behind the scenes for two giant record companies. Both are remarkable in sound—in both, two separate recordings play from a single disc out of a single record groove via a single needle, and each recording goes out to its own loudspeaker with full hi-fi quality. The records look exactly like standard LPs, and play as long.

Unfortunately, these two systems are not compatible and one or the other must give way if a new record war is to be avoided. Even so, stereo disc,

one way or the other (or both), is bound to be with us soon.

Confusing? Let me explain that the dual home reproducing-system which stereo requires—two “channels,” two amplifiers, and two loudspeaker systems—can be used for any type of stereo that may be available, whether disc, tape, or radio broadcast (AM-FM or FM multiplexing). The essential thing is the two-ness. Once you have your two channels (and they come in all sorts of forms, both simple and elaborate), you will choose alternative stereo sound sources just as you now feed your single system with radio, records, or tape. All you will need is the proper stereo “front-end” and you will be able to add the various types as you wish, piece by piece.

That means that if you acquire a stereo tape system now you will *not* have to junk it later in order to have stereo disc. Disc player attachments will be available, or you'll be able to buy a stereo arm, or even simply a stereo cartridge, to install in your present disc player. The record speeds (and length of play) will be the same as now and, best of all, the stereo playing heads will also play standard (small-groove) records of all speeds. (Stereo tape players can similarly play standard single-channel tapes.)

Right now, stereo tape is booming,

from the large companies as well as many small ones. Its price won't come down much more, since stereo disc is in the offing; instead, extra-hi-fi quality will be its main appeal, plus the already familiar smooth, silent, long-wearing qualities (and the inconvenience in the handling) of tape as compared to disc. Stereo tape players are modifications of present well-developed home tape-recorders, identical except for the double playing heads and a few extra push buttons. If you are likely to be able to afford it at all, you might as well get tape stereo now. If not, hold your cash until stereo disc appears. The basic stereo effect, of course, is the same whether the source is disc or tape.

There's a vast quantity of silly noise-making now advertised in stereo, from super-cha-cha and mood music to circus calliopes and jet planes. It's yours if you enjoy it; but don't overlook the growing catalogue of superb “serious” stereo recordings and keep in mind that in the long run stereo benefits good music, of all sorts, far more than it can ever help the recorded jet plane. The zany stage of stereo is about over and what remains will be well worth any collector's consideration, tape or disc.

Palestrina: Missa Brevis; Missa ad Fugam. (Also short works by Bach, Lotti, Lassus, Handl.) Netherlands Chamber Choir, de Nobel. Epic LC 3559.

Two beautifully sung Palestrina Masses, the first occupying a whole record side in spite of the title (which derives from the first note, a “breve” in the notation), the second an earlier, more contrapuntal Mass from Palestrina's youth. The two show very nicely how the more open, direct Italian style grew away from the ineffable, long-phrased counterpoint of the Netherlands school that still heavily influenced the young Palestrina.

This choir sings modestly but with fine expression; the pitch is excellent and the phrasing, plasticity of rhythm, and feeling for contrast all show an excellent understanding of the musical style and intent. The voices are somewhat “wobbly,” the tone gentle and without edginess—characteristics of the Northern choral voice today. (French choirs sing with a bright, reedy sound; Italian choirs tend to echo Italian grand opera.)

The supplementary works are well chosen. Three Bach chorales and two short pieces by Antonio Lotti, that anachronism of eighteenth-century music (he wrote a pseudo-Palestrina style) are properly accompanied by the organ; short works by (*continued on p. 102*)

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Beethoven: Works for Cello and Piano. Zara Nelsova, Artur Balsam. London LLA 52 (3).

Mozart: Complete Symphonies, Vol. VIII (#29, #30, #31, #32). Philharmonic Symphony of London, Leinsdorf. Westminster XWN 18216.

Hugo Wolf Lieder. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, bar., Gerald Moore, pf. Angel 35474.

The English Singers—Madrigals, Ballets, and Folk Songs of Four Centuries. Angel 35461.

Segovia and the Guitar. Decca DL 9931.

Kurt Weill's “Johnny Johnson” (1936). Burgess Meredith, Hiram Sherman, Evelyn Lear, *et al.*, and Lotte Lenya; Orch. cond. S. Matlowsky. M-G-M E3447.

Tchaikowsky: Serenade for Strings. Strings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2105.

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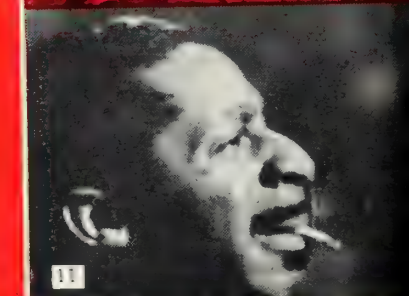
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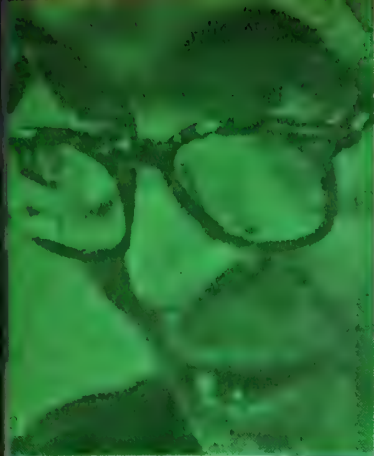
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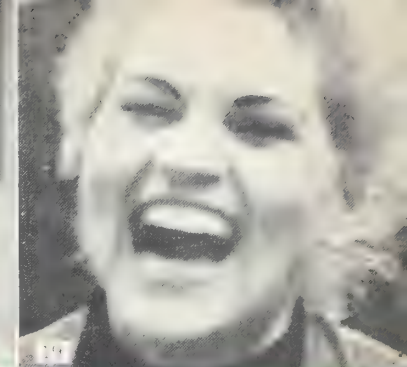
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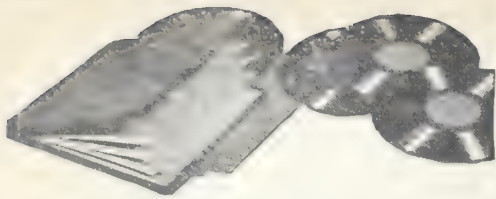
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French organs and French organ playing have dropped low in public favor lately, thanks to their antithesis, the "classic" or Baroque organ, out of the German seventeenth century, revived and made popular throughout Europe and this country. The "new" organs are small, bright, relatively intimate, and we credit them with restoring musical sense to organ sound—rightly. We think of the nineteenth-century French organ as an immense, roaring monster drowned in its own vast reverberation and we are right, too, up to a point.

But the French school was a great one in its own way and Marcel Dupré is one of its great remaining representatives. This organ, too, is a fine original example (1862) of organ construction in the same school. In this recording, echo or no, the musical validity of the French approach is gratifyingly upheld. The recital is a pleasure to hear, the music intelligibly and beautifully projected, once the ear adjusts itself to the huge sound.

M. Dupré, unlike more unfeeling organists, adjusts his phrasing and tempo to the reverberation period of the building so that his harmonies do not clash and overlap; his registration, too, reveals a surprisingly varied tonal color and penetration for the supposedly debased French organ sound. That this requires some rather odd playing, at slow tempi and with much staccato, is to be expected, but the Dupré musical sense carries it off unflinchingly.

The Mozart here—to tackle another layer of interest—comprises two very late works composed for mechanical organ, on commission; they are transcribed for use on the large organ. Though Mozart deprecated the organ toy and spoke of much trouble with the composition, in point of fact these are tremendous works of concentrated thought, in which Mozart, as in the "Jupiter" Symphony, expressed his profound interest in the music of Bach and Handel that he had been discovering at the home of Baron van Swieten.

The Fantasia, in the vein of the great Piano Fantasias and every bit as powerful, alternates dotted "French-overture" figures with fugal sections; the outward style is Bach but the inward spirit, the intense, distraught, emotional harmonies, are sheer late-Mozart; even the songful andante in

the middle has that wry, almost juicy eloquence of the very latest Mozart in the days before his death. The slightly earlier Adagio and Allegro contrasts a "mourning" minor-key slow section with a quite remarkable adaptation into the Mozart idiom of Handel's concerto style, all bounce and pomp and good humor.

The immense Bach E Flat Prelude and the multiple Fugue ("St. Anne") are played with a similarly incongruous but pleasing intelligibility, filling one whole side of this disc. A second disc (Overtone 13) has more Bach—three of the biggest Chorale Preludes and two Toccatas and Fugues, the Dorian and the F Major.

Liszt: Piano Works. Gyorgy Cziffra
Angel 35528.

Here is a new virtuoso, out of Hungary via last year's uprising, and he has already been hailed as a new Horowitz and Hoffman combined. In this record he plays a notable quantity of Liszt, both thunderous and tinkling, and his score is high though for my ear he is far removed from either Horowitz or Hoffman by virtue of his style, which is not only decidedly of the new generation of Hungarian pianists, but very much the style of this mid-twentieth century, as Horowitz can never be. This is very modern Liszt.

The technique is fabulous, without doubt, even today when finger dexterity is more often heard than musicianship. The playing is of enormously high tension, the touch staccato and dry with the strength of steel, percussive and sharp, with little pedal—almost harpsichord-like but for the trip-hammer force. There is a sort of hysterically controlled rubato, rather than the sentimental sort of older days, and by the end of the record you may well gasp mentally for breath and surcease.

Fortunately, unlike many younger pianists, this one can play the quiet lyric sections of the music without apology and with a fine musical sense, relegating the tinkling figuration to its proper importance as ornament, over and above the simple harmonies and melody. That takes a superb ear as well as quick fingers. So, too, does the playing of another aspect of Liszt in which Cziffra excels, that eloquently twisted, strained, chromatic sort of melody that comes only in his most profound moments—as in the B Minor Sonata, the "Faust Symphony," and the middle portion of the "Mephisto Waltz," played here.

This sort of intense virtuoso piano playing has brought down a thousand houses for a century. It is, we must reluctantly realize, not nearly as effective



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Rose Marie's tribe, the Papagos, live in a barren desert country where 50 acres of land is required for one cow. Less than a third of them speak English and 40% of the children are not in school. These “first American” children very definitely need help.

THE NEW RECORDINGS

on records. The power-house piano sound requires a quite distant, low-volume pickup, the dynamic range and percussion being almost more than the microphone can take. Thus the piano here is too far away for immediacy, the bass is weak, the tone is often edgy and hard, and the constant tension of the playing, so effective in any concert hall, quickly tires us in this, our inherently more relaxed, phonograph medium. Best procedure is to play only one or two pieces at a time.

Ravel: Sonata. Hindemith: Sonata #3. Prokofieff: Sonata for Violin Solo, Op. 115; Five Melodies, Op. 35a. Joseph Szigeti, vl., Carlo Bussotti, pf. Columbia ML 5178.

Three modern classics in a highly musical and very welcome performance, in which Szigeti, with a first-rate piano partner, does as fine a job as he has for many a year. It had seemed for a good while that the old master was physically losing his touch; his recent collaboration with the ebullient George Szell in Mozart was unfortunate. The Szigeti wobble seemed always on the increase.

Here, on the other hand, Szigeti is playing confidently music he has championed for years, works by men of his own generation; this record comprises part of a three-concert series of modern violin sonatas he has recently been presenting, with Carlo Bussotti. I heard the New York concerts and was immensely impressed by the musical power that came through in spite of technique; in this recording the playing seems to me even better—perhaps thanks to the amenities of tape editing. It does not matter that occasionally a note is slightly muffed, a phrase slurred a bit; the musical sense of the music has seldom been so well conveyed, and the Bussotti piano is tremendously sympathetic and helpful.

Ravel's late, bitter-sweet sonata, so poignantly in search of the blues idiom (after his American trip), is particularly moving in the somewhat hoarse Szigeti rendition. Never has that odd affinity between Ravel's razor-sharp, tortured harmonies and the expressive “blue” notes of the blues idiom been made more vividly clear!

The Hindemith Sonata of 1935 was his first in the new softer, lyric idiom of the 'thirties (the time of Prokofieff's “Peter” and Fifth Symphony) and is most ingratiating here. Prokofieff's late (1947) unaccompanied sonata is a charmer in its sweet, bitter-tinged simplicity—bitter-sweet seems to be the key to much of this recording! Five early Prokofieff pieces, originally set for wordless voice, complete the program.

